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HENRY J. RAYMOND.

On Friday, June 18, we were startled by the sad intelligence of the death of HENRY JARVIA RAYMOND, the founder and editor of the New RAYMOND, the founder and editor of the New York Times. He had died suddenly that morning of apoplexy. Thus passed away in the prime of life—for he was only in his fiftieth year—one of the four most eminent journalists in this country, and also one of the most prominent politicians of this State.

HENRY JARVIS RAYMOND was born in the village of Lima, Livingston County, New York, January 24, 1820. His father, who died only a few months since, was a hardworking farmer of moderate means and of sound in-

woman of strong character
encouraged his early tendencies toward a life of study. After a short period of ed-ucation in the district school during the winters of his boyhood years, he contin-ned his studies at the vil-lage academy, and in 1833 commenced Latin and Al-gebra at the Genesee Wes-leyan Seminary. He en-tered the University of Ver-mont in the summer of mont in the summer of 1836, and there was gradu-ated in 1840 with the highest honors of his class.

The youth of twenty then came to New York city, where he entered upon the where he entered upon the study of law in the office of Mr. E. W. Marsar. But he had his living to earn, and the only prominent men of the city with whom he was at all acquainted were Mr. Mars, then a law-student in Wall Street, and Horsey Greener and Horace Greriev, then the proprietor of the New Yorker, a weekly news-paper, to which Mr. Rav-mond had contributed during his college course. He still wrote for that paper, and also earned \$5 a week by daily news-letters to the Cincinnati Cironicie, then edited by E. D. Mans-FIELD, since known as the "Veteran Observer." Meantime he received an offer of a school in North Carolina at \$400 a year; but as Mr. GREELEY offered him the same for his services on the New Yorker he declined the first offer, and remained in New York.

In 1841 Mr. GREELEY established the Tribane, and retained Mr. Ray-MOND'S services as assistant editor. In this posi-tion he demonstrated his ability as a journalist. No one could make so rapid or so accurate a report of a speech; and he was also equally prepared to write a leading editorial. What-ever he did he did well. His report of WEBSTER'S speech at Bunker Hill was a memorable event in these memorable event in those days when short-hand writing was unknown.
Mr. RATMOND accepted

Mr. RAYMOND accepted an editorial position on the New York Courier and Enquirer in 1843. It was in this paper that his part of the celebrated controversy with Mr. Grassian on the doctrine of Fourierism was published. It was during his processing with this course that he have not read to the control of the

of Fourierism was published. It was during his connection with this journal that he became a reader in the publishing-house of Harran & Brothers, a position which he held for ten years.

Mr. Raymord's political life began in 1849, when he was elected a member of the New York State Assembly by the Whigs. He was re-elected the next year, and was chosen speaker. In 1851 he started the Times newspaper. In 1852 he went to the Baltimore Convention to report the proceedings for his paper, but was given a

seat as a delegate, and made an eloquent speech in exposition of Northern sentiment. In 1854 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of this State, receiving 157,166 votes, a majority of 28,333 over Lubtow, his principal opponent. As an organizer of the Republican party Mr. Raymons was an active worker. The "Address to the People," which was issued from Pittsburg in 1858, was from his pen. He was a supporter of Framont after the meeting of the first National Convention. In 1857 he refused to be a candidate for Governor of this State. The next four years were devoted to his profession. In

His speech on the 29th of January, 1866, was his first elaborate effort in Congress. It was upon the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment. In concluding this speech Mr. RAYMOND thus expressed his views as to what the Govern-

ment ought to do:
"In the first place, I think we ought to accept the present status of the Southern States, and regard them as having resumed, under the President's guidance and action, their functions of self-government in the Union. In the second place, I think this House should decide on the admission of Representatives by districts, ad-

such measures and precautions, by the dispusi-tion of military forces, as will preserve order and prevent the overthrow, by astripation or other-wise, in any State, of its republican form of gov-erument...... Above all, I beg this House to bear in mind, as the sentiment that should control and quide its action that should control and guide its action, that we of the North and they of the South are at war no longer. The gigantic contest is at an end. The courage and devotion on either side which made it so terrible ard so long no longer one a divided duty, but have become the common property of the American name, the priceless poissession of the American Republic through all time to come. The dead of the contending bests sleep beneath the soil of a

sleep beneath the soil of a common country and under one common flag. Their hostilities are husbed, and they are the dead of the nation for eversore. The victor may well exult in the victory he has achiered. Let it be our task, as it will be our highest glory, to make the vanquished, and their posterity to the latest generation, rejoice in their generation, rejoice in their defeat."

On the expiration of his term Mr. RAYMOND, having declined the renomination declined the renomination that was pressed upon him by prominent men of both, parties, withdrew almost wholly from public life, and devoted all his energies to the conduct of his paper. He was offered the Mission to Anglish by Provident to Austria by President Jourson in 1867; but his name was sent to the Sen-ate without his consent, and after he had notified the President that no considerations could induce him to accept the position. The last article written by Mr. RAYMOND for the Times was an editorial on Mr. Seward, which appeared on the morning of June 17, "A remorkable instance of Mr. HAYMOND'S working

ability, says the New York Triboar, in an obsturry sketch, occurred on the eccasion of the death of DANIEL WEISTER, a statesman for whom he had the greatest admiration. The news of Mr. Walstra's death reached here on a Saturday afternoon. Mr. Raymoush wrote an admirable biomake which had been been a set of the control of th able biography, which ap-peared in Monday's paper, covering twenty-six col-toms of the Towns, and in addition by wrote three columns of editorial on the name subject. Of this ex-traordinary biography Mr. Raymonn wrote sixteen columns without stopping a moment for rest. As a feat of editorial labor we doubt its ever equaled." having

Mr. RAYMOND passed the afternoon previous to his death in Greenwood, making arrangements for the interment of his son WAL-TER's remains, and called

at the office of the Torce about six o'clock in the evening. After a few minutes' conversation on matters pertaining to the business of the paper be returned home. After dinner he sat with his family and some friends who came in until between nine and ten o'clock, when he left them to attend a political consultation; and his family saw no more of him until he was discovered, about half past two next morning, hing in the about half past two next morning, 1/2ng in the hall-way unconscious and apparently dying. Ho had locked the outside door and shut the inner one, and was then apparently stricken with the malady that closed his life. The most eminent medical aid was at once summoned, and the ut-most that science and skill could do were done,



THE LATE HON, HENRY J. RAYNOND,-(PROTEGRAPHED OF BRADE, NEW YORK.)

1858 he sided, apparently, with the supporter; of Mr. Douglas, but in the end resumed his relations with the Republican party. In 1860 in was a warm supporter of Mr. Sawand for the Republican nomination, and he was peculiarly satisfied that Mr. SEWARD was placed in the

Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln.
In 1861 Mr. RAYMOND was again elected to the Assembly and was chosen Speaker. In 1864 he was elected to the United States House of Representatives from the Sixth District of this city. His career in that body, during a critical era of our political history, will be reviewed in another column.

mitting none but loyal men who can take the oath we may prescribe, and holding all others as disqualified; the Senate acting, at its discretion, in the same way in regard to Representatives of States. I think, in the third place, we should provide by law for giving to the freedmen of the South all the rights of citizens in courts of law and elsewhere. In the fourth place, I would and elsewhere. In the norm pace, I would exclude from Federal office the leading actors in the conspiracy which led to the rebellion in every State. In the fifth place, I would make such amendments to the Constitution as may seem. wise to Congress and the States, acting freely and without eoercion. And, sixth, I would take

He remained unconscious, and died tranquilly about five o'clock in the morning.

Soon after leaving college Mr. RAYMOND mar-

ried a most estimable lady, whose acquaintance be had made in Vermont. By her he had several the had made in verminal. By her he had several children, of whom a son, who graduated recent-ly from Yale College, and two daughters, we be-lieve, are now living. His wife is at present in Europe, where one of his daughters is being educated, and we understand that he was to have visited them this summer. As a husband and father he was kind and affectionate

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1869.

THE CALM.

FOR the first time within this generation I' there is political peace in the country. The most vital debate in our history, which in its progress became the most sanguinary civil war, has ended in the absolute triumph of the party that held the true American doctrine of equal liberty, the party of humanity, justice, and civilization. Indeed, fierce as the struggle was, involving private griefs too deep and sore ever to be wholly assuaged until the lapse of many years, the advantage to the country was worth it all; and it is impossible even now to think without dismay of the issue of the contest that was sought by the present opposition. The Republican party first appeared at a na-tional election in 1856, when the Democratic party was apparently immovably intropched in power, and the national demoralization seemed almost complete. In 1860 the Republican party succeeded upon the question of the non-extension of Slavery. In 1864 it succeeded upon the issue of Emancipation and unconditional suppression of the robellion. In 1868 it again ecceded upon the question of a Reconstruction policy adapted to secure the national victory,

The Fifteenth Amendment, which guarantees equality of suffrage, and which strikes color out of politics, is the formal end of the party strife of many years, and it will undoubtedly be adopted. There is, therefore, at this moment no domestic political question upon which parties divide. The pristocratic tendency in our politics, whose organization is known as the Democratic party, of course continues to sneer at reconstruction and the policy of equal rights; but it will hardly undertake to open reconstruction as a practical issue. Upon the financial question there are as many theories as talkers and writers; but there is no distinctive policy known as Republican and Democratic, Republicans are not agreed in praise or blame of the Secretary's present course, and Democritis carefully confine themselves to denouncing taxation and revenue swindling, without pro-posing any system of improvement, or any change whatever except their own return to power. Neither party, as such, is a Protective or Free-Trade party.

If the Republican party were to hold a convention to-morrow it would congrutulate the country upon the return of peace; upon equal suffrage; upon the long roll of illustrious and inestimable services which the party has rendered to the public welfare; upon the honesty and economy which it is its aim to introduce into the administration of the government, and of which the character of the President and his Cabinet is the surest guarantee. It would declare its sympathy with all people struggling for liberty, and insist that the differences with England must be settled consistently with the evident justice of the American feeling upon the subject. If the Democratic party were to hold a convention it would accuse the Republicans of delaying and embittering reconstruction; of aiming to destroy the local self-govermment, which is an ancient bulwark of freedom; of planging the country into a frightful delet, and of providing for its payment the most unjust, onerons, and partially administered system of taxation; it would vehemently call for economy and a reduction of burdens; assert the failure of the new Administration; and pronounce for the independence of Cuba and for summary measures with Great Britain.

Under the circumstances every in voter would have to ask himself whether, in the absence of any immediate issue upon which he must support one of the parties, there were any reason to suppose that the general administration of affairs would be more honest and sagacious if the dominant party were everthrown. Indeed, unless something wholly unforeseen occurs during the next two or three months. that is the question which must be answered in the autumn elections. And there are several things for Republicans to remember. Among them is the fact that the party strength is never shown except under pressure. In dull political times the party is usually defeated. As it comprises the mass of the intelligent voters, there is of course more independence of action than in the Democratic party. Another important fact is, that the reputation of the last New York Legislature, which had a Republican majority, was so bad as vitally to injure the party. Those who vote with the party that seems to them upon the whole the most honest and publicspirited, look at the conduct of a Legislature for which the Republicans are responsible, and decide that it is a choice between pot and kettle; and they either refrain from voting, which is a Republican loss, or they vote for a change, which may be a Republican defeat.

Besides these facts there are the heavy taxation, the uneasy suspicion of immense frauds in the revenue department, the widely-ramified personal disappointments that always accompany a new administration, and the inevitable reaction that follows the beginning of an administration of which the most impossible reforms and an ideal policy were vaguely expected. For all these the Republican party, being in power, is held responsible, and its position is therefore precarious, and demands the thought and care of every one who would deplore the renewed ascendency of the party which has been the chief source of all the national woes -of the enormous debt, and the demoralization which is plain to every observer. If the character and purpose of the President and the Cabinet could be diffused through every branch of the administration the simple question for decision would be, whether the Democratic party gave promise of such superior honesty and capacity as to make its return to power desirable. That is a question which we shall

LOOKING AT HOME.

Ir it is desirable to have neutrality laws, as the United States have always contended, it is desirable that they should be executed. And if laws are bad, as the President sagnationaly said in his inaugural address, there is no surer means of procuring their repeal than to execute them stringently.

We have been lately engaged in this country in a somewhat sharp debate with England, in which we charge the loose execution of the British neutrality laws as a very serious offense against us; as showing, in fact, an unfriendly disposition, a willingness to see our Government overthrown. Is it not desirable, therefore, as good policy and for consistency, to say no more, that our conduct shall show our complaint to be at least sincere? If an expedition fitted out in England against the United States, in defiance of the neutrality laws, is, as Mr. Summer asserts, virtually an act of war against a country with which England is at peace, is such an expedition any less an act of war if it is not British, but American; not fitted out in Liverpool, but in New York; and not against the United States, but against Spain? Yet we read in the Tribane, which is very emphatic upon the British offense, that the execution of the neutrality laws of the United States merely gives "great delight to that small but malignant party" which is opposed to the liberation of Cuba. And , in the same number of the paper, that "the Cuban cause loses naught in sympathy and spirit by the check which it has been deemed proper to put upon its agents here in recognition

Now if our neutrality laws interfere with the just claims and hopes of liberty any where, let us have them repealed. But if they are essential to the general welfare of nations, let us have them enforced. In any case, while we are uphraiding the English authorities as "malignant" because they would not enforce the laws, let us refrain from branding those of the United States with the same epithet because they do enforce them. Meanwhile there is no pronder page in our history than that which records the sincere neutrality of the United States, however warm the sympathies of the people with either side; and when Mr. Figure assures the Cuban revolutionary delegate that whatever may be his own feelings in regard to the Cuban movement, the national good faith requires that the United States do not make war upon Spain even to liberate Cuba, he re-

asserts the policy of WASHINGTON. In 1793, when the great war was raging between England, our then late enemy, and France, our ally and friend, the British Government feared that hostile expeditions would be fitted out from the United States; and, although no enlistment act had then been passed, President WARHINGTON issued a proclamation ding all violations of pentr v. and stat ing that instructions had been given to the officers of the United States to prosecute all of-The Governors of States were asked to arrest suspicious vessels, which they did; and prizes which had been taken from British owners were restored to them, the Government of the United States holding itself responsible for indemnification. In the next year, 1794, Congress passed a law to secure entire neutrality; and immediately after the application of the British Government upon the subject, as Mr. CANNING stated in Parliament - a fact which creditably contrasts with Lord PALMERston's declaration in Parliament, in 1863, that England could not alter her municipal laws to suit other governments. So, at a later day, during the Russian war of 1854-55, the seignre of the bark Moury in New York, at the instance of the British Consul, and upon the feeblest and, as it proved, wholly erroneous suspicion, maintained the traditional good faith of the United States in the observance of international obligation.

Is there any good reason why we should de- ! part from this excellent course? Because we are no longer the weak nation of Wassingros's day shall we show less regard for the enforcement of a municipal law of our own, enacted in furtherance of international comity? "The rule, therefore," says Catheres, "which prohibits the using of neutral territory as a position from which to attack an enemy is simply indispensable to the existence of neutrality. Without it a war between any two states must rapidly draw into its vortex the whole world." When Parliament cheered Mr. When Parliament cheered Mr. LAIRD for boldly evading the British neutrality laws, the indignation of this country was inexpressible. But is it not exactly the same thing, so far as those laws are concerned, to insist that their enforcement merely gratifies maligmant persons?

NATIONAL FINANCES.

Editor Horper's Weskly:
Data Sex,—A generous disposition shown by your paper in a candid treatment of opinions upon national finances prompts me to make a suggestion or two as

briefly as possible.

The value of Government credit can be certainly The value of Government credit can be certainly improved by complying with the clause providing for the conversion of the greenbacks which is printed on the backs of most of them, which clause was repealed by Congress from no need or want of the country, but from the trigency of gentlemes interested in National banks. Congress, I think, has as much right to repeal the "promise to pay" contained on the face of them.

Make these noise convertible in the manner essen-tially as urged by Senator Sexualar, or by the act au-thorizing their issue, and our currency would be equal in value to Government time bonds; and those bonds in value to Government time bonds; and those bonds would themselves be worth more abroad, from the removal of the only failure of our Government to meet its obligations. I assume that the discount on the Friee-Twenties in the foreign bond markets is gold to the measure and value of this shadow of repudiation on our demand notes.

A Senator and recently in my hearing that members of Committees of Finance in both Houses sought last Annual and since to anoly the wave orbitons senador.

Argust and since to apply the very obvious remedy of restoring the convertibility of the greenbacks into some class of time bonds, with privilege of reconver-sion at pleasure; but gentlemen connected with the National banks, who appeared to understand the sub-

National banks, who appeared to understand the sub-ject better than they, induced them to leave the cur-rency to take care of liself.

The example of Austrian paper florins retired at 46 per cost., Russian rubles at 35, and French assignats repulliated anticely, should warn as against this leav-ing an over-duc issue of notes to grow stale. Inter-ests combine to depreciate them for profit. Newspa-pers say that "gold is too chasp yet to be retained in the country," which means that they would make the currency still cooper.

currency still poorer.

Will it not suit the National banks to have the Will it not suit the National banks to have the
"legal tenders" so poor as never to be demanded in
redemption of their notes, while at the same time the
bonds which they have piedged at the Treasury are
so much improved in value as to make it Treasury are
their notes when gold is highest?

Will the American public endure the losses incident
to the depreciation of all currency and private obligations without injury to the prospects of bond-holders?

H.

We give our correspondent a hearing, as he touches upon subjects of great importance. which must soon command attention.

The acts of Congress of February 25, 1862, and of July 11, 1862, each of which authorized the issue of \$150,000,000 of legal tenders, provided for the funding of these notes, at the pleasure of the holder, in six per cent. bonds They were indorsed "exchangeable for United States six per cent, bonds, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after five years."

The act authorizing the creation of National banks was passed subsequently, on the 25th of February, 1863; immediately after which, on the 3d of March, 1863, another act was passed, which provided that the holders of notes thus issued "shall present the same for the nurseau of exchanging for bonds, as therein provided, on or before the first day of July, 1863, and thereafter the right so to exchange the same shall cease.

As but six days intervened between the act authorizing the creation of the National banks and the repeal of the law for the exchange of legal tenders for bonds, and as about four months were allowed for their conversion before the repeal took effect, it is scarcely proper to say that it was done by National banks, or that the prospective change amounted to repudia-

foreseen that a continuing power to fund the notes was inconsistent with the profitable or safe existence of the National banks, as the latter were to redeem their obligations in those notes which, for interest or purposes of mischief, might be suddenly converted to an extent inconsistent with safety. The time allowed for foreclosing this privilege, four months in the midst of war-en age, counted by the rapid passing of great events-must be deemed reasonable, especially when we reflect that the life of the nation was supposed by the legislative power to hang upon the success of this banking proj-The State banks, whose position was deemed secure, would not have left it and adopted the National plan, if this power to overwhelm them had remained. Some of the State institutions here aspired to become the fiscal agents of the Government on the basis of an unredeemed issue of their local paper; and the real issue was between the adoption of such a plan and the one proposed by Secretary CHASE and made free of that objectionable feature. We must transfer ourselves back to that dark period, with its painful doubts and imperative necessities, to arrive at the rule by which these measures should be judged.

We have arrived, however, happily to the enjoyment of peace, and, looking back upon the grave mistakes made during the conflict and since—chief among which were the extravagent issues of paper made with a view to float the debt, and the failure of President Joneson, on the happening of peace, to call an extra session of Congress to provide instantly a financial policy suitable to the new situation—we are to consider what remedies are required.

And here we agree with the tone of our correspondent, that the National banks, with few exceptions, are opposed to what has now become essential, an improvement of the currency. The debtor interest, which these corporations in the main represent, with all its speculating tendencies, is against contraction and against wooding out and thinning off these institutions,

It would not be expedient to re-enset the original plan for funding, as it would apply to \$300,000,000 of the \$355,936,431 50 of legal tender notes in circulation on the first of the present month, of which the great bulk have been reissued without the convertible clause. The process of improvement must be gradual, so as to permit preparation and prevent a shock. Various modes are presented, most of which would accomplish the purpose.

The three per cent. certificates amounted, on the 1st of June, 1869, to \$53,075,000, on which interest had accrued to \$1,061,500. This paidoff, or purchased to go into the sinking fund, would amount to contraction, as it constitutes part of the reserve which the National banks may hold instead of legal tenders. The issue of compound interest notes, at 44 to 5 per cent. interest, limited in amount to such sum as might be absorbed without too much rapidity, would surely accomplish the work of contraction sufficiently if carried out with firmness, a corresponding amount of legal tenders to be simultaneously destroyed, and the new interest notes to have the function imparted or rather transferred to them of being a tender. Such transfer would not be a new execution of the power, but would be merely a continuation of what was already in existence, the legality of which is protected by the vital necessities of an unparalleled conflict.

Other schemes for returning from a debased to a sound system have been proposed, but their discussion will be of little avail at present. It may be that a majority of the people, debauched as they have been with paper-money, need, by disaster to themselves in their financial affairs, to be stimulated to a return to the recognized metallic basis for such issues. If they do the present system will be fruitful of trouble, and it may not be until they adopt the plan of a currency redeemable in the precious metals that our country will be blessed with the power to compete with foreign people, and be on the road to the commercial supremacy which the future will unfold, if in this vital matter we are true to ourselves.

NATIONAL DISCRETION AND RESPONSIBILITY.

In the discussion of the Alabama question it should not be forgotten by our friends in En-gland that no American objects to the principle that every nation must reserve to itself the discretion of conceding belligerent rights to actual belligerents. This is a principle of interna-tional law which is in the interest of revolutions or freedom. If a strong and well-sustaine popular morement against a despotie government begins to any country, every free government will, of course, exercise its discretion, and will both concede belligerent rights to the revolution and recognise its practical success at pleasure, and, of course, at the risk of consequences. This was distinctly stated of consequences. by Mr. WEBSTER in the HULSEMANN letter. No. American who properly understands the subject will object to this principle.

It is, therefore, not the exercise of this right, but the time and circumstances under which it is exercised, that determine the friendly or hosanother power. e dispo stance, when the revolution in Cube began last October, before any serious battle had been fought, before, indeed, there was more than the evident intention of war, the United States had issued a proclamation of neutrality, might not Spain justly have complained that it was unfriendly as giving the revolution respectability, and would not all other powers have been sure that it was intended to help the revolution and secure the separation of Cuba for our own purposes? And if Spain emerged triumphant and powerful from the contest and in a condition of ability to cope with another nation, should we not, of course, expect a very grave

demand for explanation? This is the substance of our feeling of unfriendliness in the British concession of belligerence. It was both hasty and unnecessary. The war in Cubs has now lasted nearly ten months, but the United States have not found it necessary, even with all the sympathy which is not concealed for any such movement toward independence, to recognize the belligerent rights

of the revolutionists. Why, then, did the British Government before a single great battle had been fought, when there was nothing but the apparent intention of a war, and before the ar-rival of the American Minister, hasten to invest rebels against a friendly government with all the rights of belligerence? Why should the proclamation have issued at all? Mr. FORSTER says that, if it had not been issued, privateers would have sailed from English ports under letters of marque. Very well: they would have sailed under a flag not acknowledged, and would have been mere pirates. Moreover, in 1856, Great Britain, as a member of the Congress of Paris, proposed to us to abolish privateering. Before the proclamation issued we had professed our willingness to accede to that declaration, and the offer failed because Great Britain wished to except the actual situation from its operation. The people of this country do not deny the right of England to determine when belligerent rights shall be conceded; but they feel that the circumstances under which the right was exercised in our case showed a disposition which raises a presumption against a vigilant observance of neutrality.

Mr. SEWARD, who has been blamed for his instructions to Mr. Adams upon the relation of slavery to the war, was at least very emphatic upon this point at the earliest moment. His apprehension was that England would recognize the Confederacy; and in one of his earliest dispatches to Mr. ADAMS, No. 10, dated on the 21st of May, 1861, before the news of the proclamation had reached this country, Mr. Saward

"British recognition would be British intervention to create within our territory a hostile state by over-throwing this republic itself."

And again:

"A concession of belligerent rights is liable to be construed as a recognition of them fembassadors, agents, etc.). No one of these proceedings will pass un-questioned by the United States in this case."

Indeed, it is very plain from the letters of Mr. ADAMS that the general opinion in England when he arrived was that the rebellion would probably succeed. That the proclamation was issued to help it is certainly not evident. But that it was issued with a conviction upon the part of the Government of the probable success of the rebellion can hardly be denied. Add to this the facts of the escape of the Alakowa, facts so notorious, so indisputable, so shame-ful that Earl RUSSELL himself declared that the escape was "a scandal and a reproach;" and we do not see why the British Government should not frankly say to Mr. MOTLEY: "We waive the exact legal points, and we accept the responsibility of the escape of the Alabams through the negligence of our agents." Such a hearty overture could not be misunderstood. Nobody believes that Englishmen are cowardly; and such an act would prove them to be magnanimous, while it would do more to cement the intelligent friendship of the two countries than twenty volumes of diplomatic cor-respondence and legal hair-splitting before arbitrators. We hope, at least, that Englishmen will understand that there is an intelligent and honorable public opinion in this country which can readily distinguish between a general desire of real amity and cowardice-an opinion which instantly understands and heartily despises those in either country who perplex an honorable settlement by the tone and conduct of bullies.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has again been aided in his desire to put down the price of gold by the action of the German bankers in selling exchange founded on fresh sales of our bonds in Europe. The speculation for a rise in gold has once more been checked by this

There is, however, a want of spirit on the side as well of those who operate for a fall as of those who operate for a rise in the gold market, which is unquestionably founded on the singular financial situation. Gold fell between one and two per cent, under this influence, although up to this time our exports contime to run far below our imports.

blem which confuses Wall Street and indeed all business men is this, at what precise time the balance against us on the trade between us and the foreigner will be more powerful than the effects produced by the sale of our bonds in foreign markets. No one can fail to see that a turn must take place attended with more or less of severity in individual cases according to the amount of improdunce which has been indulged in. While this state of things has a depressing influence upon trade, there are other causes now at work which aid in stimulating it.

The recent advance in cotton will give to the Southern States a considerable addition to their pecuniary means, which now will be distributed among the planters, the reverse of what took place last year, when the advantage of a rise was divided between the foreign manufacturers and the cotton brokers. The policy which has governed in the sale of this year's crop has been

producers. It was founded on a careful estimate of the wants of manufacturers and their diminished means of satisfying them.

But the most important element in imparting strength to the United States is the starting of new streams of emigration to our shores. The skilled laborer of England is settling the question of an insufficient aupply of food by coming hither to eat of our abundance. The sophistry of those English writers who, in the face of a continued slaughter of unfed cattle, maintained that the domestic supply of food was equal to what was usual, has been penetrated by those who find that their wages have been diminished, and the land flowing, as they eagerly suppose, with milk and honey rises with hope to their view. It is this which informs the capitalists of Europe of our great future. The people who have the strength to fix the price of cotton, who have food to spare to satis-fy the demand from any quarter, and who can absorb without knowing it the population that crowded states can not feed, and consequently eject, must be regarded as the coming power. That credit should be given carelessly in the face of an undoubted balance of trace against us might for a time be expected.

The advance in cotton has been attended with an advance in the price of the manufactured article, both at the mills and in the hands of city jobbers, but not so as to produce an equalizing price. The mills which stopped, and those which are on anort time remain so, as they suppose that no profit can be made by the resumption of ordinary work. creased price of bleached cloths is due to the action of jobbers more than to the operations of country distributors. It is part of the preparation for the fall trade soon about to open, and has the apparently reasonable basis of a greater advance in rew cotton than of the manufactured article. The policy may encounter difficulty from the well-known want of money among the Western people, and a consequent unusual economy, augmented by the expectation that raw cotton will fall as the dimen of the new grop come to be understood.

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

Is the midst of the general regret at the death of Mr RAYMOND, the tone of tenderness perceptible in all that has been said of him is remarkable, and well interprets the man and the impression he made. From his early youth, as his profession demanded, he was engaged in kind of public debate and controversy. Yet although before he died a certain weariness and disappointmens were unquestionably to be observed in intercourse with him, there was often apparent a youthful freshness of feeling deared him to sli who knew him well, and which had the charm of surprise in a man whose experience was supposed to be of a kind that strips life of its illusions, if not of its ideal,

Mr. RATMOND was called a man of generous mpulses rather than of strong convictions; but it would, perhaps, be more accurate to say that he was of that temperament which sees the reason of both sides so plainly that vehement assertion seemed false and warm partisanship The Mail says of him that he told a friend he never finished a sentence without a profound feeling that it was only partially true. It is a quality of many of the finest natures, LOUIS BLANC remarks it in GLADSTONE. But it produces infirmity of purpose which is incom-patible with leadership, both by preventing en-tire self-confidence and by begetting distrust in others. Consequently it was said of Mr. RAYsono that he was a trimmer; as it was said of Mr. GLADSTONE that he was a prig.

But he smiled at the charge, and declared that every truly wise man was necessarily a trimmer, as it was called, in politics. For politles, he insisted, were not morals. They involved morals only as they were methods of reaching results; and the political duty of the statesman, he thought, is to discover in what way, under the circumstances of the particular situation and with human nature what we know it to be, the good result is to be worked out. This feeling explains Mr. RAYMOND's fidelity to Mr. SEWARD. He believed that Mr. SEWARD'S obects were humane and wise, and he confided in his practical political sagneity, and Mr. Saw-ARD spoke for Mr. RAYMOND, as well as for himself and for all who are called trimmers in polities, when he said: "I early learned from JEF-PERSON that in politics we must do what we can, not what we would." It is a specious but perilous maxim, for it beguiles a man not only to lower the standard of action but of thought, and serves the purpose of the rewal equally with that of the statesman. "Don't be too fine for human nature," is the most subtle of Mephistophelian counsels

We met Mr. RAYMOND just four years ago, a day or two before the Fourth of July, 1865. The joy at the end of the rebellion and the horror of the assassination had both passed away, and Annaew Jourses was still trusted by CHARLES SUMBER HIST MINIOT STRAINS. WO stood talking upon Broadway, and Mr. Rav-MOND never seemed more buoyant and hopeful. extremely sagacious on the part of those most | "Well," he said, "how about reconstruction?" duserving of advantage—its lately unfortunate | To the reply that equal suffrage must be the

corner-stone, he said, "Undoubtedly; but how shall we get at it?" And in a few words he stated the position that he afterward elaborated in his speeches in Congress and in the columns of the Times. Politics with him was a question of how to get at it; and his sense of the injustice and even absurdity of an unconditional as-sertion of one side, and of the folly of denouncing a mere difference in the judgment of methods as moral guilt, inclined him to a gradual, as opposed to the "thorough," policy, and pre-served the tone of courtesy which always dis-tinguished his discussions. This last was not politeness merely; it resulted from that fine sense of propriety which concedes that, as the open, the opposite argument may be the soundest after all,

Unfortunately with this temperament was joined a very decided political ambition. We say unfortunately because the time in which Mr. RAYMOND lived demanded the most positive political faith and conduct, while the character of his mind and his temperament forbade that unquestioning confidence which is essential to leadership, and with any thing less than leadership he could not be content. markably serviceable talents; his genuine ability, his quickness, available knowledge, facility of speech and writing; his astounding capacity of labor, his equable temper and cordial manner constantly preferred him to conspicuous positions, which he filled always with credit, if pever with that kind of superiority upon which his heart was set.

Mr. RAYMOND was one of the early Republicans, and wrote the Pittsburg address. In 1859-60 he evidently hoped that Mr. Douglas would take a course in which moderate Republicans could support him; and his political philosophy prevented him from seeing that a man so wholly without political morality as Douglas must be destroyed, as he was destroyed, in an actual crisis. During the war Mr. RAYMOND was uncompromising in his support of the Un-ion. "Through Baltimore or over it," we heard him say on the 20th of April, 1861, in a public speech. He wrote the Baltimere reso-lutions of 1864, and was made Chairman of the Republican National Committee. But the old despondency occasionally mastered him, and he sometimes doubted the result of the election. Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. RAYMOND were mutually attractive. The sweet inflexibility of the one was gratified by the cheerful good sense of the other; and Mr. RAYMOND's only book is the Life of Lincoln.

Long before this time his genius as a journalist was fully developed and acknowledged. Mr. Gerezay, himself an amazing worker, has recorded his admiration of Mr. RAYMOND'S industry; and while he was still connected with Mr. GREELEY in the New Yorker and Tribune, he was engaged as literary adviser to the HAR-PERS. He was the first editor of Harper's Magazine, and wrote the original prospectus which appeared in the first Number. made the selections for the Maguzine, and prepared the "Monthly Record of Current Events." As a literary adviser or "render," his judgments were so sound that the gentleman succeeded him when he became editor of the Times used to say: "If my opinion differs from that of Mr. RAYMOND, I should like to reconsider it; but if any one else has read the book, and his view differs from mine, I will let my opinion stand. Mr. RAYMOND's opinion is worth more than mine." The last paper which he wrote for Harper's Magazine was the "Word of Apology," which appeared in the Number for sary, 1854, the month following the fire in which the buildings of the Hanruns were destroyed. His relations with the house continued for ten years, during his legislative career, and while he was Lieutenant-Governor, and until after the establishment of the Times, and the mutual friendly regard was never inberrapted.

The versatility of Mr. RAYMOND's gifts, and his instinctive knowledge of what a newspaper should be, soon gave the Tireer an eminence as a technically "well-edited" journal, which it has The strictly professional qualities never lost. of a journalist we do not propose to discuss; but no man in the country has probably ever possessed them more fully than Mr. RAYMOND.

His profession, however, did not satisfy him as we have seen, and he passed from one official position to another-from the speakership of the State Assembly and the presidency of the Senate, in both which places his parliamentary knowledge and skill are traditional, to the Congress of the United States. He appenred here at a time when only the most pos-itive policy was practicable. But Mr. Rayintellectual temperament again warned him of all that was to be said upon the other

"Old things need not be therefore true, O brother men, nor yet the new; Ah I still a while the old thought retain, And yet consider it again!"

It was the spirit of FALKLAND in the English civil wars. But, however sincere, it was perilously untimely. It could not have saved liberty in England, and in America its results would have been disastrous.

The Philadelphia movement of 1866 was naturally full of promise to Mr. RAYMOND as

opening that moderate way in which alone he thought the country could safely more. was, however, really an invitation to the Republican party to break ranks in front of the foe and before the battle was decided. Ray-MOND's enruestness led him to take a promiment part not for his personal advantage only, but und-alitedly to show that it was not a masked Democratic movement, as was alleged. He was, however, still Chairman of the National Republican Committee, and his action was a fatal political mistake-how fatal the New Orleans massacre only too plainly revealed. From that time Mr. Raymond seems to have been a changed, perhaps a disheartened, man. He owned his mistake with a most generous frankness. But he was really so candid and perceptive that it undoubtedly showed him the futility of his political hopes, and his incapacity for the leadership that be desired. Thenceforth he devoted himself exclusively to the conduct of the Times; and although he became Chairman of one of the Republican organizations in the city, it was in the hope of effecting a reconciliation, and finding that it was not practicable he very recently resigned.

He died undonbtedly of overwork. His enpacity of labor, as we said, was prodigious; but he had been twice warned by failing health that he was straining his powers, and twice he fled to Europe to escape incessant occupation. The suddenness of his death, although a grievons shock to those dearest to him, is for himself not to be deplored. He was never more kindly regarded than when he died, and in the natural reaction of the intense political excitement of the last four years his character and his services were more justly estimated. No man in the editorial fraternity will be personally remembered for more friendly acts, for a more constant kindliness of nature. He was reserved in manner, but the courteous tone of his paper was only the reflex of that of his social inter-

Undoubtedly, as his name is kindly mentioned, there is a half feeling which is always inseparable from a man of his peculiar temperament, of lost opportunities and wasted powers. But it is a feeling of fate rather than of censure. And so we are sure it seemed to those members of the old Press Club of sixteen or seventeen years since who stood by the coffie of their comrade. Remembering the gay and brilliant Saturday feasts long ago at the Astor they recall no brighter companion, no friend more faithful, no truer master of his craft, than HENRY JAR-VIS RAYMOND.

NOTES.

THE twenty-fifth annual meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association will be held at Ithaca in "Library Hall" (Cornell University) July 27, 28, and 29. The opening address will be delivered by WILLIAM N. HEID, the President. Lectures and papers are also expected from B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, the eminent h Naturalist, Professor Charles Davies,

and others.

An efficient Committee in Ithaca is engaged in providing proper accommodations for all who may attend the Association; and the hotels have consented to adopt special reduced rates of charge for the members in attendance, not to exceed \$2

THE telegraph made Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH say at Toronto that "the American press was not universally celebrated for intelligence." Mr. Sattra of course denies in a note to the Tribune that he ever made any such remark.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Tax Beston Pears Indice closed June 29 with the concert by the children of the public schools. The closing piece was "Old Bundred," and was sung by the audience and children together. After the concert the members of the orderstra presented Mr. Gilmore with a gold watch and chain.

The funeral of Henry J. Baymond took pince at 5 y.M., June 31, at the Presbyterian Church, corner of Tenth Street and University Place, it this city.
Over 1900 Chinese arrived from Hong-Kong at San Francisco on June 18.

The body of John Wilkes Booth is to be placed side by side with those of his father, Junius Bratus Booth, and asster, in Green Mount Conserve, Baltimore.
Dr. Alken March, an eminent sergeon and physician

Dr. Alden Murch, an eminent surgeon and physician of Albany, died in that city June 11. It appears from an official statement that on an av-

erage about seventy-five persons annually full victims to the street cars of this city, sine-tenths of whom die,

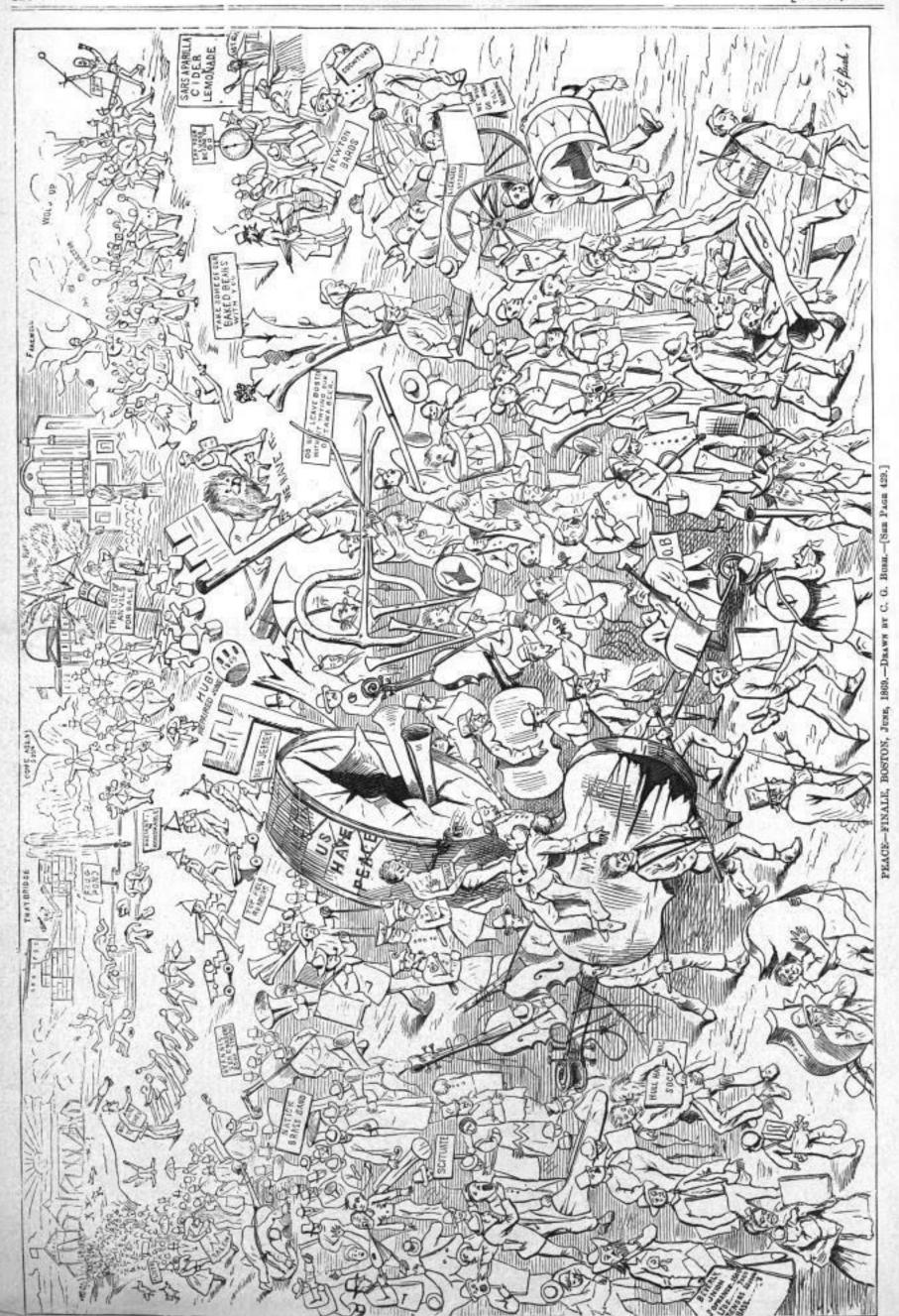
FOREIGN NEWS.

The British House of Lords passed the Irish Church bill at three o'clock, a.w., on the 19th of June, analysic great excitement, the vote standing 179 in throw of the bill, and 146 against it. The Archbishop of Dublin and aftern Bishops voted.

Someno took the regency oath at Madrid Jame 19. General Prior was announced as Socretary of War and President of the Ministry; Silvela, Socretary of State; and Herrara Grace, Justice. The Republicans in the Spanish Coetes have not succeeded in their attempt to secure the banishment of the Duke de Mongensier. The Cortes has passed a bill giving the acts of the Provisional Government the force of Law, and conferring upon it the power to carry them into effect.

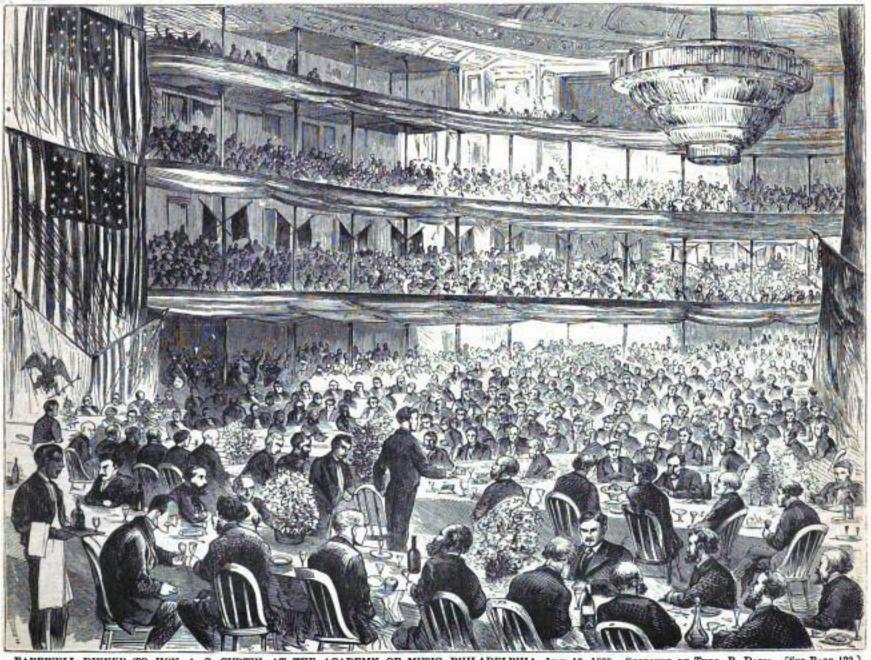
The contestance power by the Ropeal League at Balifas, Nova Sectio, declare that every legitimate means shall be used to sever the connection of Nova Sootia with the Donasiano, and being about a union, on fair and equitable terms, with the United States. Leagues are to be formed throughout the Province for the purpose of agitating the annocation question.

The Great Eastern has gone to Breet, Prassee, from which pert she will shortly sall on her cable-laying expedition.





THE PICKED NINE OF THE "RED STOCKING" BASE-BALL CLUB, CINCINNATI, OHIO.-PHOT. BY F. L. HEFF, 244 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.-[SEE PAGE 422.]



PAREWELL DINNER TO HON. A. G. CURTIN, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, June 12, 1809.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 422.]

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FAREWELL RECEPTION OF A. G. CURTIN, IN PHILADELPHIA.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, Philadelphia, was tendered to Hon. A. G. Curres, our Minister to Russia, by the municipal authorities of that city for a farewell reception of the citizens on Saturday, June 12. We give on our first page an illustration of the dinner given on the evening of that day at the Academy of Music. Over five hundred guests were present. The building was beautifully decorated with American and Russian flags. Mr. Courts made an appropriate speech, proceeding the memorable greats of his speech, recounting the memorable events of his career as Governor of Pennsylvania, and alloded to his mission to Russia in the following lan-

It is somewhat anomalous that the freest and the strongest government in the New World should have maintained the most amicable relashould have maintained the most amicable rela-tions with the most absolute monarchy and the strongest government of the Obl World. Amer-ica and Russia have never had an interruption of their friendly relations. It is my carnest prayer that, during my residence at the Court of the Autocrat of all the Russias, nothing will occur to break these relations."

Other speeches were made, in response to the various toasts of the avening, by prominent in-

THE "RED STOCKING" BASE-BALL CLUB, CINCINNATI.

We give, on page 421, portraits of the picked nine of the "Red Stocking" Base-Hall Club of Cincinnati, Ohio. On the 16th they best the "Mutuals," and the pext day the "Atlantics" of Brooklyn. The latter game was won 32 to 10. If the "Rod Nockings" keep on and hold their own, they will be the champion club before the summer is ended. Hurrah for the Porkopolitans!

THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.

We give on our double-page opening this week an illustration representing the Harrard crew in training on the Charles Hiver, as a proparation for the international four-pared race with the Oxford crew, which is to come off in August on the Thomes, spon the Putney Course. Harvard gave the challenge, and Oxford accepted.

The rowers selected by Harvard are Messes. Loring, Simmons, Bans, and Rick, forming as LORING, SIMMONS, BARS, and RICK, forming as good a crew as could be selected. Loring, who has charge of this crew, is 25 years of age, but a remarkably mature car. Hick is a polished cars-man; he is the "first stroke." SIMMONS is the "stroke carsman," and is the strongest man of the crew. The ages of the four average 24 years each. The crow proposes to sail on the 10th of July, so as to spend five or six weeks in England before the contest.

MY GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

I. I man been less than three months in New York, and if I was not actually already in love I was quite ready to affirm as much, if a fitting occazion should be given me. Moreover, with a worldly wisdom beyond my years, I had suffered my young affections to go out toward no less a personage than Miss De Silver, the banker's daughter. Fortune and my nunt's respectability had even so far sided me that I felt myself at liberty, with a little extra courage, to call on her

even at her own leedly home.

The determination to call was a thing by it. self, however, as an examination of my ward-role rerealed the unpleasant fact that my present supplies would hardly army see in keeping with what might there be expected. Solomon could have beaten me entirely. So could the lilies of

almost any valley.

My slouder salary as yet offered me no resources, nor would it for another month. I was at my wit's cod, or thereabouts, when an idea struck me. The Chersons were always fertile in ideas, and was not I, Richard, the heir of all the Chersons? And had I not inherited my grandfuther's watch? Did it not, even then, tick drowsily in its swollen fob?

Now this chronometer was of the ancient style; made in a day when the precious metals seem to have been of no account whatever. It was a sort of gold mine, with a time-piece hidden numy in the heart of it. Small it may be for a gold mine, but decidedly large for a watch. It was one of those watches which impart an air of an-tique aristocracy to old gentlemen with good clothes, and affected by them for the same reason that the "shabby genteel" families purchase only

fine old furniture. "Sell it?" No "Sell it?" No, by no means; but I thought of Miss De Silver, and of her father, and determined to employ it as a collateral: I could redeem it at any time. Some one had explained to me the meaning of "three golden bulls together," and I forthwich sallied out that evening to search for the dangling arms of the old Lombard usu-

They were conspicuously large and bright over the door to which they attracted me, but the masty old gentleman in a square relvet one, who took my gold mine in his fat and duty fingers, did not realize my ideal of a Lombard. From the appearance of the crowded shelves around him, however, he was clearly prepared to realize on any thing else. Such a moveum of incon-gruous commodities I had never seen before. Surely be was a social wrorker, and these were the spails and waits or manmerable human craft that had gone ashore upon the shoals of New York life. Describe them? No, for language has limits to its powers, and so has even imagin-

I was not the first customer attended to, however, for a fair young girl before me was waiting anxiously while "my uncle" balanced in his hand what seemed to be a brooch of some beauty and value. I thought that it contained a tress of dark hair; that or something else of the keep-

Ten dollar? Not so mosh as dat. Five dol-

"Only five dollars? Why, it is worth furty, and I must flave at least ten!"
"'Musht' is a pig vord, my tear. I gives you

but five.

The girl's face was very pale, and her thin lips closed with an expression almost of agony, as she sighed her final assent to the amount of the proposed loan. Her ticket was quickly made out, and I could but note, as she turned to go out with that and the money grasped tightly in her little hand, that for all her paleness and her

sorrow she was indeed fair, very fair.
"How much you want on dis watch?"
The harsh and grating voice of "my uncle" did much to dispose of a certain tingling sensa-tion, as of many blushes, with which I had passed under the golden balls. I therefore boldly re-

"About a hundred, I reckon." "A hundard dollar? Oh, vell, that ish nonsense. Ve only lends so mosh as twenty-five.
Dat ish de law, my poy."
"Bother the law!"

"So shay I; it bodders me ver' mosh indeed, but I dosh not ever break de law." "How shall I work it, then? There must be

some way. "Dare ish many vays, but dish concern minds do law. I dell you—I lets you have twenty-five on de witch and twenty-five on de chain?"

"That won't make it up."
"Den I takes de chain for de twenty-five, an'

you takes de vatch to de diamond brokers,"

A few moments' conversation having further enlightened me as to the meaning of ⁶ my un-cle" the Lombard, I took my ticket and my de-parture, leaving the chain with him, and in that I was to a certain extent, a wise Cherson.

was, to a certain extent, a wise Cherson.

I must have been five minutes about this business, but as I passed under the next gas-light I was startled to notice, standing with her face unconsciously turned toward its almost ghastly ra-diance, the fair roung lady of the brooch, and I could distinctly hear her mutter to herself, "It wast be ten! What shall I do?" Youth, if you will let it alone in its good im-

pulses, is ever inclined to benevolence, and with a sudden and reckless forgetfulness of Miss De Silver, and of her father the banker, I turned toward the pale unknown and said, with hardly my customary case of manner, "Here is five dollars, Miss. I saw you in the shop." There was a sudden start, and a painful flush

in the pale cheek, but my voice and manner were too respectful to admit a suspicion of intentional offense, and I added, quickly,

"You can pay me whenever you choose-in-turest, too, if you want to."

"But you are a stranger."
"So I hope is old Moses What's his name

"Ah, I saw you there! But then, you too "No; I'm not poor. I'm only a foot, that's all. Please take the money. I know you want it. If you don't take it you will be a bigger fool

Almost a smile struggled with the keen pain Almost a smile struggled with the keen pain in her face, but the story of her trouble seemed fairly forced from her lips—and they were presty if they were thin. It was nothing sensational—a sick mother, slow pay for work done, rent due, hard landlord—just an everyday and commonplace sort of an affair. It did not sound very commonplace, though, as she told it, and—well, I crushed the five-dollar bill into her little hand, and ran as the Compressmen did at Manage and ran as the Compressment did at Manage and ran as the Compressment did at Manage and range hand, and ran as the Congressmen did at Manassas, forgetting that by so doing I destroyed

all prospect of ever being repaid.

I was anxious to find a broker's office, howevor, and my watch feit heavier without its chain than it ever did with, though I must say that my heart felt not only light but warm. A little in-vestigation made me decide to wait until the fol-

vestigation made me decide to writ until the fol-lowing morning, and my next attempt at the unployment of collaterals was made by broad trylight, with my brain cool, and clear of every-ing but Miss De Silver. The office over which I found the kind of sign described by "my uncle" was eminently respect-able, and fronted on the busiest part of Broad-

way. It was even elegantly furnished, and if that was any evidence of its character, nothing could have helped it better than the aristocratic nir of the elegant youth who so politely greeted me as I entered. No need, certainly, of any qualmish feeling at having to do with such a gen-tleman as Mr. De Roos, the "diamond broker."

"Hather old-fashioned watch, but the eases are heavy. Seventy-five dollars? Let me see!" The cases were balanced for a moment daintily in his jeweled fingers, and the works scanned

smerchat disdainfully.

"Seventy-five? Yes, I guess it will bear that.
Thirty days only? Longer if you want it. Well, all right. Nice day, isn't it?"

Entries were made in a book or two, the watch

carefully deposited in a drawer, my "ticket" was made out and carefully inclosed in an enrelope; my money was counted out to me with an exceedingly pleasant smile and bow, and my object was attained without the slightest ripple of any thing disagreeable, unless it was the halfbuighing instruction that my impecunicalty was

the consequence of recent bacchanalian excesses. wever, I took in good part, for I now felt sure of appearing in proper style at the De Silver mansion. My thoughts ran wholly on apparel, and the probable effect to be produced thereby. II.

I wust say that when my new array did come home I looked remarkably well in it, and, of course. I put it at once in service. But notwithstanding my nearer approach to Solomon or the lilies, I felt more nervousness on the De Silver lities, I felt more nervousness on the De Silver door-step than even under the dangling balls of the "Lombard Arms."

As I stood, a moment later, in the frescoed vestibule fumbling for a card, I could not help

overhearing a suppressed conversation which seemed to be going forward at the lower end of

Indeed, Miss De Silver, I would not have asked, only we do need it so very much."
"I'shaw, Miss Payne! That's always the

story. I won't be angry, though, really; and if you will come in to-morrow I will try and have it ready for you. Of course you will throw off "Oh, Miss De Silver!"

"Oh, Miss De Saver!"

"Well, well—somebody's come, and mamma is waiting for me."

I heard a door close, and then—for somehow I was quite slow and clumsy about finding that card—who should come out through the hall toward me but my fair acquaintance of the five-dollar loan? If I did not blush she did; and right before the astounded flunky she reached out her hand for the bit of pasteboard which I had just discovered, saying, in a quick, curt tone

"Your card, Sir, please!"
She was gone, after she got it, like a figure in dream, and I was ushered into the drawingroom, staggering under a vague feeling that there were three balls on my head, or that somebody had asked me what time it was

There was certainly nothing tike flattery-hardly a fair appearance of appreciation—in the man-ner of my reception when the banker's heiress at last sailed into the room. I could not help won-dering if I should ever dare to call that stately creature "Matilda." Still, I made the best of my conversational powers, and was really making some headway when, to my unotterable dis-may, the sliding-glass which concealed an inner parlor was drawn gently back in its noiseless grooves, and the faultlessly dressed apparition of the elegant "diamond broker" came gliding over the carpet, "to present his adieux to Miss De Silver." Certainly the color did come to my De Silver. he siter." Certainly the color did come to my face, but the excellent young man relieved me in the kindest manner. Nothing could be more cordial or friendly than his recognition, "Ah, you know each other, then?" It was the voice of Miss De Silver, and there

was a tremor in it which called my attention to the fact that if I had blushed she had not-on

the contrary, quite the reverse.
"Oh, certainly; every body knows Mr. Cherson. Glad to meet him. Opera to-night, Miss son. Glad De Silver?"

"Ah, yes. I was about-" How I thanked the tact of De Roce in thus giving me an opportunity to cut my call short and find my way into the street! I went in his company, of course; and certainly I could not misunderstand the hearty cordiality with which we were both invited to call again.

Once in the street, however, De Roos laughed a silvery, sarcastic laugh.

"I see, my dear fellow, you understand busi-ness. Rather think you have put your foot in it, hey?"
"I should rather say I had," said I, though not exactly comprehending how. "Confound

not exactly comprehending how, my stupid blushes!"

"I should say so; but then there's no harm done. Her paleness was as unlucky as your col-or. You're a man of honor though, and you'll

keep mum?"
"Mum as the grave. Do you do much of that kind of business? I shouldn't have thought My venture in this remark was a good one, for

it implied infinitely more knowledge of the world than I possessed.

ve a perfect run of up-town trade," replied De Roos; "and they're no worse than lots of other women whose husbands and fathers draw their purse-strings a trifle close. They're fixing for a party just now, and if the diamonds won't go far enough I guess the carriage will have to be mended."

I don't take. Can't you do the carriages?" said I.

"Oh no; that's in the motioneer line. reckon they've never spouted any furniture, and maybe not the carriage. The old lady owns her jewels and furniture, etc., in her own right; only is wouldn't do to let the old man know what she does, you know. Sometimes the suctioneers are house, too, and that's bad where it won't do to move it." awkward about leaving securities on store in the

"I see. How do they take their interest?"
"Oh, only the legal, you know; but then
there's commissions and a whole dictionary of

charges. Good ten to fifteen per month."

"Profitnile. I should say. I never knew about that. Reckon I'm dished there now, any way."

"Not by no manner of means! Safe for a perpetual invite as I am myself. Couldn't afford make an enemy of you—don't you see?"
"Do you go there often?"

"Not very. This party, any how, for the old man's away, and it's bound to be a tip-top affair.

"You'll be there, of course?"

"If I get my cards in time."

"Oh, no fear of that. Let's go to Delmonico's."

I went, and containly I did learn a good deal that evening. Such men as De Roos are capital instructors, and he seemed fairly to have "taken"

III. My eard for the grand De Silver party came quite as promptly as the diamond broker had predicted; but before the arrival of that ampi-

cious occasion I received a neat little note inclosing a five-dollar bill, and thanking me, in terms of most lady-like and sincere gratitude, for the opportune benevolence which had prompted my Quixotic loan. The note was signed, plain-iy, "Clara Payne." The circumstance gave me no pain whatever, but brought vividly to my memory the conversation which I had involuntarily overheard.

The party was every way worthy of the efforts and sacrifices of which I was the brilliant and

successful fruition.

I met De Roos there, and at a certain pause in the rush and whirl of the festivities something prompted me to whisper him: "Not much falling off in the diamonds of the family. On my word, they look as well as the real."

And he replied: "We have to be up to that.

my dear fellow—trick of the trade, you know, wouldn't do to be detected."

And then he whirled away; but on a closer examination, as the stately Matilda whirled away with me in the subsequent "German," the idea became strangely fixed in my mind that the imitation was altogether too good, and that the dis-monds worn that night by the heiress of the De Silvers were read. It puzzled me, but it only led me to the utterance of a remark in praise of their brilliancy, which was rewarded by a sweet smile and an increasing pallor on the cheeks of my

lovely companion.

I called most assiduously after that, with a vague idea that any deficiencies in my wardrobe were quite likely to be kindly overlooked, and found, to my unspeakable delight, that I was beginning to be received on a most confidential beginning to be received on a most connection footing; in short, quite in the character of a friend of the family. I even met the hanker himself once or twice, but could not plume my-self on any very marked attention from him. Meantime Do Roos assured me that the carriage had not required "mending," and that the dia-monds of the fair Matilda and her duches-like mether steed in me immediate degree of footier. mother stood in no immediate danger of forfeit.

As for myself, my employers rather liked the idea of my circulating among the "upper ten," and I awaited the next installment of my insignificant stipend with serene indifference to any thing but the fact that it would enable me to redeem my watch, if not my chain. Somehow I wanted to be square with De Roos at the earliest possible day,

It was by accident a trifle over a month, say

a day or two, when I presented myself at my friend's office, money in pocket, with intent to

rregain possession of my ponderous and somewhat cherished heir-loom. Who so polite as De Roos! "Chair, my boy. Have a cigar? Been up to the house lately? You seem to be making good headway there, ba? Serious intentions, eh? All right—lots of tin one of these days."

Before long I explained the object of my visit,

and even the imperturbable De Roos changed countenance somewhat as he replied, rapidly,

"That watch? Why, I'd no idea you wanted ever to redeem. Month's up, you know. Sent him to the melting-pot yesterday. Sorry, 'pon honor. Must look out for business, you know."

"Month! Melting-pot!" I almost shoused,

"I don't know any thing about a mouth. Here's my ticket—every pawabroker in the city gives a

And I whipped out my envelope, and tore from the evidence of my property and the loss thereon. In fact I myself read it for the first time, while De Roos responded,

"Keep cool, my boy. I'm not a paunbroker. I thought you understood these things. Read it through."

I did: and, surely enough, it was by no means a pawn-ticket, nor was there on it any mention of any loan on interest. It was simply an agree-ment to sell to me, on the day which had just expired, a watch whose number and description I knew only too well, at a price specified, and which was nearer ninety dollars than seventy-five.

For a moment I was fairly furious, and even uttered vague threats of vengeance; but De Roos

never lost his equanimity.

"Keep cool, my boy. I'm sorry, and all that sort of thing. Don't want to make a cent out of you. "Tisn't likely it's melted yet; and if you really want it, I'll send down and get it back for you. Come in to-morrow at three. Now, don't get mad. Be decent, and have another Havana. Thought you knew what you was about, you have.

So I consented to smoke and be pacified, and finally went away in the full assurance that really never met a better fellow than De Roos, the fashionable "diamond broker."

Faithfully to the hour, I was on hand the next day as the clock struck three. Having now no time-piece of my own, I had learned to appre-ciate clocks, both public and private. A lurking feeling of uneasiness may account for the fact that I had not called on the De Silvers during the

previous evening.

I was promptly on hand, as I said, at the door of the elegant office of my elegant friend, the diamond broker; but, somewhat to my astonish-ment, that door would by no means yield to my repeated attempts to open it. In short, it was locked.

"Gone out for a moment," I muttered. "Well, . I'll wait."

I was quietly proceeding to do so, when I suddenly found a welf roughly collared by somehody in a state of excitement, while a trembling voice

"You secondrel! You are one of his set. I've seen you with him! Where is he, and where is Matilda?"

After a moment of utter bewilderment I managed to recognize in my unlooked for assailant the parental De Nilver himself—the banker—and stammered out a half-choked declaration of my atter ignorance.

"You lie, Sir! He's gone! Matilda's gone with him! He's got all the money! You come with me to the house! Come right along now!"

Any lily of any valley could have offered more resistance than I did, for I felt that I was acquired.

ing valuable information, and I went along with the banker. He talked incessantly, and I speedally became aware that the money used by De Hoos in his extensive transactions as a "dia-mond broker" had been furnished from the very respectable coffers of Matikla's father. Business had been good of late, and both loans and de-posits had been quite large enough to suggest to the elegant young financier a master-stroke in posits had been quite large enough to suggest to the elegant young financier a master-stroke in his own peculiar line. Beyond doubt no amount of "interest" would now suffice to redeem that precious jewel of a daughter, and De Roos had taken care to secure her portion in advance. After all, he had only, in reality, married the daughter of his partner in business—in a some-what quiet way.

what quiet way,
I remembered about the diamonds at the party.

when we arrived at the house we found it in a certain degree of well-regulated confusion, and Madame, the mother of the vanished Matilda, in a very impressive state of weeping and distraction; but what interested me most was a pale face that I mut in the hall. It was that of Clara. face that I met in the hall. It was that of Clars Payne; and I heard her mutter, in a voice whose half-despairing tone I well remembered: "Gone? And I had so counted on her prom-

It fashed upon me that another month's rent was over-due. The money that should have re-deemed my grandfather's watch was burning in my pocket; and as I thrust it into her hand I said to her:

"You have proved yourself good pay, Miss Payne; you won't run away with any body.
Just take that and run away out of this."
This time she actually did smile in my face,
but she burried away without a word.

but she hurried away without a word.

It took some time to convince the old banker that I was not an accomplice of De Roos; and, though be had so pay too much money on the "failure" of his sudden son-in-law ever to pardon him, he seemed to pardon me very readily when he found that I had not done any thing. In fact, the shape his pardon took has been worth seen her since several times. In fact, I see her every time I so home. every time I go home.

SEEING BY LIGHTNING.

In the Polytechnic of London some curious and interesting experiments are being made with a monster "induction coll," which mimics lighta monster "induction coil," which mimics light-ning in a remarkable manner. In the darkened theatre of the Institution the long flash lights up the room and the audience with the peculiar lurid glare so well known as an effect of brilliant lightning at night, and displays the features and action of every one present. But it is curious to note that, the flash being of instantaneous dura-tion coil; it allows we make the core. note that, the mash being of instantaneous dura-tion only, it allows no motion to be seen. We should think, if guided by our conacionsmess alone, that the flash lasted an appreciable time; but this would be an error, due to the persistence of the impression on the eye after the flash itself. of the impression on the eye after the flash itself had ceased. If the room be made perfectly dark, and if the spectators all raise their arms and wave their hands to and fro as quickly as they can the flash will display the position of the arms, but not the movements of the hands. While the flash fasts the hand has no time to more, and is consequently seen, as if motionless, in the position in which the flash finds it. It is in consequently to arbit the name offset in in contemplation to exhibit the same effect in a more complete way by affixing a picture to a re-volving disk. When the disk revolves so rapidly that no outlines of the picture can be disting: by means of any ordinary light, they will be per-fectly seen in a darkened room by the light of the flash. It lasts so short a time that the re-volving disk does not change its position in the brief period.

OUR ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Putnam's Magazine for July contains an elab-orate article showing the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in this city and State. The facts presented in this article are so important that we reprint a well-digested resums of it re-cently published in the New York Evening Post:

Patages's Maparies for July contains an article en-titled "Our Established Church," which will be, we respect, very much read. Its aim is to show that the Roman Cathulles have to a considerable extent suc-ceeded in making theirs the established church of this city and State.

The writer estimates that the real estate owned in fee by "one or either of five socientation in this State."

The writer estimates that he real senate owned in fee by "one or other of five societastics in this State," Moman Catholic Blabops, is worth nearly fifty millions of dollars. He remarks that the frish (Probestiant) Church now to be discentablished owns but sighty-five millions of property: and he proceeds to give some examples of the grants and gifts of public money and real cetals made to the Roman Catholics in this State.

Not far from the year 1947 the diffigunt explorer of our annual statutes will find, almost for the first time, a few donations for charitable purposes quietly stowed away in the depths of the "Act making appropriations for the support of the government" for the current year. Here and there also begin to appear special statutes for like purposes—as, for example, the Act of 1948 (chapter 197), appropriating 2000s of money raised by general tax to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity in Baffalo. From this point, however, the honorable rivalry of parties was producing a like result to that which attends the not dissimilar emulation of a public anction. The bids rose one above another with a boldness which possibly was not diminished by the fact that the hidders were offering what did not belong to them. From year to year, more and larger benefactions of this class were found necessary to "the support of the government," sult in 1966 they had multiplied enfliciently to be collected into a distinct "Charity Bill," which has been annually exacted ever since, as solicitously as if, like the English Mutiny Act, all our liberties depended upon it.

At the same time, and by a movement almost pre-STATE MODET TO BOMAN CATHOLIC CHARPYCES.

cisely parallel, the yearly statinte-book has been encombered annually to a greater degree with the encombers which authorize the one for the city of New York, the other for the percledly contemnious county, the levy of such same as the State desums adequate for municipal government, and which prescribe the general objects for which they may be expended. Exactly in like manner, there begin to be discovered in these "Tax Lavy" bills considerably less than twenty years ago, the same germs which have fructified so bountifully in the general "Charity Bill" for the State at large. By virtue of the enactment last mentioned the State paid out during the year 1983, for benefactions under religious control, \$139,603 40. Of this a Jewish society received \$4044 121, four organizations of the Protestiant seems had \$1207 02; while the trifling balance of \$194,174 14 went to the religious purposes of the Roman Catholics.

Looking, by way of variety, at the following year for data regarding the strictly municipal gifts for like purposes, we find from the last report of the Comprosite of the city, that during 1867 there was paid to Catholic ecisicatical institutions the sum of near \$200,000, aside from what may lie hidden in a wast total of over than a million, of which the details can be found only in the report of the Department of Public Charities and Correction. While there are other benefactions in the list, hardly any are for objects having even remotely a religious character, and not one for a sectarian object. And if the proportion thus indicate he princely sum of haif a million, it must be cocceded that the Church is in a fair way of obtaining its own, with perhaps a trifle of what others might lay some claim to.

But there figures do not fully indicate the favor with which the Catholic Church has been treated by her children in the official station, co-operated with a they

her children in the official station, co-operated with as they have been by the well-disposed outside the fold.

The last Comptreller's report coulsins, with regard to certain of the real estate which yet remains on the island of Manhattan, some interesting avovals, by which the city government is willing to let its light so shine before men that they may see its works, and glorify its father, which he no matter where. In the schedule of city property, subject to the payment of ground rent (pp. 165-160), we find that the premises on "Fifty-first Streets and Lexington Avenue" are leased to the (Catholic) Nursery and Child's Hospital: that he lease is dated April 1, 1807, je perpetual, and for the amend rent of One Bollar, which was three years in arrears. That the property on "Eighty-fart and Righty-second streets and Madison Avenue" is leased to the "Sisters of Mercy;" that the lease (the dair of which is not given) is propental, and the annual rent one dollar, which, however, had been paid and within two years of the report. That the land on Pifty-first and Pifty-second streets, Fourth and Fifth avenues," was leased April 1, 1807, to "The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum," perpetually, for the annual rent of one dollar. This sum, however, it is gratifying to observe, has been fully paid to the end of 1881.

Upon some part of this property or upon another tract, last by a list tills and upon similar terms, is in course of erection the new St. Patrick's Cathodral, which is intended to be worthy of its proud rank or not reportion chards of these competent to appealse land in New York, it applied every payment upon the principal, asking nothing for interest, in about one million years.

In so autracellinary a ratio has this devoct allottent of the public revenues in terms of these than 5th devoct allottent of the public revenues in the devoct allottent of the public revenues in t

years.

In a extraordinary a ratio has this devout allot-ment of the public revenues increased that what in 1849 was but about \$13,600, and that given gradging-ly, is grown to not far from \$500,000 in 1868, bestowed with the frank generosity of those who give of others'

PUBLIC MONET GOVER TO BOWANTET

with the frank generosity of those who give of others' goods.

runnic moser ceves we accessed the Church, with such helpers as these, to become independent of State education, has lithern been successful, may be Judged from the data already given, as well as from the stately edifices which in the parishes of every city rival or surpass the grandeur of the State's school-bouses. Not does the Church longer stand, as once it sid, in the attitude (well as the stitude becomes Christ's poee) of a mendicant at the door of the State House, asking for gratuities toward the support of its separate schools.

It has already established by action in the Supreme Court the clear legal right of its orphan asymma, numerous as they are, and liberal as they are in the degree of bereavement required for admission to their scholastic privileges, to an equal participation in all motocys raised by taxation for school purposes in the State, in proportion to their number of papils.

Thus having begun with the demand that public schools be made rigorously seeniar; having then obtained that sectains schools be supported by the State, the only remaining step toward complete ecclestaticism in education is now webseneuty urged, that all secular schools asks? be abolished as sear seminaries of atheirs. Then, and then only, in the view of the Cathodte World for May, 1888, will public education be put upon its true go wind—the ground upon which so much has been done for universal education in laily and Spain, and from which that securities by the constitute of with violence in Austria and France.

Nor is the step a long or a difficult one which seem conget for as an utilizate settlement. Even while we write, the bill which shall do the basiness, having been maturely considered by the Consultee of the Secution, which constains its substance, is a simple provision that "whosever there shall be or has been established and maintained in any city of this State any free school or chooles in which to less than two hundred children have been or are ta

session; but the Church can bide her time. In some not distant, year parties may not be so adjusted in the Lagislature as now. When the day comes it may well be believed that the discrimination which precided in the lost Senate that the preferring committee about despression in majority of Cutholies, small as was their minority in the Senate which has pervised in the present Senate that a majority should be made up of Cutholies and certain allies of the Protestion scarse who are ready to maintain the great system of Catholie schools by public largesses, on condition that their own little scheme of sectarian education may albibs at the crambs that fall from their master's table; that such discrimination will see that the interests of religion are cared for. And whatever may be the difficulty and expense of passing the bill, it will be harder yet to repeal it.

THE OFFICES AND BOMAN CATHOLICS.

THE OFFICES AND BOSEAN CATROLICE.

It might perhaps be worth while, if any one should prefer were superficial or extremal signs of supremacy, to notice a few such as may be found in the city of New York itself. Not many a state church in the present age imposes the test of membership as a condition of helding civil office. The Church in Austria does not; in England it has not for forty years; in France not for cichty. It does not yet in New York the How near it comes to it may be partly guessed by any one who will look over a list of New York elective offices with the discriminating sense of him "who knew the stranger was an Arrevicen from his name, O'Flaberty." If the inference from nationality should be deemed illustive, because not all Irishman are Catholics, let it be remembered that the Catholics who are

not Irish will far more than make such an error good.
Such researches would show a Jadiciary adorned with
the names of Shandley, Canolly, Hogar, and Dennis
Quine, and would lead as into very groen fields of
nomenclatter; but some one cles has prepared, from
better data then were names, the following summary
of Irish office-builders as they were at the cud of 1808:
Sheriff,
Register,
Comparisoller,
Chy Chamberlain,
Corporation Counsel,
Positic Commissioner,
President of the Cruton Board,
Acting Mayor and President of the Board of Aldermen.
Resident of the Read of Councilines.

en, President of the Board of Councilmen,

men,
President of the Board of Councilmen,
Clerk of the Common Council,
Clerk of the Board of Councilmen,
President of the Board of Supervisors,
Pive justices of the Courts of Record,
All the civil justices,
All the two of the police justices,
All the police court clerks,
Three out of four convers,
Two members of Councies,
Three out of few convers,
Two members of Councies,
Righteen out of twenty-one members of Assembly,
Pourteen-ninetecesths of the Common Council, and
Right-teaths of the Supervisors.
In no European country, we say it with some confidence, has the clergy of a Catholic establishment is
hands more nearly closed upon the whole system of
public education than here in New York. Nowhere
in Europe is the hierarchy of an establishment appointed by the Papal See in such absolute independence of the civil government as here.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Hawvoon is a city of delightful residences; and a very pleasant trip thither is made at this season by boat, leaving this city at 4 r.w., arriving at Hartford next morang. Or, more faily to enjoy the sail on the charming Connecticut by day, if by chance you are coming from the East, take the morning or more train from Springfield, and you will have a few hours in which to ride or walk about Hartford before the afternoon boat leaves there. We chose a drive, when passing over that route the other day, stipulating for an easy carriage and a communentive driver. Up through Asylum Street first. Elegant residences, with most tasteful grounds, on every side; trees and shrubs of every variety, whose fresh, delicate, June follage contrasts besutifully with the luxuriant richness of the hedges. The weathy people of Hartford on not live in restricted quarters, but extend their borders, apparently at librium, and show much good taste in their surroundings.

The Institution for the Deaf and Domb and the Insane Retreat are handsoms buildings, retired and shady, giving a very passant impression to the stranger. The grounds of the latter are extensive, and the drive through them is open to the public a part of the day. This Asylum has recently been enlarged for the better accommodation of private patients.

Perhaps the most attractive private patients.

for the better accommodation at private patients.

Perhaps the most nitractive private residence is that belonging to the widow of Mr. Samuel Colt, in-Perhaps the most attractive private residence is that belonging to the widow of Mr. Samuel Coit, inventor of the famou Coit's reveiver. He died several years ago, having acquired an inspense property. Although an imposing monument is erected to his memory in one of the dity cemeeries, he is buried upon his own grounds. Mrs. Coit is said to have a "wife and a quarter of green-houses!" and they certainly extend farther than the eye can reach. Her grounds are laid out beautifully, adorsed with every variety of shrubbery and many fine pieces of statuary. The factories stand some distance from the house, a luxuriant meadow intervening, which is drained by an extensive dyke, built by Mr. Coit. On the banks of this dyke be planted willow-trees, and near by is a manufactory where is made "every thing that can be made from the willow-twig." In this vicinity is the "Church of the Good Shepherd," built and sustained entirely by Mrs. Coit, and is free to all. We learned that the Artrian well upon Mrs. Coit's grounds, which attracted so much interest a while ago, is not yet entirely completed.

The epot where the venerable Charter Oak stood was pointed out; but, alsa! it was covered with stone flagging, and made part of the common highway.

An exchange ways that the "coming woman" of the Determine the states of the common highway.

An exchange says that the "coming woman" of the Boston city government is Miss Emily Judson Harris, daughter of the President of the Common Countries, the is to read the Declaration of Independence at the celebration on the Fourth of July. The young lady is a graduate of the Everett School.

In Italy and Sicily the fixest and sweetest grapes grow on the recky rubbish of volcanoes, and on the loose soil along rocky hill-sides. This fact would seem to indicate that rich soil is not necessary to pro-

duce the sweetest grapes. From Wisconsin comes a dreadful report concerning From Wisconsin comes a dreadful report concerning two children—a boy of seven and a girl of four years: -living in Miliford, who were bitten by a mad dop. The parants were informed by attending physicians that the only possible way for the children to escape the agonies of rables would be to take their lives. In-reddible as it may seem, they administered an opiate to the boy and bled him to death, and the girl was smothered in a frather-bed.

The cause of missions has experienced a great to In the recent death of Rev. Jones King, D.D., who has been for many years a zealous missionary of the Gos-pel in the capital of Greece. He was a graduate of Williams College, and afterward Professor of Oriental Williams College, and afterward Professor of Oriental Literature at Amberst College. About three years ago he returned from the scope of his labors in Athena account of his bealth. The change was beneficial, and he again went to Greece, but soon sickened. He was a man of remarkable ability and of varied and extensive information. He was closely identified with the question of international comity between the United States and Greece, and did much to advance both religious and civil aborty in the latter country.

A clergyman in Ransas complains that he has manried but one couple in a year. They paid him no-thing, seald to disner, borrowed his umbrella when they left, and never returned it?

Men do not always mean what they say any more seen do not always mean wast they say any more than women. A very petity girl, who was a little proud of her good looks, was reproached by her lover for earing more for her beauty than for his love. So she broke off her four front teeth to prove her love, and then cast herself at his feet. But having loss her beauty she lost her lover also.

Mr. Miall, member of the British Parliament, and leader of the most advanced Liberals, advocates, of course, the right of women to vote. But he also looks forward to the time "when neither in the factory nor in other great shops of industry will women's work be needed; when husbands will be sufficiently remn-norated for their toll—when capital and labor will have become so far reconciled one to another as that

men may do the work of men, and women may be spared that work in order that they may the more tally preside over the week of the household." He says: "He were condemned to work; you (women) have been appointed rather to help us who work by your sympathy, your providence, your care, and your love."

sympathy, your providence, your care, and your love."
Germany has appeard of one thousand mineral springs and boths. Vichy has long been famons for its thermal springs; of these there are eight principal ones, ranging in temperature from 66 to 111 degrees Pahreubelt. The waters are acidatons and alkalize, their principal ingredients being carbonate of socia and carbonic acid gas. They are considered particularly effications in chronic disorders of the liver and digestive organs, obstructions of the spleen, diseases of the kidneys, and gout. The waters are bettled and exported for the cure of these complaints; but to effect a radical cure the bath must be taken daily while drinking the waters. drinking the waters.

A good story is told of a genuine Tanker from "down East," who, possing through Washington last winter, determined to see General Grant. He called at the War Odice, and told the door keeper his wishes. "The General is engaged," said the door-keeper. "Well, I want to see him."

"Upon business?"
"No, Sir, I want to see him. I don't want an offor; I don't want to speak to him even; I don't want to occupy a moment of his valuable time. I want to see him merely."

"He is busy."
"When will he be out?"
"In about four hours."

"Well, I am not going home without seeing General Grant. No, 80°; and unless I am thrust out, with your leave I will sit here until he appears." Then, dropping into a chair, he resigned himself to the probable four hours' sitting.

Presently the door-keeper was missing, but he soon whenced with, "It you will go with me I will show you General Grant."

He followed him into another more, and was juice He followed him into another room, and was intro-duced to General Grant. The General extended his hand, and expressed himself happy to see him. He shook the General's hand, took a good hearty look at him, and turned to depart, saying, "My ambition is satisfied. I have seen General Grant?" "Take a chair, Sir, take a chair," said the General,

"Take a chair, Sir, take a coast, and the General, appendingly. "I are happy to see you."

"Thank you, Sir: I will not occupy a moment of your valuable time. I came to see General Grant; I have seen him. His time is valuable; so is mise. Good-by, Sir." And bowing, he left the room, followed by a merry laugh from the astonished President-

The following suggestions to bathers have recently been issued by the Royal Humane Society of London, and are worthy of consideration :

and are worthy of consideration:

"Avoid bathless within two hours after a meal.

"Avoid bathless when the holy is crossing after perspiration; but hathe when the body is crossing after perspiration; but hathe when the body is warm, provided to time is lost in getting into the water; heave the water immediately there is the alightest feeling of chilliness.

"Avoid bathles altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness with numbress of the hands and feet.

"The vigorous and strong may betbe early in the morning on an empty stomach,

"The young and those that are weak had better hathe three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hears after breakfast.

"Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and these who suffer from discusses of the heart, should not bathe without dret consulting their medical advisor."

A new and curious her has been discovered on the

A new and curious bog has been discovered on the leaves of the cotton plant in some sections of the South, which, it is feared, may prove a destructive agent. It is nearly an inch in length, black, with red stripes, and looks something like a grasshopper, though wingless.

When Dr. Musgrave made his speech on remaion, When Dr. Muserave made his speech on remain, in the Ohi School Assembly last May, he excussed himself for speaking so long. He was not, he said, like his Scotch brother who used notes. An old lady was told that the minister did so. She disbelieved it, Said one: "Go into the gallery and see," She did so and saw the written sermon. After the lackless preacher had concruded his reading on the last page he said, "But I wik not enlarge." The old woman cried out from her selly positions: "Ye canne, ye camen, for yer paper's give cout?"

A portraited President Grant, now nearly completed, is in a temporary studie at the White House upon the cased of Mr. A. B. Eliteli, an artist of New York. The akeness is very perfect. The President is dressed in plain black, and is represented as sitting at a table, upon which are writing materials.

The name Andahon is of French telgin; it is ex-The name Andahon is of French ceigms it is extremely rare, and white confined in America to the feeting of the naturalist, John James Andahon, has in France been traced only among his ancestry. His grandfather, John Andahon, was born at the small rillage of Sahle d'Olonne, in La Vendoe, forty-fice miles southwest from Nantes. The naturalist himself was born in New Orleans, May 4, 1746; but much this ceight life was ment in Nantes, where he made of his early life was spent in Nantes, where he made frequent exercions into the country, always return-ing laden with specimens of natural history. It was at Naptes that Andahon began to draw sketches of French birds. The first volume of Audubon's "Or-nithological Biography" was published at Edinburgh In 1934, and the subscription price was one hundred and eighty guineas for the complete work. Probably no naturalist has ever furnished so complete and per-Sect a work of ornithology. He died at his home on the banks of the Hudson in the year 1848, aged stuty-eight; and the "Life of Andubon," which has just been published, is a noble record of strength of purpose and perseverance, actuated by the highest motives.

A good old Massachusetts doctor met a sexten in the street one day. After the usual salutations, the doc-

screet one day. After the sectal santanions, the doc-tor began to origh.

"Why, Doctor," said the sexton, "you have get a cold. How long have you had that?"

"Look here, Mr. Sexton," said the doctor, with a show of indignation, "what is your charge for inter-

"One doller," was the reply.

"Well," continued he, "just come lete my offer, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you round, and so anxious about my beath."

The sexton was soon even with him, however,

Throning round to the doctor, he replied,

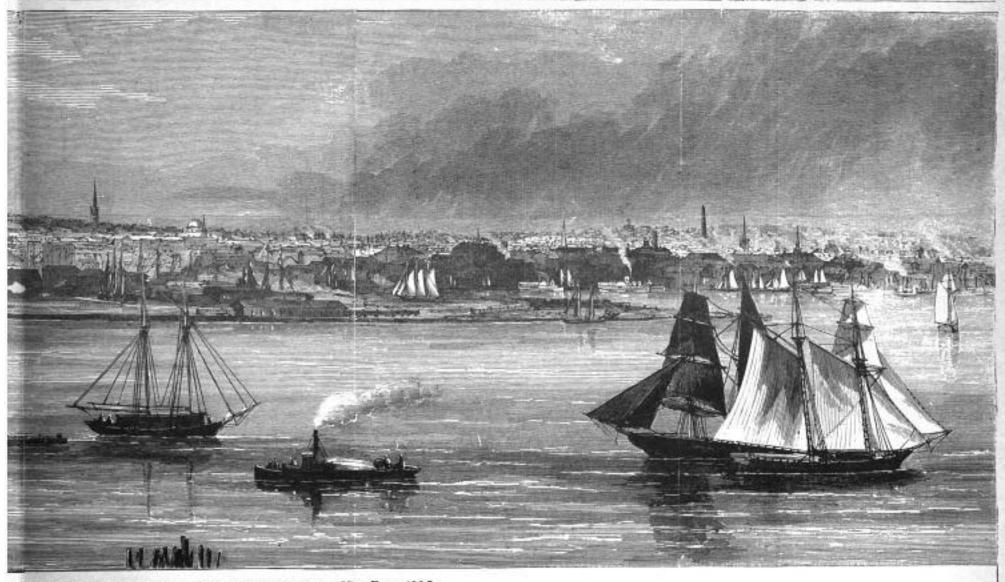
"Ah, doctor, I can not afford to bury you yet.
Business has never been so good as it has been since you began to peaction."



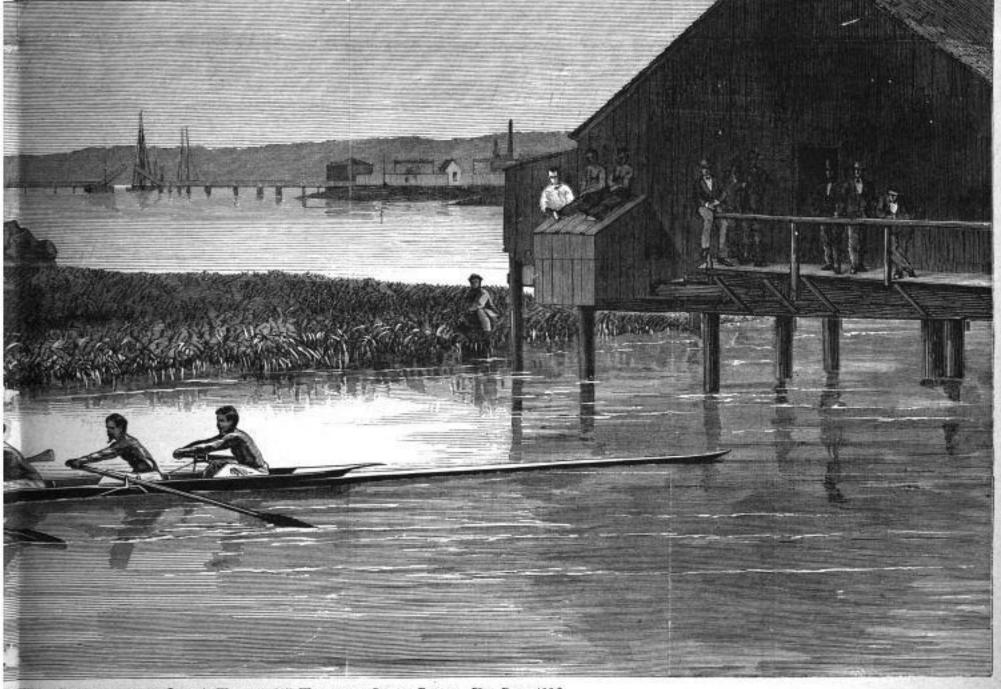
VIEW OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, I



INTERNATIONAL REGATTA-THE HARVARD CREW TRAINING ON THE CHARLI



M THE SOUTH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE.—[SEE PAGE 429.]



RIVER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, 297 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

PEACE.

"The mystic coeds of memory, stretching from every bartle-field and pearist grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this bound land, will yet swell the cherus of site Union, when busched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."—Askalian

Senese in her youthful beauty To-day Columbia stands, She has beckuned Peace to attend her, The sword has dropped from her hands. She sees her flag unsallied Wave proudly o'er Freedom's dome; All her weary toil is ended, She is calling her children home.

For the mystic cord of the Union Men strove to rend in twain, Long silent to all entreaty, Responds to the touch again! Responds, as if God's own Spirit Swept over the outstreached cord, And thrills the heart of the nation As 'twere the voice of the Lord.

Hands that were clasped in battle In friendship now are pressed; Lips that once breathed out slaughter Their error have confessed: Eves that flashed lute and vengetnee Their angry lustre cease, Feet shod swift for destruction Now tread the paths of peace. The ears of the deaf are opened, Unsealed the voice of the dumb, As millions arise together, And answer, "WE COME! WE COME!"

Oh! day of joy and gladness, When thus the States agree, From abore to abore uprising, To keep the Jubilee! Our fields with grain are ripening, Our harns with plenty stored; The wealth of a hundred nation From the dust of our hills is poured! Rivers glint in the sunlight, Insects chirp and hum, Trees bend 'neath their leafy verdure, And the Summer of Peace is come!

The laborer seeks his cahin, From his daily toil to rest; And the rich man has no power The poor man to molest. On the soil to Freedom given No slaves in bondage lag; And the Old World's despots tremble At sight of our Starry Flag!

The Northern Lights are blending With the rays of the Southern Cross And the gulf is bridged between them By a common sense of loss. By a common sense of loss.

Over the graves, already,
Where our loved ones were lain,
Who walked through the fatal valley,
Broathers by brothers slain,
Bloom the flowers, God's angels,
Speaking of better things—
Of endurance, wrought from sorrow;
Forgiveness, from death that springs.

Nover was wrong so hidden Never the dead so dear! Many a mound is watered By the stranger's loving tear. And the roses smell as aweetly That strangers' hands have grown; And the harvest never faileth Where Love the seed hath sown,

Cling-ching! the bells are singing; Boom! 'tis the cannon's notes; The songs of peace are ringing From a hundred thousand throns! Glory to God in the highest! Amen! let the people say; Oh, the terr stones would rebuke us if we should be more to-day! Glary to God in the highest, Who hath formed the earth and sky; Who ruleth over the nations, And maketh his throne on high! Who keepeth our feet from falling, And sideth our weak endeator; Who saveth our life from destruction, For his mercy endures forever!

To Him, oh ye ransomed people, He praise and boner given, For the blessings He hath sent us, And the bonds His hand hath riven! For He looked upon our affliction, And both taken away the sword; He both ended our days of mourning, restored Bouros, June 15, 1960. SESAN J. ADAMS.

POPE PIUS IX.

It is not generally known, I believe, that Pope Pius the Ninth was in his youth prevented from entering the grand of honor of the Viceroy of Italy in consequence of his being subject to at-tacks of epilepsy. He came from Sinigaglia to loose, and entered the priesthood in 1814, belibrary, and entered the priesthood in 1814, being then in his twenty-accords year. The intensity to which he was subject and as great a but to his advancement in this perfeccion as in the military, and it is said that his admission was granted by Pias the Sectoud only on the condition that, when he celebrated the mass, he should be assisted by another priest. He officient for the first time in the church starched to the orphismsee in which he had for some library. to the orphansee in which he had for some time in-tructed the children, on Whit. Sunday in the year 1819. The attacks of cridepsy to which he had been subject became less and less frequent; and four years after cutoring the priest-

bond he was appointed by the Pope attaché to an ecclesiastical and political mission sent to South America. On his return from this mis-sion to Rome he was appointed Archbishop of Spoleto, by Pope Leo the Twelfth, and was con-secrated in 1827. It is considered doubtful whether his real age is seventy-seven or seven-ty-nine, the register in which the date of his hirth was entered having been destroyed during the revolution. Though for several years pre-ceding the last three or four it was repeated almost daily in letters from Rome that he was suf-fering from some complaint or other which could not fail to kill him, it was affirmed by those who had good opportunities of judging of the matter that, both physically and mentally, he was as sound as a man could wish to be. He has not attained what are known in Rome as "Peter years;" that is to say, he has not occupied the papel throne twenty-five years two months and a week, as the tradition runs that Saint Perer did. Nevertheless, he comes nearer that limit than any other Pope who has ever reigned; for though many kings have ruled during more than a quarter of a century, no Pope ever has, unless we accept the Peter tradition. The nearest to the period before Pius the Ninth is Pius the Seventh, who died fifteen weeks and two days before the charmed day arrived,

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IT IS NOT WORTH THE KERPING."

"IT is all over, then?" What was all over? Not the murmurous kiss of the waves slipping up the ridges of warm gold-en shingle; not the bright sun-flecks that played with the shadows on the sea's mutable breast; nor the beauty of the woman who sat learning against the sides of a justing rock, her sweet languid eyes cast downward to avoid the glare of the sun, her listless hands crumpling notches of dried sen-weed, and her heart beating not one whit fister than the cool pulses of the drowsy sea. That which was over was Captain Mowheny's hope of winning the woman he loved. He had taken his friend's advice, and now he had his answer—not a straightforward one, for Lady Diana rarely had cominge to be prompt and decided in these surgical operations of cut-ting away hearts she had sought to cling to her. She sought to temporize and to soothe. She was particularly tender and gentle in her manner

when her victim was young and handsome.

When Captain Mowbray found that "No"
was to be the end of all his longing hopes and
angry fears, he felt faint and sick at heart. He could not look her in the face; for a while he could not speak to answer her soft words. They seemed to sway with the moving flow of the sea; and "No, no, no," was lisped to him in countless ripples as the waves surged up near his feet. He had written, as he had purposed, to ask her to decide his fate. "If your answer be unfa-vorable, I do not know how I shall bear it," he wrose. "Bemember how great is the stake I have thrown at your feet. Do not trample down my life. If I lose you I believe it would drive

"They all say that," Lady Diana thought, as she looked at the letter tenderly; "but dear me! most of them got over it much sooner than they think they will."

"I must take your answer from your own," he concluded. "Will you meet me on beach of the East Cliff this afternoon?"

"If I name five I shall get it over before

At four o'clock she strolled down to the senside, and seated herself in the broken shadow of the rock, having just time to assume a grace-ful posture when she heard the quick, impatient steps of her lover crashing through the shingle above. Now, as he lay by her feet, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes turned away from her, with his whole soul sickened by disappointment, she felt very sorrowful for him, and again wished that he had not forced her to this painful necessity. He had put his question so briefly and determinately that she had not much scope for evasion. Still she did her best, She surrounded her refusal with such a sweet She surrounded her remosal with such a sweat-confusion of regret, remorse, and reciprocal pas-sion, that any other less areate than a lover might have been beguiled by the garlands with which she bedecked the heurse of hope. But through all the music of her broken words, all the tears that dummed the sleepy depths of her gray eyes, Captain Mowbray read the word death; and as the sense of his failure grew upon him his face became white, and his eyes dark with pain and anger. Denth to love's thrall, love's fire, and love's hope—that was the portion the pink lips had dealt out on this slumbrous afternoon. When a ribbon fluttered from the woman's hair over Thurstan's hand, be caught it round his wrist, and kissing it passionately, wept a few hot, still tears, the sight of which filled Lady Diana with remorse and compunction. She had often seen men weep, and she always suffered pain at the On this occasion, as on many others, she vowed that she would never again repeat an ex-periment frought with so much grief of heart to

"You will soon get over this," she said, gen-

thy; "you will soon forget me."
"I do not believe now that I ever can forget either you ce this hour. Oh, Disna! my darling! my darling! why will you not man; me? would love you so, you could not help being happy with me.

looked at him with a sort of tender envy. "I wish I could be as enthusinetic," she thought.
Alond she answered, softly, "You forget, Thurston, that I am ten years of fer than yourself."

"What does that matter?" he said, simply. "You don't look it; and, besides, if a fellow loves a woman, what matters her age, if she's the only one woman that can make him hap-

Lady Diana glanced stealthily around. There was no one in sight but the distant figure of a man who stood on a far-off headland, peering

through a telescope.
"I wonder if it is a good glass," Lady Diana said to herself. Then she looked at the handsome face near her, pale with pain of her caus-ing, and she decided to risk the telescope's having a long sight.

She drooped her head on to his shoulder, and the silky burden of hair which crowned it swept

"It can never be," she murmured; "but I do love you, Thurstan; never believe that I don't love you."

His face flushed as he felt her touch; his heart's-blood was a flame that blazed and ebbed as her breath.

as her breath.

"Then why not—?" he began.

"Do not go into that again: it can not be.

It harts me as much as it can you to refuse
you!" she cried. "I can not tell you now all
the reasons that make our union impossible.
You must know that I would marry you if
I could, and that I do like you above all other

He looked at her face now, and saw that it as working with emotion. He seized her by was working with emotion. He seized her by her hands, and looked steadfastly into her eyes. "Oh!" he cried, with something like a groan,

"ean such a face lie?"
"I do not lie!" she went on, passionstely.
"I swear that I love you!"
"Then marry me!"

For a few seconds the lap of the wares was all that broke the brooding silence of the noun. Should she end it now?—all the degrading trickery by which she was ever shaming her na ture? Should she let all the small meannesse of coquetry be merged in one great honest love? Should she give up luxury and self-indulgence, and put away all those lusts of the flesh and the devil against which her godfather's and godmo-thers' liberal gifts of silver mags and infamile

spoons had made so poor a defense?
She heard the slow rush of the waves as it were in a dream; saw in a dream the glow of the day, and her lover's face looking yearningly in hers, as the sun shone down on their clasped hands; heard as in a dream the whisper of a passing angel, who swept the pure light of his wings over her soul, as he counseled her to ac-

cept the good impulse as a gift from heaven,
Then she looked up at Lord Ovme's house, which was visible from where the two stood "If I part with my liberty at all, it must be for that, and such as that." The generous, half-formed, half-murmured yes, which had leaped to her lips, died away unspoken. The tremnious regret passed away from her eyes, and the beau-tiful face was once more inflexible with deniel.

"I see it all," Captain Mowbray said, gloomily, "You are weary of me. I have loved you too well, and shown it too plainly. You have played with me as a human toy to whom the Creator has given capability to suffer, which renders the amasement more poignant and ex-citing. You are tired of the game, and now I

thing. Tot are three or the game, and now I may go to the devil,"

"I do not suppose you will go to the devil,"
Lody Diana replied, quietly; "men inclined to traverse that road rarely retard or accelerate their focusions on account of a woman's love.
You will be no worse for this brief sharp pain in force.

"I shall be no better."

"And if you ever feel inclined to judge me harshly," she pursued, "remember that you are not the only one who has suffered in this day's not the only one who has suffered in this day's parting. It costs me much to give you up, and I shall sicken at the thought of the future spent without you. Oh, my darling?" she added, with a sudden outburst of candid feeling, "I shall miss you terribly for a long time—for a long time!"

He looked at her longingly; but he did not speak. It is not easy even for the most consummate and experienced of coquettes to make a man believe that, while throwing him over, she is heart and soul his own.
"It is to be good-by, then?" he said, gloom-

ily, "It must be so, I fear; don't make it harder

In truth she felt rather injured by the undue amount of pain this scene was causing her; it was very selfish of her lover to feel so much, and to make her feel that he did so.

"Good-by," he said; and he flung away her hands and turned to

She caught hold of his arm, pleadingly, and cast one more quick look round her.
"Kiss me once before you go."

It was weak of him to give way to the tempt-ntion, to grant her the benign triumph of feel-ing that he would be haunted by the memory of that kiss so long as he remembere: her, and how she had wronged him. She had never given him her lips before; and she did so now that his heart was sore with provocation, because the kind-hearred wanton would fain administer a listle honey with the sting; because she liked both him and herself so well that she wished to yield him belin for the wound, and to give heryield such comfort as Anne Boleyn's executioner felt when he recalled that he had handled the queen's neck "full tenderly."

"Wou't you kiss me?" she said, piteously.

"Won't you kass me?" site said, piteonsly.

He was only four-and-twenty, and as much of a philosopher as a dragoon at that age ordinarily is. He was insulted and angered by her conduct; he suspected her of treachery, and had felt inclined once or twice to-day to curse the lovely face which held him in such thrall.

But none the less did he feel the thrall; none the less was his heart drawn toward her every movement, her every trick of voice and gesture; and when he heard those faint beseeching tones, and saw the face he loved so near his own, he cought her in his arms, and kissed her in such fashion that she somewhat repented herself of her gentle advance,

"Go!" he said, at last, pushing her from him. "Go! I have got to feel very old in this hour; I feel pain and anger have taken all the youth out of me: perhaps one day you will be sorry that you threw away my love. Meanwhile you had better keep yourself out of my sight; for after having once touched your dear mouth I should find it hard not to repeat the offense, even though you should have married a worthier, and, what is better, a wealthier man."

But although be buried this last repreach at

Lady Diana's blandishments were rarely thrown away on the weak, vain natures of men. Captain Mowbray half sequitted her as he recalled the rapture of that last carees.

They parted with one lingering clasp of hands at the foot of the slopes; and then Lady Diana trailed her cool-hand draperies away in the direction of her house.

" Poor darling! how he felt it!" she thought,

But she smiled through her tears at a good-looking officer from the cavalry barracks, who was calling at her door as she arrived there, and begged that he would come and "cheer her soli-tude" to-morrow.

Then she entered her drawing-room certain sheep-dog—a Miss Jones, a lady com-panion of Lady Disma's, generally only produced on state occasions, like the family plate—was knitting away time with various devices in

"Miss Jones," Lady Disna said, impressively,
"do be so kind as to give orders that they do
not boil the sweet-bread to rags to-night."
"Yes, Lady Disna."

"And oh! I am going to start for Italy in a few days, and hope for the pleasure of your com-

pany."

Lady Diana walked pensively out of the room. "I shall find the Ormes at Spezzia," she said to herself, " and I shall sometimes row on that lovely lake with Lord Orme, and the eternal boatman who is always the only one who rowed Milor Byron up and down the gulf, and I will see Miss Slater and the girls at the bottom of that gulf before I permit them to join the expe-dition. Heigh-ho! there goes the dinner-bell."

CHAPTER XVIII. JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

MEANWRILE Captain Mowbray was still left standing by the rocks; and when the gloom of night crept over sea and land, and no faint tingo of sunset was left to flush the rugged-faced cliffs with exanescent glory, the young fool cast him-self down near the place where she had sat, and kissed the sharp-edged cliff as though it had pos-sessed the seftness of woman's lips.

Among the great and little mysteries of this world of ours, which may one day be made clear to man's perplexed eyes, I wonder if he will learn the secret of the fascination which a flame of death is permitted to have for the har moths of night.

When Capcain Mowbray returned to his lodg-ings in town Douglas quickly perceived that his friend's manner was that of a man who has been foiled in his desire. Thurstan swore at the bull-terrier because he stambled over it, and then gave the injured-looking, wrinkled face such ca-resses as people sometimes lavish on dumb creat-ures when their bearts are sching from the un-kindness of their own species—a kind of cynteal, Byronical "I never had but one" (friend) and

"bere he lies," sort of feeling.

Then Thurstan could not eat his dinner, but sat and stared moodily at the various delicacies on the table, and begged that Douglas would take care of himself and "not mind him." When the meai was over, and the two sat in the moonlit balcony, smokin, their cigars, Captain
Mowbray could no longer keep the pain of his
secret to himself, but barst out suddenly with—
"By G—, she's jilted mo!"
Douglas looked sadly at the boy's downcast

face.
"It seems hard to bear now," he said, gently;
"young hearts bleed so freshly, but then they
heal quickly. A few months hence, and the memory of this will be nothing more than a duil feeling of discomfort to you.'

"It is all very well to say that," Thursten cried, petulantly; you don't know what it is to love a woman as I did this one, or you would understand that such pain as mine can not be forgotten quickly."

forgotten quickly."
"And yet I once loved a devil in the guise of a woman so well that her loss made me a mur-derer and an outcast."

Good God, Douglas! what do you mean?" "Hear my story before you condemn me by my own words," Douglas said, quickly; "and when you have heard it, tell me if you don't think the love of a woman has laid a heavier burden on me than you are ever likely to be cursed with.

"When I was about five years older than you are now I was married to one of the prettiest creatures you over saw."

"You married!" echoed Mowbray, with astonishment.

"She was as lovely as that portrait you show-

ed me yesterday," pursued Douglas; "more lovely, because she was younger.
"She was my cousin, and I had loved her ever since she was a child and I a great gawky school-boy. I used to spend my midsummer

holidays at her father's place; and in the evenings, when he and his guests were at dinner, we wandered out by curselves through the cool shadows of the park, and conjectured of the glo-rious far-off future. Ana would wear royal robes, and a gold crown round her brighter hair: She would own hundreds of slaves, and I should She would own hundreds of slaves, and I should be her chief and most favored servicer. She would live surrounded by homage and adulation. She would have no nurses, but always jam tarts for dinner. She would wear red shoes, and build a room lined with mirrors. I used to think that she seemed very lovely as she sat with her little red mouth pursed up, and her eyes looking gravely bland at the contemplation of her future dignities. It for my part, intended to her future dignities. I, for my part, intended to travel. I wished to penetrate in the more deso-late portion of the far East; where I could see late portion of the far East; where I could see the wild observe-trees force their way through the old Asiatic temples, and hear the parrota chatter round the sacred fanes. Above all, I wished to kill a tiger, and to be gifted with strength that would enable me to thrash Tom Spenser, the big bully of our school. If at fifteen I had possessed half the intuition a girl has at ten, I should have half the intuition a girl has at ten, I should have already detected the coquettish propensities of my little Ana. She rarely moved without a sidelong glance to see who was observing and admir-ing her pretty face; and at eleven years old she could fix a bunch of ribbons or a flower in her hair much more becomingly than could the old nurses who had attended her from her birth. nurses who had attended her from her tirth. Time passed away quickly and pleasantly in those days. I was very successful at school, and used to bring piles of prize-books to Ana and write her name inside them; amounting in crooked characters that they were given 'to her as keepsakes by her affectionate friend.' Ana smiled pleasantly at the gifts; but she generally gave me to understand that a new such or a trinket would be more acceptable; and once she cried with rage and vexation when I presented her with my last school acquisition, a copy of the Odyssey, bound in morocco; for, as she said, 'Of what use was the nasty thing to her when she couldn't read it, and what business had I to be able to read it when she could not?"

"This is the pleasantest part of my story; the rest I will tell as briefly as possible. When Ana was seventeen and I eight-and-twenty we were married. I was always a grave, quiet man, and perhaps she never knew how gayly my heart used to beat at the sound of her laugh—how de-pressed I felt if the slightest cloud of discontent passed over her dear face. We were not very rich, and when my father's interest obtained me nch, and wheel my father's interest obtained me a lucrative appeintment in India I was glad to accept it. We lived in India two years, blessed to me by the peaceful fullness of gratified love, and by the society of the creature I prized most in the world. One day I was summoned bome to England. My father was in a failing state of bealth, and he was loth to die without once more seeing the faces of all his children. I could not resist such a summons, but I felt very sad at beart when my beautiful wife hung round my neck, giving me her farewell kiss,

She had resigned herself to not accompany ing me, she said, knowing that it was best so; but I must write often to ber, or her heart would break under the weight of her loneliness.

"As I was leaving the door she ran up and asked me for one more caress. I gave her not one but many, and then I went on my way, observing with satisfaction that she watched me from the threshold as long as I was in sight,
"When I had gone about an hour on my jour

ney I was selzed with a terrible longing to see her again. I resisted the impulse for a few sec-onds, called myself a fool, and went on a few steps farther; then I thought of Ana's face, from th I was going further and further away in the blackness, and turning my horse's head round, I galloped back toward home, and in less than three-quarters of an hour I was again at my own door. I dismounted and walked softly toward the window of our sitting-room. 'How pleased she will be,' I thought; 'how the dear face will beam at the sight of mine!'
"My heart beat fast with pleasurable agita-

tion as I pressed my face close to the window.

I was on the point of calling her by her name
when I saw her—oh hell! I saw her sitting with
her face turned away from me, her hands clasped
in those of another man, her lovely head drooping languidly on his shoulder.

"I recognized the man at once; he was an officer of artillery who had been a frequent visit-or to my house, and whom I had always believed to be the soul of honor

There are certain flowers the remembered odors of which sicken me; for that still summer night was steeped with their fragrance. There are voices to recall which sting me with intoler able agony-the voices of my wife and her lover. murnaring low, through the twilight, their joy in each other's society, their delight in my presumed absence.

" I can not dwell on the wreck of that moment I dare not remember all the storm of horrible feelings that surged up in my breast.

"I did not passe to ask myself whether she were or were not guilty to the last extreme. From what I have since heard of her, I believe she was practically innocent; but were it so, I hold her to be more meanly criminal than if she had erred through an excess of illicit passion. Her beart was full of disbonor; her mind must have been most foul, if for mere vanity's sake she could so wrong me and herself.

"At that moment, when I saw her thus, I felt that I could sooner hold the vilest wretch that walked the streets to my bosom than the woman with whom I had lived for the last two

years in happiness as beautiful as paradise.
"It was well for the grace of their parting that they did not perceive the pale face glaring against the window-pane. I can see now the smile with which he said, 'An exceir!' and her answering gesture, kissing her hand as he drew near the door and we, and her light laugh as he stooped to press his lips on her hand.

"I concealed myself in the shrubs until he had passed out of sight of the house, and then I followed him until he reached a secluded pertion of the road.

'And for bounte Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die,'

he sang as he went in a rich, clear voice. "Ged, how pretty she is! I'll light a cigar."
"He stopped by the side of a broken bit of rock to strike a light, and when he turned yound,

whistling gayly, he met me face to face.

"I had my traveling pistols with me, for some of the wilder districts, through which on my journey I was bound to pass, were infested with robers. Without speaking, I showed these to him, indicating that he was to select one. He took the pistol mechanically, and then fell back with white sa death,

"I gave him a few seconds to recover him-self, and then I broke the silence. "'One of us must die!' I said, in a tone husky with the effort to repress my passion of rage and agony, 'so it shall only be six paces. You will fire first.'

"He had recovered the shock my unexpected appearance had caused him, and, to do him jus-tice, he did not shrink now as he had done at

the sight of my face.
"He kept his cigar in his mouth, only moving it to say, ""It could not be in a fairer cause; God

"Probably he did not mean to hit me, but we were mad—I with wrath, he with terror. I did not pause to consider convenances. I called to him to aim straight at me, and as he raised his hand a sort of prayer rose to my lips that I might fall; that my pain might pass away under the dim light of the stars; that I might close my eyes and never again open them to look man or

"I stood, however, untouched as his bullet whirred past me; and in another second he fell

whired past me; and in another second he left to the ground like a dog. He turned on his side, saying, 'O God, this is death!'

"Then he whispered something I could not hear. Whether he was muttering a farewell to some distant friend, or entreating vainly for as-sistance, I can not say. I knelt by his side and

""Speak!" I cried, 'speak!" for the silence was driving me mad.

"He looked at me blankly for a few moments, "He booked at me blankly for a few moments, not appearing to recognize me; then a flash of intelligence lighted up his face, and he said, in a tone of piteous repreach, "You should have given me more time." Then his eyes turned upward, his jaw dropped, and I knew that he would never speak any word again.

"I left him there, and mounting my horse, which was tethered close by, I rode away from the devilish stock hanned by the horors of my

the devilish spot, haunted by the horror of my own thoughts. The look I gave toward home was in itself a curse, could she have seen it. It was all the farewell I ever took of her.

"Yes, I left him there. I heard afterward that his body was found that very night; that it was carried away and wept over by his friends; that it lies in a marble tomb which is gay with flowers and sung over by birds; but to me, he always seems to be lying in the shadow of that road; his face drawn by the pang of coming death; his voice faint and pitcous, sending up a protest between me and my God against the sh haste of my anger.
"Mowbeay, I can't get away from those words:

"Mowbray, I can't get away from those words; they are ever returning to me with the terrible force of avenging truth. Walking in the sunshine of day, or brooding in the dim eve—awake or asleep—in feasting or weeping—in laughter or in tears, I am stung by the memory of the dying man's reproach—' You should have given me more time." me more time.

"What became of your-of her?" Captain Mowbray asked.

"She is well, and happy, I believe," Donglas said, grimly. "Had she known that her infer-nal coquetry was to cause that man's death while his hand was still warm with her parting clasp, I do not believe that she could have refrained from practicing the arts that led to that result. Not a single flower, not a gand nor a ribbon of hers would have been worn that night without scrupulous regard to effect, even had she foreher pretty trickeries would result in a life being lost and a soul damned. Had Diana been doomed as an aristocrat in the Reign of Terror she would have stack a rose over her ear as she went to the scaffold, and have looked unutterable things at the priest who confessed her.

Was her name Diana?" said Captain Mowbray, with surprise.

"No, Ana; did I say Diana?" Douglas answered, confusedly; "I suppose I was haunted

by the name of your inamorata."
"Ah!" Captain Mowbray observed, with a sigh, "Lady Diana has her faults-what woman has not?—but to do her justice, she is incapable of any thing of that kind. Her kindness has been very sweet to me; her unkindness way biter; but I can not reproach her with levity. Her conduct toward other men in my presence

has been simply perfect."
"The devil is never so dangerous as when he borrows an angel's face," Douglas observed,

dryly.
"Devil or angel, I should love her equally,"
Thurstan said; "the worst of it is, that her having thrown me over don't make me love her a bit the less."
"What are your plans?" Douglas asked.

"I must join my regiment, I suppose. I have only a few days' leave."
"Much better go to Paris for a week."

"If I take more leave now I shall not get so much during the hunting-season," Thurstan said,

disconsolately. "And why should I go to Par-

is?"

"I thought it would do you good," Donglas replied; "but," he added, with a slight smile, "I do not know that you require the panaces, since you can already look forward to the joy of next season's fox-honting."

CHAPTER XIX.

AZALEA'S PERPLEXITY.

"WHAT'S to be done about your learning, Azalea?

George Moore had recovered the power of speech, and the partial use of his limbs; but his language was often confused, and his face looked more troubled than it had done in the days before his seizure.
"What about it, dear?" Azelea said, any

"Max about it, dear?" Azalea said, anxiously; "I am sure I learn all you tell me to."
"But, do you know, Azalea?" the old man answered, somewhat piscously, "I'm not sure I always tell you right; my memory is gone, and sometimes I wake up in the night, and am tensed by the thought I may have put you wrong; and then I want you to know how to do needly and then I want you to know how to do needle work, music, arithmetic, and painting, and all those sort of things."

Azalea looked perturbed.
"I know a little arithmetic," she said, "from counting the apples. I do it all on my fingers."
The old man shook his bead. "That isn't the right may."

the right way.

Any way's right which you can do quickly best," Azalea observed, with unconscious sophy. "And I can draw much better than Rosa or Amelia Orme; but then they're

"What?" Moore said, with a puzzled expres-

"Oh! that's one of Conrad's words," Azalea

"I don't believe it's in the dictionary," the old man said, gravely: "I hope those little Ormes haven't taught you had words."

"I won't say it again," Azalea answered,

And Moore felt gratified both at her obedience and the reflection that he had snubbed the unconscious Conrad, of whom he was secretly unconscious Conrad, of whom he was secretly jealous; Conrad being the only person Azalea ever mentioned with affection when she referred to her visit to Brighton.

Moore looked with despair at the tattered

Virgil, feeling how uncertain a tenure his waver-ing mind held of its contents. "I want her to hold up her head with the best of them when she grows up, so that he can't tasent her with not having tastes and manners like his." That speech of Lord Orme's, implying that Azelea would be degraded by the life she had elected to lead, was ever rankling in the old man's mind,

How to secure the requisite accomplishments without parting from his treasure was the prob-

lem that occupied his thoughts day and night.

Azalea confided the difficulty to old Sally:

"I'm so sorry I can't learn more; it seems to vex daddy so much," she said.

"I'm sure you know as much as is good for you. I don't hold with too much larning; rending and writing only lead honest folks astray," Sally remarked, sententiously. "There's my eldest boy allays went to Sunday-schole, and was took so much count of he was made clerk in a bank, where he made use of his larming to forge his master's name, and write courtin' letters to his missus; and of course his master was much water. So take warning by Sam, my dear, in case you should be tempted and full like him." "Who teaches at the school now?" Azulea

asked, disregarding the friendly warning;

is the school-mistress?"
"A stuck-up thing who don't know B from a ball's foot," Sally said, contemptsonsly; "only the little chaps go there whose mothers want to keep 'em out of mischief. Schule is handy in gleaning time if they ain't good for nothing else."

"Is there no one else who teaches?" Azalea said, disconsolately: "isn't there a school where I could learn singing and dancing, and those sort

They haven't got further than the Old Handredth in the Sunday-schule; they try Hallelajah

sometimes, but it sounds very comical."

Axalea pressed her face against the pane, and looked dreamly at the red leaves whirring past. "What's to be done?" she said; "daddy frets so over my false quantities; and then when he

tries to explain, he stammers, loses his words, and cries. I quite drend the lesson hours."

"Mr. Douglas teaches the Squire's son," suggested Sally. A gleam of hope lit up Azalea's face.

"Who is he?" she asked. "Where does he live?"

live?"
"Oh! he's a mighty unsociable sort of man, who has come to live in the little house in the lane at the back of the church. He never will take a comfortable cup of tea with a neighbor, and shuts his door to the gentlefolks as well as the farmers; but he must be a wonderful clever man, for the Squire and the person are going to send their lads there for a little while every holiday time, just to prevent their larning from slip-ping out of their heads like."
"If he teaches them, why shouldn't he teach

me?" Azalea suggested.

Sally shook her head doubtfully. "I don't think he's much wropped up in gals; he won't have no one but an old woman to do for him, and they do say he's wonderful ugly temp red.

Azalen then fell upon Topax, and bettowed many caresses on his wrinkled chin and smooth head, all of which the terrier received with an air of blinking condescension. Having scothed her mind by this proceeding, she put on her hat, and took the path that led to Church Lane, as that grassy shadowed road was called on the borders of which Robert Douglas's cottage stood.

FAILURE.

By JEAN INGELOW.

Wx are much bound to them that do succeed; We are much bound to them that do succeed;
But in a more pathetic sense are bound.
To such as fail. They all our loss expound;
They comfort us for work that will not speed,
And life-insoil a failure. Ay, his deed,
Sweetest in story, who the dask profound
Of Hades Booded with entracing sound,
Masic's own tears, was failure. Doth it read
Therefore the werse! Ah no! So much to dare,
life fronts the regional Darkness on its throne.
So much to do: imperiouse even there. So much to do; impetuous even there, He pours out love's disconsolate sweet mos-He wins, but few for that his dood recall; Its power is in the look which costs him all,

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Goino to Extreme. A friend of ours is so bumane hat he can not even bear to dine upon hing beef.

Hirrenomeat, Brascopes, ... Why is horse-racing a ecosity?... Bucause it is a matter of course.

"My dear," said an affectionate sponse to her hea-band, "am I not your only treasure?" "Yes," was the cool repty, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."

Not long since an elderly lady entered a railroad carriage at one of the Ohio stations, and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "most dendful rheamatir" that she was troubled with. A petalenna persent, who had himself been a severe suffeces with the same complaint, said to her:

"Did you ever by electricity, Madan? I tried it, and in the course of a short line it exect use."

"Electricity," exclaimed the old haly: "yes, I're tried it to my satisfaction. I was street by indicates about a year ago, but it didn't do use a single mossel of good."

In a class of little girls in one of the schools of Bos-ton the question was saked, "What is a fort?" "A place to put mee in," was the ready answer. "What is a fortress then?" saked the tencher. This seemed a puraler, until one little girl of cight sammars an-swered, "A place to put the women."

Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complaining that he felt the rain..." Never mind," replied the other, "there are plenty of trees; when this is wet through we will go to another."

At the late meeting of the Pre-hytery, when the out-At the late meeting of the Pre-bytery, when the sub-ject of scripture was inder discussion, Broaber W.— said early in his reinbetry he and another brother were conducting a meeting in which there was much relig-ious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy by sheating, and continued it until it began to inder-rupt the services. Brother H— said to Brother W.—. "Go, stop that old man's noise." He went to him and spoke a few words, and the sheating man at once became quiet. Brother H.—— saked Brother W.—. "What did you say to the old man that quieter him so pramptly?" Brother W.—— replied, "I asked him for a dellar for forcion noisensa."

A wealthy gentleman who owns a country sect, nearly inst his wife, who fell into a river which fours through his estate. He amounted the sorrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old backelor—write as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."

"My friends," said a returned missionary at a late "My framas," and a returned missionary at a large smalrerscay meeting, "let no avoid sectarian letter-ness. The inhabitants of Hindestan, where I have been Ishoring for many years, have a proverb that, "Though you bathe a dog's tail in 60, and blad it up in splints, you can not get the crock out of E." Now a man's sectarian hiss is simply the crock in the dog's tail, which can not be cradicated; and I hold that every man be allowed to wag his own peculiarity to peace."

"What breach of education do you have chiefly in your school?" "A willow breach, Sir; the master has seed up almost a whole tree."

It was an apt answer of a young lody who, being asked where was her native place, replied: "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

An extraordinary instance of the power of sleep on the animal contents of the power or steep on the animal content occurred the other day. A man, who was a great sleeper, was thought by his family to be lying too long, and upon their going to his room they found mothing in the bed but his night-cap. From certain circumstances connected with physiolo-gy a needical gentleman gave it as his opinion that he had slept bimedif out.

"If we go to war, father," said a bright-eyed boy, the other day, to his electral percent, "from what past of the libbs shall you get the text for a new segment?"
The good minister being taken by surprise at the question, thought a resinent, and then amosting the locks of the child with a sect of poternal pride, answered that he believed it would be from Januaris-fixed.

Den Marble tells a story about a Youkee tailor dom-ning a man for the amount of his bill. The mon-old he "was sorry, very sorry indeed, that he could not pay it." "Well," said the tailor, "I book you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are secrety than I see, I'll quit."

A lady, proudly conscious of her dignity, while de-A lady, promity conscious of her dignity, while descending on the superiority of nobility, remarked to a large company of visitors that the three charges of the remanualty, nobility, protery, and commonalty, might be well compared to chins, delf, and reskery. A few minutes elapsed, when she seen for her little girl so the nursery, John, the frections, was dispatched with orders to the nursery mald, to when he hawled from the bottom of the stairs, "Hallo" crockery, bring down little chins."

"Tim Dormen Every"-Twins!

Mr. C— was a man of great fashion, but he marred all his good quelities by an excess of extentation. Not content with being a gentleman, he was always aspiring to pass for a mobieman. He drove a carriage drawn by two miserable backmay-coach between, and he had a servant stock up behind in effect and made of bay and straw. Being at the Opera one evening, where all the carriages followed in a string, the herees behind the carriages followed in a string, the herees behind the carriage of Mr. C— are up the two legs of the servant, sud the body fell under the carriage. Upon inquiring where his servant had gone to the coachman of the following vehicle repiled:

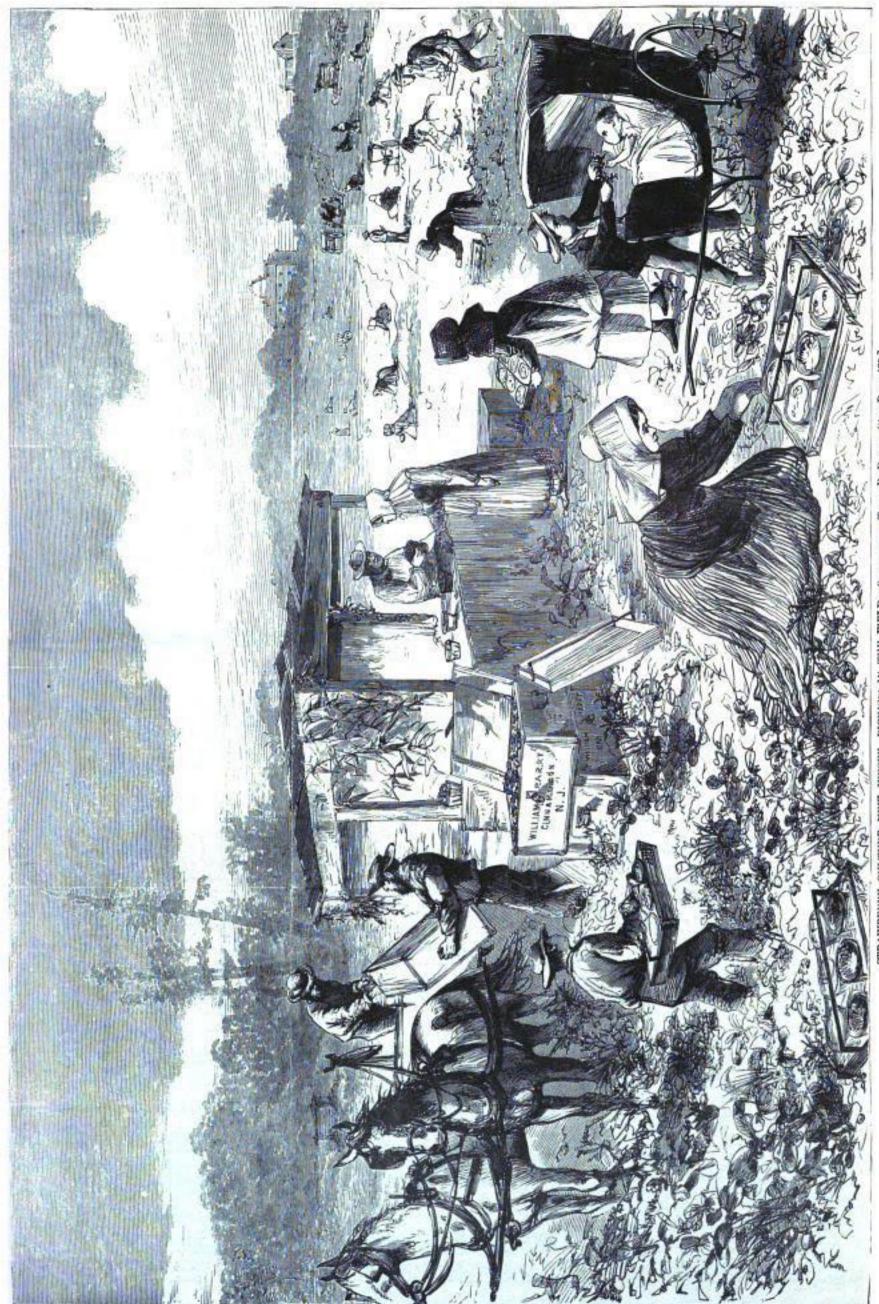
"Oh, he's just this minute gone, Sir, to feed the lorses."

horses."
The following morning a trues of straw was left at his house, with the message that "it was the new servant who had come to fill the vacant place!"

WAY OF THE WORLD.

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend. To ask the options and thoughts of a friend; Should his differ from ours on any pretense, We pity his west of both judgment and sense; But if he fells into and detters our plan.

Why, really we think him a sensible man.



STRAWBERRY CULTURE, NEW JERSEY-PICKERS IN THE FIELD.-Skeptoing by Theo. R. Davis.-(See Page

BOSTON AND THE PEACE JUBILEE.

WE publish this week several illustrations con-metted with Boston, to which attention has late-ly been attracted by the mammoth Jubilee. Not the least interesting of these is the photographic view of the city reproduced in our double-page

cut.

Boston, the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the chief city of New England, is situated at the western extremity of Massachusetts Bay. The first settlement was made there in 1630. Boston was named after an English town founded by the Saxon St. Boston, a.D. 654. The capital of Puritanism thus derives its name from a Roman Catholic saint. The progress of the city was slow. In 1638 it was called a hamlet, and had but 20 or 30 houses. In 1671 there were three meeting-houses, and the town was considered rich and 30 houses. In 1671 there were three meeting-houses, and the town was considered rich and populous, containing about 1500 families. In no part of the British empire was the revolution of 1688 more warmly supported than in Boston. In 1692 the witchcraft delusion raged as in other parts of New England. An Englishman who visited the city about that time spoke of the buildings being like the women, neat and handsome; and of the streets being of pebble, like the hearts of the men. In 1708 a list was made of all the streets, lanes, and alloys, which were found to be 110 in number. Long Wharf was commenced in 1710, running 800 feet into the harber. In 1740 Whitewestern preached in Bos-In 1740 WHITEFIELD preached in Boston to immense crowds; his farewell discourse was attended by 20,000 persons.

In the opening scenes of the Revolution Bos-ton took a more prominent part than any city in the Colonies. After the establishment of Inde-pendence Boston had a commerce extending to penciance Sosion has a commerce extending to nearly every part of the world. It was made a city in 1822. Its population them numbered about 45,000 souls. In 1850 it was 61,392; in 1840 it was 93,383; in 1830 it was 136,884; and in 1860 it had increased to 177,840. This number would be nearly doubled if we add the population of Charlestown, Chelsea, Roxbury, Cambridge, Dorchester, Somerville, North Chel-sea, and Winthrop.

The position of the city is highly favorable to commercial pursuits. The harbor contains 75

square miles, and receives the waters of the Ma-natticut, Nepouset, Mystic, and Charles rivers. The harbor affords ample advantage for 500 ships of the largest class.

The city is supplied with water from Lake Cochituate, 20 miles west. Boston has made more noise than any city of

the Union. It is the first article of the creed of Boston thinkers that that city is the centre of human civilization—that Boston is the "hub of the Universe." Now that she has had the biggest the Universe." Now that she has had the biggest concert of all history—we refer to the recent Mu-



CARL ERRAHN, MUSICAL CONDUCTOR OF THE PEACE JURILEE. - [PHOT. BY FOSS, BOSTON.]

sical Jubilee—she will henceforth consider her-self as the centre of the "music of the spheres." We expected to hear the "anvil chorus" York, but were disappointed. Still, the Jubiloe was a great success. The programme was carried out without difficulty. The rendering of the symphonies and orntorio music was excellent, and the grand chorus was a remarkable success. We give portraits on this page of Carl Zerahes, conductor of the symphony and oratorio music, and also of Enex Tourses, the organizer of the choruses.

In connection with this Jubilee one thing is noticeable—and that is the death which occurred on the 17th. In the ancient theatres, where over 30,000 people were assembled, both births and deaths were of frequent occurrence. It is not wonderful, therefore, that in an assemblage of sixty thousand there should have been a single death.

Well, the Jubilee is over. It is now a part of the history of noise-making Boston. Our artist, Mr. Busis, has on page 420 illustrated the *ande of the whole affair.



EBEN TOURJEE, ORGANIZER OF THE CHORUSES. [PHOT. BT POSS, BOSTON.]

GOVERNMENT AMONG SWINE.

THERE IS no confusion in the wide domain of organic life, although the short-sighted in Phil-osophy may fancy that nature conducts her affairs as much by hap-hazard as by orderly displays of controlling wisdom

Domesticated hogs are proverbially stupod brutes. Their unsatisfied appetite, omnivorous taste and sluggishness when food is abundantly provided for them, are the secrets of their utility, because through these perverted instincts they can be fattened into monsters. Left to them-selves, however, excessive multiplication has a tendency to shorten their rations, so that wild hogs are usually tall, lank, lean, and ferocious. Under certain conditions wild boars become formidable animals. Their tusks project like sharp hooks, enameled at the points, and keen as chisels, which they use in defense of themselves or companions when menaced by man or beast, exhibiting in fight boldness and skill that often drives mounted sportsmen from the field. Undisturbed by foreign foe, ranging freely

about at certain seasons, the boars have fearful battles with each other. One or two of a herd come out of the conflict victorious; and ever after, while their vigor remains, are undisputed masters of their subjugnted rivals, mingling among them without danger of further collision when the claim of supremacy has once been con-

By the operation of this universal law, nature secures the best standard of health and animal perfectability. She forbids the propagation of a neration from a feeble ancestry.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE IN NEW JERSEY.

The first supply of strawberries that reaches the New York market is sent from as far south as the Carolinas. As the senson advances, Norfolk is the point from which the frait is shipped for New York. It is not until the first week in June that the choice berries, grown upon the fruit-farms of New Jersey, are sufficiently ripe for shipment. At this senses numbers of women and children make their appearance in the vicin-ity of such fields as the one shown in our sketch; engagements are made to pick through the sen-son, which comprises the strawberry, raspberry,

and blackberry crops.

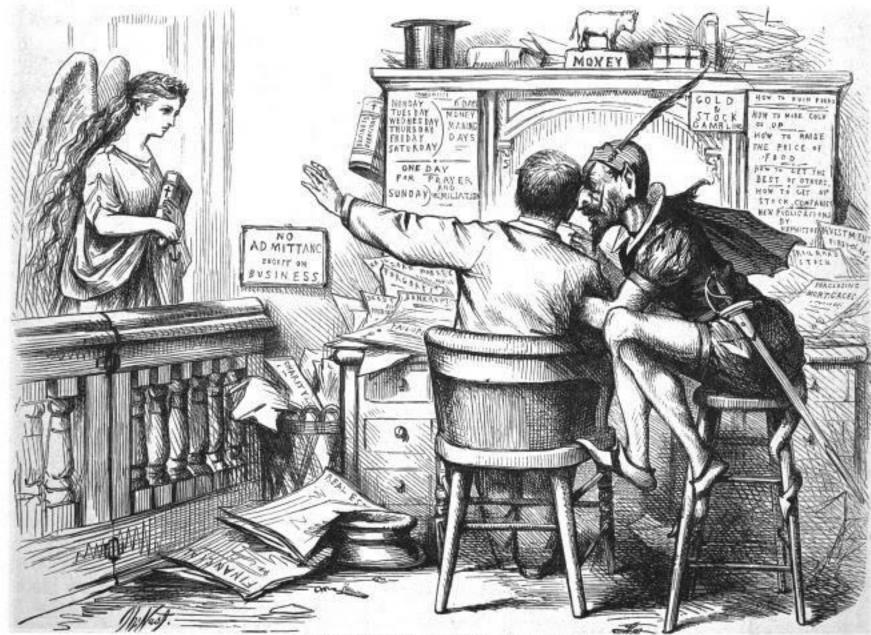
The price paid to pickers is usually about two and a half cents per quart; the pickers bounding themselves, but receiving quarters and fuel from their employers. Many women earn as much as two dollars per day, the children not quite so much, owing to their lack of physical strength;

for strawberry picking is not so easy a labor as might be supposed.

Many of the women bring their habies with them into the field, and the little covered earriages are to be seen in all directions. Each picker is supplied with a tray and a number of baskets. When these are filled they are en-ried to what is termed the picking-shanry, where a new supply of baskets are received; also tickets giving credit to the bearer for picking one quart of strawberries. As these "singles" accumulate they are changed for tickets representing twenty quarts; they may be coshed each evening or not, at the pleasure of the holder. As fast as the filled baskets come in they are packed in crates and loaded upon wagons for

shipment to the nearest dépôt or market.

The scene shown is upon the fruit-form of Friend William Parky, located in the Township of Cinnaminson, Burlington County, New Jersey. It is said to be, and probably is, the most complete farm of this kind in the State. Mr. PARRY has fifty acres in blackberries, fifty in raspberries, and a large number in strawberries. The soil is sandy, and for com would be un-



SIX DAYS WITH THE DEVIL AND ONE WITH GOD. BUSINESS MAN TO CHRISTIANITY. "I am too Busy to see you Now. Wait till Sunday."

profitable; but the yearly revenue from the present crops is many thousands of dollars. The favorite varieties seem to be the "Wilson's Early," "Agriculturist," "Romeyue Seedling," "Jack Downing," etc. The "Romeyne" and "Jack Downing" (the latter a new variety from Kentucky) are late berries, and particularly admired by marketmen for their solid flesh and full flavor. These are the last berries that reach our New York market.

THE UNDERGROUND KING.

A Slabonic Legenb.

L-THE WHITE DUCK.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain country a great king named Tsar Berendi, who had such a long beard that it bung down to his very knees. He had been long married, but had nev-er had any children, and this vexed him very much; till one day he was so distressed at the thought of having no son to succeed to his throne that he determined to set out and travel over his whole kingdom, in the hope of diverting himself a little. Accordingly off he started, and having traveled about for a long time he turned his fore homeword, and was not far from his enjotal, when, one terribly hot day, he found himself in the middle of a great wide plain with not a drop of water left in his flask. The poor king, who was dreadfally thirsty, began to look about in all directions for a stream or spring whereat he might quench his thirst, and at last, to his great delight, espied a clear springing well. In a mo-ment be had 'umped off his borse, and was renning full speed toward the well, and when he reached it the first thing he saw was a golden

gother floating on the surface.
"Not a bad idea!" thought the king, and he stretched out his hand to take it; but the goblet was too quick for him, and slipped through his fingers. He clutched at it apain and again, now with his right hand, now with his left, and then with both at once; but the goblet still glided

with both at once; but the guidet still griden away, and at last dived, like a fish, right down to the bottom, and then came up again.

"Wait a bit," said the king, savugely; "I'll have a drink for all that, without asking your help!" and with that he threw himself on his kness beside the spring, bent his head down, and took a long draught, not observing that the whole of his long beard was honging down into the water. But when he had drunk enough, and wanted to rise again, he suddenly felt that something had caught him by the beard, and would not let him go. He pulled, and tugged, and struggled to get away—but all in vain; the thing, whatevor it was, held him fast. He was caught, and could not move, that was all about it. "What's that? Let go!" cried he. There

was no answer; but all at once, as he looked down into the well, he saw in its depths a huge face, which grinned and put out its tongue at bim. At the same moment he caught sight of several enormous crab-like claws, which were clenched on his beard, and held him down.

"King Herendi," said the five, "if you wish me to let you go, you must promise to give me that thiny which you possess without being aware

of it."
"What can that mean?" thought the king; "it seems to me that I know all my possessions -- he must be joking?" "Very good," cried be, -he must be joking!" "
alond, "it's a bargon!"

'See that you remember your promise, then,'

answered the face, and disappeared.

The king, rejoiced to find himself once more at liberty, mounted his horse and set off homeward at fiell gallop. When he reached the pal-ace the first thing he saw was the queen standing on the great staircase, looking eagerly for his coming; and beside her stood the Lord Chamberkin, holding a cradle covered with cloth of gold, in which key a beautiful baby. Then the king guessed the meaning of his strange bargain, and gave a deep group. "That, then, is the and gave a deep green. "That, then, is the possession which I had without knowing it!" thought he. "You have dostroyed me, you villainous sorcerer!" and he was sorely distressed; but, putting a cheerful face on the matter, he took the child in his arms, carried it into the palace, petted it for a while, and put it carefully back with his own hands into the cradle.

King Berendi said not a word about his ad-venture, but set himself to rule as before, concenting his grief as best be might; but the faral promise was ever in his mond, and he lived in constant dread of some one coming to earry his son away. However, time went by without any thing of the kind happening: the prince, to whom his father gave the name of John, grew up into a very fine, handsome roung man; and ever thing went on so well that at last the old king quite forgot what had befallen him.

chanced one day that Prince John, while out hunting, lost his way, and at last found himself in a circle of gloomy-looking pines, in the raidst of which stood a vast lime-tree, with a large, broad trunk, down the middle of which ran an immense cleft. As the prince stood gazing, out of this cleft came crooping a strange-looking, ugly old man, with a bright green beard, and eyes

greener still.
"Goal-morning, Prince John," said the old man; *1 have already been waiting a long time

And who are you?" asked the prince, very much assumshed.

"You'll find out before long," answered the other; "but now go buck to your father, give blin my compliments, and tell him that it is high time to remember and fulfill his promise to me.

Back went Prince John, not a little puzzled at this misontere, and he rold his father the whole story. Then the poor old king, in his distress,

forgot himself, and let out the whole secret; but the prince did not seem much troubled at what

"There's no great harm done yer," said he,
"but it's time to be doing. Give me a horse and
let me set off, and mind you tell no one what has
happened; but if I do not come back within a year, then be sure that I am no longer slive."

So Prince John got ready for his journey, and bade every one good-by. The king gave him a suit of golden armor, a sharp sword, and a raven-black horse; and away he went mertily enough. For three days he traveled onward, and on the evening of the fourth he came to a broad, smooth e clear water of which mirrored the green banks that overhung it. In the lake were swim-ming thirty white ducks, and on the grass lay thirty white dresses. The prince leaped from his horse, and, creeping softly to the bank, snatched up one of the dresses and hid himself behind a thick bush. Meanwhile the ducks went on swimming and diving and plashing about in the cool clear water, till at last they all swam up to the bank in a row. Twenty-nine of them came out upon the grass, and hurrying up to the dresses put them on; when they suddenly changed into pretty girls, and vanished. But the thirtieth duck remained in the water, flapping about the edge of the lake and crying out piteously, as if in search of something which it had lost. When the prince saw this he was sorry for the trick he had played, and came out of his hiding-place. had played, and came out of his hidrag-place. The duck lifted its head and said to him, with a humin voice, "Prince John, give me back my dress, and I will be of service to you;" and he had no sconer obeyed, when, lo! on the bank beside him stood a beautiful young lady, robed in pure white, and with long dark hair flowing over her shoulders. She gave him her hand, and said to him, "It is well for you, Prince John, that you have obeyed me; and you shall not find me ungrateful. Know that I am Princess Mary, one of the thirty daughters of the Underground King. My father has already waited a long time for you, and is very angry; but you need not be afraid of him, only mind what I tell you. As soon as you come into his presence, down on your knees and crawl right up to him. He will begin to scold and make a great to-do; but nev-er mind him, keep on crawling, and you will see

what will happen then."

Princess Mary stamped on the ground, and suddenly the mouth of a cavern yawned before them, and they descended together into the Underground Kingdom, and stopped in front of a paince, which was all built of red garnets, and sparkled brilliantly.

IL-THE THREE TASKS.

Paisce John went boldly into the palsee and saw the Underground King sitting on his throne, with claws on his hands instead of fingers, and small green eyes that glittered like emeralds. Down went the prince on his knees forthwith. The king stamped, and screamed, and scolded at him; but he, remembering the counsed of Prin-cess Mary, kept crawling on all-fours. The Un-derground King made a terrible uproar, but Prince John still crawled and crawled; till at last the king himself was so tickled at the sight that he fairly burst out laughing.

"It's lucky for you that you've managed to make nu laugh," said be, "for now I'm not go-ing to quartel with you; but in return for the disobedience of your father, who was so long in scoding you here, you must perform three tasks. Be so good as to build me, this very night, a palace with marble walls, a golden roof, and windows of crystal; there must be a garden all round it, and ponds in the garden, and in the ponds, minnows. If you can do it, I'll give you my best thanks; but if you can't I'll cut your head off. Now be off with you, and good-night; it's already lets. it's already late."

Ah! the old wretch!" thought Prince John; "see what a plan he has hit upon!" and he went into the room which they had given him in the polace, and sat down very dismally, not knowing what to do. Suddenly a boe flew up to the win-dow, beat against the pane, and said, "Let me in!" Prince John did so; but instead of the

bee, in floated Princess Mary.

"Why, Prince John, what are you looking so grave about?" asked she.

"It's not my fault if I'm grave," said be; "do you see what a piece of work your father has set me? And what is more, if I can't do it, he's

going to cut my head off!"
"Don't put yourself out about that, my dear prince," said the young lady; "just go to sleep, and the polace shall be built all right. All you have to do is to get up pretty early, and give a tap on the wall with this little hammer."

And sure enough, every thing happened just as she had said. At the first tap of the hammer there stood the new palace all complete; and the Underground King, when he came back and saw

it, was not a little astonished,
"Well, you're a clever fellow, without joking,"
said he. "Now let us see whether you are as sharp at guessing as you are skillful at work. Tomorrow I'll range my thirty daughters in a row, and you must walk past them three times, and the third time point out my youngest daughter, Princess Mary. If you can't do it, off goes your

Prince John went to his room, and sat down to think. "Come," said he, "the old scare-crow has outwitted himself this time! what difficulty can there be in pointing ber out?" Then in fluttered the princess again, and said, "Just this difficulty, that the whole thirty of us are exactly alike; my father himself can only tell us by our dresses, and to morrow we shall be all dressed alike."

"And what am I to do, then?" asked Prince John, dolefally,
"I'll tell you; I shall be that one on whose cheek

you see a small fly. Good-night-as retoir."

The next day, when Prince John was sent for, there stood the thirty princesses in a row, all dressed exactly alike. "Now, my clever friend," stood the time. "Now, my clever trees, and exactly alike. "Now, my clever trees, the king, "be so good as to walk past these and then pick me out cried the king, "be so good as to walk past these young ladies three times, and then pick me out

Princess Mary."
The prince stepped forward, and passed by them the first time; a curious promenade, upon my word! But no fly. He went by a second time—still no fly! Prince John's head began to feel very loose upon his shoulders; but he gathfeel very loose upon his shoulders; but he gathered all his courage, and passed for the third time. And behold! there was the fig sure enough, though he could only just see it. He pointed to the beauty with the fly, and said, "This is she—Princess Mary!"

"Oho! there's something wrong here!" grunted the king. "You have found her out, it's

true; but I suspect foul play somewhere. Now be off, for you'll be wanted again before long. I'm going to set fire to some straw, and while it is burning you must stitch me a pair of boots with a braid, without stirring from the spot. If you can't do it, off comes your head!"

The prince went back to his room more dismal

The prince went back to his room more dismal than ever, but Princess Mary was already there, and inquired the cause of his trouble. "Cause enough," he replied; "your father has devised a new piece of work for me—I'm to stitch a pair of booss with a braid. But am I s cobbler, pray? I am a king's son, and would rather die than go stitching boots for him!"

"Dear Prince John," said the princess, "will you be my husband? I will try to save you—are you willing? We will escape together, or perish together!"

Prince John thought this a very good idea,

Prince John thought this a very good idea,

"We must fly instantly," said the princess; and leading Prince John out of the room she locked the door, and flung the key ever so far off. Then, taking the prince by both hands, she rose up in the air with him, and they found themselves beside the same lake whence they had descended into the Underground Kingdom. Prince John's horse was straying about the meadow; and as soon as it saw him it began to The prince wasted little time in thinking, but leaped on his horse, set the young lady behind him, and went off at full gallop.

Meanwhile, at the appointed bour, the king sent to call Prince John. The servants found

his door locked; and when they tapped at it, a voice like the prince's answered from within, "I'm coming directly." They went to tell the king, and he waited and waited—but no prince. He sent again, and again there was the same an-swer; but still the prince did not appear; till at last the king got angry, and bade them drag him out by force. The servants broke open the door, and found nobody within; so they went and told the king that Prince John was nowhere to be found. The king was so much put out at this news that he all but died of vexation. "Quick, and pursue him!" roared he; "if he escapes, it shall be the worse for you all!" So his men started in pursuit.

The fugitives were still galloping along, when the princess said, softly, "I hear a trampling," The princes said, softly, "I hear a trampling," The prince leased down, put his ear to the ground, and cried, "Yes, here they come, and close after us!" "Then there's no time to be st," quoth she; and forthwith she turned berself into a river. Prince John into a bridge, and the horse into a raven; and beyond the the highway split into three roads. The king's men followed the fresh hoof-marks, making sure men followed the fresh hoof-marks, making sure of overtaking the prince; but at the bridge they stopped short, for there the traces suddenly end-ed, and the road split in three. There was no-thing for it but to ride back and tell the king of their ill success. The king flew into a worse rage than before. "Donkeys!" roared be, "don't you see that they were the bridge and the river? How was it that you didn't find that cut? Off with you—and bring him back, do

the river? How was it that you didn't find that
out? Off with you—and bring him back, do
you hear?" So the pursuers started again.
"I hear a trampling," whispered the princess;
and Prince John, after listening a moment, replied as before, "Yes, here they are close upon
us!" Instantly the pair vanished, horse and all;
and in place of them appeared a dense forest,
through which ran roads and paths innumerahis, and in the milet of the forest there was, as ble; and in the midst of the forest there was, as it were, the figure of a horse carrying two riders. it were, the figure of a horse carrying two riders. The king's men reached the wood, saw (as they thought) the two runaways, and made all speed to overtake them. On flew the pursuers, and you would have thought that in another moment they must seize the unincky pair; but no such thing. The horsemen looked about them and found themselves at the entrance of the Underground Kingdom, in the very place whence they had started in pursuit. In a mo thing had disappeared—horse, riders, thick wood and all.

The pursuers returned empty-b the king, when he heard what had happened, me sing, when he heard what had happened, went into a greater passion than ever. "I'll giv: it to you, you labbers!" screeched he. "My horse, quick! I'll go after him myself and see whether he can give me the slip!" So the Underground King himself started in pur-suit. suit.

A third time the princess whispered, "I hear a trampling;" and Prince John dismounted to listen

"They're coming," said he, "and pretty close, too; but somehow the trampling sounds much loader than it did before."

"Ol dear!" said she, "this must be the Un-derground King himself who is coming after us; but, at all events, yonder is the boundary of his kingdom, and beyond that he can not go. Once we get past it we are safe.

The moment they reached the boundary line Princess Mary changed herself into a cave, Prince John into a hermit, and the horse into a !

post, on which hung a little bell. At thet min-ute the Underground King and all his men came

galloping up.
"Have you seen any one pass this way, my good old man?" asked the king of the pretended

"To be sure," answered the hermit; "just this minute a young man and woman came rid-ing by, both upon one horse. They came into my cave to rest, and when they went away told me to swear I hadn't seen them in case I hap-

me to swear I men't seen mem in case I imp-pened to fall in with you."
"Well, there's nothing to be done," said the Underground King, seeing that by this time Prince John was fairly out of his reach; "my daughter may marry him if she likes. There's no danying it, he's a fine lad of a prince." And be turned his horse's head, and rode home again. In the mean time Prince John and Princess

In the mean time Prince John and Princess Mary, having no longer any pursuit to fear, went quietly on their way to the country of Tear Berendi, where they were received by the king and queen with such joy as neither had ever felt before. There was no time lost in deliberation; first came a grand feast, and after the feast a wedding. Prince John married the lovely Princes Mary, and they lived the optionward hamily cess Mary, and they lived thenceforward happily and prosperously. Prince John helped his fa-ther to govern the kingdom. Every thing went smoothly and well—and that is the end of the

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THE MEMORY OF SEVENTY-SIX.-DRAWS BY W. S. L. JEWETT.-[SEE PAGE 434.]

THE MEMORY OF SEVENTY-SIX.

Pagron an old man who was a soldier in his youth— Who fought in Seventy-six -if he thinks that he lived,

in truth, In the Heroic Age of the Nation. For he knows no

time so grand As that of the Revolution—the Seed time of the Land. In this thought no later heroes have such bright learning

That they should stand by the side of his peerless Washington.

No! The old battles were the greatest—the old heroes

were the best! So be comes to his rusty rifle, and recalls the martial

That moved him and his cumrades, at Concord and

Banker 100, To meet and fight the British with firm, undaunted will.

lik children have beard the story, and now their children best: One sits apon his knee; the others are gathered

mar, two little muiden wearing the Continental hal, While thartie, thinking of "the Fourth," or inspired

by Grandpo's chal, Fashious his wooden award—the feroclous little

He wonders if the British would stand another fight?

It is a long, long story that the old soldier tells Is the period spon which most lovingly he dwells be hot that of final victory, but those hard days of

the war— liefers the French came over, and when hope seemed

very for --lays of Seventy-six that tried the stamest men, The days of Seventy-six that tried the stamest men, When the Patrices retreated, beaten again and again, brises out from Long Island and beyond the Dela-

And recomped at Valley Forge in that winter of

"But what year the old war fie?" asks Charlie,

wonderingly.

"I will tell you in a word," answers Grandpa:

"Linerty! Liberty and Ladependence bursh words to tyrants"

At head to King Gastree and his Lords they seemen ro. For 't appears That the lary old Lords wasted so much of the people's

That they had to opposes their poor and e'en to tax the Colonies.

They tried to sell stamped paper, but their agents

we sent hours.
They voted a tax on bear and the products of the

But the tests which they sent over wore in Boston Marker throws, And our citizens grew content with suits of plate

buse-quin. the "Hed-coate" came, and were quartered in

the between of the free-born, And the blood of New Eurland rose up, and ber

face was finded with soon.
It was not money we cared for, lad, we fought for the sacred trade.
And what like brutish insolute can touch the strength.

of youth?
The English were not all against us in this field of

bloody work: We found therepoons in heave Barry, in Chatham,

and in Barke: These were leaders of the people, to whom Liberty

These were resource on the people, to which interry to dear:
And they be used to by their courage, speaking words of friendly closer.
Put Yoshorum and Farstoga, and other victories won, Taught Epitain more than her statemen, and so the

work was done. We gained our Independence by deeds and not by

Words --Not through compromise, but courage and the strength of our true swords

This is the old man's story; its moral is never too That of Laurers, Hoson, Courses we should never

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1869.

THE PARTIES.

FITTHE Peophlican Conventions of Maine, Ohio, and Pennsylvania have lately made their various State nominations, and their action was of the kind that shows great party unanimity. The present Governors of the three States were renominated, and the manifesto of each Convention is mainly a resolution to hold fast by the seats que. Upon the pending Fifteenth Amendment the Ohio and Pennsylvania Conventions are very emphatic, orging its ratification; while Maine having already ratified has sufficiently expressed its opinion. The other resolutions are very much what we suggested last week they were likely to be. The Maine Convention promounced especially for the Legislative care and development of the resources of the State, and particularly of the ship-building Interest, while Pennsylvania reaffirmed its adhesion to its protective resolution of 1866. The Ohio Convention forcibly arraigns the late General Assembly, in which the majority was Democratic. But none of them take any fooli-h position upon the English or Caban ques-Indeed, the platforms are very discreet, and rather cariously free from Buncombe,

Simultaneously with the wise action of the Topublish Conventions we have the parhetic ye from the Democratic journals that the conagers of their party are about to show that exacity which for many years they have not nown, and the prayer that some things may be msidered settled even by a Democratic Convention. In the light of experience such a hope and prayer are wholly unreasonable. The instant that the Democratic party drops the appeal to ignorance and projudice which the agi-

tation of the negro question furnishes, the simple inquiry for every voter will be whether the Democratic party is likely to offer a more faithful treatment of the reconstruction policy, and a more generally economical and discreadministration than the Republican party. This is a question to be decided by experience and comparison, and it is one from which the Republican party will certainly not shrink.

It is difficult to speak of Democratic principles and policy; for what are they? Kentucky is a thoroughly Democratic State, because of the disfranchisement of part of the population, which is indeed a Democratic policy. But is there any thing in the condition of Kentucky that is so superior to that of Ohio, for instance, that the people of Ohio should wish to exchange? New York is an overwhelmingly Democratic city, and Chicago is Republican. Is Chicago anxious to fall into Democratic care? Do the people of Ohio and the citizens of Chicago suppose that their taxes would be lighter if they were delivered over to the supervision of Tammany and of Mosers. Swammer, TWEED, and HALL? Has the Democratic party, as such, ever been renowned for superior honesty and economy? Is the character of the great mass of its supporters such as to promise a higher tone in politics? Are the antecedents and training of the party such as to inspire confidence in its devotion to the principles that have triumphed in the war and at the polls?

The very appeals of which we have spoken answer all such questions. The most strenuous and excited exhorter to a change of the tactics of the Democratic party is the New York World. Yet, for obvious reasons, that paper is not a fair representative of the party, and is therefore not trusted, except with great reservation. However clever and sparkling its treatment of political questions may be, it is fult not to express the average feeling of the party. But its position is stronger than it was a year ago. Then it advocated a concession of certain settled points and the nomination of Mr. Chase, with an anti-repudiating platform. In every point its advice was disregarded by the steady old managers, and the World had its rovenge by seriously urging the party to change front at the very moment of the final charge. That advice, of course, recoiled upon it in the curses of its party leaders and associates: but as the rout of its party at the polls was prodigious, despite of the diligent frauds in this State, by which its candidate for Governor was apparently elected, the World had clearly gained the advantage of the position of I-told-yon-so.

Notwithstanding this, however, the World this year goes no further than it went a year It advises its party to assent to the colago, ored vote since it can not prevent it, and to try to persuade some of the new voters to its own side. And it says that if the party can only gain power under the present system it can probably retain it; "so that, after a national victory, the party may not doesn it expedient to deprior the segroes of a franchise which is found to be not incompatible with Democratic ascendency." It then proceeds to speak of recruiting hosts of former Republicans. But is there any Republican who supposes that the country, under the present circumstances, can gain by the ascondency of a party which "may not deem it expedient" to undo the whole work of reconstruction? Is there any conceivable advantage in intrusting the Government of the country to a party which opposed the war and reconstruca upon the principle of equal rights, and which will take into consideration whether that principle shall be set aside or not? So uncertain is this Democratic guerrilla of the sentiment of its party that it merely hopes the managers will not harness dead horses the Democratic coach

But if this party can not even now be trusted not to reopen the whole question of reconstruction, is there any especial reason why it should be trusted even if it declares in its Convention that it regards the question as settled? Is it, as we asked, a more economical party? Is the character of the men whom it has trusted with office hitherto such as to inspire confidence in those whom it may choose to call to position hereafter? Is the political career of Mr. HOFFMAN, for instance, from his preclamation as Mayor of the city making election frauds easy, to his signature as Governor of the State to the Eric bill, such as to persuade any voter who has hitherto distrusted him that he is worthy of confidence and support, or that he has the least part of that firmness which can resist questionable counsels? Or what is the Democratic financial policy except an outery agninst taxation and incessort gibes at the Secretary of the Treasury? What is its position nyon Free Trade? Wait, and see if the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention declares for it; or whether its cry is not still substantially "POLK, DALLAS, and the tariff of" any convenient year.

If the most elaborate slanders against every word and act of the President; if the most aronsing air of affected pity for the weakness of the Cabinet, in which one member alone, the Attorney-General, outweighs in real force most of the latter Democratic Cabinets together: if the most industrious perversions and success could bring the Democratic party into

power, its advent might be near. But it is only ! necessary for all honest voters to reflect that the leaders and the mass of that party are what they have been since 1860, and are the heirs of the old traditions, changing their expressions a little to suit the changed exigency of the times, to retain the dominant party in the ascendency which it has so honorably won, and which, upon the whole, it has thus far justified. Not in this generation can the great principles for which three hundred thousand brave men died upon the field of bartle be safely committed to the hands of those who denounced the war, encouraged the rebellion, and supported the dogmas by which it was excused. Parties have deeper roots than temporary policies. But since immediate issues and considerations are always persuasive, let every earnest Hepublican take care that the character of the party does not suffer by any connivance of his.

THE CUBAN CLOUD.

THE vigorous and decisive action of the Administration in dealing with the attempted violations of the laws of the United States meets with general approval. Indeed, the spectacle of the Government idly folding its hands and smiling at the fitting out of hostile expeditions against a friendly power while it was demanding compensation from England for doing the same thing would justly make us the scorn of the world. It is not a question of the justice or injustice of the relative position of Spain and Cuba. If we are to enter into every war upon the side which we consider just, we must withdraw from all treaties of amity and good neigh-borhood with other nations. But if, having neutrality laws, we propose to enforce them honestly until they are repealed, the Government is pursuing the course which is alone cousistent with the honor of the nation

One further step, however, should be taken. There are notorious and persistent efforts made in the city of New York and olsewhere to defy the authority and laws of the United States by fitting out hostile expeditions against a friendly nation. It is the duty, therefore, of the Press dent to issue his proclamation warning offenders that that authority can not be defied with impunity, and exhorting all good citisens to vigilance. To recognize the independence of Cuba would be at least manly. To connive at the revolution, while affecting regard for the faith of treaties and for international comity, would be contemptible. The Administration by its local officers is diligently maintaining the authority of the United States, but there should he no opportunity left for cavilers.

Meanwhile there are two facts to be remark ed: one is the continued haziness of all information from the island of Cuba, and the other is the evident want of active sympathy in the public mind of this country. That Cubs has been shockingly misgoverned, and that if she can secure her independence she may justly do so, is universally conceded; but that the condition and character of the people inspire any fervent expectation of great improvement in the island can not be asserted. Indeed, the original conviction that the movements of "sympathy" proceeded from the party of annexation, and that the consequence of Cuban independence will be annexation and a very needless and perplexing addition to our own cares and prospects, scriously chills the public sentiment in regard to the Cuban revolution. To this must be added the density of the cloud that envelops the island. An expedition arrives upon its shores, and we hope that intelli-gible communication is established, when, to? it vanishes, and we are left to rumors no more satisfactory than before.

There is some kind of Cuban military headquarters somewhere, at which there is apparently the form of a civil government. A large part of the island is undoubtedly in sympathy with the revolution; and in that part, outside of the larger cities and towns, there is probably no government. Taxes are not collected, probably, either by the Spaniards or the Cubans, except in the form of forced loans. Courts of law of either party probably do not administer justice. The country is practically without civil administration, overrun by bands of guerrillas and marauders, which scatter at the approach of regular forces. Both parties are, of course, bitterly exasperated, and the war is really to the death. The Provisional Govern-ment of the Volunteers will soon yield to that of the new Governor-General; and we presume that foreign governments will take no action until that officer arrives and develops his policy.

The demand for recognition of the revolution-nry government by the United States is plainly premature, for nobody will pretend that it exercises the functions of a government at any point accessible to us. Should the operations of the new Governor be buffled and the situation remain as it is, it would, however, become a question whether the concession of belligerent rights to the revolutionists might not be a duty as tending to a solution of the difficulty without involving our own neutrality. It is, however, a question. We have never thought it necessary to inquire into the merits of Mexican revolutions and to pronounce for one party against another; or even to recognise equal

belligerent rights, although we were quite sure that a positive position might have enabled a result to be reached. The position in Cuba is, indeed, different, because it is not a civil war but a colonial revolution. But unless the United States intend to become a party to it, whatever their wishes and sympathies, they will properly await events. To concede belligerent rights to the revolutionists in Cuba would be, of course, the first step toward the recognition of Cuban independence. It is a concession which every nation reserves to its discretion and for the common welfare of nations. It is not to be made until the belliourent has acquired some kind of de facto sovereignty beyond mere control within its military lines. It is, indeed, a question of discretic in its truest sense, and will be so regarded, we may be sure, by the Administration.

COTTON SUPPLY.

THE returns which occasionally reach us from the Government of India impart information of the difficulties attending the cultivation of cotton which is of great interest to the growers of it in the United States. The dream has been included in abroad that portions of British India are capable of producing an inexhaustible supply of cotton at prices which defy competition. Recent experience has shown that the Southern States of the Union, with a climate favored by sufficient beat to bring the plant to maturity, and with cold enough to destroy the root, and in their freedom from a regular rainy season, and from long continued and excessive heat, as well as from violent monsoons, possess advantages far superior to those of India,

The cultivation of cotton in the northwestern provinces of India derived its chief stimulus from the recent war in this country. Agra, one of the most important cities of the region, never had a cotton-press until the winter of 1862-63. One, a wooden press, was then erect-ed; and the newness of the cultivation in that district may be inferred from the fact that a Parsee merchant of Indore, nearly four hundred miles off, carried his unpressed cotton to Agra, and after it was formed into bales, had not only to retraverse the road, but in order to reach Bombay, his port of shipment, carry it three hundred miles farther. Now, however, there are twenty-eight presses with iron screws in Agra alone, and they are scattered also in all important centres,

In 1862-68 the cotton grown in those provinces amounted to 114,000,000 pounds. In 1863-64, called the great cotton year, the quantity rose to 132,500,000, but in 1868-69 it fell to 44,187,840 pounds. The reason for this variation is thus given; "In 1867-68 prolonged and unrimely rain injured the plant and destroyed the pods. In 1868-69 an opposite, but more fatal influence, provailed...... the long suspension of rain." In 1867-68 the quantity of land thus cultivated in those provinces was 1,286,817 acres, and the yield only 58,115,120 pounds. In 1868-69 the number of acres under this cultivation was 890,383, and the yield only 44,137,840 pounds, or say 50 pounds per acre. The disparity between this yield and that of the cotton lands in the United States is very large, as our production from 6,600,000 acres, the supposed area under cultivation, is about 190 pounds per acre.

The cotton region of that portion of India of which Agra is now the commercial centre calls upon Great Britain for a railroad to connect Agra with Bombay, which is well situated on the western coast of the peninsula. With this aid successful competition with the United States is promised, notwithstanding the great difficulties of the Indian climate. The length of road to be built on an air line is about 670 miles, but as it deviates into Rajpootan and extends through a difficult country it will be long and expensive. A chief ground assigned for its construction is that most of the cotton ruised in the northwest provinces now goes to Calcutta, on the eastern side of the peniusula, and that it needs to be transported by a long voyage around Cape Comorin; whereas Bombay on the west coast, and has between it and the Red See but one expanse of water, which is traversed by a straight line and at half the expense that attends the transportation from Calcutta. The opening of the Sucz Canal, likely soon to take place, is urged as an additional motive for constructing the road to

We lately showed that the region which sands its cotton by way of Calcutta called also for more railroad accommodation; and it is very evident that an enormous outlay is required to enable Great Britain to procoed satisfactorily in the policy of setting up a serious competitor of America. But the most eurious recommendarian which was pressed upon the Government of India was that of constructing wind-mills for purposes of irrigation-the southwest monsoon to be relied on as the power. . It was expected that wells sixty feet deep would be dug on the high elevations intended for this purpose, and that water would be drawn from this depth and delivered into canals directed toward the cotton lands! This is part of the scheme for meeting the competition of the United States, which is favored with adequate rains, which knows no

parching of the surface, and which is well tra-versed with reliroads. We are able to supply Great Britain with better cotton than India can produce, and at lower cost, and her efforts in that direction must result in failure, and particularly when the cotton district in the South comes into full harmony with the situation which the war produced,

Competition in the United States, except when peculiar circumstances exist, will ever keep the price of cotton sufficiently low to meet all the reasonable requirements of the English. Although the English manufacturer is now paying a high price for American cotton, it me recollected that last year much of the English supply was obtained at half the present price, and that when the price rose last year the advantage was not at all shared by the planter, but wholly by others. There is much justice in the remuneration which the planter now enjoys. It covers his losses on the crop of 1867-68, and enables him to supply all the material which is required for an increased cultivation this season. The true interest of England lies in abandoning the vain attempt to build up a powerful competitor against us in India, and in increasing the crop in the United States up to the full measure which the manufacturing industry of the world requires. The cotton region of the United States is fully equal to this necessity, and wants only encouragement to accomplish the object. It will undoubtedly ultimately grow to these proportions without

The cotton season, which will terminate on the 1st of September, has undoubtedly been thus far unsatisfactory to manufacturers at home and abroad, and although cloth has been lower in proportion than raw cotton, and the most determined efforts have been lately made abroad to lower the price of American cotton, the effort has entirely failed; and hence the English Cotton Supply Association has been stimulated to unusual activity.

But although the planting interest in the United States at the opening of the season was advised to hold back the crop, so as to avoid the losses of the preceding year, and this policy has been adhered to, the combination of circum stances which made it specessful will seldom occur. The crop, measured by the usual annual consumption of cloth, was small; but although the consumers are, as stated in a recent English circular, "careless and indifferent buyers," as they always are at high prices, "the producers of cotton, knowing the supply to be limited, are careless and indifferent sellers," and particularly as they knew that it was extremely difficult to stop the work of mills. The consumption of cloth has been limited on account of the drought abroad, which impaired the means of extensive populations, and partially in the West from diminished sales of grain in expectation of a foreign demand.

This limited consumption, coupled with a high price for raw cotton, has compelled many mills, both in England and in this country, to stop work or work on short time-a meas which could not be avoided; and hence the recent rise in cotton goods of this country. Bleached goods of low and medium grades advanced about 12; per cent.; unbleached standard sheetings and shirtings about 15 per cent.; while at the same time raw cotton has advanced here about 14 per cent. The question is deeply interesting how the future will operate upon these points. It involves the extent of the new crup of cotton abroad and at home; the effect of the stoppage of numerous mills upon the raw material and upon cloth; and the power of consumers to purchase which depends on the success of all great industries, and upon the condition of the money market. It is prudent to wait for events instead of attempting to indicate the future of this trade.

One reason for the inability of England to control the price of our cotton this season is undoubtedly due to the powerful efforts made by her to put down the price of grain—an ob-ject which, unceasingly pursued, had withdrawn attention from cotton in which, in previous years, her victories have been easy. The bene fit which the South derives from the advance in cotton will be in time shared by the whole country, which ought to rejoice in the return of that section to increased prosperity.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Is the Fourth of July is not celebrated in a more agreeable manner than usual the fault will not be that of Superintendent KENNEDT, who issued an order requiring every member of the police to be on duty for the day, and to enforce the laws forbidding the discharge of fire-arms and the use of "snakes," "chasers, and "double-headers" in the streets. We heard, indeed, one young gentleman remark upon reading the Superintendent's order, that presently there won't be any Fourth of July at all" if such prohibitions are to be allowed; but we suspect that the disappearance of the festival is more likely to be hastened than retarded by the free use of "double-headers." Instead of being the pleasantest, the Fourth of July is now in the city of New York the most intolerably disagreeable day in the year. It is the day which every body escapes who can, flying into the country to avoid the universal popand whiz of gunpowder. But it is also the day when every body would prefer to remain quietly at home and enjoy the festival after a fashion suited to the season; and the order of Mr. KENNEDY points to some such happy cousummation.

This year the anniversary should have an especial interest, for the country is more profoundly at peace than ever before; a peace founded upon the great principles of the Declaration. Last year the day was desecrated by the assembling of a Convention of those who hoped to paralyze those principles a little longer, and to postpone the practical acknowledgment of the equal rights which the Declaration proclaims. And one of the chief causes of national congratulation at this time is that the American people rejected those reactionary counsels, and tranquilly persisted in the path of justice and liberty. While Mr. Jourses was President the liberty. While Mr. Jourson was President the contest was not decided. Indeed, had be been a man of any ability, he would most seriously have perplexed the prospects of peace in the country; for it has been evident for many years that there could be no peace until the government was planted upon the acknowledgment of the truth of the Deciaration. Fortunately Mr. JOHNSON'S mischievous hopes and intentions were wholly baffied. His administration served to arouse the people thoroughly, and when his political allies met to contrive the success of his plans, the response of the people was so vigorous and conclusive as to vindicate beyond question their acceptance not only of the truth, but of the immediate practicability, of the great principles of the Declaration of Independence.

For the first time, therefore, since the Dec-laration was published, it can be truly said that the American Government is fulfilling its intention. That it has reached its full scope we do not say; but it has now accomplished what makes the rest merely a question of time. For the first time we may truly affirm what Mr. Et-WARD EVERST? tried to prove on the 4th of July, 1860-a year before Bull Run-the "success of our Republic," His cration is now but one of the illustrations and warnings with which our history is strewn. Mr. EVERETT proclaimed the success of the Republic at the very moment when the fundamental Republican principle was flagrantly violated, and on the very eve of a contest in which that success was to be vindicated at an appalling cost of life and money. In his whole discourse there was not a single word that indicated any consciousness of the actual situation; and in enumerating our weaknesses he does not even mention slavery. Mr. EVERETT lived to see the probable success of the Republic, and to help it during the tremendous struggle; but he died before the political victory had secured that of the battlefield.

But we who salute the rising sun of this Fourth of July have lived to behold the success of the Republic. We have lived to see it struggling at the same moment with military fory and party hate, and emerging reasonable and resolved. We have lived to see it establishing peace, not by proscription and vindictive severity, but by universal amnesty and the enlargement of liberty. And when the centennial anniversary of the Declaration dawns, may it be upon a land whose prosperity is as permanent as the justice upon which it is founded!

FRENCH CÆSARISM.

THE letter of M. DE PERSIGNY upon Casarism as the security of liberty is entirely French and very droll. Like every argument for despotism it assumes the question throughout. The late signs of disaffection to the empire are not due to the liberal concessions of the Emperor in allowing a questionable freedom of the press, but to the inconceivable weakness of the government, " which allowed a young lawyer to defy the empire." The tongue of a young lawyer, then, is powerful enough to shake the em-Is that not a dangerous admission for our Casar? To allow free speech is weakness. The empire is strong, then, only when criticism is repressed. But is that a strong empire in these days which endures only by imposing

"Without the terrible severity of BRUTUS and the indomitable courage of Publicola Roman liberty would have been stifled in its germ," says M. De Persione, " and those who became the greatest people in the world would have remained forever ignored by History." This reminds us of our old Southern orators who, in the most absolute day of slavery, were constantly appealing to Roman and Greek procedents of liberty. M. Da Prastony's argu-ment is again fatal, for it implies that French freedom is to be a counterpart of that of Rome. The republican liberties of Rome were very different from modern republican liberty; but whatever they were they are certainly no precedent for an empire; and the imperial liberties of Rome are tolerably well understood. M. The Progressy thinks that Pronon is the easiest country in the world to govern upon one condition; namely, that authority is always ready to repress the license that endangers liberty. The criticism or defiance of a young lawyer,

for instance, is license which must be instantly ! repressed by authority. That is to say, whatever the Government, in other words, Louis NAPOLEON, does not like, is license; and license endangers liberty.

This is the mere repetition of the Austrian story of the last generation. METTERSTOR had every advantage. There had been desolating wars, and Europe wanted peace. The Repub lican experiment in France had been a ghastly failure, and Republicanism had to bear the burden. The United States were obscure. England was in full reaction. The Austrians were atterly priest-ridden. The liberal sentiment in politics was never more depressed, and Mattenasion did what he would. With M. De PRESIGNY he remembered Bautus and Pun-LICOLA, and he firmly repressed the license that threatened the liberty of his doing what he chose. But it is another world in which Lorus NAPOLEON undertakes to play Mattension's game. There are those who call him a sogncious man. But do such persons suppose that his dynasty is secure, or that his son will peacefully succeed to the crown? For seventeen years Louis Narotness has contrived to helance himself upon the throne he erected. Has it any foundation in the faith or regard of the people? Marshal BAZAINE declares that the army is devoted to the interests of the Napoleonic dynasty. But does the Emperor's com-mission authorize him to speak for the army?

What is sugneity in a man who aspires in this age to govern a civilized people as their Emperor? Is it not such a comprehension of the character of the people and the circumstances of their condition as will enable him to endear himself to them or to a powerful party of them as the best security of the liberties and interests of their country? No one will pretend that Louis Narolnon has ever held such a view. He made himself Emperor by the His policy has been flutery of the army and amusement of the mob. This is the very essence of Casarism in its lower form-of Casarism without a Casar. His imperial tenure is as sure as that of any of the Emperors of the Roman Derline, and no more. It is not a proof of sagacity in a man to hold a throne with an army, and in such a way that at the end of seventeen years his most devoted friend must say with DE PERSIGNY: "Nothing in the actual situation should disquiet a government firm and resolute." Such words at such a time are the mese, sees, of the empire.

NON-AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

WE have received a memorial addressed to the State Legislature and the school authorities by the German-American citizens of the city of New York; and we observe that there is to be a Convention of Irish-American citizens at Chicago on the 4th of July. There are some very excellent suggestions in the memorial, and the Convention, we trust, will acquit itself creditably. But what are the English-American citizens, and the French-American citizens, and the Spanish-American citizens doing in the mean while? Have they no suggestions to make or conventions to hold? Mr. Jours M. MORIARTY, of Philadelphia, says that the independent Irish voters must look to the honor, the liberties, and the industries of America. But, pray, what have independent Irish voters to do with the liberties and industries of America? Those are the concern of American citizens: and nobody until he becomes an American citizen has any thing whatever to do with them. But when a man becomes an American citizen he is no longer an independent Irish voter-be is an independent American voter, and need not be ashamed of the name.

One of the most humilisting and ridiculous spectacles ever seen in this country was that of the Mayor of New York masquerading in a snit of green clothes upon St. Patrick's Day. was "wearing the green" to please the "independent Irish voters." It was the worst kind of demagogy. It was pandering to a feeling that should never be officially recognized. For when the natives of other countries have renounced their political relation to those countries and have become Americans, it is their duty to accept their new political nationality, and to merge their political feelings and interests in those of the country they have chosen. It is an insult to the American people to attempt to influence a part of them as Irish-Americans or German or English-Americans. What we most need is homogeneity; and if the American people are to be drawn up into various camps of those of English descent and of Irish descent, of German descent and of all other nationalities, that cohesion and identification which are essential to a genuine American national life will be indefinitely delayed.

Moreover, the distinction is meaningless for any good purpose. The fact that certain citizens are of one or of another nativity does not make them a class with peculiar interests in this country. A man is not of liberal or reactionary tendencies in American politics because he was born in Ireland or Germany. All men born in France and naturalized in the United States are not, for that reason, free traders or protectionists. The interests that miert American

citizens are independent of their birth-scace. If an Irislanan is maturalized here, it is his dury no longer to regard Ireland from an Irish or English but from an American point of view, His trishism is an impertinence. If he volun-teers advice as an Irishman he should be summarily informed that Americans can maringe their own affairs. If he is not willing to be an American-very well, he may do as he will; but, although been in Ireland, he certainly can not be, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, three gentlemen at once. A convention of "inde-pendent Irish voters" sitting in Chicago and discussing American politics is preposterous. Why don't independent Irish voters discuss Irish politics in Irokund? When independent American voters wish to confer apon subjects of common political interest they do not asset ble in Europe, but in America; and we advisu Irish voters to reflect upon the great advantage of such a method,

Indeed, until an Irishman or any body born in another country is not willing to cease to be an Irish voter and become an American voter, why is he naturalized in this country, and why does he become an American voter? For an rial and sentimental purposes he may very well retain the habits and associations of his mating land, as for charitalde purposes there is a Soelety of the Sons of New England in New York, and a Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Parrick, and a St. George's Society, and a St. Datid's Society in the same eity. But the Sout of New England are not known as New English-American citizene. If they were they would laugh at themselves. Politically they are American citizens only; and that is a mane which needs no qualification.

WE TWO By JEAN INGELOW.

It's we two, it's us two, it's we two for age, All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay, Like a kerenck in the lift, sing, O berny Ends ! All the world was Adam once, with Enc by his side,

What's the would, my last, my love—what can it do? I am thins, and thou all mire, life is sweet and new. If the world have missed the mark, let it attaid by. For we two have gonest leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a lawench in the lift, sing, O boury bride! It's we two, it's we two, hopey side by side. Take a kim from me thy man; now the song begins, "All is made attrib for us, and the brave heart wins." When the darker days come, and no one will shine, Then sholt day say tears, has, and I'll day thine. I've we tree, it's we tree, while the world's away, Sitting by the golden sheares on our wedding-day.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS,
Anotres Bour, the Secretary of the New, has resigned, and George M. Roberson, Athorsop-ticueral of New Jersey, has been appointed to dil his place in the Cabinet.

abtuet. General Butterfield has been appointed Assistant General Batterfield has been appointed Assistant Treasure of New York.

Governor Chemberlain, of Makes, was, Jane 21, renominated by the Republican Convention of that State for a fourth term.

Governor Georg, of Pennsylvania, has also been re-combinated.

nominated.

The maich game of base-half between the Amberst.

Williams Colleges was usen by the forcest by the

The worth game of base-hall between the Anaherst and Williams Collectes was used by the former by the to St. On the 26th Williams was also beaten by Harward, 45 to S.

The Statistical Record of the Government Reseas shows that in thirteen years, ending with 1864, over two 36d a half milliams of Europeans emigraced to this country, the greater number coming from the British Isles.

British islos.

The receipts for the five days of the Beston Peace Jubiler amounted to \$413,000. As the expense was \$332,300 the profits amounted to \$110,700. Mr. Gillione has been preceded with a house and lot stock \$25,000, and a pune of \$60,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

WARLING operations, at least on a large scale, seems to have been septembed in Cuba. The ranks of both armics have suffered extraordinary mortality from cholera and dyamtory. The Volumeers have of their sown around given up Mano Castle and Fortiers Cubanas to the naval forces, and propose to render allegiance to the new Captionicannel Be Rodae, who was expected at Havana on the 25th of June.

In this Spanish Contest, June 16, the Republican members were worsed that their processes in the Chamber was permitted as an act of patrionism, but they could not be tolerated as the accompliers in a scheme for building up a republic; that the pre-cut estellion of affairs could not four routines, as it would become seveneary to represe the people, or anarchy would result.

Count Von der Goltz, the Prussian Minister to

cont Von der Goltz, the Pressian Minister to France, died at Berlin, June 24, of causes in the moor! In the Royal Thurnes Yacht Club rare from Days Pier to Cherloung, the schooner Gonolese, of the Boy al Yacht Squadron, gained the victory. The coun-

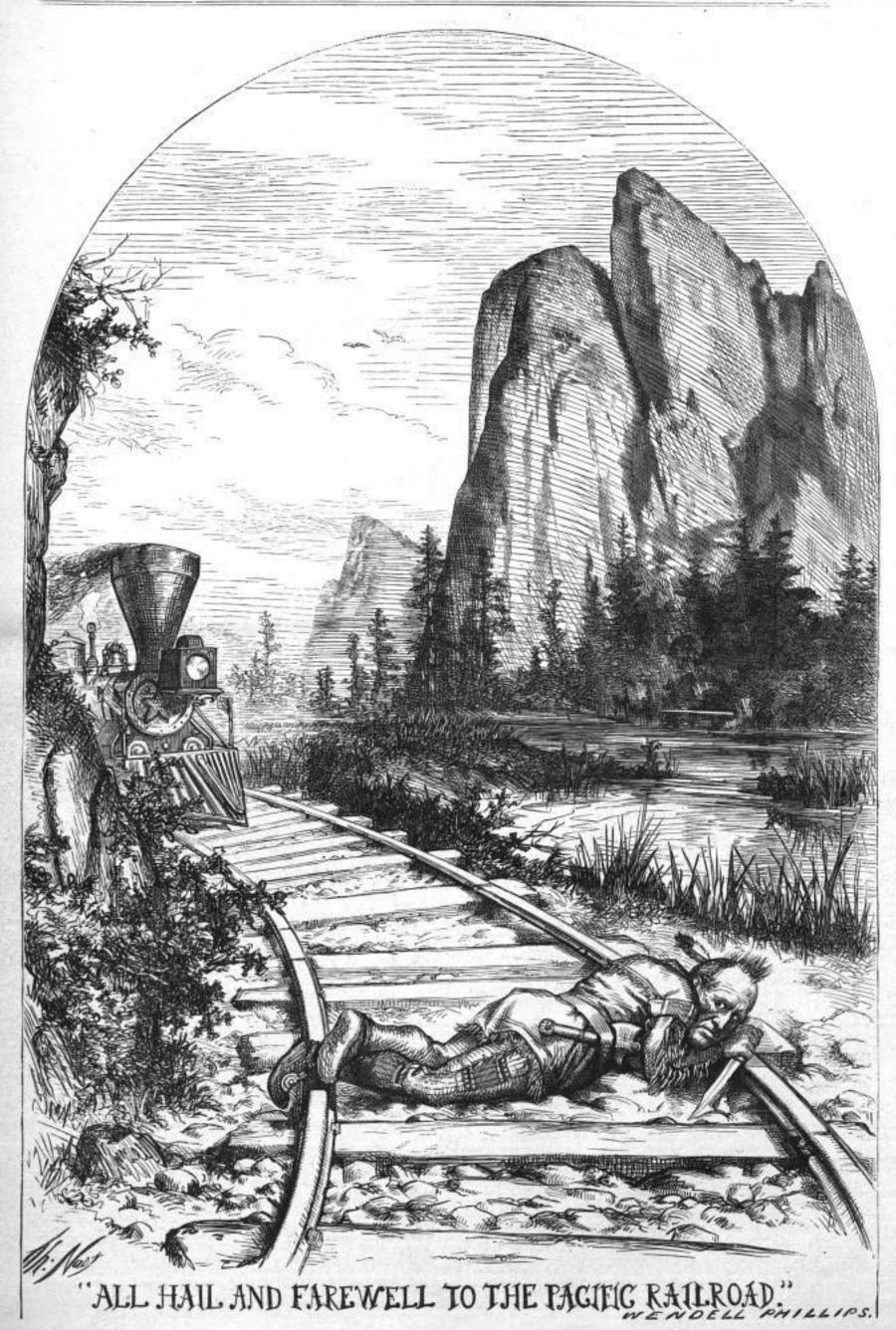
my was beautiles. It the Comp of Chabers rele-bested the matters at the Comp of Chabers rele-bested the matters of the lattle of Solferine on June 24. Marshal Brazine, in pro-certing to the Err-perse the soldiers who book past in the beatise of So-being and Macrotta, while: "Year soldiers recall the day van led them to victory. The glottens anniver-sary shall never be effected from our board. Under all chromatomes they remain decored to gover dyna-ty." The Asserted Spices, in its report of the Empa-or's speech, gives the following version of the con-trolling reseles: "Abuntime in the same course, and you will observe be worthy of so great a nation, it of will assistation the military spicit necessary for a great people."

will assistain the military special energy of a great a distant, and profes."

The Great Easters has had reinterrupted success in paring out the new Adantic color from lines. On June 38 it was reported 317 miles from lines, and see active of raids had been good one.

Advices from Postan-Trines, linys, report they on the 12th of June 12th Manage. It is beenkarding. And Cayes fortheright hours, butters we next and nosembed the forth whom. He contact the forth street, butter works, and killed at appared over half of subjects force.

Fourteen English authors have november stated to this country to color Council Tablesons. They were given a public breakful at Lember before their department. In the horizontal their departments of the country to color Council Medicolor, from the Subjects their department. In the Lintell States, and the Lintell States, and has been insented to some y to President Grain the Emperor's congestalisticals.



THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

OUR full-page cartoon on the Pacific Railroad, by Mr. Thiouas Nast, is based upon a philippic recently uttered by Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS. The best explanation which we can give of our illustration, perhaps, is to give a copy of this philippic:

THE PACIFIC RAILBOAD.

philippie:

THE PACIFIC RAILBOAD.

All Hell and Furerell to the Pacific Railboad! The telegraph tells as that the ludians have begins to tear up the rails, to shoot passengers and confactors on this road. We see great good in this. At hast the poor yields has found the valuerable spot in his ignat. "Thank God America has resisted," cried Lord Chaman. Our feeling is the same. For serventy years and more the Indian has begged this great nation to rate at to bis wrongs. His cries have been unbeard. Buildees and unbeading we have transpied him down. To day the worm turns and sillags as.

Last year Indians destroyed becompiles and shot conductors. Third Dunays forbade the telegraph wires to report the fact. He treashed for his road. To day filters thousand warriors on the war-path—a thousand miles of exposed road; the railway the pet physiking of the American people! World our words could reach every Indian chief. We would tell him, lay down you'r gun, but sillow no rail to lie between Omain and the mountains. "The accurred code" is O'Cossuma's best weapon, said Samt. The Pacific Railway is the Indians' Alabama. Every blow struck on those rails is heard round the globe. Haund their road with such dampers that near suili threes it.

Some men may think us needlessly aggressive. No, citizenship, they may say, would be a better remedy. Yes, by-and-by. At present citizenship means little. Heaven forbid we should beary the Indian to such protection as "citizenship" gives to the Georgin negro and loyalist. No, we are thankful the Indian has one defines that the negro never hall. He is no citizen and has the right to make war. Well may be use that last right, and sever yield it till "citizenship" mems more than it does now.

An Abditionist may real glory in these Red wees. When, in 1863, General Samous carried to the Seminales the rews of emancipation, they instantly set their shaves free. But, more just than we, they proceeded at once to divide their pession-money, and, last winter, in Washington, were specially exmest to



"LIBERTY BELL"-[SERTORS BY TORO, R. DAVIS.]

tion scourged to its duty. Long and wears were the years of blood and misfortune that finally broke as into willingness to emancipate the black. May our stabbounces yield scoors and easier in this institute of the Indians! It seems probable. By the time Congress assembles again we think its members will be ready—as they never have been—to fister on this topic. The sad and ponderous documents stored in

the Copinel will at last be read; and we shall learn that a nation, by its sea confession always in the wrong, most seek some other path and of its fromble-than by sending between so waste irrasone and blood in the vain effort to "exterminate" a braver rase than ours. We spent a hundred millions really—fifty con-fessedly—to "exterminate and remove" the Scal-noles from Florida. But there are evergindes in

Florida to day where no white more enters, and which the Seminole will holds. If this he the use in Florida with a thousand Seminoles, how likely are we to "exterminate" twenty thousand such, spread over the boundless West? Supersy is tracering the glories of Atlanta for debut, eiter and shameful and well-deserved, on the prairies.

"LIBERTY BELL."

Turs bell originally long in the belfry of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It is still in that Hall, but not in the steepler; it rests upon a date, as shown in our cut. Halsens J. Lace (NG, in his "Field-Book of the Revolution," if us de-

in his "Field-Book of the Revolution," if its de-scribes this sacred relic:

"It is four feet in diameter at the lip, and three inches thick at the heaviest part. It tone is destroyed by a crack which extends from the lip to the crown, passing directly through the names of the persons who cast it. An attempt was made to restore the tone by saming the crack wider, but without success; the melody of the 'glory-breathed tone' that thrilled the bearts of the needed on the birthday of the nation could 'glory-breathed tone that thrilled the beauts of the people on the birthday of the nation could not be reawakened. The history of this bell is interesting. In 1752 a bell for the State House was imported from England. On the first trial-ringing after its arrival it was cracked. It was recast by Press & Srow, of Philadelphia, in 1773, under the direction of Js. W. Nasints. Esq., the then Speaker of the Colonial Assembly...... I pun-illets around its errorm, cost those tweaty three ways before the Communical Communication. years before the Continental Congress met in the State House, are the words of Hely Writ: 'Pro-State House, are the words of Hely Writ: 'Prochina likerty throughout all the land and unto all
the inhabitants thereof.' How prophetic! Beneath this bell the representatives of the thirteen
robonics 'proclaimed liberty.' Ay, and when
the debutes were ended, and the result was announced, on the 4th of July, 1776, the iron toughe
of that bell first 'proclaimed liberty throughout
all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof,' by
ringing out the joyful amanuciation for more
than two hours; its glorious includy fleating
clear and natical as the voice of an angel
above the discordant cherns of bouring canuon, the roll of draws, and the mingled acclaimations of the people,"

We give, on the same juge with our illustra-

We give, on the same page with our illustra-tion of "Liberty Bell," a representation of the



BRITISH TROOPS FIRING ON THE CITIZENS OF BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1775. - [FAC-SIMILMOF AN OLD ENGRAVING BY PAUL REVERS.]

firing of the British troops upon the citizens of Boston, early in 1775. Our illustration is from a picture drawn and engraved by the illustrious Part. REVERK, who has been made immortal in

LONGPERTON'S celebrated poem.

The scene occurred in what is now known as State Screet, Hoston. The British soldiers had conducted themselves with insolence, and had killed a number of citizens; and a mob had gathered together to aronge themselves upon the troops. In the conflict which followed ATTUCKS, a mulatto, was killed. Three other citizens were killed, also, five dangerously wounded, and a few slightly hurt. This was before the lievolution had fairly been entered upon; but it furnishes an indication of the excitement which prevailed in our large ciries on account of the uncalled for presence of fureign troops sent from England to avoid and oppress Americans.

AUNT MONEYPENNY'S WILL.

Over solvey August evening, not many summers ago, a young man leaped from the train at Scutterion, and started with a brick step for the house of his aunt Griselda Moneypenny, which stood upon the foll overlooking the village. He-ing compelled to cross a stile and take a short cut through a strip of woods, our young traveler nearly alighted upon a banch of arbutus, which in the feestness of this combre glade bloomed thus tarddy in the season. He instinctively gathered his long legs up and trod upon the other side, then, stooping, packed up the trailing branch and suiffed ir gratefully. Not that he was a bot-anist, or for that matter knew one plant from an-other; but he book a sensores delight in any thing beautiful. He enjoyed the balony air, the faint breeze that rustled the leaves over his head; and the hinls twittering melodiously about him delighted his eye with their color, his car with

And yet to look at him you would not believe he would care for flowers or hirds. He was tall and rather ungainly; his hards and feet were large and not particularly shapely; but his face, large and not particularly staged; but his face, in spice of his bushy red eyebrows, broad mouth, tanned and feekled skin, was a winsome one—for under the cycleows glosmed a pair of blue eyes, honest and merry, and at times shining teacherly like a woman's. Then the lips were well-cut, the teeth firm and white. Descriptions are lame in a case of this kind; but I still maintain that, even in outward appearance, there was some thing very wisning about John Moneypenny.

It was nicer in every way to walk through the old orchard on the loft of the house, and skirt pround the kitchen-garden to the path that led by the porch. By this means he could avoid the dust of the road, and retul in the sweet breath of the clover that grew knee-high in spots he had known from his earliest boyhood. Then it was something delightful to see the guarled old beanches, laden with their knotty but delicious fruit, and gather in with lange draughts all these delights to cheer his city-burdened soul.

But in taking this vagaloud pleasure he found himself anddenly under the bay window, and beard distinctly his name attered in a tone of

contempt that arrested his footsteps,
"John Moneypenny!" said a fresh, girlish voice. "A red-baired monster! An aukward, forkled lout! You can not be in earnest, Aunt

Gri-olda—you can not mean what you say!"

"Hut I do, my dear," replied a voice, harsh and sandonic, that John knew was that of his 11 has been a pet scheme of mine for However, I have always craved perfect liberty for myself-it would therefore be inconsistent to deny it to others. Art your pleasure, my dear; only if you'll take the advice of an old woman you'll 'make hay while the sun shines.' I feel premonitory symptoms in the back of my local at times, and a dall trembling in my limbs, and you know they said another stroke would fin

"But, aunt," eried the young girl, and John climbed upon the lower lemnth of a tree that commanded a view of the sitting-room, " is it possible you would thrust me upon the world pennileus because I refuse to marry a mun that is repulsive to me?"

his now could gaze into the more at his case. and remarked that his consin Isabel, who had grown out of all reason, and ripeued subleale into a wonderfully beautiful creature, was tearing juro atoms a Lice handkerrhief, beating upon the carpet impotiently with her little, arched and durting lightning glances from her brilliant eyes upon the composed figure of his annt, who, seated in her arm chair, pared with a silver knife on exceedingly ripe and luscious peach, and

ended urbanely upon her agitated salve, ""Could you," repeated Isabel, "after rearing me for a life of luxury, condemn me to drag out my days in poverty, without a friend in the

"No. Isobel; if you were not so important you would recognize the justice and furthought of my decision. I would secure you such a friend, girl, as is seldom giren to a weak, vain creature like yourself."

But suppose I refused such a Liend; sup-

pose I even hated the sound of his name?"
"Well, considering his name is the same as mine and your own, my dear, I think your re-marks are, to say the least, offensive."

I do hate the name of Meneypenny, despise it, loothe is! To marry a creature like that, without even changing one's name—oh, annt, she added, pleadingly, "I will not believe you—you surely care a little for me!"

"I have told you," replied her nunt, coldly,
"it is my care for you impels me to this derission; besides, I have a little fundness for the name you mentioned, and naturally desire that what little I have shall be used for its benefit. But you must

do as you please, Isabel. I am used to disap-

pointments—only improve the present."
"Hut how?" asked Isabel, raveling the very threads of her handkerchief. "I know what I can not and will not do; but after that I am

Well," replied her annt, draining the nectar from her peach, "as far as an old woman's as-sistence can be of any avail, you may count upon mine. Perhaps, under the circumstances, you might make a more agreeable connection; there is young Lascelles!"

A vivid blush burned upon Isabel's check.

"Aunt Moneypenny," she cried, suddenly,
"how can you torment me so? You know he
is perfectly indifferent to me."

I know the few times I have been able to get to the church young Lascelles has devoured you with his eyes. God forgive me for noticing these things at such a time; but old Newell is so dreadfelly prosy I was compelled to do some-thing. Every time I got a crick in my neck and turned it to get a little case I found Lascelles's eyes riveted upon you!"
"But, aunt, he hase't been here for a month."

"You mean inside the doors. He has fairly haunted the grounds; and really, Isabel, I think afraid to come in; my manner to strangers is a little repelling, and you are not outwardly the timid, gentle creature we know so well at

You think, then," said Isabel, "that if-"

She hesitated.
"I think," interrupted her aunt, abruptly, "that if you manage your cards properly you may be mistress of the De Vigny estate. Why, how your eyes sparkle! What a mercenary creature you are, Isabel!"

"It is not his fault if he's rich," said Isabel, demarely. "I will confess that his delicacy and refinement are pleasing to me. I have a fastid-

ious herror of any thing rough or rude."

"They do say," remarked her ann, "that he puts his hair up in papers every night. You see, he can't have it frizzed or curled wish an iron, because it injures the hair; and after all the young man is right, for baldness is in the family. Perhaps that was one reason old Lascelles's brains were so completely addled. I do not say, leabed, that idiocy is bereditary in the family;

what I alluded to was baldness."
At that moment a heavy step was heard upon the porch, and the door shook in the grasp of a large and awkward hand.

"There's John," said the old lady, eagerly extending both hands to the new-comer. "Why, you are late for this train. Do you recognize your cousin Isabel ye

John grasped warmly the whole hand of his cousin, who had merely extended to him the tips of her fingers, and with one fleeting glance devoured the face of the young girl. Hair, eyes, roured the face of the young girl. Hair, eyes, now, lips, all was comprehended in that beam from his blue eyes. Then he turned to his aunt.

"I came through the orchard," he said, " and

stopped to have a look at the old pippins. Do

storges to have a sook at the old pippins. Do
you remember how many pantaloons came to
grief in my climbing that old tree?"

"Ay, indeed," replied his aunt, while Isabel,
dismayed at this valgarity, glided out of the
room. "But you haven't dired, have you?
I gave you up at half past six."

"If you'll let me help you eat a few of those
penches, aunt, I can got along till bedtime."

"Help varieted?" said Miss Moneymens, push.

"Help yourself," said Miss Moneypenny, pushing the fruit toward her nephew, and looking beamingly upon him. "How well you look! My idea of what a man should look like," she added, with an emphasis that John well under-

stood.

"Chacun a son gout," said John, burying half of a peach in his huge mouth; "it's not every one that's so easily suited."

"No," replied Miss Moneypenny, with a frown; "I suppose you haven't the least idea what I wanted of you, John?"

"Well," to tell the truth, anat, I thought

that in your dear old heart you felt that I needed a holiday; and just now the place was looking sedoring enough to keep me here for a while, if

you could only get me away from the city."

"You thought nothing of the kind, John Moneypenny! You know I never thilly-shally about any thing. I felt a few of the old symptoms ercejong over me, and thought there might be

such a thing as my giving out."
"God forbid!" cried the young man, earnestly. "And I wanted you to come out and make lore to Isolel, so that you could marry her immediately if any thing should occur.

"Why, Aunt Griselda, do you remember a conversation we had before Isabel came back from her step-mother's? I told you if I could custore the affection of my employer's daughter my fortune would be made.

Miss Moneypeony burst into a sardonic laugh.

"I may us well keep quiet," she said, "and die as soon as possible. You wouldn't suppose now, John, would you, that a poor old paralytic like me could cling with such tenacity to a few

notions of honor and sincerity?"
"I know," replied John, coming around to her chair, and taking her withered hand in his, "that you will trust your boy to do what is right, and not believe him capable of a mean-

"You love this woman, then, John?

"I fear I do, sunt."
"Fear! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I love her against my reason; I love her, though I know it is simple madness to

"Well, or all events," said the old lady, with a contented sigh, "I'm glad you love her-glad to hear semething in the foolish, old-fashioned way before I die. You'll get her, never fear, if

you've made up your mind to it."
"But I don't know that I have made up my mand to it, cont."

"Then do so, at once. Poor Isahel! I'm sorry for her, I am indeed. That Lascelles is such an empty-headed ass; but she's preju-diced."

"Against red hair and freckles, aunt?" Yes; but how did you know?

"I thought so from the way she looked at ie." John looked a little sad and grave, but s Moneypenny answered, abruptly:

"What matters it, if you love the other wo-A clear, eweet note fell upon their ears, then

a few chords upon the piano-Isabel had commenced to sing in the drawing-room.
"You can wheel me through the hall into the

drawing-room, John, if you will. I always list-en to Belie a while at night. I find I sleep the better for it. Stay, you are sure you love this "Yes, aunt; but why?"

"Well, I had decided to send you away by the early train in the morning—but in that case

the early train in the morning—but in that case you may as well stay."

If Miss Moneypenny slept the better for Isabel's singing, it seemed that her nephew slept the worse; for long after his aunt was snoring, and Isabel wandering in dream-land, poor John tossed and tumbled, and finally arose, dressed himself, and looked out of the window at the stars. Star-gazing and John Moneypenny! Singular conjunction!

A FEW weeks after John's arrival at his aunt's house at Scatterton Isabel arose rather early and assisted her aunt in her morning toilet.

"Isabet, my dear," said the old lady, continu-ing a conversation which had evidently ruffled a little the temper of her nice, "don't tear the few wisps of hair I have left out by the roots; you can not drag the realization of your hopes from my poor scalp. I tell you the man is simply lazy

"And I tell you," replied the girl, touching more lightly the gray bairs of her aunt, "that he is an idiot!"

"Oh, I hope not!" interrupted her aunt, seri-

How literal you are, aunt," said Isabel, shing again vigorously. "I don't mean, of brushing again vigorously. "I don't mean, of course, that he is an absolute fool; but yesterday we went out to the summer-house, and he begged me to bring a book and read to him, speakir the most delicate manner of my talent in that way. I commenced 'Elaine,' and he threw himself at my feet in the most graceful attitude, fixing his great dark eyes upon mine, as if drinking in every syllable that I uttered. I became interested in my reading as I usually do, and in the knights' interview with the quoen I raised my roice; a movement at my feet arrested my at-

tention. De Vigny was just opening his eyes— he had been asleep?"

"Well, in this case," said the old lady, "I can't say I blame him. Your voice when sing-ing or reading is the most soothing thing in the world-there is a sort of magnetic power about

"An excellent soporific!" said Isabel, sarcastically.

"A very good quality for a voice," replied her aunt. "When you have learned the value of sleep you will appreciate the compliment. I know a voice so shrill and rasping it sets my teeth upon edge to think of it."

"You mean De Vigny's, aunt; and as I am compelled to endure him you might make it as casant for me as you can." The old lady cast an appealing glance upward.

"How ungrateful you are, Isabel! Haven't I been a martyr to your interests? Haven't I sat hour after hour and Estened to his description of his guinen-pags? Haven't I even endured the twong of his guitar? and upon that night you and John pretended to get lost I fell asleep out of sheer exhaustion several times; and just when my poor tired brain began to get quiet, young Lascelles would break into a shrill remark, aimost causing me to leap out of my chair. hast I begged of him to go in search of you, pro-testing I was fearfully meansy. The moment he was gone I fell back, completely worn out, and never moved till you returned. Soperific! It's well you've no nerves, child, or you'd be in your grave a twelvementh after you were married to Lascelles!"

What a delicious night that was!" murmured Isabel, a soft dreamy light stealing into her eyes. "John and I had been walking-miles, I think-just to get a glimpse of the water. Climb ing over rocks and hollows, through bushes and briers, we made our way. When we reached a spot that I could not cross, John fairly picked me on in his arms and carried me over up in his arms and carried me over " Ham-m!" marmared the old lady.

"He is the dearest cousin in the world!" said Isabel, boldly; then added, plaintively, "You

know, nont, I never had a brother."

"Nor sister," said her aunt. "I don't believe you remember your mother; why not mourn the loss of your female relatives?"

"Heaven and the said of th

"Because, aunt," replied Isabel, conxingly, "you have sufficed me for all of these; and John, too, poor fellow, he told me that night you John, too, poer tenow, he took me man night you were the only one that loved him in the world. I think," added leabel, scornfully, "that young lady must be very difficult to please."

"Hecause she don't get enamored of 'a red-haired monster,' an 'awkward freekled lout!"

"You know when I spoke in that hateful way I hadn't seen John for years."

I hadn't seen John for years. "Oh, then, he ripened into an Apollo while you were separated?

"No, but he is so beave and yet so gentle—so winning and genial. There is such a touching, chivalric courtesy in his manner, like one of the old knights we rend about. And then when his face is lighted up by that rare smile of his, it be-comes almost handsome—"

"Hum-m!" murmured the old lady. Isabel started; a bright color mounted to her brow, and baving finished her aunt's toilet, she went out of

The evening of that day John returned from a fishing excursion; and as he passed the drawingroom window the tableau within caused him to pause and glance again. Isabel, dressed simply in white with a single rose in her hair, played a little symphony upon the piano. By her side, and bending a little over her, was the slight fig-ure of Lascelles. Dressed elaborately, his hair parted carefully down the middle, a soft flush mantling in his cheek, he would have made quite a pretry woman. His foot, beating the measure upon the floor, scarcely looked larger than Isa-bel's, and his little white hand fluttered over the music unceasingly. Presently Isabel threw her head back and gave a little preparatory cough; then young Lascelles, taking a languishing attitude, and gathering his face into a mincing ex-pression, which caused a wrinkle of merriment to linger about John's lips, sang in a shrill tenor, which soured far above Isabel's contralto:

"My bounde lass she smileth
When she my heart beguileth,
Fa, la, la.
Smile less, dear love, thèrefore,
And you chall love me more.
Fa, la, la.

At the conclusion of this verse of the madrigal John cast his eyes upon the figure of his aunt, and the wrinkle of merriment expanded into a smile. The old lady sat perfectly erect in her chair by the window, and held, with untiring tenacity, a hand upon each ear, while an expression of examerated exhaustion shadowed her

John leaped upon the portico, and softly mis-ing the French window, looked in. Miss Moneying the French window, notice in.

penny's eyes lighted up when she saw her nephew,
and she held out her hands entreatingly,
"Wheel me out upon the balcony," she whis-

John did as he was requested, and gave but one little glance at the further end of the drawing-room, where Isabel, unconscious of John's arrival, sat upon the plane-steel and listened, with bowed head and fingers busily engaged in picking the rose to pieces, to the shrill whisper

"Cruel charmer! Had you given the ruse to me, I would have cherished it forever." "Shot the window, in Heaven's name," cried

Miss Moneypenny; and John pulled down the sash, eatching one lightning glance from Isabel's

eye.
"I can't stand it," said the old lady. "I'm not so strong as I thought; and that Lascelles will be the death of me! I feel it in my bones!"

be the death of me! I feel it in my bones!"

"He seems a good-natured little chap," said
John, condescessdingly.

"Oh, I've no doubt he means well," replied
Miss Moneypenny; "and for Isabel's sake I
have endeavored to do my best; but endurance
has its limits, John; and Lascelles's voice is one
of the things that I can not stand. It's had enough when he talks; but when he sings it really is the most penetrating, rasping thing imaginable! They are quiet now, thank God, or that glass window would no more keep out the sound than a sheet of paper. Then, it's ex-asperating to me to look at him! He's commenced to wear a cambric handkerchief around his neck—he'll soon wear a ribbon about his curls

"I'm afraid you'll take cold out here in the night-air," said John; and taking off his linen coat, he wrapped it around his aunt. "And you never take cold!" she said, grasp-

ing his hand and pulling him down by her side. "You know nothing of sickness, great, strong giant that you are."

"A little heart-sick sometimes," said John, with an involuntary glance at the window.
"Your skin used to be fair as a haby's when
you were quite a lad," murmured the old lady,

stroking his brow.
"Are you thinking of the observious freekles,

aunt?" inquired John, a little bitterly. aunt?" inquired John, a little bitterly.

"If I could only have prevailed upon you to wear a sun-bonnet," she replied; then added, abruptly, "If you'll wheel me in, I'll go to bed!"

"And so will I," said John, wheeling his auns through the hall and into her sitting-room.

"Now, if you'll call Abigail," said the old lady, taking John's hands again in her own, and pressing them warmly, "you may go where you where."

"God bless you, dear sunt!" said John, going out upon the balcony. He was just in time to see Lascelles kiss Isabel's hand, and declare that she had rendered him very happy. Turning sud-denly, he found Isabel by his side, and raising an animated, beautiful face to his.

"Where did you get all those splendid fish?" she said. "I wish I had gone with you."
"Weren't you better employed?" said John, with a sareastic smile.

The color deepened in Isabel's check.

"I suppose it would be troublesome to take a woman with you," she replied, with dignity; "and I wouldn't, of course, wish to intrude in

that case."
"We might take Lascelles along," replied

John, without looking up.
"That would be as bad as another woman," said Isabel, and turning abruptly upon her little said isseet, and turning abruptly upon her nittle heel, she went into her aunt's sitting-room and astonished that old lady by throwing herself down by her side and bursting into a passion of tears.

"God bless me!" said Miss Moneypenny, "what's the matter, heabel? Has any thing happened to John? I told him to call Abi-call, and I've been waiting ever since to be em-

gail, and I've been waiting ever since to be un-"It's nothing about John," sobbed Isabel;

"or if it is, he don't care—he's too selfish to care about any thing or any body." "Hush, child!" said the old indy, smoothing

the beautiful hair of her niece; "you know I'm

very fond of John."
"And so am I!" eried the young girl; "and yet I've promised to marry Lascelles, and I hate

him! I routhe him!"
"Isabel," replied her annt, "you are very inconsistent. A little while ago you hated and
loathed John, now you are fond of your consin
ned hate the other man. Wait a little while, and it 'il come right again : girls are like weather

cocks at your age."
"Annt," persisted Isabel, "I can not marry
Lascelles! I will not!"

"Well, you see, Isabel, I don't know how to advise you in this case. John confessed to me he was med about this other woman."

A hot flush mounted to Issbel's forehead.

"If he saked me this very night to marry
him," she interrupted, proudly, "I would refuse him!"

John proposed upon one Wednesday evening a fishing excursion for the following day. Les-celles agreed to the proposition with enthusiasm. "I never catch any fish, but I like the fun," he said, enigmatically.

he said, enigmatically.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear, and our fishing party were up betimes, and on their way to the little branch of the river that ran at the foot of the De Vigny pasture grounds. At every step of the way the young proprietor reguled his companions with interesting accounts of the vastness of his property, the fertility of his land, the fine condition of his live-stock, and seemed in an excellent humor with the world and all it contained. He were a fishing costs

of light tweed and carried a silver-mounted rod in his hand, while upon his arm bung a curiously wrought fishing-backet. Upon his fair curis rest-ed a hat of the finest straw, with a prodigiously wide brim; a brown veil was fastened securely about his neck, and his hands were covered with

about his neck, and his hands were covered with a pair of ornamented buckskin gloves.

"You wouldn't believe," he remarked, as, reaching the river, he seated himself under a tree, "that I shall be burned to a crisp if I go out of the shade. Positive fact, I assure you—but I don't care," he added, bravely; "it don't matter if I am."

Ret Mr. Lasselles however woundless of the shade.

don't matter if I am."

But Mr. Lescelles, however regardless of securing himself from the sun's rays, insisted that Isabel should remain under the shadow of the tree, and, adjusting her line gallantly, he led her to a seat under a projecting limb; then arranging with great precision his rod, they commenced to fish under very comfortable circumstances.

John declared he would try the stream further them, and disregarding an appealing giance from

down, and disregarding an appealing glance from Isabel, proceeded upon his way. Scaling himself upon a rock that completely hid him from his companions, John went excuestly to work. By the absorbed expression of his countenance, and the rapt attention with which he gazed upon the water, we would have supposed he was devoted to the piscatory art; but presently a shining sub-stance shot out of the stream, and John's line whirled fleetly from the recl—our fisherman drew in his prize, but seemed not at all interested, and his face wore the same raps, care-worn look when he again throw out his line.

An hour or two west by, and the sun was elimbing high over his head, when John fan-cied he beard his name called in a loud, agenix-

ing tone. He dropped his line, started to his feet, and listened.

"John, John!" cried a voice he well knew even when it was strained with agony. "Oh,

With one bound he cleared the rock, and lesping over stones and brambles, soon reached the spot where he had left his cousin and her com-panion. Isabel was sinking in about eight feet of water under the projecting branch, and Las-celles, in an agony of serror and dismay, stood wringing his hands upon the bank.

"She would set proper the line"

"She would get upon the limb," he stam-mered, "and she fell in. I can't swim a stroke, or I'd jump in; I would indeed!" John pashed him aside before he had said two

John pushed him aside before he had said two words, and throwing himself in the stream, suc-ceeded in reaching his consin as she was again borns down by the water. It was the work of a mement to saim with her to the shore, and leaving Lescelles to follow as he could, he with the insensible form of Isabel homeward,

When he saw the house his heart gave a leap of relief, and he dashed through the hall where his annt sat dozing in her chair. The old wo-man fixed a petrified gaze upon John as he hastened with the lifeless form of his cousin up the stairs, and watched him harry off again, drenched as he was, for the doctor. When John returned with the village Æsculapius, Abigail and restored her to com-

Then John went to change his dripping gar-cents. Presently Mr. Lascelles came panting up the garden-path, and the doctor took his leave. But passing through the hall the attention of

the physician was arrested by a motionless figure that lay buddled upon the floor. "God bless my soul," he cried, "it's Miss Moneypenny!"

"O Lord!" said Lascelles, fanning himself with his bat, "she's got a fit! What a day of

"Oh, sunt! dear aunt!" cried John, leaping from the stairs, "what is this?" He took the helpless form in his arms and carried it tenderly

to his sunt's room.

to his sunt's room.

"Another stroke of paralysis," said the physician, "and I fear it will go bard with her this time. My horse is at the door, I'll go procure something for her relief."

"I'm completely done up!" said young Lascelles. "I think I'll retire also. I'm glad to hear Mise Isabel's better. Call in the evening."

And John was left alone with his sant.

"Live!" he cried, kissing and caressing her cold and withered hand; "for without you I am alone in the world!" She opened her eyes, and, gazing upon John, strove in vain to speak, while drops of futile agony stood upon her wrinkled

brow.

A light step descended the staircase, and Isabel approached slowly the door of her sunt's ro but John, overpowered with remorse and grief, thought of nothing at that moment but his auni He fancied her eager gaze was filled with re-

prouch, and he burst into a passion of regret.
"I might have known it would have killed you to see Isabel half dead in my arms; but I could not speak, for my heart was full. Oh, aant,

Isabel sank back, half fainting.

A ray of absolute joy shone in the old woman's eyes, and her brow became instantly calm and

"I know it is madness, deer aunt. I was there, outside the window, that night she called me a clamsy lout, and declared she hated my very name; and yet, despicable wretch that I am, I love her!"

A look of great content crept into the eyes of Miss Moneypenny when she heard this old-fash-ioned burst of passion from John. She closed her eyes, and fearing to disturb her he remained

Isabel crept softly up the stairs, bolding her hands tightly over her beating heart, and bat-tling against the happiness that she felt surging

ting against the nappiness that she left surging within her.

"And my sunt dying, perhaps!" she murmured, indignantly. "Ungrateful wretch that I am!" Steadily keeping this thought before her, she succeeded in banishing the joy from her eyes, and when she joined John by her sunt's bedside she was as sorrowful almost as he.

All that night and the next day the old lady All that night and the next day the out may remained the same—motionless, seemingly life-less, but for the vigor of the dark eyes, that seemed almost to speak in the intensity of their expression. Isabel, now fully recovered, watched with John, and one vied with the other in lavishing and and sincere careases upon the dearest friend they possessed upon earth until Friday evening, when the old lady died.

The funeral was over, the will was read, and it was discovered that "Griselda Moneypenny, being in full possession of all her faculties, willed and devised every thing she possessed to her nephew, John Moneypenny, and her niece, Isabel Moneypenny, share and share alike, in consideration that the said John and Isabel Moneypenmy should become man and wife thirty days from the time of her, Griselds Moneypenny's decease; failing this, her property, personal and other-wise, was to be divided among a host of gready relatives, and as her lawyer had always managed to make his connection with her a profitable to make his connection with her a profitable thing, she hoped he would do the same by her beirs." And there the will ended; not another word, one way or the other. So Isabel count-ed the days as they went by, as the Eastern gen-tleman did his beans, and in spite of the singe of melancholy that shadowed her face, ahe be-came more and more beautiful every day. John scarcely dared linger near her, and reamed about the greatly wavel and so her the country. e grounds, guant and pale as a spectra.

bel's persuasive tenderness he mistook for pity, and rejected her timid advances indignantly. What was the poor girl to do? The days were passing, and soon he would be robbed of his inheritance. She would willingly have been dutiful and obedient to her aunt's desire; she would almost velcome it as a pleasure, so as-cred did she consider these last requests; but John was so—so—stubborn; and here her rhet-oric became sadly mixed up, and a tear or two fell upon her black dress, the first of a shower that rent her heart without consoling it. In the midst of it all came Lascelles; and one morning

midst of it all came Lascelles; and one morning John Moneypenny, walking up and down the garden-path, heard the sweet voice of his coosin raised in remonstrance.

"It is quite impossible!" cried Isabel; "I am very unhappy, Mr. Lascelles. I beg of you to relieve me from my engagement. I can not marry you!"

"Of course you can't now!" said the shrill voice of De Vigny. "I didn't expect such a thing, but you can not surely mean to throw me over altogether; why you can't be in earnest! rung, our you can not serely mean to throw me over altogether; why you can't be in earnest I Just think of it, Miss Moneypenny! I am madly in love with you. I worship the very ground you walk upon, and there isn't a girl for miles wouldn't be proud of such an offer."

"Then you are at liberty to throw your hand-kerchief to any of them," replied Isabel; "you are perfectly free as far as I am concorned."

When John saw the slender form of the young

landed proprietor retreating rapidly toward the De Vigny by-path, he turned his steps home-ward, and turning suddeuly a corner of the hal-cony, found Isabel sitting upon the step in such a pretty antitude of despondency that he could not, for his life, page on not, for his life, pass on,
"What is it, Isabel?" he said, seating him-

"What is it, Issues?" he said, senting imm-self by her side, and finding a tunultuous pas-sion raging within him as he touched her little hand. "Why are you so said?" "I am so wretched and unkappy," sobbed Issuel. "I haven't a friend in the work!" "How can you say that to me?" stammered John and knowing assettle what he was saying.

hn, not knowing exactly what he was saying. "Why do you avoid me then?" continued

Isabel.

John besitated a moment—his lips trembled, and he grew pale. Then he cried, boldly,

"Because I love you!" dropping her hand and shrinking back a little from the rebuff he should forget that you have not be near you lest I should forget that you have and despise me."

"But I don't, John; I love you dearly," said Isabel, lifting her head shyly, and raising two

beseeching eyes to his; the tears lay upon her long lashes, and a sweet, almost infantile ex-pression of joy shone in her fore. John caught her in his arms, believing it all to be a deceifful, fallacious dream; but determining to enjoy it as long as possible, he did not speak for fear of awakening.

The house upon the hill at Scatterton is the cheuriest domain for miles around; and spend-ing a few happy works there last fall, I determined to let the host of relatives (who consider themselves defranded, and stiguntise my old friend John and his charming wife as merce-nary wretches) know what a disinterested thing marriage was, in spite of Aust Moneypen

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Quartum in Astronomy.... People speak of the sun's reaking out. Will this account for the spots on its

FAIR FROM: —As you are strong be merciful. Best your carpons if you like, but don't hit'en when they're down!

At school one day, when the lesson was the table of "sile and beer measure," a little boy, remarkable for the correct manner to which he areally said all his lessons, was quite unprepared.

"How is this, John?" said this tencher.

"I thought it was of no use, Sir," said John,
"No use," interrupted the master.

"No, Sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John,
"I know it is," said the master.
"Well, Sir," said the Bittle boy, "father and I both think it is of no use to learn about ale and beer, as we mean never to buy, sell, or drink them."

Swary Cuttanes-Lavender kids.

I have a lingering love, I own,
For an old decirine, held by come,
That woman's truck aphere is found.
Within the hallowed walls of hence;
But when the babe slaruned the house.
By reiting headlong down the stair—
"Where's Mrs. Jonese" I crick to Ann,
With hands opraised in blank despair.
"Ble's at the risk," replied the maid,
"A-cidia" the velocypade;"

A resident of one of the suburban towns found the services at church very quieting, and fell asleep. He was finally distarted by the touch of a contribution-box in the hands of one of the deacors, who was taking up a collection; but, without opening his eyes, the eleeper ejaculated "Beason," and sunk back to resume his nap. It is unnecessary to say that he was a season-ticket passenger on a railroad.

A complyment who had agree and a season-ticket passenger on a railroad.

A countryman who had never paid more than tweety-five cents to see an exhibition went to view the "Forty Thieres." The ticket-seller charged him serventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the paste-board back he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister, I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

Recently a lady residing in Boston had occasion to correct her little girl, and was somewhat astonished and amneed a few hours afterward, when putting her daughter to bed. After her usual prayer she added, "God bless good page, and God bless mamma, and make her a good memora."

JOHN CHINAMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO.



Chinese adapt themselves to our F shall we take the Queue from them



development of the "Hack" under Highly probable



What will firlight say when this person looks after our Lines?





They make excellent Numes.

Mg. C.—., of Roston, has justly a great reputation for wit. At a supper given after the success of "The Spirit of 75" the subject of play writing come up. A concetted, would be suther reassacted that in his opticion it wasn't difficult to write a play. He himself would write on—a farre, that has well take beet, perhaps. There was somewhat of a smile of incredibly among his hearts.

"Oh, I mean it, was needn't lanch."

ty among his heartra. "Oh, I mean it; you needn't langh." "I don't expect to," rejoined C...., good-natum dly.

Men of mark—chalk manufacturers. Men of chrek—the well-normaled. Men of conscience—these who don't say any thing about it. Men of parts—tables, liets of possideration—those who are trying to sharp others. Men of will—lawyers when inditing the rance, Men of means—a great many mean ones. Men of the period of means—a great many mean ones. Men of interest—nort-brokers, when signific on the principal. Men who go it strong—those of weak minds.

"Where Are my Source!"—A certain Princes is now brying to obtain, in Paris, a separative from her lard and master on a most extraordinary protext. It appears that the Prince, on arriving, after two years service in Mexico, telegraphed to the partner of his beasen no food words of delight at coming back to be again, but simply the iscoule and normanite cores, "Where are my shirte? I can not find them?" Hence the application for a separation. Should the Princes succeed in obtaining one, her husband with, for the finare, not only have to look after his shirts, but also to shift for himself in other matters as well?

A traveler in Pennsylvania asked the landlerd if they had any cases of sur-stroke in that town. "No, No," said the landlerd; "if a man gets drunk hore we say he is drunk, and never call it by any other name."



political changes altered the face of established laws; national serrow and national triumph made sore or glad the hearts of multitudes; but the echoes of the world's sympathies did not pene-trate to Auriel. Azalea learned to speak pure English and tolerable French. She grew attached to her tutor, and with feminine tact she did her little best to lighten the cloud on his life. He was not happy, she was sure of that; for, although he rarely spoke barefuly now, or frowned at her as he did on the day they first met, still be never sang as she did—never laughed, like her, at the predatory amics of the maggie or the blithe gambols of the kitten.

blithe gambols of the kitten.

It was not that Douglas made any affectation of melancholy; but he was like a prisoner whose arms have been bound for so long they know not what use to make of freedom. It is not easy for a man of forty-five, crushed in spirit, and embittered by life-long failure, to lift up his voice in the little aimless songs of joy that bubble up on youth's lips. He could direct Azalen's studies, and sympathize with her earnest enthusiasms when directed toward the acquisition of knowledge. when directed toward the acquisition of knowledge; but he found it hard to restrain his impatience when the girl would suddenly upset the Euripides and fling Sophoeles to the ground, in her impetoous pursuit of Topax, as the latter disappeared, in a quiver of doggish agitation, to make vindictive war on the kitten.

Meanwhile old Moore was slowly dying, and they saw it not; neither did they see Asalea was growing into a beautiful young woman. At the end of four years, when she was sevencem, Lord Orme and his family returned to once more take on their permanent residence in England, as the

up their permanent residence in England, as the health of the Hon. Rosa Orme was now thor-oughly re-established.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ORMES AGAIN.

I HAVE spoken before of Lord Orme's house in Brighton. I have now to introduce you to the old baronial residence of the Ormes, which was also situated in Sussex; but it stood far away from the gay glare of the town, on a wild-looking range of downs. From the upper wisdows you could detect a gleam of sea shining be-youd the furthest float of hills; but except this, and the sheep that made so many dappled lights down the shadowed valleys, there was little else to break the flowing monotony of the view.

When the house was unoccupied by the fam-ily the sheep would crowd up round the walls, and poke their innocent nows against the nail-studded doors; there was no fence-work to separate the front part of the house from the downs -no trees to cast flickered shadows down the —no trees to cast flickered shadows down the sides of the stately towers. In lenely grandeur the massive pile breasted hot suns and rushing winds, and beyond the rude magnificance of its proportions there was little to admire in the exterior of Orme Castle.

"A dreadful dull place," the Misses Orme pronounced the home of their forefathers to be. "Heminded her of pirates," Miss Slater averred, with an affected shiver.

Upon which Conrad punished her by asking her if she would not like to become "the windy bride of a corsair;" which remarkable form of invitation he had discovered in an old drama of Lord Thurlow's.

Conrad's holidays had not begun when the

Ormes returned from abroad, "Thank Heaven for that!" Miss Slater said, fervently: he was to the poor governess what the fly was to Io. When she read morning prayers, and prayed for bealth and happiness for all the members of the household, she could not help glaring evilly at that terrible boy, whose curly head, looking like the crest of a pert cockatoo, hobbed solemnly up and down, keeping time with her somewhat singsong intonation; ** And look kindly on our evil doings," she chanted, looking fixedly at the obnoxious movement; but she could not herself yield the forgiveness she petitioned for.

It was on an evening in October when the family returned home; after the bustle of arrival had subsided, the inmates wandered helplessly about the house, like strange cats that are not sufficiently at home to clean their feet and go through all the licking and purrings incidental to cattish toilets.

The luggage had not arrived, so the ladies' maids could not commence their office. The house looked desolate and strange; no comiliar occupations were about with which the girls could occupy themselves. Lord Orme wished to write some letters, but his inketands were serving as cometeries for deceased flies, and his ens and paper were locked up in his dispatch-

Miss Slater longed for tea; but the female domestics had only just obtained some for them-selves, and utterly declined to pay any attention to the angry vibrations of the bells until their own requirements were satisfied.

After dinner the girls strolled out on the slop-ing lawn at the back of the house, and there held council over their plans for the future. Miss Slater sat down in the drawing-room and looked entally at Lord Orme, and Lord Orme went to sleep

Rosa and Amelia had improved in appearance since the day when they walked like little angu-lar automata under the presiding jerks of Miss Slater's hand

Rosa was black-eyed and tall: she had one of Hose was black-eyed and tall: she had one of those figures over which milliners rejoico—nice and straight, no trouble at all to fit. Her dress-maker and her lady friends called her "so very distinguished-looking." I have observed that when a young lady, wealthy and high-born, lacks the feminine loveliness to which her rank and other advantages justly entitle her, the female jackals of her court generally disarm criticism

by the emphasis with which they proclaim her to be "distinguished;" that is, supposing the object of their admiration is sufficiently large and lanky-looking to merit the appellation; if she be short and fat they are reduced to the suggestion that she is "so sweet."

Amelia Orme would have come into the latter category. She was rather below the middle beight, had a turned-up nose and a benvy face and throat; her eyes were hazel, and were ordinarily placid in expression; but when she was angured a wicked low cunning look gleamed up in their sullen depths. She was full and thick in figure; her hair was a burnished brow

she had a great quantity of it.

Amelia was sullen and phlegmetic. Rosa was lively and imitative. When the two sisters quarreled Rosa had the advantage on her side at the commencement of the warfare, but ultimately the victory remained with Amelia. Rosa exhausted her rage in angry exclamations, with-oring sarcasm, and quick, hot tears; on these occasions her eyes danced, her voice shook, and her nose got red.

Amelia stiffened into the most impenetrable sullenness; her face was calm as an Egyptian idol's, and beavy in its anger like a storm-lurid cloud. In many respects she was amiable. She loved Rosa after her own fashion. She never gratuitously irritated Miss Slater, and she was solemnly respectful to her father.

But of the two I rather think he preferred Rosa, who was waspish and impertinent. In her most agreeable moods Amelia was monoto-nous, and she was as unresponsive to demands for sympathy as a stone-wall is to the electric

for sympathy as a stone-wall is to the electric flash that plays over it in times of storm.

The sisters looked almost pretty as they stood together in the soft gloom of this autumn even-ing, attired in flowing white dresses, and with Roman scarfs twisted about their shoulders. Around them was a bold expanse of grass downs flashed by sunset. A fresh sea wind blew over the high peaks, and all the hills were musical with the gentle tribulation of sheep-bells. Amewith the gentle tribulation of sheep-bells. Amelia looked pensively on the innocent creatures whose lives are one harmless continual nibble, and sighed.

"I haven't tasted South-Down mutton for

ages," she said.

Then the two talked of the grand ball pape was to give soon, and of the dresses they determined to wear, and of the partners they hoped to secure. It was to be their first appearance in society as grown-up young ladies, and their ex-pectations of the result were somewhat extrava-

"Do you think the Marquis of Grandacres will propose for me that night?" sharp-eyed Rosa said, alluding to an unmarried country magnate. "Not that night, perhaps," Amelia said, slow-ly. "Perhaps be'll do it when he calls next

ly. "Perhaps he'll do it when he calls next day. For my pert, I shouldn't think of marry-ing any thing less than twenty thousand a year. I don't so much care for landed estates; there are often so many mortgages round the corner."

Then they discussed the number and class of

people who were to receive invitations,
"I suppose we must ask that Lady Diana,"
Rosa said, viciously. "What men can see to
admire in a woman of her age I can not im-

"She is two or three and thirty, isn't she?

yawned Amelia. "Forty, if she's a day," the other answered. emphatically; and Amelia, who was acute enough in some respects, wondered what admirer of Rosa's had wandered from her, lured away by the attractions of that "splendid mirage," as a clever Frenchman once designated Lady Diana Mer-

"My dears," called Lord Orme from the drawing-room window, "come in; you will

Lord Orme had a vague theory that every one who went out of doors after dinner must neces-sarily catch cold. He always sat indoors through all the long mellow summer evenings. He call-ed the dew damp, and preferred listening to the thresh through closed windows and drawn cur-

The Misses Orme obeyed the summons, and shortly afterward announced themselves to be futigued, and retired to their bedchamber. Hosa went to bed first, and was just dropping off to sleep, when she happened to glance toward Amelia, who was sitting by the mirror, her hands moving rapidly through her hair, and holding some mysterious instruments which, from the distance, resembled mest-skewers. ment Rosa was wide awake. Her black eyes looked suspiciously at her sister's proceedings, and she murmured, with emphasis, "Crimps!" Then she sat up in the bed, and stared at Ame-

"Why are you crimping?" she asked,

recrely.

Both sisters were their hair frizzled over the eyes, in the disheveled Bacchante-like style with which our English virgins nowadays disfigure the fair smooth brows of youth. As a rule, in the privacy of home-life, the Misses Orme's waving locks were allowed to return to their normal state of flatness. The hair resented constant torture, and if twisted too often and too much, under the fiery pressure of the tongs, it was apt to come out in handfuls. There were various degrees of fritziness according as the occasion demanded. If a desirable match was to be fascinated, the lady's-maid, under Miss Slater's directions, wrought her young mistress's tresses into a state of marvelous confusion; if only a commoner, with barren prospects, was to be en-countered, the governess disdained to assist at her charges' toilets, and merely a gentle wave redeemed the hair from its ordinary limpness. If any male visitor were expected, the hair was certain to wave to a certain extent; but when the girls believed themselves to be secured against

intruders, they rejoiced to escape the nightly irri-tation of feeling hard-twisted knobs intervene loc-tween their heads and the pillow.

"Whom do you expect to see to morrow?"
Rosa said, with increased severity. And Ame-lia, looking very conscious, dropped the benid-she was manipulating, and mattered:

"I head same see that if he need into Brich.

"I heard papa say that if he went into Brigh-ton to-morrow, and found that the — Dragoons had arrived, he should ask Captain Mowbray and some of the other officers to dinner."

The treachery stood revealed now the motive for the frizziness was exposed.

"And you would have let me go to sleep without telling me!" Rosa cried, in an access of deep repron

"The maid has gone to bed with a faceache, Amelia answered, abashed; "so she couldn't do

"It must be a good chance for which you would care to take any trouble," Hosa responded, spicefully. She jumped out of bed, and sat down before her mirror with a look of determin-ation in her little sharp face. As she was far more energetic and active than her sister she was avenged by producing a more brilliant re-

But on the morrow they found that their labor had been wasted; for when Lord Orme come back from the barracks and encountered his daughters waiting for him at the porch, whither they had flown to meet him in an unusual accession of filini devotion, he told them that the -Dragoons had not yet arrived. They were expected to leave Norwich to-morrow, and as they were going to march by road through Essex to London, they could not arrive at Brighton for some days yet.

"Captain Mowbray's home is in Essex, is it not, pape?" asked Russ.
"Yes; but I do not suppose he has ever seen it since he was a child," Lord Orme answered.
"It is about as valuable a house to him as an other state.

old year's nest to swallows in the spring,"
"Why does he not let it?" asked the practical Amelia.

"They will never let it," Lord Orme said, de-cisively. "They are as proud as Spaniards, and as impecunious. In the court-yards of the Escurial at Madrid the grass springs up thick enough to feed a team of mules; but I imagine that if a heretic hand wished to remove the signs of nog-lect and disorder, he would be rebuked with, *Let it be; our grass is better than your hay.' No doubt the Mowbenys think the Auriel owls are worthier occupants of their chimneys than

the smoke from a stronger's fire."

"Auriel!" exclaimed Rosa, with a flash of recollection, "that is the name of the place that funny little girl came from. Do you remember ber, Amelia? I mean that disagreeable creature papa brought to Brighton just before we went

"I remember her," Amelia answered, shortly.
"She was horrid."

"She must be quite a woman now: I wonder what she is like," pursued Rosa,

"Worse than ever, I should think," the other said, decisively. "At what time do we dine,

papa?"
Not for the next two hours. I wish you the Times, Amelia; I shall not sleep happy to-night if I do not know what they are about; and I have such a pain in my eyes I can not read them myself."

Amelia looked depressed; it was her way of

expressing disapprobation of any proposal that did not please her. Amolia's depression was as sure an index as the weather-hand that points to "cloudy." Lord Orme turned from her with

"I'll read them, papa!" eried the shrill voice of Rosa. Her father thanked her, doubtfully : be could not well decline the proffer; but as be anticipated, Rosa, after wading through half a column, gave various impatient twitches to the newspaper, and asked if "dear paps would not excuse her reading any more for the present, as

she felt headache coming on."

Lord Orme said "Go, go!" and dismissed her.
Then, unable to amuse himself, he sat and watched the shadows deepen on the hills, and thought of that other girl of whom Rosa and Amelia were

of that other girt or woom, accordingly, just now speaking so contemptuously. I wonder "She must be quite a woman now. what she is like.

Memory told Lord Orme that if the girl resembled her dead mother she must be very fair to look on.

"I'll do her justice one day," he declared to himself; he had been chafed by the selfish dis-regard of him shown by the Misses Orme; and we never think so tenderly of those we have wronged as when we are ourselves writhing under similar hurts.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The old accommodations for rapid riding by rail dwindle into insignificance when compared with the comforts which may now surround one during a long journey. Even a trip across the continent does not seem an undertaking which would involve any great fatigns, when one has realized the lexury of the "Drawing-room Coaches," in a sixteen hours' ride on the Eric Railway. There are three of these conches or cars which run between New York and Buffulothe Atlantic, Pacific, and Metropolis—and they containly afford delightful accommodations to passengers. They are divided into elegantly uphnistered compartments, designed for four, eight, or twelve persons, where the traveler, surrounded by the at-tractions of a well-farnished parlor, may be as cozy and comfortable as possible. Single reats cost \$1.50 for the trip; but one traveling alone, or a couple destring to be by themselves, can secure a compartment price of the smallest size and thus enjoy rest and sectusion. The doors of the compari-ments are open or shut at pleasure; when open a

good view is obtained of the country on both sides of the track, though the large plate-glass window in each room affords an absorbingly fine view. One great convenience of the Brawing-room Care is that a traveler may step out for dinner or supper, and feel confident that hag, bundle, and umbrella are safe. Yet one need not be confined to his own compart ment, the reception-room giving ample opportunity for change of place.

A gentlemanty conductor and an attentive porter have special and exclusive charge of each car, and en-ery want of passengers is supplied. On a recent trip in the Pacific, we found both conductor and porter contracted statement of computer and porter contracted statements. notest details; giving with great cordiality informa-tion about the route; often coming to the door of our comperiment to point our places of interest, or taking us to some other section of the car to obtain the heat view of some romantic spet. For on the line of the Eric Railway is some of the roset charming scenery in the world. River and menutain views combined render it delightfully pomantic.

The Harsom Cab Company, incorporated at the last ession of the Legislature, hope soon to provide the public with a cheaper and more convenient mode of onveyance through the city these carringes afford.
he charter provides that the face shall be as follows: For any distance within and not exceeding one mile, for a single passenger, 30 cents; and for two persons, 40 cents. For any distance additional to one mile, for each mile and fractional part of a mile, for a single passenger, 20 cents; and for two persons, 40 cents. For any time within and not exceeding one hear, for a single passenger, 15 cents; for two persons, §1, and for any time additional, for each hour and fractional part of an hour, for a single person, 15 cents; and for two passengers, \$1. As soon as practicable these force. will be reduced.

A cortain Dr. Kohn has examined the eyes of a bundred and thirty-two typographers in Breston, and re-ports that not more than half a desen have perfect right, a large proportion being short-sighted. If compositions expectally are thus afflicted it is a wonder that typegraphical errors are not more common.

A new journal called the Report has appeared in Paris; it is conducted by the two sons and the section law of Victor Hugo. Victor Hugo himself is a contributor. The sale of the Roper in the streets has been probabited. M. Hearl Rochefort, who is so well in connection with his Lantones, is also ennexted with this new paper.

An exchange gives a new wrinkle about the are of horses, which may oblige the horse deutist to give up his trade. It is said that after a horse is nine years ais trade. It is said that after a horse is nine years old a wrinkle comes on the cyclid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year after he has a well-deduced wrinkle to each year. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is trealve; if four, he is thir-Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it.

A curious affair took place at Niagara Falls a week or two ago. A Spaniard, with a party of friends, arrived one Saturday evening and took mome at the Cutaract House; the same ovening a Cuban, with his party, put up at the International. On Sanday mora-ing at five o'clock both parties took carriages and went over the Old Suspension Bridge into Catada. On arriving at a rural spot the drivers were told to tarry, and the foreign gentlemen disappeased from view. Refere long pisco shots were heard, and one of the Cuben party was assisted to his carriage, and all returned to their hotels. It was soon noised about that there had been a deal, and the parties were accessed, but arranged to secure their liberty until the next day, when an examination took place. The evidence, offered chiefly by the parties themselves, was peculiar-going to show that the Spaniards and Cahens Suppress to meet at Niagara Falls; that each party Asppraed to have a medical gentlemon with him: that having but little time, they started early him; that naving our other time, any names carry, to see the nights; that they were find of shooting, and always traveled with pistols; that they were only amasing themselves firing at a mark, when the un-fortunate Cuban wounded binneid! The prisoners were discharged, and the show caded. From other sources, however, it appeared that Coulo, the Spanhard, had spoken conferoptionardy of the fighting qual-ities of the Cubens, and that a challenge followed from Pundoes, the Cuben, which was accepted.

The backmen at Niagara Falls are quite subfined. They are obvious into a very limited space at the mil-road diport; and when the cars arrive, bringing innocent stranges, all they can do is to hall them gently from their cage, and see if, by chance, any body waves to ride. The arrangement is really very conformable. And though, of course, if you go outside of your basel a backman pops up at every street corner, and half a dezen between whiles, with " Have a carriage, Sir? Only a dollar as hour; they will ask you two dollars at the hotel;" yet, on the whole, they are tolerably well-behaved, and do not camely travelers half as much as they well to do.

About the first of July an expedition under the command of Sir Samuel Baker will set out to attempt the ranguest of the Upper Nile country. The force consists of two hundred Arab cavalry, and one thousand three hundred Nublan infantry. Three stramers, built of stool, are to be transported in pieces to the place of leading, and then put together before launch-ing. Sir Samuel will carry with him a good supply of hardware and fancy goods, adapted to trade in the interior of Africa

Another horrible story comes from New Orleans of a young lady of that city being buried alice. Her iserment seems to have taken place in a very below time after her supposed death—not more than seven-teen hours. An hour after her burial a son of the sexion bened mounings coming from her tomb; but he was an overcome with fear that he find from the and did not make known the fact till the next morning. The temb and coffin were then opened, and the condition of the body indicated that she suffered fear-fully after burial before life was extinct.

The most indicronsly incomic notice we have seen lately is printed in large letters over some insignifi-cant private property on Gont Island, Niagara Falls, not far from the bridge connecting the Island with the main hand. It is simply "Star Out!" Nobedy would ever think of intenting upon such an unattractive buof ground, so the prohibition affords no little fun to

St. Louis is behind the times. St. Louis does not believe in woman's "equal rights." At a recent wedding in that city the officiating clergyman, in his address to the groom, said, "You are the man, and the man must be the raier. Any idea looking to woman as being the ruler is a pervension of Scripture."

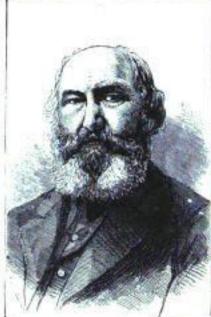


II LIUS ERCHHERS.-(Paur, av Pous, Boston.)

LAST OF THE PEACE JUBILEE.

Propervisor in their connection with the Bost Pence Jubilee, as condintors of Mr. P. S. 1.0. C., as orchestral lenders, and as musical a succes, we reduce that leaders, and as museral injectors, were Mr. Jernes Kreimanne and Mr. Critis Kreimanne and Mr. Critis Kraima. The latter is well known as a composer of the "American Hymn," which a sun a during the first slay of the Juddley. A sketch of Mr. Kritikar, published two years to in a manifeld paper, says of him: "Forming lides of Mr. Kritikar from his many formulant tracker metallic from his many formal and market.

il and popular mebolics, one would natural-suppose bias to be a young-hearted, grayided, good interest, enthusiastic, American-d German; and so in very truth is he. Being of German; and so in very truth is be. Being nost the only representative in this country of it peculiar German style in song, so tender it genefal, yet classic withol, which has along mode Aur and Korkes so favorably our, Mr. Keataca's songs have not yet existed to that outer circle of popularity where i hand organs chain them as their own; but ang the loters of German song—and they are ny—they have never failed in obtaining the recintion and recognition so well deserved, is now twenty-one years since Mr. Keller undoned his own father-land for ours, and dur-



MATHIAS KELLER. -[Poor. by Poss, Boston.]

ing all that time he has zealously endeavored to ing all that time to his zealously endeavored to amalgumate the American and German elements in his compositions, but, try as he will, the latter still predominates; and even his latest songs, thesesh written to New England words, might couly pass as of foreign birth." Mr. Kellen was horn at Ulm, in the Kingdom of Würtemberg, March 29, 1813, and came to America in 1846. He studied music under Lennevanyren and Mo-pours at Stattmert, and the celebrated Exerc-To studied masse under LANDSVINTER and Mo-Liquin at Stuttgart, and the celebrated Errran Vox Seventies at Vienna. For seven years he was band-master in the Third Royal Brigade. After coming to this country he became an or-chestral lender in Philadelphia, and conducted chestral lender in Philadelphia, and conducted both English and German opera in that city successfully. Shortly after the breaking out of the war a prize of five hundred dollars was offered by a committee of gentlemen for the best national hymn. Here was an opportunity for our German-American. His love of liberty had grown with his growth since his arrival in his chosen land, and at this time his patriotism knew no bounds; so it was but natural that he should have felt himself called upon to compete for the prize, or, what was far more precious to him, the Assar of having written the Hymn of the American Italion. Thus it was that the American Hymn had its birth.

Mr. Julius Elennanc was born in the year 1825, and mani-fested in early life such remarkable musical tal-ent that, through Mus-DELISORN'S recommend-ation, he was admitted to the Conservatory at Brussels, where, in 1843, he obtained the first prizes in violin and com-position. He held afterward the position of musical director in several of the most prominent German opera-houses. His later years, previous to coming to this country, were spent in Gene-va, Switzerland, where he officiated as Director of Sacred Music, under appointment of the Consistory of the Church of Geneva. He came to this country in 1856, and has since been liv-ing in Boston most of the time, where he has founded the Boston Conservatory of Music, now generally considered the leading Boston music school. Mr. EICHBERG has been very successful

has been very successful
as a composer of comic
operas, and may safely claim the title of the first
American operatic composer. His operas, "The
Doctor of Alcantarn," "A Night in Rome, "and
the "Rose of Tyrol," have been successfully
performed in all the great American cities, and
seem to be as far removed from Offennator's
buffoonery as from the pretentiousness of the
modern German school.

Mr. Excursage is also the head teacher of
music in the Boston High School, and was last
year sent by the city to Europe on a mission to in-

year sent by the city to Europe on a mission to in-spect and report every thing connected with musical education in the German schools.

FRANCISCO SERRANO, REGENT OF SPAIN.

Francisco Serrano, one of the prominent leaders of the late Spanish Revolution, and who at its close became the head of the Provisional Government, has been, by the Cortes, made Re-gent of Spain. He is a man of over threescore and ten years. He fought in the war of Spanish Independence, and there acquired his early milli-



FRANCISCO SERRANO, REGENT OF SPAIN.

tary education. He was opposed to ESPARTERO, and in 1843 contributed to the overthrew of his administration. His influence over the mind of Queen ISABELLA, shortly after her marriage with the DUKE OF CADIZ, occasioned some serious difference between himself and the King-Consort.

After the fall of M. DE SALAMANCA he became
a Liberal; was exiled in 1854; but soon returned to Spain, and supported with considerable ardor the O'DONNELL and ESPARTERO administration. the O'DONNELL and ESPARTERO administration. When these two entered into conflict he sided with O'DONNELS, and was by the latter created DUKE DE LA TORRE in 1856. Ever since 1865, when he was made Captain-General of Madrid, he has acted with the party of progress. It is to this party that he owes his present position as Regent of Spain.

Regent of Spain.

The establishment of the Regency in Spain seems to be a kind of compromise entered into between the Monarchists and Republicans. The influence of the latter faction, while it is feeble in the Cortes, is so strong among the people that it was not safe to disregard it. Thus the Provisional Government yields to the Regency, and Spain still waits for her king.

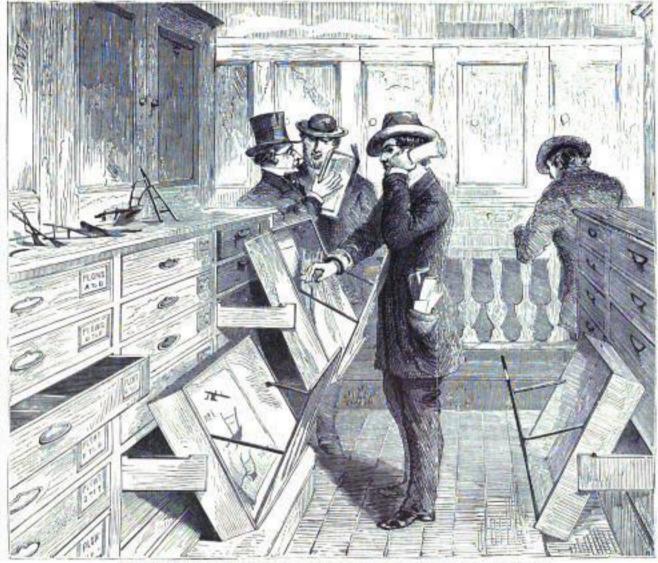


MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT-HOUSE, OFF BOSTON HARBOR.-DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD .- [SEE PAGE 445.]

THE PATENT-OFFICE,

THE Patent-Office, Washington, D. C., was established in 1790. The old office was destroyed December, 1836, by fire, together with all the records, files, models, de-signs, and documents. Many of these lost records were restored through the exertions of patentees. Since 1836 from the new offire there have issued \$5,000 patents, and about 75,000 models of patents are to be found in the salcons of the office, and are open to inspection. During the years just following upon the fire a small space sufficed for the uses of the Patent-Of-fice: but now the asfice there have issued fice; but now the au-loons occupying the up-per story of the building are required for models; the draughtsman occu-ples two large rooms; the library two more; and the files of the patents two more, and will require another soon. Twenty examiners, with forty assistants, are now required to perform the duties formerly attended to by one man. About 320 persons altogether are employed in the of-fice. The receipts are about \$700,000 per annum, and far more than cover the expenses of this important depart-ment. The number of applications for patents last year was 20,000; of patents issued, 14,000; of careats, 3800. Our of careats, 3800. Illustration shows the in-terior of the room containing the plans of pat-

The Commissioner of Patents makes a yearly report to the Secretary of the Interior, which, with its accompanying documents, is published at the public expense.



PATENT-OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.-EXAMINERS AT WORK .- (SECTIONS BY THEO. R. DAVIE.)

MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT-HOUSE.

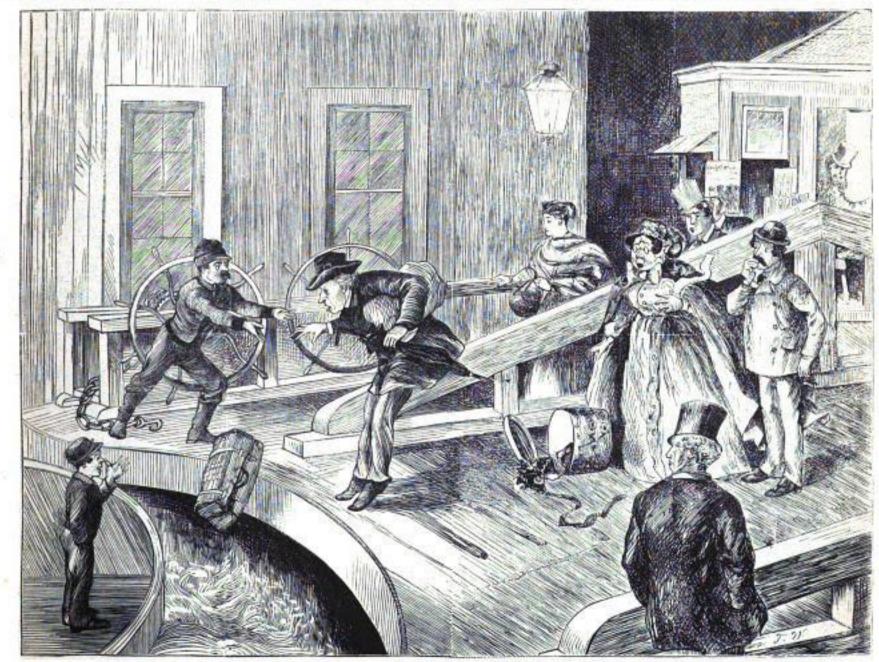
WE give on page 444 a representation of the Minot's Ledge Light-house, near Cohasset. It

is a dangerous locality to vessels making Boston harbor in an easterly storm. The ledge was named after one of the early settlers. The light-houses and light-ships placed there have four stones were had in 1857.

been successively washed away, before the present spacture was built. The last one, destroyed April 16, 1851, was built of iron. It was then de-termined to build one of stone, like the for-mous Faldy-tone Lighthouse, on the English coast. The work was placed in charge of Cap-tain, new General, At-EXAMOR — a distin-guished officer in the United States Engineer

The entire masonry, which up to a certain height from the unter is a solid ands of stone, was litted and put to-gether at the yard of the constructor, and then freighted out to the ledge for permanent enertien, a matter of no slight difficulty, when it is re-membered that the men had to work up to their arm-pits in the water, and scarrely more than a handred working hours could be secured in a year, the workmen being constantly lifted off their feet by incoming waves and afterward having to ho replaced by the locats in attendance. Dut it was completed, and stands an enduring assesument of engineering skill, A more lonely habitation could hardly be imagined, and yet before it was built there were a thousand applithe office of light-keep-er, of whom two are coneantly on duty in the

The light-house is a mile and a half from the nearest had, and at lowwater the highest part of the nock is bare. The



JUST IN TIME TO BE TOO LATE-A DAILY SCENE AT ANY OF OUR FERRIES.-[Drawn by Thomas Worth.]

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASH-INGTON.

MOUNT WASHINGTON is the highest mountain in New England, rising \$295 feet above the level of the sea. It is one of the eastern group of the White Mountains. Our illustration, on page 441, represents the summit of this peak, and is a pic-turesque representation of the scene which it portrays. As one ascends the mountain vegeta-tion gradually disappears. Soon only dwarf pines are visible; at length even these disappear, and the only indiration of vegetable life is the lichen; upon the top of the mountain the rocks lay absolutely naked to the sky, as shown in our

ANCIENT MAGIC.

MEDICINAL plants and herbs were in as much request among the sorecrers of antiquity as they are at this day among the pagess of Asia and Africa. Whospur has not read Monte Cristo can have but a feeble idea of the bright elysium into which a preparation of the Egyptian hemp can transport its consumer. Anciently the jugan priests of Syria would subject the senses of temde visitors to ecstatic visions, furnished by the forms of drugs, and by presenting to their sight pictures or groups artistically disposed would give their thoughts and aspirations whatever direction they pleased. There is every prob-ability that they performed meaneric operations on them. There are very few processes in charlatanism practiced in our days either in Europe or America which were not known in ancient

Egypt, ancient Greece, and ancient Italy.

When the imagination was sufficiently exalted by means of nurcoties, it was not difficult to pro-sent before the excited and bewildered sense of the patient the image of a departed perent or relative, and being about communication by means of ventriloquism or the agency of assistants. Saviges to this day will bring themselves nester the management of their sorcerers, and by means of narcotics, and ghostly music, and vio-lent stances, to the sight and hearing of their dead relatives. The officiating magicians of all these peoples endeator to preserve their prestige by living apart from the tribe, and showing themselves only on urgent occasions. They are sup-posed to possess the power of rendering them-selves invisible. Oversionally, in the cases of predictions unfulfilled, or cures not effected, punishment is inflicted on the wise man; but if he esempes with life, he regulus his former influence sonner or later,

The magicians did not entirely trust to the workings of the imaginations of their clients. They made use, in the language of play-bills, of scenery, machinery, and decorations; and very ingenious and well adapted to their particular purposes these must have been, especially in the exterembs under the Egyptian temples, if Moore's "Fairmests" did not exaggerate what he experienced. The deception by the board was thus managed: The postulant was introduced into a norm, the ceiling of which was sky-blue. Under-seath this room was another, and in the centre of the floor of the upper one was cut a pretty wide aperture. A marble vessel filled with water and provided with a glass bottom was laid over this trap, and when the dupe's awe and terror nere sufficiently excited he was desired to look into this vessel. In the lower apartment was ticolds such god or goddess as he longed yet dreaded to see, under a well-disposed light, and the reflection of the same eviling from the surface of the water, gave the idea of the heavenly figure appearing from above.

Glorious or frightful appearances were pro-duced on the nalls of darkened chambers by means of phosphorus and chemical preparations, and voices were easily brought to add to the consternation of the consulter, and to his confidence in the wise man's skill and power. The favorite mode of getting up the fearful apparition con-sisted in making the sketch with inflammable substances, and when the visitor's eyes were ex-panding in naful expertance, the train was skill-fully fired, and the dazzling vision flashed on him. Of course he had been trained to prostrate himself in the presence of the supernatural thing. and the interview was brought to a successful termination through his own awe and the skillful management of the magic showman.

A striking and most imposing scene was sometimes enceted in this wise: In a darkened chamber, in which the applicant was told be would be favored by the sight of a divisity in the guise of a darting flame, the Archimagus thundered out his most awful incuntations, and at the decisive tustment his accomplice let go a kite carrying a lock of tow well included with an inflammable institle fire being admirly smiled The poor bird, frightened by the have, event in every direction, while the still more frightened dope, with face to the earth, was mpt in awe and terror.

It is worthy of mention here that the superstitions and magical rises of the anciests have been practiced even in modern times.

In Morbilian, in Brittany, not very long since, a piece of money would be put into the hand of a corpse before committing it to the earth. In the neighborhood of Mount Jurn they endeavored to smetify the custom by fastening the even to a was placed under the head. Thus was Charun's perpetuated. Wells, rivers, and trees, once on favorite abodes of goddesses, still possess the personns' reverence. Offerings long continued to be thrown into rivers, and in some instances nouges of saints were reverently dipped in them to obtain rain. Pins would be thrown into wells, and at the forestein of St. Elian, in Britting, a wise woman, after some previous incantations, would perform this ceremony at the request of any one who wished to injure an enemy. 18' course she did not do this spectra thing grace.

The early converted being unable to separate the iden of the local divinity from this or that well, the missionaries were obliged to be content with half measures, and so placed it under the protec-tion of a national or local saint, and appoint-ed devotional exercises to be performed there. These would be at first diligently and piously executed; but in time, and with the decay of piety, the old heathen license would begin to crop up, and it required energy and great influ-ence on the part of the spiritual rulers to revive the spirit of devotion which at one time distinguished the solumnities.

HEAT FROM THE STARS.

Bargarr starlight nights and a cold frosty air are so generally associated that there may be those who will find it hard to believe that the stars really tend to warm us. Yet they do, to their degree. If, as we are taught, they are re-mote sums, they must be great centres of fiery action, and a tittle of their heat must be beene to us with their light-beams. The distances of some of the nearest stars are known; if their temperature in terms of that of our sun could be found, it would be possible to compute the rela-tive amounts of warmth which they and the san impurt to the earth. Conversely, if we could measure the warmth of a star's rays, the tem-perature of their source could be approximately severtained, the distance being known; for the diminution by distance follows a simple law. To measure the heat of stars has just now suggested itself as an interesting problem. Of course ordi-nary thermometers are useless for such a delicate purpose; but the thermo-electric pile, which can be made sensitive enough to exhibit the minutest for made sensitive enough to exhibit the astrom-fluctuations of temperature, comes to the astrom-cters' aid, and promises them all they want in the matter of instrumental accuracy. By allowthe matter of instrumental accuracy. By allow-ing the image of a star formed in the focus of a large telescope-which for the time being becomes merely a great burning-glass—to fall upon the face of a thermo-pile, any beating power in the star's rays will be converted into electricity, and a current will be set up which will deflect the needle of a delicate galvanometer connected with the pile. Some preliminary experiments of this character have been tried independently by Mr. Huggins and Mr. Stone, and each observer has concluded that a measurable quantum of bent reaches us from the brighter stars. How much—what fraction of a Fahrenheit's degree has not yet been determined, but we shall know it in time. From the smallness of the amount to be measured the operation requires almost inconceivable niceties: the equability of atmospheric temperature requisite to make it certain that the observed effects are due to the suspected start the observed effects are due to the suspected cause, and not to variable air currents passing before or within the telescope, can exist very soldom; so the progress of the research will be very slow. Clear nights, by-the-way, are cold, because the absence of cloud permits the earth's warmth to radiate into space. Clouds are blank-cts that here in the lear. ets that keep in the heat.

THE DHURUMSALLAH AT SURAT.

THE idea of instituting a hospital for animals, however worthy of praise, is not original with the benevolent gentlemen who are said to enter-tain it for the benefit of the mammalia of this

in the city of Surat, on the western coast of the peninsula of Hindostan, such an institution has been in existence for some centuries, and is now very richly endowed by the manificance of the Jain sect, who were its original founders. The Jains are the sharpest, shrewdest, and, it may be added, in trade the most unscrapalous

of all the Asiatic tribes; they are the Quakers of India, and are essentially a trading people; like their Western prototypes, never adopting a salitary cureer, their religion forbidding the shedding of blood—indeed, it forbids the slaying of any thing that has once been been the of any thing that has once breathed the breath of life. The Jains are therefore vegetarians in the strictest sense of the word. To such an ab-sual extent is this prejudice carried that a Jain will not destroy the most noxious of reptiles or

These people have built at Surat an asylum of great extest for decrepts and diseased animals, and to this refuge the inhabitants of the whole district in which it stands are invited to send all the worn-out horses, bullocks, dogs, etc., which would otherwise be killed by their owners when

the days of their utility had passed.

The Dharemsellah is of great extent, covering many acres of ground, surrounded by a lofty wall. Here are trees, through the branches of which and tumbés insumerable monkeys, with pess-ford and parroes of gorgeous plumage scream-ing answer to the monkey chatter.

A lugo elephant, gray with years, and decrepit from wounds received in buttle, stands under the shade of a mango-tree on the margin of a tank whisking the flies from his sides with the branch of a plantain-tree from which he has eaten the more succulent of the leaves. A long, ungainly, wicked-backing brate is the camel standing at his side getting the benefit of the elephantine fly-brush, while under the bedies of both repose, in the double shade, half a dozen dogs of as many different breeds. The Brahminee bull, however, is the animal that receives the greatest amount of consideration in the establishment, each old fellow having his own stall, to which he ratires from the heat of day or the dew of night.

It is quite impossible to estimate the number of animals within the walls; in 1848 there were several hundred horses, as many cows and goats, dogs innumerable, many deer, about twenty els, and seven elephants. All these animals were fed daily, and, strange to say, although there might be occasional quarrels among those of the I

same species over the food, as a rule each accapted his allotted share without attempting a raid on his neighbor's portion. Dogs, although carnivorous animals, in the Surat Dhurumsallah were never allowed mest, being fed on the na-tive grains, dhal and bajeres, moistened with buffalo butter. Pigs were the only creatures ex-cluded from the benefits of the hospital, and this not by any particular law, but simply by ignor-ing the existence of any and aritmal

ing the existence of any such animals.

As nothing can be killed inside the walls of the place, it may be believed that insect life greatly shounds, and it is said that hence arose, "once arounds, and it is said that hence arose, "once upon a time," a source of much tribulation to the amishle superintendent, who, with the enormous revenues of the place, could easily find food for the larger animals, but was corely troubled at the prospect of the inevitable starvation of the millions upon millions of creeping things that would persist in maltiplying so rapidly.

Ram Jut, however, was a man of great re-ource, as of great benevolence. He hit on a source, as on great combining charity to man brilliant expedient, combining charity to man and beast. He hired stout, sturdy beggars, at so much per night, to sleep within the hospital walls and surrender their bodies as foraging-ground for the starving cavalry, brown and gray.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Bistricki House of Lords, as at present consti-tuted, consists of about 460 members, of whom 15 are minors. Deducting the Irish and the Scotch representative peers and the prelates, the number of bereditary peerages is 389, and of these the large majority are the creations of the present century. Of the barons who respond-ed to the writs of summons issued by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leisenter, six hundred years Montfort, Earl of Leicester, six hundred years Montfort, Earl of Leicester, six hundred years ago, the descendants of three only now sit in the Upper House. They are Lords Hastings, De Res, and Audley, the baronies of the two former dating from 1264, and that of the latter from 1296. The surviving peerages which are creations of the fourteenth century are four-viz., the baronies of Camoys, Clinton, Dacre, and Willoughby de Eresby. The peerages of the fifteenth century now represented are seven; of the sixteenth, 12; of the seventeenth, 35; of the eight-centh, 35; and of the nineteenth, 233, On an average more than twenty never die an On an average more than twenty peers die an-nually, and three or four peerages become ex-

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distributing channels.

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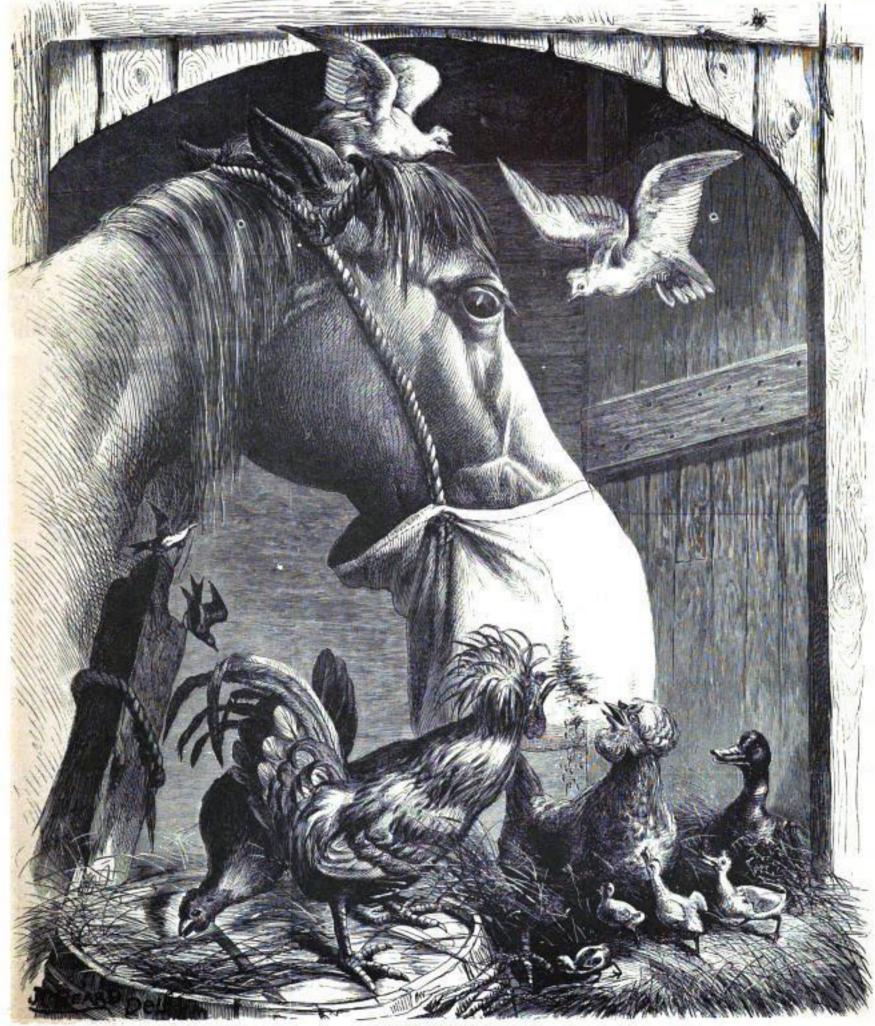


HARPERS WEEKLY. POURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869.

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UNINVITED GUESTS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH NEUTRALITY.

THE London Star, the paper of the most radical American sympathies in England, says that America stands in relation to Cuba exactly as England did in relation to the Southern Confederacy; and it insists that the departure of an armed expedition from New York against Spain is as flagrant a violation of the neutrality laws of the United States as the sailing of the Alabama from Liverpool against those of Great Britain. But the Star forgets that the United States authorities moved upon the first intimation of the Spanish representatives, and that their vigilance has been unrelaxing over since, The British Government, on the contrary, was deaf to the most urgent warnings and requests of our Minister until it was too late-deaf in such a way that, under the circumstances, the theory of bad faith was instantly adopted by the public opinion of this country as the planation. But the Spanish Minister is satis-fied with the conduct of the officers of the United States at this port; and public opinion in Spain will not accuse of duplicity the Government whose officers are so efficient,

Nor ought the Star nor any English friend of America to forget that the general attitude of the two Governments, under similar circum-stances, is entirely different. The British Govcrument conceded belligerent rights to the rebels in this country before a battle had been fought -and, unless we are much mistaken, before it could have heard of the proclamation declaring n blockade of the Southern ports. This haste to recognize as a belligerent a party which was up to that moment merely insurrectionary, with the contemporary circumstances so fully reveal-ed in the correspondence of Mr. SEWARD and Mr. ADAMS, and the vehement hostility of the press, showed an unfriendly spirit which is an essential element of all consideration of the sub-ject. But the case of the United States and Cuba is wholly different, Public sympathy is undoubtedly with Cuba as an island striking for independence of a harsh, foreign rule; and there is very little doubt that the President and many of his Cabinet share this abstract approval of the Cuban revolution. Nevertheless, the Government bas not yet conceded belligerent rights to the Cubans, although the struggle has listed eight months, and the conduct of its of ficers at this port, which is the base of the openations of Cubar sympathy, is heartily approved, as we have stated, by the Spanish representatives. The circumstances of the two cases are thus, as the Stor will see, materially different,

If, indeed, the Star can find any proof of the collusion of this Government with the insurgents in Cuba-if it can show that the sympathy of the President and of the Cabinet, and the natural good-wishes of the American people for every other people struggling for independence and popular government, lead to open acquiescence in fingrant definite of the law and the authority of the United States, by such persons as usually compose a filibustering expedition—if, in a word, the Saw can prove that the Governmens of the United States is consuring the British Government for lack of zeal in enforcing its neutrality laws, while it is conniving at the evasion of its own, then, we admit, the Star will justly convict this Government of conduct which would destroy all the moral force of its position upon the English question.

That the cause of Cuba may be noble and

praiseworthy while that of the rebels was unspeakably mean and inhuman does not affect the question. Our own neutrality laws are not to be enforced against countries that we dislike and to be evaded in favor of those that we like. If we think that the cause of Cuba is so good that we ought to favor it, there is a way to do so without meanness or skulking. In that case let us frankly recognize Cuban independence and treat with what is called the Cuban Reand tell Spain th Ther England can not complain of our neutral unduct, for we shall have become a belligerent prepared for all the consequences. But until we are ready to take that position there is but one other course that we can honorably pursue and that is to execute our laws vicerously. If we mean to treat such gentlemen as Captain RYAN and his two or three hundred recruits of various nationalities-ardent devotees of liberty and equal rigids as of course they must be-as friends of humanity and justice and good order, let us frankly say so, and ahandon the attempt to stop their departure. But if they are to be regarded as defying the law, let the authority of the Government continue to be asserted as it is by its officers at this port; and to make our position unmistakable to the world, let the Government, as in the days of Wasti-INGTOR, and even of POLK and FILLMORE, issue

its proclamation of warning.

Thus far, indeed, with the exception of such a proclamation, the conduct of the officers of the Government in regard to Cuba has main-

tained the ancient renown of the United States. The authorities have executed the laws-laws made not for oppression, like the Fugitive Slave Law, but for the general welfare, and to prevent one war being the occasion of a general struggle. Meanwhile if the prompt execution of the laws seriously threaten liberty or good order, the Government has the discretion making their enforcement unnecessary by taking part with threatened liberty. It can not, even if it wished, carry water upon both shoulders. It can not with one hand menace England for doing what the other hand is doing to Spain. Let the Stor watch as closely as it can; and we say again that if it can convict this Government of dishonorable conduct in the Cuban question, it will have gone far to de-stroy the moral force of the Alabama claims. But we warn it that it will have its labor for its pains,

NEW ISSUES.

In the unprecedented political calm which has fallen upon the country it is only natural that issues should present themselves of a different kind from those that have engaged the public mind during a generation. And it is upon this situation that the Democratic party founds its hope of returning to partial power. For the new issues arise, of course, in the Republican party, which comprises the great body of independent and progressive men, and of those who are inspired by other purposes than the possession of the spoils merely. The Antislavery movement was not supported by the Democratic party. The Temperance movement, for the same reason, is not supported by it, and will never divide that party. The reason is not that the Democratic party holds that government has nothing to do with such questions, as some Democrats, and many who are not Democrats, honestly believe, but because the great body of the ignorant voters belong to that party, and the party policy must be shaped accordingly; and equal rights and temperance are not agreeable to ignorant minds.

The new issues, therefore, will spring from the Republican party, and the first one, apparently, is to be that of temperance. A National Temperance Convention, with political objects, is to meet at Chicago on the 1st of September. A Temperance Convention will presently assemble at Syracuse, in this State. The Maine Temperance Convention has lately met, almost unanimously laid upon the table the temperance resolution of the Republican Convention, and nominated a temperance candidate for Governor. In Massachusetts it is announced that the election will turn mainly upon the liquor issue. If Governor CLAPLIN should prefer to go to Congress, it is supposed that Mr. GRORGE B. LORING, a positive prohibitionist, will be nominated by the Republican party, to avoid a schism upon the question, while the freedom of whisky will be represented by Mr. John Quincy ADAMS.

It would certainly seem to be very possible that in so languid a political year a vigorous campaign of the Temperance men, who must be drawn almost exclusively from the Republicans, would offer the Democratic party in Maine a better chance of success than it has known for many years; while the nomination of Mr. Loring upon a strictly prohibitory plat-form in Massachusetts would for many reasons make the vote for Mr. ADAMS much more respectable than his former votes. Mr. Lorino is an old Democrat; opposed to the war, we believe, until the second year; a friend and ally of General BUTLER, who is representative for Mr. Longue's district, and a gentleman not agreeable to those who are not BUTLER Republicans, and who prefer the older confessors of the faith. The Senatorial election for the successor of Mr. Wilson will occur during the session of the next Legislature; and should a decided majority of the members prove to be strict prohibitionists, General BUTLER, who is a candidate for Mr. Wilson's seat, will undoubtedly appear with excellent effect as a more tectotal tectotaler than the late lamented Father MATHEW.

No one who has watched closely since the e surprised l nence which the Temperance question has assumed in the public mind of this country. The progress of intemperance is such as to challenge the most thoughtful inquiry as to the proper method of arresting it. The Temperance politicious rest their cause upon experience and public order. They point to statistics and humanity. They appeal to the tax levy and to domestic peacs. Their argument is powerful and persuasive. The right and propriety of license are, they contend, every where conceded; but the principle of license or regulation involves prohibition; and the degree of the restraint is merely a question of expediency to be decided upon careful consideration. The rejoinder is that sumptuary laws of every kind nlways fail, and that the reform sought by the Temperance party must be achieved by moral sussion; that if government may decree what we shall sell and ent and drink, it becomes the most intolerable of despotisms, because in the nature of things there can be no guarantee that its prohibitions will be always, or indeed often, wise; that beginning with prohibiting beer and wine and spirits, it will proceed to prohibit coffee and tea; and that there will be no security for rocking-chairs and feather-beds; that it reverses the order of civilization by tending to sacrifice the individual to the State, and increases instead of lessening the functions of government.

But to these arguments the practical experience of communities in which there has been a trial of the two systems will furnish a conclusive answer. If it has been found, for instance, in Massachusetts, during the rule of the most stringent law, that the taxes were reduced, that the good order of villages was palpauly improved, that the character of the public interest was heightened, that hundreds of young men were saved by the increased difficulties of gratifying the appetite for liquor, and hundreds of homes restored, for the same reason, to cheerfulness and peace, these facts will be mighty allies of the new issue, and parilous adversaries

to the theory of the limitation of government. But there are other considerations which should be carefully weighed by every Republican who is urged to vote exclusively upon this issue. To divide the party is to being the Democrats into power. Is the exigency such that the public welfare, including the interest of Temperance, will be more benefited by the ascendency of that party? The platform of the Maine Republicans declares "that we emphatically renew our adhesion to the principles of prohibition and a vigorous enforcement of laws to that end." Ought a Temperance man, under the circumstances, to abandon a party which takes such a position, and thereby help to give the victory to one that denounces all such laws? Could an honest member of the Liberty party in New York twenty-three years ago have sistently refused to support the Whig or the Democratic party if either of them had ex pressed themselves in corresponding terms upon the Slavery question? As it was, it was evidently doubtful whether Liberty would gain by the success of either party; but can the same be said of the Temperance movement now?

OUR SUPPLY OF WATER.

Doubt having been expressed as to the capacity of the Croton Valley to supply our future population with water, the question is an interesting one whether it is well founded, and what means are required to secure the city against such a contingency. It may be necessary to imitate the example of Boston, which has lately admitted several adjacent towns and villages, and annex the lower portion of Westchester to New York, in which case a very large population will need to be provided for. That it will very soon equal if not surpass that of London is very certain.

No city in the world presesses the advantages of New York. When the obstructions to navigation at Hell Gate are removed, which can easily be doue, as was demonstrated by the aspacious operations of Henry Grinnett, we shall have access to the ocean by an improved channel for the largest ships. Our means of communication by way of Sandy Hook are sufficient for all present purposes, and are superior to those elsewhere enjoyed. The commerce of the whole world may have easy access to our wharves.

Our communications with the vast interior of our country and with Canada are equally convenient. High mountains are interposed be tween the interior and other Atlantic cities, except Savannah, but by two united valleys, that of the Mohawk, which breaks through the Alleghany at Little Falls, and that of the Hudson, which breaks through the range at West Point our trade with the interior is unobstructed. With Canada we have easy communication, as the highest elevation is only about 110 feet, We shall presently avail ourselves of these great advantages by widening and deepening the Eric Canal and the canal connecting with Lake Champlain, and in time by a ship canal from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, and thus provided none but territorial limits can be assigned to the growth of population which will inhabit New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Westchester. The supply of this city and of the lower part of Westchester must engage the attention of our Legislature, whother they become united under one municipality or remain under separate local govern-

The Commissioners who introduced the Croton into the city made an examination of the Bronx, and wisely decided not to use it. If it were dammed at Bronxville the reservoir at that place would have an elevation of about seventy feet above tide, from which much of the lower part of Westchester could be supplied. The village of White Plains, which is growing rapidly, endeavored to obtain the right to take water from the Browx for the use of the village; but Rve Pond, one of the most important feeders of the Bronx, will doubtless be used for that purpose, as it is supplied chiefly by springs, is cated at a sufficient elevation above White Plains, and is only about three miles distant. It is probable that the Bronx will furnish enough water for as many residents as will congregate in the lower part of the county for perbaps fifty years.

The Croton aqueduct, which commences in Westchester, and runs for nearly thirty miles along and near the banks of the Hudson in that county, has not been tapped except at the State prison. The only case in which permission to do so was given was that of a gentleman who had performed services in respect to the sewerage of the city, but on reflection he declined to avail himself of the permission, as he feared that, if repeated, irreparable damage might result from it.

Mr. Corves was at the time President of the Board. The aquedoct is constructed to deliver, as its maximum, sixty millions of gallons per day, which it regularly does, furnishing to each of a million of inhabitants sixty gallons of water per diem. The Croton River not only supplies this quantity, but throws a large excess over the dam for nine months in the year. During the heats of summer it occasionally happens that a much smaller quantity runs into the dam than the aqueduct requires. But at Boyd's Corners on the west branch of the Croton a storage reservoir is being constructed competent to hold enough, added to the minimum supply from all the branches, to deliver into the aqueduct all that it can take.

The drainage area of this reservoir is about 20 miles, and constitutes the extreme northwestern portion of Croton Valley. The reservoir is over 60 miles from the city, at an elevation of 600 feet above tide, and is in an extremely wild district, spersely populated. It will cover 308 acres of land, and will store 3,369,206,859 gallons of water. On its completion, which will be in about two years, this reservoir alone will supply the whole quantity required for forty-five days, if it all reaches the main dam, not reckoning other sources of supply; but, as the new reservoir is 28 miles from the dam, some of the water will be absorbed. but the quantity will be but little in excess of what the stream will at the same time furnish to the reservoir. No apprehension need be entertained that the aqueduct will not furnish the city throughout every year, after this new work is completed, the full complement of sixty millions of gallons daily.

Many parts of London are supplied by their aqueducts with only twelve gallous per day to each inhabitant; but as there is but little waste the quantity suffices. What we receive would be deemed luxurious by any but the most wasteful people. In winter, to prevent injury to the pipes by the freezing of the water, it is allowed to run both night and day—a contingency against which the English are not required to guard; and much of the water here is used for manufacturing purposes—an object which ought to be encouraged up to the point beyond which inconvenience of a domestic character would result. No city is complete without an abundant supply of water, delivered into houses from such an elevation that it becomes after use the power or carrier for removing the refuse through sewers. The primary system of New England, which fortunately extends to the coast here, where it runs out, enables us to obtain and introduce water at a high elevation and of a pure quality. And it will contribute to the growth of the city to keep up a luxurious supply. London is now discussing the question what means shall be used to introduce water from a river in Wales, over a hundred miles distant, and will decide to introduce it at vast expense, inasmuch as the health and prosperity of the city depend upon it.

Many of the diseases which prevail owe their origin, and frequently their malignant type, to the water we drink, and there should be no besitation to make whatever outlay may be required within our means to maintain forever a proper supply. The bounteousness of nature to our city is conspicuous in the means which are afforded for obtaining water for an enormous population. The valley of the Croton has a drainage area of three hundred and twenty square miles, containing chiefly the soil and the rocks of the primary system. The mount-ain range which crosses the Hudson from Peekskill to near West Point constitutes the bulk of this region, which axtends very little beyond the by the east, west, and middle branches of the Croton and their affinents there are no less than fifteen convenient spots in which storing reservoirs may be built, the joint capacity of which exceeds sixty-two billions of gallons. trict is already studded with numerous lakes and ponds, the outlets of which run very evenly, form-ing, with the artificial means which may be provided at moderate expense, such conveniences for storing water as our growth in population may bereafter require.

In time it will undoubtedly be necessary to add to the capacity of the aqueduct, or build a new one. Whatever quantity might be introduced, advantage would result from it even if much too large for domestic purposes. Skill will employ itself to devise some cheap mode of using the Croton as a power in domestic industry; and the time may not be distant when, in addition to the luxurious supply of pure water with which we are now blessed, the women of the city, in their own dwellings, may use the

Croton as the power to work their sewing-machines at a trifling expense, and without inconvenience. Among the benefits conferred by the Croton the ease which it contributes to the performance of household labors is of great importance, and of itself justifies the outlay, The men who had charge of the work, among whom STEFREN ALLEN was conspicuous, deserve the warmest thanks for what they did, as they conducted it with a purity which has not been known in recent years, fitly represented by what they introduced, and with such inestimable advantage.

The alarm which has recently been stirred up about polluting the water is due in great part to the exigencies of a personal lawsuit. The situation of the district is favorable to exemption from this danger, but yet it will be wise to ask from the legislative power the means to prevent-while the population is not full-the introduction of those industries which render streams impure. There are enough which may be pursued in harmony with the interests of the people there and the vital interests of New

York in the Croton Valley.

Plans for supplying White Plains and the lower part of Westchester will no doubt be placed before the Legislature next winter, and as they concern the highest interests of their respective localities, it is to be hoped that they will be devised in the spirit which animated STEPHEN ALLEN and his coadjutors, and be acted upon by the Legislature without the necessity of purchasing a vote.

New York will soon need to follow; but we shudder to think what a difference we shall ex-perience now in the objects and influences which shall govern our present managers in constructing a new aqueduct, as compared with those which directed the old and justly honored sachems of Tammany.

THE PERSONAL INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.

Rooms are already engaged in Rome by persons thousands of miles away who hope to reach the city in time for the Œcumenical Council next winter. This Council, or assembly of the whole body of the faithful, speaks for the Church and proclaims dogmas; and the absorbing interest of the proposed Council is, that if it should meet, the Pope is understood to wish it to pronounce the absolute personal infallibility of the incumbent of the Holy See. This claim is so portentous that the French Churchmen especially, and even the Jesuits, are alarmed, foreseeing the inevitable danger of such a proclamation. Their ground of course is that, so long as the Church claims infallibility in spiritual subjects alone, its infallibility can never be put to the proof. If it declares, for instance, that a certain act is a mortal sin and will damn a soul eternally, its position is purely theoretical, because nobody can prove that a soul is not damned eternally. Consequently any Church or ony man may claim absolute infallibility upon such subjects, conscious that the claim can never be disproved.

Moreover, so long as the whole Church must pronounce, it is always easy to delay or to confuse the decision. But the case is very different when perfect infallibility is claimed for any individual man. His word upon every subject would then be identical with truth. He could declare the essential conditions of salvation. It would be in vain that his infallibility would be proclaimed to be limited. When a universal Council once announced the personal infallibility of the Pope, his word would be to the faithful the word of God. He would need only to declare this or that the condition of acceptance with God, and his "children" would obediently listen. But while this would be the result within the pule of his ecclesiastical familv, it would be very different beyond its bor-The Pope is by no means always selected for his wisdom or his virtue. The history of the Holy Conclave is the history of as much envy and hatred and wretched intrigue as are to be found in any secular convention, and an old, ignorant, fanatical ecclesiastic might become the most fatal enemy of his Church just in the degree of his sincere and narrow devotion to her A man like the late Pope GREG ORY THE SIXTEESTH, enthroned in the chair of St. Peter as absolutely infallible Head of the Church, might readily do what all the "infidels" have never been able to accomplish.

If, for instance, he should declare as truth essential to salvation something which science should presently and plainly disprove, the plight would be so ridiculous that no Church could endure it. If, with absolute personal infallibility, he should abandon himself to such foolish and truculent denunciations of the freedom of the press, for instance, or of scientific investigation. as appeared in the encyclical letter of the present Pope two years ago, the effect would be immense and pernicious to his own cause. What sort of a Church is it whose infallible Head decrees that the sun goes round the earth, or that the Mosaic cosmogony is literally and limitedly exact? would be the perilous question which could not be satisfactorily answered. And this is the dilemma which the Jesuits and the Frenchmen foresee, and which, if possible, they would avoid. The Papal opportunity of asserting as true what could be conclusively shown to be false must not, in their judgment he allowed.

The power of the Pope for good results would, of course, be increased by the decree which Pres THE NEXTH is understood to favor, He might make the cardinal virtues instead of theological dogmas the essentials to salvation. He might require education. He might insist upon a real liberty. Indeed, he might do all that the supporters of vast arbitrary power seem to imagine such potentates will do. But the probabilities are always against the wise use of such a prerogative as is now sought; and there is no method whatever of securing the continuance of such a use. Decree the absolute infallibility of the Pope, and any ignorant prices, crowned with the triple tiars, could ando the work of the wisest pontiff. Indeed, the present Pope, who is approaching the re-markable term of a quarter of a century in the pontificate, is not a man of such sagacity that his own career and reputation are likely to strengthen his demand. If the Council should assemble and decree as he desires, the sincerest enemies of his Church ought to be satisfied.

INSULTS TO GENERAL GRANT.

Mn. Andrew Jourson, if the report of a conversation with him be correct - and the World publishes the matter as if it were of importance to somebody—is of opinion that Gen-eral Grant is "a farce," and "a little fellow," and "treacherous," and that he "lied flagrantand that his presence in the White House "degrading" to the Presidency. In the words of the Declaration, which are very familiar to us all at this season, it would seem that "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" would make Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON extremely careful of allusions to treachery and degrada tion in connection with the Presidency of the United States.

It is the fate of the greatest benefactors of their country to be subject to slander. The old Aurora said as foul things of WASHINGTON as ever the rebel and Democratic newspapers said of Lencoln, or as Mr. Andrew Johnson and the World can say of General GRANT. But somehow the people thought that the Aurora's ribuldry or the Copperhead hiss could hardly lessen the lustre of the inestimable nations services of Washington and Lincoln; and when they read the feeble insults of Mr. Ax-DREW JOHNSON and the World upon a man whose career is what General GRANT'S has been, in the words of the amusing college song, "they don't seem to take no kind of interest in it."

THE EMPIRE.

THERE is a paper published in New York which is called the Imperiolist. It is so enamored of the happiness of France, and so dismayed by the ruin of this republic, that it can see no hope of relief from the misery and slavery in which we are involved but in an empire. That indeed is peace. That is happiness and freedom and prosperity. If that great and good Caran, Louis Narolson, to whom no-thing is so dear as liberty and individual rights, would only graciously consent to bestow his imperial son upon us for a ruler-that son of whose mother General Drx has recently said such prodigiously amiable things in Pariswhat a happy day it would be! what a fortunate nation!

See the immense advantages of imperialism. In this wretched country, where we not only labor under the incubus of a republic, but a republic which secures liberty of speech and of the press-which a foolish and unimperial philosophy supposes to be essential to a good and p.ogressive government—a paper like the Im-periolist may denounce and deride the Government and its officers at its own sweet will, and with senreely a smile of interest from any body. If it can, it may persuade the people of the country to install a wise and virtuous WIGFALL or Narolson, or a "Christian gentleman" like LEE or FORKEST, as its august emperor-and nobody, least of all the Government, will interfere with its endeavors. But in France, in the empire which is peace and liberty and prosperity, we read that Mr. HENRY ROCHEFORT, the editor of a newspaper, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of three thousand francs, and is deprived for three years of the right to vote or to sit in the Legislative Assembly; and all this because he derides and denounces the benign and peaceable empire.

This is the kind of system which is to restore to us the liberties of which a ruthless mob has deprived us, and its advantages are only too evident. So, too, we observe that the great and good French Casan has graciously re-marked to the Bishop of Beauvais that "the addresses of bishops, couched in the language of piety, are always received with deference. -feeling makes us wondrous kind. The rule of the Pope in his Church is the image of that which the French Casan desires in his State, or it will be so, if the Pope can only per-

seads the Œcumenical Council next winter to declare the absolute personal infallibility of the Holy Father. The next step in the progress of our liberties and prosperity is thus made With an emperor to regulate our personal freedom, including that of speech and the press, and a Pope to determine our religious faith and the limits of our mental activity, the republic, not to speak lightly, may hang up its fiddle and its bow, and every happy subject of the empire receive his opinious and his rule of conduct from imperial and papel headquarters.

That astute statesman, Mr. F. P. BLAIR, Jun., of Missouri, who sees as far into a millstone as any body, warned his country last year that he was the path of safety, while the darkly designing despot GRANT would never leave th White House if he once entered it, but would remain there an emperor. The ghastly truth now appears! "I smell a rat; I'll crush him in the bud!" exclaimed a fervent orator. Is it not plain to every body whom Mr. F. P. BLAIR, Jun., convinced of GRANT's neferious designs that the Imperialist is his first stealthy movement toward an imperial throne, and that the crown which it bears upon its front is the one that he proposes to transfer to his brow?

FRIENDLY WORDS.

THE speech of GOLDWIN SMITH at Toronto, which was curiously distorted in the telegraphic report, has been published in the Cornell Era at Ithaca. The two following extracts will not harm him with those who know how truly and in the best sense be is an English friend of America. In speaking of Mr. Summun's speech he says :

"I was perhaps the only Englishman resident in the States, except those connected with the diplomatic service and whose tongues were tied, who had fol-lowed the controversy through all its different phases; and, moreover, Mr. Stessas in quoting some words of mins, as he did, against my country, made an ap-peal to an English heart, to which, if he knew the En-glish heart, he must have been aware that it would not fall to respond. I received in return, as you saw, a profuse abover of compliments from the American news; and here, hereath the nephecture of the British news; and here, hereath the nephecture of the British "I was perhaps the only Englishman resident in rees: and here, beneath the protection of the British ag, and in this confidential circle, one may whisper flag, and in this confidential circus, one may wronger that the American press in bestowing its compliments on the objects of its apprehation and sympathy is not in the habit of erring on the side of excessive delicacy. I observed one journal which in my case was some-thing more than personal; and I had observed a short time before in the same journal a lively editorial at-tacking a rival editor's hat and boots."

GOLDWIN SMITH is not the only Englishman or American who makes a broad distinction between people and politicians, as in this passage:

"It is not of the American people that I am afmid. The more I see of the American people the more I acknowledge and respect their worth, and the more confident do I feel that they will decide in accordance with the dictates of good scuse and mornily any question submitted to their deliberate judgment and fairly presented to their minds. I am not afraid, I say, of the people; that of which I am afraid is an excess of the people; that of which I am afraid is an excess of the people; that of which I am afraid is an excess of the people; that of which I am afraid is an excess of the people; that of which I am afraid is an excess of the people; that of which I am afraid is an excess of the people; that of which I am afraid is an excess of the people; that of which I am afraid is an excess of the people; the other people is the people of the people o patriotism or virtue on the part of the politicisms. I think it probable that in certain contingencies, and under certain feducements, the politicisms might be led by their spirit of self-sacrifice to do something too disinterested and subline. The other day they were going pently fast, as it seemed to me, in a direction in which if they had persisted in going, seit concequences would have almost certainly ensued. The attitude of England in this matter, I appealed, is atitizate of England in this matter, I apperbend, is perfectly intelligible, and her language perfectly distinct. If any wrong has been unintentionally done by her Government, or by any of the officers employed noder it, to a friendly nation, we are ready and willing to make full reparation for it. We are ready and willing, also, in addition to any permisary damage which we may become liable to pay, to make such an acknowledgment as, in a case of unintentional injury, one man of honce is always prepared to make to another in private Big. provided only we are accorded in the style in which one man of honor secosts another, and not in the style of Mr. Souszas's speech."

THE CASE OF Mr. WARREN.

Ir is telegraphed from Paris that Mr. J. Q. WARREN, an American citizen, has made a form al complaint to our Minister of arrest and illtreatment by the French authorities during the late riots in that city, and demands compensation. This is a claim which we presume Mr. WASHINGENE will urgently press upon the Imperial Government. Those Americans who remember the manner in which the most innocent and even unwilling spectators or participators in street revolutionary troubles are to paternal governments in Europe will readily believe that Mr. WARREN does not exaggerate the brutality of the treatment to which he was exposed. He saw the police pursuing a crowd. He stepped into a side-street to avoid trouble. But he was followed by the police, seized, knocked down, arrested, imprisoned, and nod-treated for two days. Of course in a revolutionary city like Paris a man expects to take risks and to be annoyed. But a peaceable man, retiring so as not to increase disorder, does not expect to have his head broken and to be abased.

We presume that the French Government will instantly apologize and offer to atom for Indeed we shall not be surprised the offense, if it is all done before these lines are read. Americans are universal travelers. It is estimated that at least fifty thousand are now traveling in Europe for enjoyment and instruction. They are bound, of course, to respect carefully the laws of the countries into which they choose to go; but that being done, those countries are

to respect the rights of foreign citizens. We shall expect to see, also, that in making representations to the French Government, our Minister takes that tone of firmness and courtesy which is always becoming, and which now is peculiarly representative of the high character and good name of the Administration,

NOTES.

In "Five Acres Too Much," by Robert B. Roosevally, just published by the Harvers, the render will find a good-humored smile, if not high, upon every page. It is a most pleasant little surire upon the country experience of many an urbon route. an urban rustic, and is an excellent pendant to that volume of Mr. Spannowquass which no gentleman's library should be without, and which is to be found in every well-regulated collection. There is no little book published during the seawhich should be so surely laid away for immediate summer reading as this.

THE HARPERS have also issued "My Daughter Elinor," a novel of American hie, by a hand that we do not recognize as familiar. There are enpital scenes in the book; and the interest is skillfully maintained by the play of not very original characters. It is the work of an author who has a sensitive eye for incident and character, but whose training and sympathy we should suppose to be not distinctively American. The style is lively and agreeable.

THE crayon drawings of Joses W. EHNINGER, representing the two famous incidents in the war, the ride of SHERIDAN and the lashing of FAR-RAGUT to the rigging, which were bought by the Union Lengue Club, and are now in their gallory, have been most admirably photographed by WILLIAM KUSTZ, and the prints may be found at Mr. PILKINGTON JACKSON'S, 58 East Thirteenth Street. The spirit and simplicity of these drawings, and the essential poetry of the sub-jects, which the artist has not lost, make them especially interesting souvenirs both of our military and naval renown. We can heartily com-mend them to our readers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Tim diminution of the public debt in June is esti-sated at sixteen millions.

Mr. Goorge Peabody, who is now in this country, has added a million of dollars, in railroad and other heads, mostly Seathern, to the "Peabody Education Fund," also \$284,000 in Fiorida six per cent, bombs

Find," also 3084,000 in Florida six per cent. bombs and overdue coupons.

A sad accident securred at the central shaft of the Hossac Tannel on June 29. Five of the miners on the lower platform wishing to ascend the shaft, entered the backet for the purpose of securidae. Three of the men shock hold of the cross-bar, as they were in the habit of doing, and two shoot up in the borket. The engineer who had charge of the heleting machinery let the betchet fall with greater colocity than mend, and it striking the lower platform, three of the men who were clinging to the store, he and one in the backet, were parely even to the bottom of the shaft, killing two men and wrever! ..., using two the con-

FOREIGN NEWS.

Jones Macouroon, captain of the famous cauce Rob Roc, has challenged the Harvard crew to another race after their couries with the English universities.

In the United States of Colombia the coming elections have tracely occupied the public attention. The character of Mosqueen were regarded as favorable.

The essection of the Frunch Corps Legislatif opened on Jene 28. The Emperor not being persons, M. Bauter made the opening speech.

Benri Rochefort, editor of the Lanterse, has been convicted of the charge of introducing that Journal illegally into France. He has been sentenced to three years Imprisonment and to pay a fine of 3000 france. To these parallels are added the forfeiture of his rights of citizanship for three years, including the right to vote in new election, or to occupy a sent in the Corps Legislatif.

M. M. Simonson and Jordan, editors of the Saids, have been fixed each 500 fraces, and each editor of the Opinion Nationale has been condensed to one monthly imprisonment with a fine of 500 fraces, all for violations of the press law.

for violations of the press law.

A report, which comes from a Brazilian source, states that Pre-bient Lopez, of Paraguer, has offered, though General M'Mahan, the American Minister, to currender his array on the condition that he be granted his leground fixedom and be permitted to leave the Gusarry without molestation.

From Bloer-Kong, China we learn that a great and derisive buttle has been fought between the Imperiates and the Mohammedan robots. The Institut were deficiated, with the leas of 20,000 men.

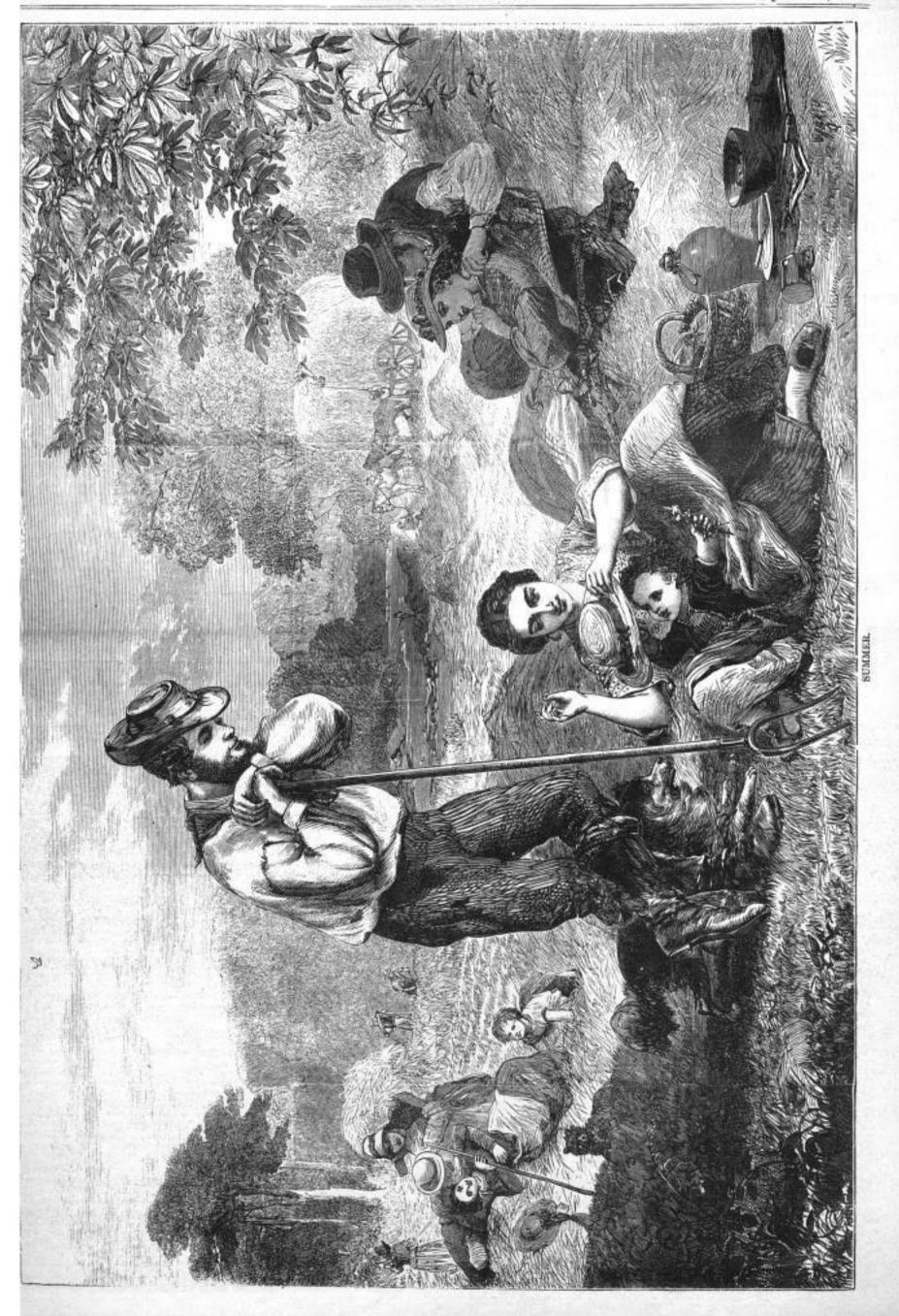
The Charge of Front offer his visit to Kurdand.

The Vicency of Egypt, after his visit to England, whose he was recrived by the Queen with extraonit-nary courtesy, departed for Brussels, where he ac-rived July 2.

recoil duty 2.

The Geomenical Council at Rome has been postponed a year.

Our late advices from Cuba report a sections involved
incident among the Catalonian volunteers. Genreal Leteria imprisoned their Colored, and they have
seized the Georal and threaten to kill him. It is reported that a number of Ancorteans, engined by the
Spanish General Leter, have been executed. CapitaloGeneral De Rodes, in a pridde speech, has advised
journation to show more molecular, endowing an
conclinate all chooses, and cross policiahing ministing
articles, especially in regard to tadles.



HON. GEORGE M. ROBESON, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

THE Hon. GEORGE M. ROUSSON, lately appointed Secretary of the Navy, in the place of Hon. A. H. Boree, resigned, is a native of New Jersey, and a son of Judge William P. Robesson, of Warren County, who was formerly a leading Whig, and prominently connected with the politics of his State. Mr. Robesson is a graduate of Princeton College of the class of 1847. He studied law in the office of Chief-Justice Honnelower in Newark. In 1859 he was appointed Prosecutor of Pleas for Camden County. On the election of Mr. Freelsohuvsen as Senator, in 1867, Mr. Robesson was appointed by Governor Ward Attorney-General, which position he resigned for his new duties. He is about forty-five years of age, and justly holds high rank in his profession. Mr. Robesson is a strong and decided Republican. It is somewhat curious that the only position ever held in the Cabinet by a citizen of New Jersey has been that of Secretary of the Navy.

CAPTURE OF COLONEL BYRON'S CUBAN EXPEDITION.

Secretary Fessi evidently intends to exerute our neutrality laws. Learning from the United States Marshal and the United States District Attorney that a fillbustering expedition was on the point of starting from this port, carrying men, arms, and other war supplies for the aid of the Cubans, he ordered the revenue cutters Makossiag and M'Codloch, on the 29th of June, to proceed up Long Island Sound in pursuit of the Cuban expedition which was reported to have left this city for Gardiner's Island, on the Long Island coast, and within a short distance of the ocean. The information upon which the Secretary acted was farmished by a recruit who had deserted. He said that three tug-boats key off the island named the H. D. Cook, Janethia Chase, and Wim. H. Webb, which carried troops who were about to sail for the invasion of Cuba, and that they were waiting for the suppearance of the steamer Cuthariae Whiting, which was to take them to sea. Shortly after six o'clock in the evening the revenue cutters came in sight of the tug-boats Cook and Webb, which were quickly recognized as the objects of the search. They were about five miles from Fort Schnyler, and were coming down the Sound, but stopped when two shots from the cutters made known to those on board that it was dangeress to attempt to escape. Both tugs were boarded, and were found to contain upward of one hundred men, the majority being on the Cook, which was the largest boat. The M'Calloch took charge of the Cook, and the Makonaing of the Webb. After signaling with rockets, the revenue officers decided to anchor off Fort Schnyler for the night, with the captured vessels under their stern and in range of their guns, which were ready for use in case the prizes should endenvor to run away.

No resistance was offered by the filibusters, who were in an almost famished condition. The captured boats were conveyed to the Brooklyn



HON, GEORGE M. ROBESON, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY .- [PROT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]

Navy-yard on the morning of the 30th, and the prisoners were then transferred to the United States Receiving Ship Vermont.

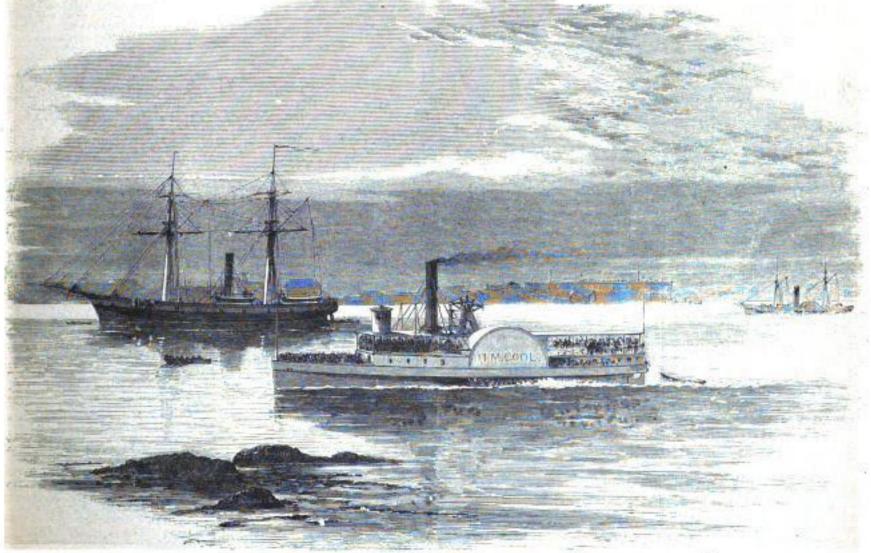
The men who were caught formed a portion of Colonel Joux Whitehead Byron's command, that officer being one of the prisoners. He was on board the Coole at the time of her arrival at the Navy-yard, but subsequently made his escape in a most daring manner. He made two attempts, the last of which was successful. On the first he managed to get off the tug-boat without detection, after which he passed through

the Navy-yard to the outer gate on York Street, when he was brought to a halt by a sentinel. He was then identified and taken back among his comrades. About ten o'clock on the meaning of the 30th he disappeared a second time, and was not recaptured. It was supposed that he left in disguise. Among those who were found on board the Coole were Sefor ALFARO, the Secretary of War of the Colon Junta, and Dr. Bassona, also belonging to the Junta.

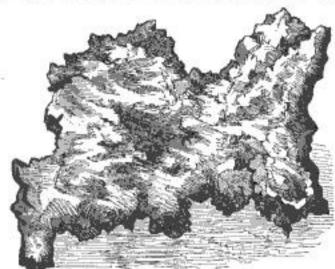
Since the 30th the remainder of the expedition has been captured,

THE "WELCOME STRANGER."

Tue other day the telegraphic wires tlashed The other day the telegraphic wires thashed throughout Australia the startling autouncement that a nugget had been unearthed, the largest ever seen, that it was beary lifting for two men to put it on a dray, that it weighed about two thouses a ounces, and was worth ten thousand pounds seering. However startling it may appear, the autouncement was perfectly true. The mouster nugget was found at a place called Molingui, about eight miles from Dueselly. A local paper, the Dunselly Ergerss, gives the A local paper, the Dansh's Expenses, gives the following particulars of the erecut: The Dansolly district, after having turned out a multipode of magnets that puts every other gold-field in the colony in the shade, has at length, in the words of the Mellowere instead. colony in the shade, has at length, in the words of the Melbourne journals, 'beat the world' in producing the largest mass of gold on record. The 'Welcome Stranger' was found by two men, named Jones Danson and Recurren Ouris, on named Jons Diessox and Richard Oates, on Friday, 5th February, 1869, near the Black Reef, Bull-dog Gully, Molingul, a short dis-tance from Wayman's Reef, and only about a mile from the celebrated Gipey Diggings. Dies-sox and his mate larve been working in the ground for several years past, and, as is well known, had got, in digging parlance, so 'hard-up' as to larve been refused credit for a lug of flour a week or so ago, and we believe the very stay before the discovery new reminded by a trade-man that they were indebted to him a few shillings. Still they pergraved until on the does shillings. Still they persevered, muil on the day named Daysox, in working round the roots of a tree, it about two inches before the surface, struck something hard with a pock, and exclaimed, 'D—n it. I wish it was a muget, and had broken the pick!' On stooping down to examine the obstacle he found that the object of his slearest trishes was lying at his feet, and it seemed as if the mouster was so large as to be immovable. It was, however, at length released from its ringin soil and carefully removed. The ques-tion then arose as to what was to be done with it, and the first intention was to convey it to Melbourne. When the men got to Dundly with their prize they were advised to take it to the bank, and forthwith carried it to the Loudon Chartered. The news of the discovery sonn sprend, and the lank was crowded with eager spectators, among whom were a number of Unita-men; and a con-table was sent for to grand the prize. The weight in the gross was then found prize. The weight in the gross was then found to be 210 pounds troy, and proparations were at once made to break the mass to pieces and smelt it. The appearance of the 'Webonic Stringer' in its pristine state was something wonderful, and it seemed impossible to realize the fact that so great a mass of gold could be collected in one lump. But so it was. Many efforts were made to life it, and many exclamations of surprise ex-pressed at its immenee weight and comportness. A sledge-hammer and cold chisels were brought into requisition, and several of the latter broken in the attempt to reduce into fragments the Welcome Stranger. It was found to be as solid as it looked, and as chip after chip and piece after piece was dissevered from it, its apcamnoe was as clean as a well-cut Cheshire



CAPTURE OF THE CUBAN EXPEDITION IN LONG ISLAND SOUND .- [FROM A SKETCH BY W. M. CART.]



THE "WELCOME STRANGER"-THE LARGEST GOLD NUGGET

cheese. At length, after no less than five hours hammering, the monster was pounded up and smelted, the result being 2258 cances 10 dwts. 14 grains of solid gold, exclusive of at least I pound weight, which was given by the delighted finders to their numerous friends, who were each unxions to recam a piece of the largest mass of gold the world has yet seen. Over £0000 were advanced see the magget by the bank, the final value awaiting the result of assay.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVE EATS HER APPLE.

Ir was daybreak at Auriel, and country-bred Axalea namke as naturally with the dawn as did the quick-eyed swallows who lived in the carea above her window. She lay still a while, watch-ing the man sun-strenks lengthen over the brown forrowed upland, and listening to the clump of the form boxes' feet as they trotted down toward the misty water brink to drink. It was that pule mysterious hour when the bush of night passing nony from the earth gives place to gray gloom which is as obscure and indistinct in its nature as a dying man's wanderings ere the babble of his torgue has ceased, and his soul dawned be-fore the brightness of God. The night clouds had rulled away, but day had not yet breathed out its full sense of life and joy; feeles twitters broke from the leaves, and desidary flutters disturbed their dew-steeped shadows. The steel-gray waters of the lake; the dark form of cattle moving stilly down the meadow; the mist that clammed the outline of sky mid earth together-

all was chill uncertainty of aspect,

A few hours later and the ascense was alive with the cheerful clamor of birds; the wild-fowl dashed its breast down a sendit stream; the unterfalls sparkled their mad delight over glistening pelddes; the warm wind dried the wet-faced roses; the cut crept out to make her toilet of clean pays and smoothed cars; and Azu-lea stood at her window, the freshest and fairest

object the morning sun shore on.

"Oh, what a lovely morning it is?" she said,
as she stood there drinking in breaths of sweet ounshing sår.

When she was dressed she walked softly down the stairs so as not to disturb Moore, and con-sulted the worn face of the old clock that stood in the hall. It was too early to busy herself in the sitting-room yet; to go through her little duties of dusting and arranging the massive fur-niture and preparing breakfast. Her father slept ererhead, and the light, doubtful slumbers of age are easily disturbed; so Azalez took the large garden basket off its pog and decided to go out and gather some flowers with which to make the dusty old chambers bright when she returned.

She song to herself as she walked down the path under the cross lights and shadows of the avenne. She was seventeen, her heart sarraffed by trouble, her eyes bright with unconcern. She was as free and unfettered of spirit as the wild hirds that enroled noisily above her head, and like them she involuntarily sang out her appreciation of the fresh beauty of the morning,

It was a pity that human sadness shoul abase such a bright face. It was a pity that this girl, as happy and sinless as the domb compan-ions of her solitude, could not die as she was living now, with God's sun-hine blossing her bend, and with a soul so pure that she might have gone straight to her mother's breast in paradise without drending the tender questioning of those ea-

lestial eyes.

After a while Azalea pursol to contemplate the consents of her basket; there were lilies-ofthe-valley shaking down small dew-drops among the cool green leaves that sheathed their fragrant white bells; roses of all descriptions, from the baxurious damask to the delicate rose de mot, were heaped promisencessly together, piercing each other's tender pecula with their thorns; bunches of wistoria, sweetest and most graceful of all the pensile blossoms, bong languidly over the basket's wicker edge; the flour-de-lis drooped its stately head across the beavy breadth of the peony; and the homely-looking buds of calicanthus shed the influence of their rare perfame

over all.
"Oh!" said Azalea, plunging her little face into the dewy masses of blossom with an expres-

sion of ecstatic enjoy-ment, "I love them."

Then she looked wistfully at the hedge-row which divided the shrubberies from that lane which led to the little village of Auriel.

"If I get over there I can gather some

Getting over there implied climbing to the summit of a steep bank, forcing berself through a barricade of short, dense not-boughs, and then clinging to the rough wet sides of an oak-tree while she slip-ped down into the ditch on the opposite

She hesitated a moment, fearing the con-tingencies of scratched hands and torn clothes, She scrambled up a few steps and peoped over at the temptation below.

That ditch contained beauties scarcely inferior to the gay-hued, rich-scented garden plants which it bounded, and Azalea looked longingly at the thick masses of fern, waving crossways at the foot of the bank with a wild grace all their

own.
"I must have some," she thought, "to droop over the sides of the vases.

over the sides of the vases."

She fixed her laden basket between two boughs of the oak, and then classing one hand round another branch, commenced her descent. She felt her way with her feet until they found a secure rost on which to support them, and then the results.

cure rost on which to support them, and then
she paused.

"If I jomp I shall jar my legs, if I slip down
I shall scratch them; I don't much saind that,
but the dress is sure to get caught by something
or other, and then daddy will say, "There you
go again, Azalen, always in rage;" and I so detest mending them. If any one were here to
give me a hand I could jump easily."

She looked up and down the misty lane, but
saw nothing but a jackdaw looking very wise as
it dissected its early breakfast.

"If there were but an old weenam or a boy."

There was the hem of a dress fluttering in the
wind, a stone-picker, some fields distant, and the

wind, a stone picker, some fields distant, and the red neckerchief of a bird-boy, making a bright s; eck in a far-off hodgerow; but Azalea could not make them hear, nor if they had heard would they have heested her. She was in that position in which poor undecided mertality so often finds isself, afraid to go on, both to draw buck, and so

fain to stay where she was.
"I'll risk it," she said, suddenly; and she was in the act of withdrawing her arm from the friendly branch when a strange sound struck

ayon ber ears. Something quite different from trill of bird or burn of fusect was that quick clang of notes that rose up between the sweet honey-suckle borders of that quiet lane. There was something plaintive in it too-something barsh, like buman pain. There was none of the full content of the black-

"What can it be?" wondered Azalea, post-poning her jump into the fern bed; "I never heard it before." bird's note is it.

If the little girl had gathered up herself, legs, basket, and all, and ran book in the woods, where , it might have been she could hear it no

She had not é to wait before a solution of See the not go want beaver a second the myster' sounds came in sight, and the solution at case more wondrous than the mystery. I caming through the green frings of the hedgerows, passing in a quick stream of light by misty clusters of woodbine, came a glitter of helmets and a toss of red and white plumes.

From some unexplainable impulse Azales made a desperate effort to regain the top of the bank, but she was too late; it would have re-quired three or four scrambles to reach her old place; and not liking to continue the useless struggle she remained motionless while the pro-ression streamed nearer, and the whole length of path resounded with the tramp of horses feet.

The green shadows, the deny lights, all were broken up and patched by vivid red-coats, the dark rapidly-moving farms of the horses, the champ of their bits, the harried jingle of spors, the sharp bright lines of steel that hung from the men's left sides, the plumos waving as hearseake yet fostal symbo of dent faces that showed beneath the sharp-pointed belms—all passed as a brilliant but yet awful porture before Azalea's amazed oyes,

The whole of this peaceful, grass-grown elm-shadowed road was stirred by the warlike com-motion. The sheep in the opposite field bud-dled away up the pasture, and then turned and looked at the intruders with calm dewy-eyed wonder; the daisles under foot, which had lived unscathed under the slow trend of lazy carthorses, were crushed to the ground by the merciless precision of those servied lines of tramping the jackdaw hopped out of the path and looked wise on the safe side of the hedge. All the little harmless flutters of life that were wont to make innocent music in this quiet spot were overpowered by the gay clanger of the martial cavalende that swept like a flame of fire through the densely-shodowed lane.

As the tramp and the jingle drew nearer Azalea involuntarily tightened her hold on the branch overhead, and in so doing dislodged the hasket of flowers, already top-heavy with its fra-grant burden. Over it turned, and roses and lilies, flour-de-lis and wistaris, showered down

on to Azalea's head, shoulders, and feet. One plump rose descended on her shoes, and then fell to pieces—one hunch of the fragile wistaria lin-gered lovingly near her ear. The fleur-de-lis gered lovingly near her ear. The fleur-de-lis shock yellow powder on to her hands, and then alipped down to the ditch; indeed, the ferus be-low were oppressed by a perfect avalanche of blossoms.

Azalea scarcely heeded the catastrophe; her violet eyes were filled with wonder at the ad-vancing spectacle; yet when the troop of horsemen came near her she shrank as far as she could behind the shadow of the oak, and fervently wished that she could escape up its branch-es as quickly as that deft squirrel that was curl-ing up its tall at a breezy altiende of some dozen

boughs nearer the sky.

The reader will understand that a cavalry regiment was moving through Essex so routs to another county, and that a troop which had been anomer county, and a tribage during the night were now on the march again, passing by the Auriel estate as the shortest cut to the high-roads. A bustle on arriving and departing—a friendly smoke overnight with the inn-keeper—a champing of many horses' mouths in the stables —a swing into the saddle when the early rime still clung to the wall-flower and cottage latch—a kiss to the inn-keeper's daughter watching them miss to the inn-keeper's daughter watching them wistfully over the gate—such is the general re-sult of a troop of soldiers' swallow-like descent into rustic Arcadias; "only this and nothing more." The girl at the gate may feel soft-eyed when she thinks of that big mustache that has just now brushed her cheek; may feel her heart best at the next flutter of red she espies in the bedgerow; but a few hours later will find her romping with Joe on the green, or quarreling with her inmates over the wash-tub. Poverty is so practical it does not admit of wasting time in sentiment; at least the injurious self-t engendered by luxury is spared to the hewers of wood and drawers of water. There is no space for it when mouths have to be filled and limbs clothed by dint of sheer exertion.

The reader will understand all this; but he or she may also comprehend that to the eyes of a girl like Azalea this was far from being any thing so commonplace as a troop of horse mov-ing from one barrack to another. To her it was a magnificent poem, and those red coats and dancing plumes were the emblems of valor and death. She had never seen living soldiers be-fore, but she had read of their deeds and learned to reverence the names of those our country's records have delighted to honor. There must have been inherited chivalry in her blood, or it would not have finshed her cheek so brightly as she followed the rush of plames with her eyes, and thought that she too would like to die amidst the red light of battle and toe somorous roll of drums. She was only seventeen, so do not de-spise her; you or I might feel that death would be as pupilessant to most the death would be as unpleasant to meet in the uproar of battle as in the drear solitude of a wind-blown moor; but youth may be permitted to have its delusions -to fancy that height colors and Joyous music may elevate the soul above mortal pangs and disinthrall it from mortal terrors. Such delu-sions are the blessoms of life. They will fall

sions are the blessoms of life. They will fall soon enough; so we will not shake the tree. Azales's empracticed eyes (confused as they were by the novelty of the scene) did not detect that one of the troop was more richly dressed than the others; that it was real gold-lare that gleamed on his coat; and that the delicacy of gentle breeding showed in a fairer skin and silk-ier mustache than was owned by the rest of his companions.

This was the officer in command, Captain Thursten Movbruy; and this geutleman had never ceased yawning from the time of his leav-ing the village hostelry until he came opposite the Auriel woods. Then the languor in his face gave way to interest as he let his eyes rove over the variously-tinted waves of foliage, and noted the old red gables of the house visible through the breaks in the woodland. Sometimes he could see the shimmer of a sunlit casement, or followed with his gaze the herds of deer passing in line over the misty breadths of pasture.

"A beautiful old place!" he murmured. "To think that there should be no smoke from those

chimneys. I dare say they have been staffed with martins' nests for these last dozen years. Oh, if one had but money!"

The horses tramped on, the little girl in her niche following them with adoring eyes. If she could only have heard what the commander of that grand-looking party was sighing out between his mustache, her exalted estimate of one of the brilliant throug would have been slightly lowered.

"Oh, if one had but money!" No reference to splendid deed of beroism—to old banners won in Spain—to ares willingly and gloriously yielded 'midst rolls of smoke and clang of arms came from that perplexed looking young officer, whose greatest enemy was his tailor, and who had never led a forlors hope against any fortress more impregnable than a certain office in Craig's Court.

The color, the noise, the bronzed faces had passed Azalea's dazzled eyes, and were growing dimmer and indistinct far down the lane, when Captain Mowbray took it into his head to turn round in his saidle and give a last look at his father's descrited home. In scanning the broken palings overrum with ivy, and wondering how much money it would take to uplift and straight-en their time-warped sides, his eyes fell on the onk, and then on the living creature clinging to Even at this distance be saw the gleam of fair bair; and if there was one thing in woman more attractive than another to Captain Mowbray, it was fairness.

His hold dark eyes flashed, and his handsome face woke into new life in un instant. A quick glance at the immorable faces of his companious

showed him that he was alone in his discovery, The men had taken a cursory glance at the pres-ty wild flowers that bloomed down the bank, but it was reserved for their officer to detect the rare specimens that were still clinging to Azalea's feet

and shoulders.

"I believe—I am almost sure—she is pretty.
I'll go and have a look at her."

I'll go and have a look at ner.

What else could you expect from a young gentleman who had been wearying away so many uninteresting hours on country roads and among ugly rustic faces since he left his last gay quarter. ugly rustic faces since he left his last gay quar-ters? He builed this apparition as an especial kindly interposition of Fortune on his behalf. He was as pleased as the boy diverted from the tedium of a walk to school by the sudden rap-ture of starting and pursuing a wild rabbit. Castain Mowbray waited until his troop had passed from under the last elm that shaded the

land, and then, turning his horse, he galloped back in the direction of the oak.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT IS THE HARM?

MEN and horses were gone; but the stir of their presence lingered a while in the vacant path. The hirds had not recovered their con-fidence in the lower twigs of their homes; and Azalea's ears were still full of the music of their movement. The last planne had modded away into the clear sunshine of the high-road ere the cirl hathought herself of remining her flowers. girl bethought herself of regaining her flowers and returning home. She had bared her presty round arms, the better to preserve her sleeves, and was about to drop down into the soft herbage below, when the sound of horses hoofs made her pause and tremble.

Was the beautiful dream coming back again? Was the beautiful dream coming back again? Was she once more to gaze on that scintillating line of gorgeous gold and crimson? She looked down the lane, and, to her surprise, saw not all, only one of the number, coming toward her, making, even by himself, a blaze of color in those cool green shadows. In an instant he was opposite to her. The horse was checked and turned uncorrementously loose. The latter made no retempt at flight, but quietly dropped his heavily-exparisoned head into the luscious his heavily-capacisoned head into the luscious depths of devy grass, while the rider stood motionless, surprised into momentary stillness by

the charm of the picture before him.

"A dryad, by Jove!" the Captain remarked, afterward, with hazy reminiscences of his schoolboy studies in Lemprière. "One of those creat-

boy studies in Lemprière. "One of those creatures that live always up a tree."

Azulea sood with scared eyes and beating heart, surveying the introder. She had become aware of semesthing more than a red coa, and gleaming helmet. She felt, rather than saw, the big brown eyes that looked up at her face with somewhat of entreaty in their bold fire. In one brief second the pleading eyes, the mustached face, the bright appared, the dim joy of the early morning—all were blended and burned indelibly into her memory. She knew then that she could never forget it—that even in the gray willight that forerum death, that face and that hour weeld live distinctly in her heart.

hour would live distinctly in her heart. Captain Mowbeny was, as we have said, awed Captain Movemy was, as we have said, awed into inaction for an instant by the girl's exceeding grace of face and outline. Then, his time being short, and the sounds of his treopers' houses already sounding fainter down the distant highway, he caught hold of a projecting branch, and swinging himself up to Azakan's side, suddenly classed her close to his breast, swept his brown mustache over her delicate checks, kissed her mouth twice, and then dropped down as quickly on to the sward below, jumped into his saddle, with the sting of a delicate hand and arm thish-

ing his fice, and a gay laugh on his red lips.

She had had no time for outery or remonstrance. She had struck her little hand with all her force against the audacious face that dured to press so near her own. There was no time for set speech or any other display of maid-enly dignity. She struck out her hands from a enly dignity. She struck out her hands from a purely animal instinct of self-defense; but her captor hardly felt the blow, excepting as a pleas-ant reminder of the kiss which had preceded it. It was as if a poor wood pigeon was flattering and pecking its soft bill against Captain Mows hand.

"I will come again," he called out, as he capt past her. "I'll have another kiss of you, urling, before lone." swept past ber.

darling, before long.

Still laughing and waving his hand, he vanished out of sight.

Poor Azulea did not gather up her fallen flowers; they withered away in the dank disch be-low many days after the fair morning on which they were plucked. She sat down among the

they were picked. See six down smoog the nut-boughs, and cried hitterly. A brand of shame seemed to be scorehing her lips.

"I can sever, never tell daddy or Mr. Doug-las," she thought. Then she wept afresh, and looked reproachfully at her conten dress.

"If I were only better dressed, and sat in a drawing-room, like Rosa Orme, this would nev-er have happened. I will never look at a soldier again. How dored he to treat me so? I will have served him as long as I live. It would have served him rightly if I had killed him." Her eyes flashed through her tears, and her

face looked quite vindictive at the idea of venge-ance. In her heart she classed the stranger with some of the worst villains among her ac-quaintances in fiction. She decided that his of-fense was unperdonable, and with her face dark and steen she retraced her steps toward the

A thousand schemes for abasing her enemy fitted through her busy brain as she moved hast-By through the paths, the fire in her thoughts lending nuconscious impetus to her movements. If he came again, she would pass him with hanghty unconcern; but then he might ignore

the haughtiness, and repeat the offense. She would meet him in that blue merino dress her daddy had lasely purchased for her, and greet him with a cold bow, and a scornful, averted face; or she would go out with an old-fashioned dagger (she rejected the idea of the garden-knife, which was practically sharper, as being too pro-saic an implement of vengeance), and strike him to the heart through all that bulwark of red and

A woman of the world would have made al lowances for Captain Mowbray—have taken into consideration his temptation, the dearth of pret-ty faces between Norwich and Auriel, and, above all, his unavoidable haste, which precluded his waiting to express apology or regret; but Anales only felt that an enemy had struck a blow at the native modesty in which her thoughts had hitherto rested in as sacred security as flowers in a Madonna's shrine. She had been sovereign of undivided empire in Dream-land. The aspiring ambition of youth made her ever assume the highest place among those ideal personages who througed round her in imagination. Practically, too, she was a little queen—the adored of old Moore's failing eyes—the worshiped of his heart—the empress of hundreds of living things who fluttered to her at the beck of her finger, and the coo of her soft woice! Had she not reason the coo or her soft voice? Had she not reason to rebel at finding out this morning that she was but an ordinary little mortal who had been picked up and kissed by a strange soldier. She did not get away from that morning hour all day. All the noon was morning to her. There was ever the gray film of dawn in the air, and the brown area norming by wherever her was a little or the same and the same and the same area. pursuing her wherever she turned. They her secret shame and disgrace. Her cheek eyes parsing her wherever are tursed. They were her secret shame and diagrace. Her cheek flushed and her eyes lowered at their memory. Yet when she fell asleep that night she repeated softly to herself, "I shall come again;" and in her voice was a thrill of something which was not all anger.

CHAPTER XXV.

CAPTAIN AWORD VISITS CAPTAIN PRO.

LATE that evening Robert Douglas's solitude was broken in on by the unwonted appearance of a visitor at his cottage door—a man who, judging by his externals, was by no means the description of guest to be expected in such a homely dwelling. From his glossy, closely-corried head to his well-fitting boots, he was a perfect representative of a handsome, high-bred-looking Englishman. He was fashionably dress-ed, but with a fashion that was refined by taste, and there was not a violent or inharmonious time in his whole attire. He moved his cigar from his lips as he stood in the doorway; and called

out, in a cheery voice:
"Hollon! old fellow, is that you? What a

jolly night it is!"

voice was familiar, and Douglas found

The voice was familiar, and Donglas found himself confronted by the bright eyes and genial smile of Thurstan Mowbery.

"I'm on the march," Thurstan explained; "I came past Auriel this morning; but I couldn't come and see you then, as there was no one else with the men. At the county town I was joined by a brother officer. As soon as I could, I got into mufti, and leaving him in command, I came to the railway station. I found that I could get down here so as to spend a couple of hours with the I was so edd to find you were cost. Camero. I was so edd to find you were cost. you. I was so sold to find you were out. Can

you give me something to eat?"

Douglas looked perplexed.

"I do not know how much bread there may be left," he said, smiling. "I have an excellent barrel of Maçon wine sent to me by a friend in the Scatt of Eastern horses in the South of France, but as to eating- Stay,

I will make you some convent eggs."
"What are they?" Thurstan asked, doubt

fully.

"They are better than nothing. You have often said you would make any sacrifice for me, Mowbray, and you have kept your word—you have sacrificed your dinner. What greater proof of devotion can an Englishman give?"

"I didn't sacrifice much," Captain Mowbray admitted, candidly. "The chops at the town inn are marvels of toughness. I am so glad to see you again, old fellow. You are looking better than you used to do."

"I can not return the compliment." Douglas

"I can not return the compliment," Douglas said, looking up from his culinary occupation. "You are looking more than three years older than when I last saw you."

"I have drunk many more bottles of wine, have incurred four times the number of debta and have fallen in and out of love so often—of course it all tells on a man."

debts or the love affairs?" Douglas asked,

smiling.
"Oh, the debts! Women forget, but creditors never do. Women are forgotten; but how can you obliterate from your mind the daily necan you oblished from your mind the daily ne-cessity of obtaining more things on credit? I really think I shall have to change into the Line." And Captain Mowbray looked as M. Curtius may have looked as he surveyed the unfathomable horror of the Forum gulf. "Dinner is served," Douglas announced, gravely, as he placed a steaming savory mess of eggs and herbs on the deal table.

Daintiness was not among Captain Mowbray's faults. He are heartily of the dish, and then looked gratefully at his host.

"You always were a clever fellow, by Jove!" he said, with profound admiration. "And this rine has a wondrously delicate flavor. Where

did you get it from?"
"From Maçon."
"Oh! I remember—the place where the women wear those rummy hats. I have been abroad since I saw you, Douglas. I followed your advice, and went first to Paris."

"And did Paris have a consolatory effect?"

"Well, I certainly felt much better after I had been there a fortnight. As Mile, C—said, 'Life is too short for regret, and loo long for constancy.' Not but what I would have followed that woman (Lady Di I mean) to the Antipodes if she had beckoned to me with her little finger.

But she did not beckon?

* No! she went to Italy and joined the Ormes' arty. I believe her intention was to become party. I believe her intention was to become Lady Orme; but Orme is so obtuse he didn't see it. I don't suppose he would have ever un-derstood her drift unless she had asked him point-blank to marry, and then he'd have said, 'I'll think about it.' There is no victim so difficult to capture as the one who vacillates. would have missed the mark there from the un-steadiness of the object aimed at."

"And where is she now?"

"Back in England. I have only seen her

"Then she looked at me with such a sweet unconscious expression, that she all but deluded me into the belief that there had never been any thing between us worth remembering. Clair-veaux was in attendance; and although I had fancied I had entirely ceased to care for her, I was sufficiently irritated by her conduct to plunge into an cetentations flirtation with Ame lia Orme."

lia Orne."

"And what said Lady Diana?"

"She merely smiled to herself. I think she guessed my motives," Thurstan said, gloomily.

"She did show favor to the youth in your sight cally to exasperate you," quoted Douglas.

"Yes; I suppose she did it to get a rise out of me," Capesin Mowbray observed, innocent of the quotation. "But this was nearly two years ago. I should know better how to act indifference now. I have consorted more with indifference now. I have consorted more with all classes of women, and have learned some of

"Your experience does not seem to have in-creased your respect for the sex," Douglas re-marked, dryly.
"Why should it?" the young man said, in-differently. "Virtue is at obsolete as peg-to-trowsers; innocence is out of fashion, and for my part I have no wish to see it revived. It makes life much easier for us, matters being as

they are."

Life might be easier, especially in hot weath er, if we all followed the primitive customs of our forefathers, and went about wearing no other sacrifice to decency than a suit of blue woad," Douglas answered, impatiently. "I wish you wouldn't talk in this sort of way about women. wouldn't talk in this sort of way shout women, Mowbray: I assure you it is not at all in good tasts. Men should never speak ill of their coun-try, nor disparage the women of their race; both are much as we make them."

"Why, you used to be more severe against the sex than any one," his friend said, surprised.

"One would think you were in love."

It has been said that Captain Mowbray was showed.

"Hush!" Douglas cried, sharply. "Do no talk of love and me together. What has an age embittered by the memories of the past, a wrink-led face, and an uncouth form, to do with the morning-blocm of youth? I am too tired—too sore with long wretchedness—to wrestle with the cruel atrength of the passion of love. Its heav-enly exultation, its hellish despair, would destroy me. My life has been for years one long waste; but it, at least, has been calm. It I felt my beart's repose troubled, it would be well for me

He spoke with what appeared to be undue energy; his large eyes flashed light from their cav-ernous recesses, and his lips quivered like those of one who i, hurt and dreads to show his pain. Captain Mowbray looked at him with as much wonder as a well-bred man permits himself to

"I do not see why you need talk of wrinkles and uncouthness," he said, presently. "You looked like a head of Jupiter Tonars just now when you were excited. There are no end of woman who would like you a thousand times

women who women has you better than me."
Douglas shook his head impatiently.
"What has become of Clairveaux?" he asked, by way of changing the conversation.
"Oh! Clairveaux has placed his hand, a considerable portion of his fortune, and all his volities in the care of a wife. Ledy Clairveaux is tion in the care of a wife. Lady Clairveaux is not strictly pretty, but she is 'svelte.' She has a man's art of making the best of herself and her opportunities. Clairveaux believes her to be a Susanna, while she boasts herself a

" And De Smith?"

"De Smith is Lady Clairveaux's favored admirer and Clairveaux's most intimate friend. But what a memory you have, Douglas! Pancy your recollecting all these fellows!"

"It is one of my misfortunes." Douglas said,
"that I can never forget any thing. Memories
are sorrow's fetters: they hold down our pain round us with cruel tenacity long after the wounds have been dealt. How much happier some of us would be if we might take nightly draughts from the Lethean river!"

"I don't know where that river may be. I'd

go and 'liquor up' there like a shot if I thought it would help me to forget the total of my tail-or's hill, "Captain Mowbray said, simply. "Oh, Douglas! you can't think how it fores one to be

"You mean how it bores one to s be poor: you young fellows expend so much more on pretension than you do on pleasure. If you did not lavish your money in doing what is called the 'right thing' you would have more to

spend in real lexury."
"What is your idea of real luxury?" "You do not think I am likely so be a good

judge of what the word means," Douglas said, I observing his friend's eyes glancing round the barely-furnished room; "but he sure that no lover of fruit has ever appreciated its beauty as Tantalus did. Twenty years ago I reveled in what I called luxury. I sought for and found the most lovely aspects of Nature. I witnessed, the most lovely aspects of Nature. I witnessed, and in some cases possessed, some of man's most perfect handicraft. I had rure paintings on my walls—Magdaleus, by Guido, with mellow faces that looked as if they were dropping to sleep in the sunset, oppressed by the wealth of their own warm tresses. I had Cupids, by Rubens, tumbling their fair limbs in deep gorgeous-colored piles of fruit. I delighted in those dear little sensitive assessed force by Granzes and I reconsensitive, sensual faces by Grouze; and I mortgaged a portion of my future heritage for the sake of a deep-toned Murillo. I specify these to show you that I revel in color, and that my eyes do not for choice rest on these bare white walls, which are never adorned by aught gay and brilliant, excepting when a butterfly takes it into its wanton head to perch there for an instant, furling and unfurling its velvety wings in the warmth of a stray sunbeam. I won't bore you by dilating on my appreciation of form; but the refined artist who moulds beauty in marble, carving from the uncouth mass dimpling feet that seem to move through the air as lightly as down-who creates mutable beauty with an im-mutable substance-who carves tremulous smiles round ever-still lips, and produces from the hus-less stone limbs which stir the heart to a quickless stone limbs which stir the heart to a quicker pulse with their voluptions representation of
perfect human loveliness—he (were he a modern Phidias) could not estimate grace of outline
more highly than myself. When I was a lad of
eighteen most of my leisure time was spent in
my father's library—a room full of grave shadows, and formal, sombre-colored furniture. In
a niche by the window stood the one grace to the
room—an exquisite copy in markle of the Florroom—an exquisite copy in marble of the Flor-entine Venus Anadyomess. I can not describe to you the subtle emotion which the contemplation of this crouching lovely creature awoke in me. Her virginal face haunted me in my dreams. I imaged the shell on which she rest-ed floating in tideless seas. I pictured her, with her perfect limbs, rossed by the moving well of cool waters, no. filleted head gleaming like a sparkling star in the blue depths. I would fain have fallen down and kissed the little round feet into the one charm they wanted—that of living blushing loveliness. I caressee with reverent fingers the arms modestly crossed on her b fingers the arms modestly crossed on her breast. Her curved wrist, her dimpled, undulating shoulders, her pear-shaped bosom, half concealed by the shrinking posture, inspired me even then with an appreciation, which was almost raptureus in its intensity, of beauty in its highest form. Judge then, Mowbray, whether my taste is grutified by the sight of hideons, crook-backed old women who stumble through these lanes on study on their way to such their afternoon. Sunday on their way to seek their afternoon dose in church, or by the contemplation of their younger descendants—girls whose limbs are en-larged by labor, whose aspects are harsh from continual toil, whose faces are rough as those of mes, and whose hair is as course as that of

Captain Mowbray thought of the girl he had left trembling amidst the ferns on the previous morning, and mentally decided that his friend was unfortunate in his rural experiences.

"According to your own definition your pres-ent mode of life is joyless and atterly unattract-ive to your senses. How is it that you seem content?" he asked, stiffing a yawn with an in-halation of cigarette smoke.

"Pain is sharper than pleasure is sweet," the der man said, pithily. "I am content to reelder man said, pithily. "I am content to re-sign the manifold satisfactions of wealth that I may escape an attendant bitterness which would more than neutralize their enjoyment. I have at least known one great luxury during these latter years of poverty and solitude, which I lacked in the old days when I was in and of the world,

"And that is-?" "The companionship of a pure and sinless

life." "A woman," Captain Mowbray muttered to himself. "I thought as much." Aloud he said, "Who keeps the old house at Auriel?"

Douglas did not answer for a moment; then he spoke hesitatingly. "An old man called Moore, who was, I believe, placed there by your

"Oh! is there no one else?"

"Oh! is there so one case:
"Yet an equally old woman—a cottager, who,
as the Essex people say, 'does for him."
Captain Mowbray looked disappointed. "I
wonder if there is any game there," he said; "because I might run down for a few days in the shooting season. I am ashamed of myself for knowing so tittle about the old place. I haven't visited it since I was a boy."

"There isn't a head of game on the place,"
Douglas replied, hastily.
"Well, good-night, dear old fellow!" Thurstan said, rising and buttoning up his greatcoat. "I have no end of things to talk to you about; but I haven't time now, as I must back to the men. I hope to see you again later in the year, for Lord Airdale, the Master of tack to the men. I hope to see you again later in the year, for Lord Airdale, the Master of hounds (his place is only ten miles from you), always asks me down in the hunting season. We will go over Auriel together some day then. I dare say you already know more about the books and pictures than I do. Good-by."

"I will walk with you to the railway," Doug-

las said; and the two went together to As they shook hands at the station Douglas gave his friend a parting counsel.

"This is an awfully bad country for hunting. It is thickly inclosed with new-made fences."

the banks are sharp as knives, and not nearly so firm; what grass there is is cut up by mardykes. I can not imagine any one who is acc

a flying country coming for this creep and crawl this pitch and toss style of thing."
"What a fellow that is!" Thurston said to

himself, as the train moved out of the station.
"Here I have known him all those years, and never found out before that he had an inkling of what the word hunting meant. I suspect his is an odd history. I wonder if he will ever enlighten me as to who he is or was. Not that it matters. His saving my life is quite antecedent matters. His saving my life is quite antecedent enough for me. The country is all he sava. I shall bring down Blackberry and Bramble to Airdale's. They are quite clever enough. What a pretty girl that was! I feel quite sorry to think that by to-morrow night I shall have left her sixty miles behind me. I dare say Amelia Orase will be very glad to see me. And, after all, women are very much alike, only that girl in the hedgerow didn't wear a lump of false hair, and the color didn't come off her check when I kirsed her; on the contrary, it grew redder. In ed her; on the contrary, it grew redder. In these respects she is decidedly dissimilar to other

MY FIRST PROPOSAL.

Ar last, the long day's having done, I turned to leave the fragmant meadow, Where, on the grass, the setting sun Before me cast my lengthened shadow.

struck a narrow path that ran By Lorell's farm, a crooked by-way Which somewhere theresbout began, And ended on the dusty highway.

It reached their barn-yard first of all, Then wandered through a wooded hollow, And darted past an old stone-wall, As if inviting you to follow;

It climbed a hill where all the day The crows rehearsed a mimic Habel; It crossed a brook which flowed that way, Then slid beneath our tern's brown gable.

A shorter cut it was that led To our own homestend from the mendow, And so I followed it instead, And on before me went my shadow,

Then nearing Lovell's farm I heard The white-horned cattle faintly lowing. While, hubbling, in the bright pails stirred The milk from well-filled udders flowing.

glanced beyond the barn-yard wall, And there sat Katy milking "Spockle," The favorite cow among them all, Her fine coat flecked with many a freekle.

Then up got Katy—so by that
I knew her miking done—and straightway,
While my own heart went pit-a-pat,
Came toward me through the open gateway.

The sun dropped down from out the sky, And left the west with rich gold laden; An awkward country lad was I, And Katy but a simple maiden.

Her eyes met mine, as if by chance, Not knowing who it was; then shyly, 'Neath drooping lids, withdrew their glance, Then back again to mine stole slyly.

With that last look my courage grew; I said—at may have been I swere it— She was the sweetest girl I knew, And told her how I loved her for it.

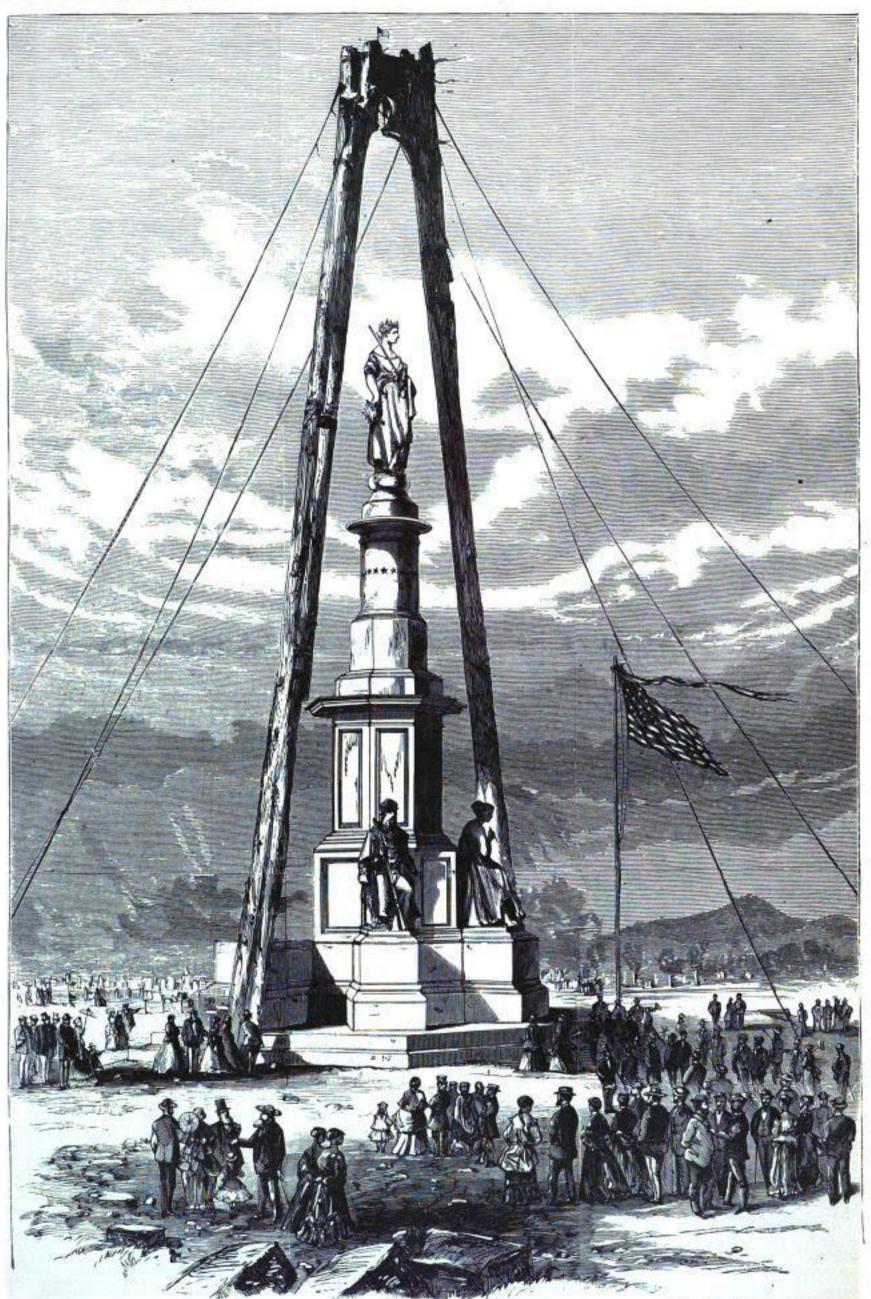
Perhaps she gave me no roply,
Perhaps it was the night's gray curtain,
Slow-falling from the twilight sky,
Which left her answer so uncertain.

Then winding bomeward, torn with doubt, The tree-toads trilled their firm conviction; The patriarch frogt, with deep base shout, Grew hourse and loud in contradiction.

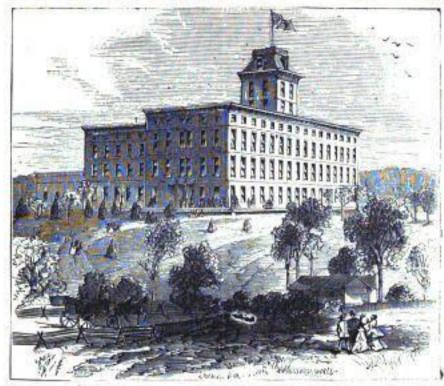
The katydids pronounced both ways But ere the moon was one bour older sat beneath its silvery rays With Kary's head upon my shoulder.

GEOLOGICAL CHANGES.

THERE is no such thing as perfect rest in nature. If no alterations occurred there would be no progress. It does not require a scientific ed-ecation to convince any one of common understanding that the bills and dales were once under On the highest mountain peaks in Syria. water. between Jerusalem and Damascus, the travelor sees marine shells which belonged to a primitive Far inland, on the Atlantic borders of the Southern States, immense beds and reefs of coral show clearly that the sea once occupied the reof dry land where these tokens of geological changes are found. How plain it is that the mighty seas and oceans which cover very nearly two-thirds of the earth's surface are slowly but dily shifting their borders! So gradual are the movements of the waters that centuries of careful observation would be required to define the exact rate of encroachment is some countries. But snail-paced as it is, the water grad-ually creeps over the land. While gaining in one direction new land is coming into view in another, bringing on its uprising crest the remains of animals and plants peculiar to the watery element! Like a Spanish findingo, while one side goes up the other goes down. Thus every atom entering into the organization of this magnificent globe moves and shares in the never-ending motion on which the stability of this and the whole material universe depends.



THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT, DEDICATED JULY 1, 1869. - PROT. BY TIPTON AND MYERS, GETTYSBURG. - [SEE PAGE 457.]



GETTYSBURG SPRING.

GETTYSBURG SPRINGS HOTEL.

THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

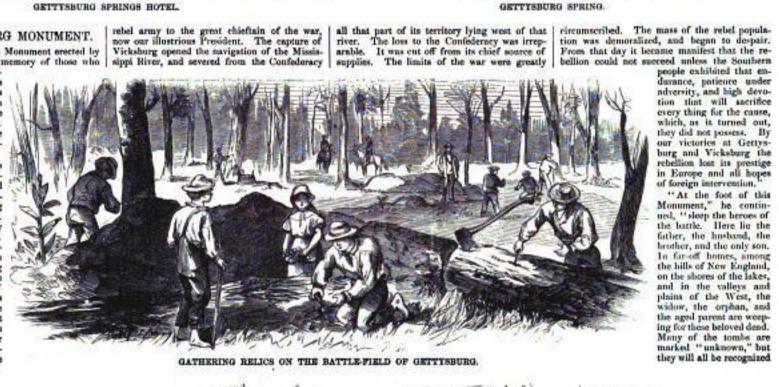
Ow the last of July the Monument erected by the loyal States to the memory of those who perished on the battle-field of Gettysburg was formally dedicated. It is erected in the cemetery in which the soldiers were buried where they fell. Fifteen thousand people were present at this dedication.

The Rev. HENRY WAND

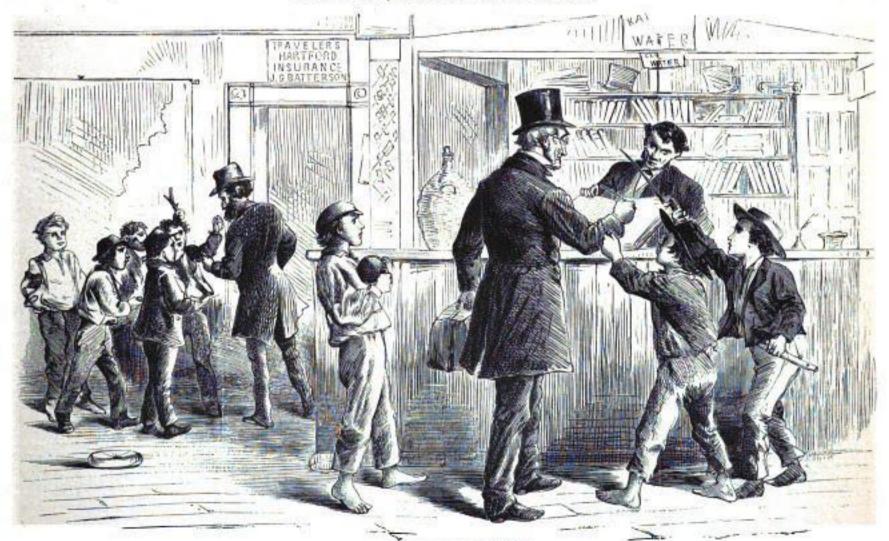
The Rev. HENRY WARD The Rev. HENRY WARD
BERCHER made the opening prayer. General
MEADE made an appropriate speech, recalling
the history of the battle.
An address was read by
Senator O. P. MOSTON.
He gave an eloquent review of the progress which
Freedom has made during
the last decade on both Freedom has made during the last decade on both continents. He spoke of that 4th of July, 1863, as the most memorable since that of 1776. It was not only a day of victory in the East. "On another field it witnessed the sur-render of another large

rebel army to the great chieftain of the war, now our illustrious President. The capture of Vicksburg opened the navigation of the Missis-sippi River, and severed from the Confederacy

all that part of its territory lying west of that river. The loss to the Confederacy was irrep-arable. It was cut off from its chief source of supplies. The limits of the war were greatly



GATHERING RELICS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.



RELIC-SELLERS, GETTYSBURG.

on the morning of the resurrection. The unand breaking hearts. None die so humble but leave some one to moorn. 'Purished at Gettysburg, in defense of their country, 979 men, of whose names, homes, or lineage, there is no truce left on earth. Doubtless the Rocording Angel has preserved the record, and when the banks are opened on the last day their names will be found in letters of living light, on the im-mortal page of heroes who died that their country might live.
"In the fields before us are the graves of the

rebel dead, now sunk to the level of the plain, 'nomarked, unbenored, and unknown.' They were our countrymen, of our blood, language, and history. They displayed a courage worthy of their country and of a botter cause, and we may drop a tear to their memory. The news of this fatal field curried agony to thousands of Southern homes, and the unit of despair was boned in the everglades and orange-groves of Would to God that these men had died for their country, and not in fratricidal strife for its destruction. Oh, who can describe the wickedness of rebellion, or paint the horrors of vivil war?"

The monument is sixty feet in height. It consists of a massive potental twenty-five feet square at the lase, crowned with a colossal statue representing the Genius of Liberty. Steading uses a three-quarters close, she helds Standing upon a three-quarters globe, she hole in her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, while with her left hand she clasps the sheathed sword through whose uncovered power the vic-tory was won. Projecting from the angles of the periestal are four buttresses supporting an equal number of allegorical statues, representing respectively War, History, Pearse, and Plenty. War is personified by a statue of the American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the bande, which the monument is intended to commemorate. History, in a listening attitude, records, with stylus and tablet, the achievement of the field and the names of the honored dead. Peace is symbolized by a statue of the American mechanic characterized by appropriate accessories. Plenty is represented by a female figure with a sheaf of wheat and fruits of the earth, typifying peace and abundance as the sublier's crowning triumph. The monument was designed by James G. Battenson, of Hartford, Connecticut. The statues are of Carrara mar-ble, and were executed in Italy.

It is impossible, in connection with this dedication, to forget the 19th of November, 1863, when President Lancoux, standing upon the hattle-field, delivered that short but memorable address, which will forever be associated with the greatest victory of the war. "In a larger sense," he said, "we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can nev-er forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain: that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that goveroment of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

BAYARD TAYLOR, in the opening passage of his poem repeated by him on the occasion of the dedication, beautifully allodes to this address:

dedication, beautifully alludes to this address:

After the eyes that looked, the lips that spake
Here, from the shadows of impending death,
These words of solemn breath,
What voice may filly break
The silence, deathy hallowed, left by blast
We can but how the bead, with eyes grown dim,
And, as a Nation's litany, repeat.
The phrase his matrydom hath made complete,
Notice as then, but now more sadly sweet:
"Let us, the living, rather dedicate
Ourselves to the unfinished work, which they
Thue far advanced so nobly on its way,
And save the pecilied State!
Let us, upon this field where they, the brave,
Their last full measure of devotion gave,
Highly resolve they inve not died in vain!—
That, noder God, he Nation's later birth
Of Feredum, and the Feeple's gain
Of their own Severeignts, shall nover wane
And perish from the circle of the earth?'
From such a perfect text, chall long aspire
To light to thied dire,—
And into wandering music turn
Is virtus, simple, corrowful, and stern?
His voice all ciccles satisfaced;
For, whatsoe'er the strain,
We hear that one certain,
"The consecrate occorives to them, the Consecrated!"

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller has recently visited the battle-field of Gettysburg, and writes as follows:

and writes as follows:

On Seminary Ridge the trees and fences are shattered and riddled, showing plainly how fierce was the coatest where the fight began. Here we found two bulless, one driven into the other so far that they could not be pulled apart. The supposition is that a Union and a robot sharp-shooter aimed so accurately for each other, and fired at an near the same time, that the bullets reet, and one being a little more dense than the other, piercrel the one coming from the opposite direction. Both fell, of course, to the ground, and thus provented the death of both the markenen, which must have been the result had the bullets merely grazed each other.

When we specke of the curtosity at the hotel a whole army of relic speculators wished to purchase it. Doubtless the sam which we received for it was trebled when need to the memeato services with frequent the town. These speculators do a thriving business in the relicine, and have every thing to self from a 100-pound shell to the smallest warea of the top-shop, all in some way consected with the battle.

Cause cut from Culy's Hill or Little Round Top are far asis is many shop-winderss, and if the purchaser far asis is many shop-winderss, and if the purchaser is a little incredulous and inclined to death that the tarses came from those places, they will march out with him, take any appling he may select, and make

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

It into a case in a remarkably short space of time. This business has become our of great importance to feetgeling, and it is proposed to introduce machinery for the manufacture of toys from the battle-field wood. The traces which we found of the fight slong the front of Hancock's and Sedgwick's line—except in the blasted peach orchard—were not very distinct, owing to the growing fields of grain and the repairs which have been put upon the few farm-houses. But the graves of the relact dead are there, dotting the fields for miles around. In one or two places the bones were sticking out, but generally their graves were covered with chorer, and had more of that barbarously methods appearance they have to the South.

At Little Round' Toy the bullet cars are still visible on the rocks, while reversal large dat stones near which officers were killed have been engrived with their narroes and the date of their death. The stone-wall which the troops throw up as a breast-work is still colleg, and the trees have not yet outgrown their wounds.

Our illustrations on pages 456 and 457 are mainly from sketches by THEODORE R. DAVIS.

One of our pictures represents the Gettysburg Spring. The curative properties of this spring were first brought prominently into notice in con-nection with the battle. The rebels were encamped about it, and their sick drank of its wacamped about it, and their sick drank of its water and experienced relief. Adjoining the illustration of the spring we give another representing the Gettysburg Springs Hotel. This hotel is situated on the hetrle-field, one and one-half miles west of Gettysburg, near the spot where General Revisolus fell. This hotel has been built since the middle of February last, by a company com-posed of the members of the Gestysburg Springs Company and the most prominent citizens of the town. It is in every respect commodious, well appointed, and furnished with all the modern improvements. The scenery about it is of unrivaled beauty.

MY NAMESAKE AND I.

My name is Murray Menteith, and I wish it My name is Murray Mencetth, and I wish it wasn't, because it is a pretty name, and a good name, which is more important. Common people, who are uncertain, or only too certain, about their grandfathers, are not likely to have such a name among them as Murray Menteith. My brother's name is Douglas, and even that circumstance, wherein a more in the such a name is to be a such a name in the such a such otherwise gratifying, has proved inconvenient to me in connection with the borrid fatality which has pursued and come up with me on several occasions already, and may have ever so many shocks in store for me yet; so that, while I don't exactly wish that Murray Menteith was not my name, and Douglas Menteith my broth-er's, I do wish very sincerely that we were the only Murray and Douglas Menteith in the world,

only narray and Doughas members in the world, or at any rate in this part of it.

Doughas has not been pursued by the above-indicated fatality, and I had rather not mention the matter to him; for his nature is somewhat rugged, and he has an edious habit of laughing at any thing which he considers a good joke, perfectly indifferent to the sensitive feelings which may be becaused by the witticism. Perhaps his turn may come, and then he will wel-come the sympathy of a brother whom he has hitherto regarded rather in the light of a "meff," just because I have a turn for sentiment and am not ashamed of it, and because I don't devote myself to fatiguing bodily exercises, for cruel purposes, which he calls field-sports.

I am studious, well-informed, and decidedly well-looking, though not precisely what your patrons of prize-fighting, or women who look upon a heavy dragoon as the ideal of manly beauty, would call a "fine man." I am not tall enough to be awkward, nor short enough to be insignificant, and my personal appearance is indicative of intellectual superiority and a thoughtful habit of mind. My namesake may possibly resemble Douglas, who is a big follow, given to cultivate his muscles at the expense of his brains, and who subscribes heartily to that creed which has been pithily summarized as "fearing God, and walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours." The other Murray Menteith, who is the bodily presentment of my "fatality," may be like him; indeed, I have no doubt he is, for as he has been described to me he is a coarse sort of person, of practical tastes—as it is the fashion to call those horrid energetic people who put themselves into perpetual perspirations, and make every one else uncomfortable; but he can not possibly resemble me. But that I regard the expression in a Shakspearian and therefore unobjectionable sense, I should not like to say that a "cursed spite" caused my namesake and his brother, who is my brother's namesake, to arrive at St. Andrews—an institution, as every one in and out of Scotland knows, unrivaled in the world as a seat of learning—just before my brother and I quitted the classic halls, to whose shelter I look back with reverence, and he, I regret to say, does not look back at all. I never happened to see the gentlemen—our "dou-bles," as Douglas called them; but he did the very day we left, I believe, and langhed in his big, obstreperous sort of way over some execrable joke about our being also "quits." Of course I took no notice; to rebake him would be unbroth-erly, and I endeavor to amend his taste and cor-rect his failings by silence. I merely remarked, when the similarity of names turned up again in conversation, that it was very fortunate we were leaving the university, so that no absurd mis-takes could be made, or sturied, ill-bred, practinever happened to see the gentlemen-our "dou takes could be made, or stupid, ill-bred, practi-cal jokes attempted. I made the remark somewhat severely—Douglas has a shockingly unre-fined taste for practical joking—and I never gave the subject another thought.

My pursuits are literary—chiefly poetical, with a dash of the philosophical, and a tendency toward the scientific. I am fond of geology, and ward the scientific. I am tond of geology, and I may say devoted to philology, and its cognate science ethnology. I am an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Tennyson, Professor Huxley, Max Müller, Captain Grant, and Arminins Vambéry. I should like to go to Central Asia if it were not for the

heat, the fatigue, and the necessary hypocrisy with respect to my religious opinions. That, and the smell of the camels, I never could endure. Douglas has no tastes, as I understand the usm; he is a "very fair farmer," according to the barbarous phrase in use in Dumfriesshire, and has the cruel propensities I have before men-tioned. So be and I parted company after we left St. Andrews, and I remained some time in Edinburgh, while he sought the secluded scenes and congenial cattle of Gientacket, as a place as flat as the Bog of Allen was absurdly named. I shell ever recall that brief period—even though, as the poet (who understood human nature well that he made a lover talk to his mistress of his "calm light love") beautifully sings,

"Bleak as the blast of December my life may prove," for then I reveled in the fresh delights of literary for then I reveled in the fresh delights of library society; I met numbers of persons of my own way of thinking; though perhaps the majority were a little superficial; and I frequently danced with Susan Price, whose only defect was her name. I allude to this frivolous, and indeed fa-tiguing, amusyment thus emphatically because if I had not danced with Susan Price I could not possibly have enjoyed her society so much as I did; for dance she would, and dance she did, whenever and wherever she had the opportunity, of which there was no scarcity in Edinburgh, dur-ing that unusually gay and delightful season, Susan Price was the daughter of a London law-Susan Price was the daughter of a London law-yer, the eldest daughter, report said the pretriest, and she was staying on a tolerably long visit with her mother's sister, Mrs. Sandilands, whose house was one of the pleasantest in Edinburgh, and who declared, with charming candor, and in a broad Lowland accent, that she hoped her niceo would not "go south" single, but marry and set-tle within easy reach of Princes Street. Susan Price was a very pretty girl when I met her-at a scientific lecture, by-the-way, which gave me a high opinion of her intellect, and laid me open to surprise when I discovered the catholicity of her tastes, and her peculiar predilection for the fastest kind of dancing. Nay, I will be magnanfastest kind of dancing. Nay, I will be magnan-imous, and acknowledge that she is a very pretty girl still; though the dream is ended, the sleep-er is awakened; and I am—well, not exactly desolate, but certainly disconcerted. She had bright brown eyes, and bright brown hair, and a bright brown complexion, I think—but no doubt I ought to use some other word to de-scribe it—and her cheeks glowed with a rich color which looked like the very hue of health, and which the east wind itself could not either wither or harden into coarseness or blowsiness. She had a bright brown look about her altogether, and the whitest teeth—with such a milky, inno-cent whiteness, though; no suggestion of snap, snarl, or moral cannibalism about them—and the sauciest smile, to be perfectly modest, and becoming a well-bred little lady, I ever saw. I don't mean to say I fell in love with Susan Price, but I walked into love with her, intentionally and deliberately. She suited me exactly, according to all my theories. She was pretty and bright, and sweet enough for me, in my capacity of poet in taste and feeling, though not yet "valgarized in verse," as I have seen it beautifully expressed. in verse," as I have seen it desautining expressed.

She was clever enough to understand me perfectly without attempting any absurd equality; indeed, she was much too sensible for any thing
of that sort, and recognized the grand truth that
a brasband's place is that of Gaznaliel. She had
quite an ardent taste for science, attended all the
lectures which abounded just then with exemplary
constraints. punctuality, and was so enthusiastic about the "pioneers of civilization," as she called my favorite travelers, that I began to think wheth mild exploration, in some not very dangerous region of the tropical zone, might not be a pos-sible method of adding color to a honey-moon trip. Susan Price was very energetic; I could not avoid seeing that; and, though it jarred upon me a little, I remembered that one energetic per-son in a household was rather an advantage, and that, at all events, when we were married, she

that, at all events, when we were married, she would probably give up dancing.

I have said her name was her sele defect, but I seen ceased to mind it; indeed, I rather liked the idea of changing it for her, especially as I discovered one evening, while the "sides" were blundering through the invariably impracticable fourth figure of a quadrille, and looking foolish and miserable in the attempt, that she particularly admired my patronymic. I had been thinking about the proposal, and all the other formalities which must be encountered before I could call Susan my own, and "Miss Price" no could call Susan my own, and "Miss Price" no longer, and, though I flatter myself I am not a man who could possibly look or feel ridiculous under any circumstances, I confess I felt anxious that these preliminaries should be conducted with becoming dignity, and at the same time with a certain touch of originality befitting my poetical and refined temperament.

and refined temperament.

We had been talking of the new novels, and
the names (and indeed the colors, for "red" was
coming into fishion just then) of their heroines,
and then of Highland and Scotch names in gen-

eral.
"I like almost all the Macs," said Miss Price, in her decided lively way.

Then I explained to her the significance of the

Mac and the O, so puzzling and meaningless to all but the Celtic ear. Her attention wandered, I thought, as I got farther into the mases of the clans and the tartans, and I recalled it by saying, abruptly:

We are rather proud of our name, Miss Price; do you like it? Time out of mind we have borne the same Christian names, and have always been Douglas and Murray Menteith.

"Murray Menteith," she repeated, softly-"Murray Menteith." I had never thought the name so musical, so refined; I had never liked it so much before. A swift, rosy blash spread itself over her face, and there was a look in her

married,

CONTRACTOR DESCRIPTION

brown eyes I had never seen in them till then.
"I do indeed like it; I think it a beautiful name."
What happiness! What a delightful opportunity! What a capital suggestion! It might have been rather commonplace to ask her to ac-cept the name she admired had it come about any other way, but in this it was exquisitely opportune.

Ah yes, of course, it was always my luck! The "sides" left off their imbecile ospering, the music changed, and we had to begin the fifth figure, danced, too, in the deadly-lively style at present in vogne, in which one is debarred from the brief but delightful familiarity of the "galop use ories out designtful familiarity of the "galop round." When we were at liberty to stand still again Miss Price, whose fatal activity of mind made it horselys to all the standard activity of mind made it hopeless to attempt to renew a conversa-tion of which the thread had been broken, plunged into a discussion about the imperial quadrilles, and the value à deux temps, or "walts, ah, don't attempt it," as Douglas called it, not once, which might have been pardoned as a youthful indis-cretion, but every time he could drag the joke (!) into the conversation. That was my last dance with Susan that night; but I did not mind that much, because I knew I should see her the next day at a "literary tea," where I had promised to read some "selections" from the poets, and I thought, after brief reflection, that such an occasion would be even more suitable than the pres-ent. I did not even hand her down stairs, but I ent. I did not even hand her down stairs, but I followed in her wake, and as she tied the cords of her pretty scarlet cloak in the hall I saw the end of a piece of paper remarkably like an envelope protroding from what I believe I caght to call the tucker of her dress. This little discovery filled me with joy—security I can not say I needed—for I had copied for and sent to her in the afternoon some delightfully soothing lines on perpetual grief, which I had found in an old annual, and of course they formed the contents of the cuvelope thus prized and honcred.

I was not a little provoked to find, when I reached my chambers that night, an urgent let-

I was not a little provoked to find, when I reached my chambers that night, an urgent letter from Douglas, requesting me to go to Glentacket at once on business of importance. He did not mention its nature, but said he would send a gig—a horrid conveyance, which to my mind combines the utmost possible discomfort with the greatest possible risk—to meet me at mind combines the utmost possible discomfort with the greatest possible risk—to meet me at the nearest station at four o'clock on the following day. This was a pleasant arrangement, and there was no appeal from it, as he had been careful not to tell me what I was wanted for; and suppose there had been a death in the family, and I had not gone, nobody would believe I had not known it. No, I must go; duty said so, and natural enriosity echoed it; and so I made up my mind, sent an anology and an explanaand natural currously echood it; and so I made up my mind, sent an apology and an explanation to Miss Mac Murdo for my non-appearance at the literary tea, and started for Gientacket, where I found Douglas in his usual oppressively robust health and intolerably boisterous spirits, and my aunt and the girls as uninterestingly well as women who live in the country, dine early, have no pecuniary troubles, and nothing on their minds but tracts and bead-work, are accustomed to be. The business on which Douglas had sent me so inconsiderate a summons was the sale of a farm, which it appeared he could not effect without my concurrence. I am sure he might have taken it for granted; I neither know nor care any thing about business, so long as I get my rights; and to do Douglas justice, I am quite my regars; and so so Lougas justice, I am quite sure of getting them, in any matter in which he is equally concerned. The business had one recommendation: it was soon over; and I de-termined to return to Edinburgh on the next day but one, and had before me the delightful moments of meeting Miss Prince at a legislative. prospect of meeting Miss Price at a lecture on the latest developments of conchological science; an occasion upon which I thoughs it probable she might be sufficiently at leisure to regard me with interest and attention. With my poetical temperament I am naturally a great smoker, and I am also naturally fond of gazing upon the smoonlis heavens, free from the vulgarizing obstructions of domestic architecture. The indulgence of these tastes in combination, on the second evening of my stay at Gientacket (the first was wet, as usual), my stay at Gientacket (the first was wet, as usual), led to my strolling unsuspectingly along the terrace in front of the house, falling down a short flight of steps, one of Doug. **s' horrid "in.provements"—really, his restless activity of mind in matters of no importance grows more and more offensive—and finding myself struggling in the mod of an artificial pool, with an inartistic and ineffective little fountain in the middle of it, assinst which I cut both my shins severely. against which I cut both my shins severely.

I caught a very had cold, I was much broised, and dead lame. Hence confinement to my bed for two days, to the house for a week, and also hence these presents, the plaint of a victim of circumstances and of a coincidence. Of course I thought incessantly of Susan Price and my de-ferred proposal; and of course I planned a num-ber of schemes for making it, when the time should come, duly effective and elegant. I pined to learn something of her during the lengthsome days of absence. Had she danced as much as days of absence. Had she danced as much as usual, while I was unable to move, except in a kind of hop at once painful and ungraceful? Perhaps to her also the hours had been "leaden-footed," and she had found no solace in society or science. Had she communed with her own heart and been still? had she read the verses and wept over them? had she, perchance, taken them to be my own composition? Delightful thought! for though I must needs undeceive her, the tender, woeful wailings of so pathetic a plaint would marvelously tend to attune her heart to all the softer emotions. I wearied for some news of her, and I almost cursed the inaction to which I was condemned, and the absurd process of wet-rag and oil-silk bandages, and weak-tea and

dry-toest diet to which I was subjected. At length news of her came in a most pected manner—no other than a letter from her-self—which my sister Lucinda handed to me

with a grave expression of curiosity becoming a young person of serious tendencies.

"Is that pink paper the fishion among world-lings, Murray?" she asked. (I suppose there's a particular kind of stationery for the "converted.") "Your correspondent writes rather a careless hand; and I can't say I admire the seal."

I did not know the hand (it was big and spluttering—as willful, wayward kind of acrib-bling—but characteristic, I thought afterward, and nice in its way), and I looked close at it and the seal. It bore a well-cut impression of a Cupid, in the customary full undress, carrying a lantern, his finger on his lip, and the legend was "Hush, hush!" I did not read the letter until Lucinds had left the room, which she did tossing her head with virtuous and pious indignation, her head with virtuous and pious indignation, and I have no doubt, entertaining the gravest suspicions of my correspondent. Imagine my feelings when the following lines met my enraptured game : "Parrons STREET, Tweedey,

"My DEARRST MURRAY, —As I have not yet heard your present address, and I can't put off writing to you on the chance of a letter which may not come for two or three days—it's well may not come for two or three days—it's went you explained that business engages you, Sir, or I wouldn't bear your silence patiently—I send this to Ss. Andrews, always, I suppose, a safe address. You will be savage when you hear that all our plans are knocked on the head; and now, after all your anxiety to get to Edinburgh, and all your impatience at the delay, you will not find our there. Perce hear written to Mes. not find me there. Papa has written to Mrs. S, to say I wast return to London at once, though Julia is not to be married for three weeks yet, because that horrid old unisance, Dr. Tuthill, is going up to London on Friday, and papa will going up to London on Friday, and papa with have me go with him, to prevent my traveling alone, or his having the trouble of coming for me; indeed, he couldn't do that because of business. Bother business! I hope—if we get through all our troubles well, and papa can be brought round to see that, as we love each other so devotedly, and are determined never to love any other person, he had better let us marry quietly—you will never have any business; I feel sure it is the greatest barrier to domestic happiness. However, I haven't time to write about that now. I must go, that's certain; and I only wish it were as certain that I shall come back; but that depends on many things; and I think it would be better for you to come up to London and have it out with pape at once. He will be softened by Julia's wedding; and I think will be softened by Julia's weading; and I think we may depend on mamma, when we tell her, to worry him. Of one thing, at least, you need never feel a doubt—I mean of my constancy. We may be parted by the rathless will of an inexorable parent, by our own remorseless destiny, by any thing short of death-but in vain; I shall ever remain your own

My own Susan! Enchanting, heavenly, delicious; but still puzzling. There was the letter directed to St. Andrews, and forwarded to me at Glentacket; there was the signature; there was the delightful assurance. My own Susan! But who was Julia? She must suppose me far more familiar with her family and their concerns than I really was; she must have intended to tell me several things and left her intention unfulfilled; and yet "My dearest Murray," and "Your own Susan," and the whole tone of the letter—the comfortably engaged tone, the perfectly enem-berrassed sentences? Had I proposed to her, and forgotten it? Had I preposed to her in a fit of somnambulism, or in a "spiritual trance?" I didn't believe in spiritualism, and openly scoffed at it-had the spirits taken this revenge upon It was dreadfully puzzling, and every moment's reflection decreased my first astonished pleasure. Where was the delightful embarrassment, where was the poetical emotion now? Really, Miss Price had wonderful quickness of comprehension, and Lad taken a hint with mar-velous celerity, for I could not distinctly remember having ever given her one. I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable indeed, when I happened to turn over the sheet of paper on which the letter was written, and then I saw a postscript scrawled on the other side. Remembering the proverbial value of such an addendum, I read it rather eagerly:

"I must spare a minute, darling, to tell you bow good I think you for not objecting to my dancing. I really am fond of it for its own sake, and I don't care a bit for my partner, whoever he may be. And then, I have always your last letter next my heart, which dances too, and I think of you all the time. There's a queer little man I meet almost every where, and I really like dancing with him. You'll laugh when I tell you why-because he has nice little feet, and never tears my dress; because he is so silly and romantic and conceited that he goes on talking forever about himself, and the books he reads, and the things he likes, so that one need scarcely talk at all, and I can think of you without being interrupted; and last, and most of all, because his name is-Murray Menteith.

An explanatory postscript with a vengeance! I pass over my feelings in silence. Poor girl! She had indeed chosen the wrong casket; but I could not aid her now. How happy, how intel-lectual, how refined a life might have been hers! I proceed to my actions. To write upon the lea-ter, "Opened by, but not for me, Murray Men-teith," to hand it to the postman, and abandon it to the dreary vicissitudes of official destiny, would have been the simplest course. To have inclosed it in an indignant letter to the misguided Susan, and sent a copy to her pape, warning him that the wife of his bosom was about to "worry" him, would have been the course adopted by ere volcar vindictiveness. I trust I am not vindictive; I know I am incapable of vulgarity.

with a grave expression of curiosity becoming a | Noblesse oblige, and I am confident that even the other Murray Menteich is a gentleman. I placed the lotter in a large envelope, I sealed it with the imposing armorial seal of the Meu-teiths, I addressed it to "Murray Menteith, Esq., St. Andrews. If absent, to await arrival." And I determined to forget Susan Price there and then, a resolution to which circumstances have not permitted me to adhere.

I have alluded to a "fatality. Can I do less when at least a dozen letters of congratulation addressed to the other Murray Monteith, on the occusion of his marriage with the misguided girl, reached me instead? Is it less a "fatality" that I am constantly railied on my state matrimonial; that people are always requesting an intro-duction to my wife; that I am subjected to con-stant expense and trouble in sending back par-cels that don't belong to me, and do belong to Miss Price's busband; and that I have good rea-con to believe much missing presents of miss is son to believe much missing property of mine is at this moment in their possession? Lastly, is it any thing less than a fatality that the scientific and literary world—the world of taste, sey world, in short—are always making extraordinary mis-takes, of which he invariably reaps the benefit, between my namesake and me?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CLINTON, a remarkably pretty village in the town-Chiron, a remarkably pretty village in the town-ship of Kirkland, nine miles south of Utica, is per-vaded by that pleasant literary atmosphere which marks the seat of a popular educational institution. And now, at this season, when College Commence-ments are occurring in all parts of the country, Ham-liton College is a point of interest in many home cir-cies, and demands a share of public attention. This year Commencement at Hamilton takes place next week on Thursday, Jair 13, regions other exercises. week, on Thursday, July 15, various other exercises connected therewith occupying several previous days. The Senior Class, which numbers forty-one, bears a good reputation for echolarly ability, and one of its members is said to take a higher rank than any previone graduate.

The College buildings are situated on an eminence about a mile from the village—a location which af-fords the students abundance of exercise, as many of them board in the village. The Astronomical Observatory contains a valuable telescope and other instru-ments. Since 1841 eight asteroids have been there first discovered; and under the charge of Dr. Peters the enthusiasm of this department is well sustained.

Hon, William Cartis Noyes, of New York city, who died a few years ago, bequeathed his valuable Law li-brary, consisting of about five thousand volumes, to Hamilton College. Although it is to be regrested that so choice a collection of books should not have heen located in a more central place, where a greater number of professional men could have had access to jt, yet the Hamilton students are thus afforded unusji, yet the Hamilton stadents are thus afforded unusual advantages. A handscone Library building is now meanly completed, which will furnish a place for about sixty thousand volumes. The College grounds are spacious and tastefully laid out, a great variety of trees and shrube adding beauty to "College Hill," as it is called. A fine view of the village and of the city of Utica is obtained from this point.

In addition to Hamilton College, Clinton contains several library institutions of well-known ment.

several literary institutions of well-known merit. Houghton Female Seminary bears a good repute, as also the Clinton Liberal Institute, which has both a male and female department. About fifteen young girls form a select school, occupying the cory-look-ing Cottage Home Seminary; and the Roral High School, under the charge of Professor A. P. Kelsey, affects a pleasant home to boys, with careful train-ing and thorough preparation for college or for busi-tages. The seminary in the professional schools are supported to the con-tage of the seminary in the seminary in the careful training and thorough preparation for college or for busi-ness. Among the various literary societies, which exist in Clinion as in many other places, is one worthy of imitation. The "Irving Pamphlet Club," composed of about fifteen gentlemes, not only hold their regular meetings for social discussion, but sub-scribe for a large number of the best English and American periodicals, which are circulated among the members, thus giving to each, at comparatively little expense, a variety of valuable reading.

It is stated that a year ago Mr. David A. Wells was the author of what has proved to be a remarkable document. It was a carefully prepared estimate that the Government receipts for the year would be \$226, 700,000, and the expenditures \$256,300,000. It now turns out that the receipts have been, in round numbers, \$560,000,000, and the expenditures \$225,000,000. Such an exact estimate is wonderful.

A late writer on Woman Suffrage says that the reform proposed by the most progressive advocates of this movement is "an attempt to make trumpets out of flutes, and sun-flowers out of violets!"

The Prince of Wales has just laid the first stone of a new asylum for idiots. The Independent remarks "there is something rather appropriate about that performance P

At New Hampton, England, some houses, designed At New Hampton, England, some houses, designed for inborers, have been built in a novel style. Straw is compressed into slabs, soaked in a solution of fint, to render them fire-proof, both sides coated with a kind of census, and of these slabs the cottages are built. By ingenious contrivances the quantity of joiner's work is much reduced, and the chimney is so constructed as to secure warmth with the smallest consumption of fuel, and at the same time to heat a drying-closet. The cost of a single cottage of this de-scription, combining "all the requirements of health, decency, and comfort," is 486.

There are one hundred and thirty compositors em ployed to set the types of the London Times, sixty by day and seventy at night; while oleven foremen and assistants direct their movements. Twenty-four persons are required to read proofs, and three are em-ployed merely to "pull" the proofs.

An outside accompaniment of the Peace Jubilee was a baby-show. A reporter remarked: "On entering Tremont Temple you hear a sound as of the articulate 'aw-w-p! sw-p! ew-p!' repeated many times and all at once, interspecied with voices as of chuckling and laughter. That is only kissing the bables—three hondred, they say; and you may as well believe it, for you can't count that wriggling, multitudiscus mass of young bumanity. There are bables fat and bables slender; fair, rosy, dark, and actually apopletic in visage; plump and stout, and placid and driveling. There are twins, with projecting foreheads and very curly hair. There is the one-pound baby, done up in a dozen thicknesses of financi, and the forty-pounder, rampant and overflowing his low-necked dress in folds and ripples of too abundant flesh."

A painful catastrophe is recorded of a beautiful New York damsel, who had all the charms of maidenbood, excepting—she had black hair! Vanity and Nible's had taught her that blande would be more attractive had taught her that blonds would be more attractive— so the artist was engaged for one hundred dedine, half paid in advance. One side of the terbulent dark hair was smoothed into golden ripples, when the hair-drages. The effect was disastrons. Purple, and streak-ed, and gray, and burned, and, lodeed, atterly ruleons was the last half of the professor's work. There re-mained for the broken-hearted semi-blonds only the near consistion of sains for domarcs. poor consolation of suing for damages.

The following curious announcement lately appeared in a French paper: "M. Bernadotte, cousin to the King of Sweden, and dyer at Surewes, presents himself as an independent and liberal candidate in the eighth district. His dest meeting with his electors will take place at Combevoie, in the public house of M. Iturbide, who is heir to the Iturbide, sometime Emperor of Mexico."

The Atlanta (Georgia) University is now being erected upon one of the most commanding sites of the city. This institution will give the advantages of a thorough education to all classes without distinc-tion of race, color, or sex. A normal class of about forty promising pupils, gathered from various parts of the State, has already been formed.

An exchange remarks that many a man keeps him-self poor by indulging in two glasses of ale a day at ten cents each, seventy-three dollars; three eigner, one innedred and nine dollars and fifty cents; board for a big dog, thirty dollars; in all, two hundred and twoive dollars and fifty cents—sufficient to buy six harrols of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee a good cut, a respectable down, a fook for coffee, a good cout, a respectable dress, a frock for the buby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes.

According to Chambers's Journal, Mesers Black-wood, the publishers, paid George Ellot (Mrs. Lewes) \$12,000 for "Siles Marner," \$20,000 for "The Mill on the Flose," and \$25,000 for "Romola."

A somewhat inexperienced merchant in West Troy received a good-stool box from an expreseman. "What do them ere letters mean?" said he, pointing to the "C. O. D." on the corner. "Them means pay," exclaimed the emphatic expressman. "Them don't spell pay," rejoined the other. "You go along; this ere box is paid for, I know." "I tell you what," reere now in past for, I know." "I toll you what," re-turned the expressman, the bright thought abnest knocking him off the wagon seat, "them ere letters mean "Come Omniedlately Down," at which condu-elve suggestion the man paid for the box, and the happy expressman went back over the river with a new idea in his head.

An Illinois pener is edited by a certain Mr. Steele. A man bearing the same of Doolittle desired to go into partnership with him. The proposition was declised on the ground that the firm would read had-Steal and Do Little, or Do Little and Steal. What's

Many farmers are sadly puzzled to know what methods to adopt to keep the bugs from netton and encumber viace. The following preventive was re-cently communicated to the New York Farmers' Club by a gentleman of Forest Grove, New Jersey: "The safest and surest remedy is fresh charcoal, pulverined. Dust it on the hill when the seed is put in, and again when the plants come up. If washed off by rain repeat the operation. Plants thus treated are perfectly safe, and even when covered with bugs they will often disappear on the first application." Another remedy is to saturate corn-cobe with coal-tar, and place them in the hill, near the vine, but not touching it, and it is said the bugs will soon disappear.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

George. "I was sorry to bear that you had broken your arm. I suppose it pained you awfully, dion't it?"

Passa (with much feeling). "It wasn't the pain, old fellow-ob no! It was being deprived of carrying my hands in my pockets which broke me down."

FEMININE TACT.

MARKA. "Sydney, I Insist not your eating that ploce of meat. You should not have asked for it if you did not want it."
Synters, "life so hig, ma."
Sussey, "But if you fold it up it won't look so big."

"Jim" has a precedious nephew, a lad just three years old. Playing with his kitten yeaterday, Miss kitten "got her back up" about something tkittens as well as folks often get their backs up, and sampered over the floor. Little rephers was delicitude, and saug out, "Leok, ran, kitten's got 'o Grotian bend!"

To THE WEATHER-WHY. - In a weather eye the same

RULES APPLICABLE TO BUSINESS MEN. Rule 1.—Get up late in the morning and ent a harty breakfast.

Rule 2.—Rush at once to the care to avoid extens

Rule 3.—Rush at once to the care to avoid extens of air and exercise.

Entle 2.—Wear a pair of tight boots.
Rule 4.—Eat pen-nuts, smake cigars, drink brandy or whisky between breakfast and dinner.

Rule 5.—Lanch at a restaurant on baker's bread, segry potences, and mince-pic.
Rule 6.—Bo all year business in a hurry.
Rule 7.—Eat a hearty disner at six o'clock of all sects of sudjectible compounds.

Rule 8.—Hotire late. Follow these directions, and it will be easy to be miserable.

A member of the Louisiana Legislature, who carries a pair of gigantic feet, which he silings about as he walks like a pair of finite, recently accessed a well-known member of the her with, "Mr. M.—, you know me, don't you?" M.—, surprised at the question, drew himself up at fall length, and ecanolog his interiocutor from head to foot, remarked, "Well, Sir, your face is a familiar one to me, but assuredly your feet have onigrown my recollection."

ANKLES.

ANKLES.

There's magic in a lady's foot,
And well the ladies know it:
And she who has a pretty one
is pretty sure to show it.
At times you, too, are martyred by
The sicost little ankle,
That shouts an arrow through your eye,
Within your heart to rankle.

But when it trips along the street,
Through wind, and mind, and vapor,
By sheerest excident you see
How beautiful the taper;
And as it steps upon the walk,
Amid the crowd to mingle,
Two negatish cyes look up and say,
"I wonder if he's single."

Little Johnny was being catechised by his brother, who asked him what he was made of. Johnny re-plied, "You and me and pape are made of dast, and mamma and above are made of rock's with."

A poor old woman having been removed to the A peor old woman having been removed to the almo-boase was very importunate to have an article of household farmiture size had left behind. Her unceraing request was at length compiled with, and men were dispatched to transfer her household property to bet new shods. Imagine their surprise, or arriving at her former residence, when they found nothing but a cepta, which, however, they forthwith brought to the old woman, much to her joy and estimation, who pleasantly observed she found it very handy to keep her goests in!

Heinrich Heine sold: "How fortunate the Romana were that they had not to learn Latin grammar! Be-cause, if they had done so, they could never have found time to conquer the world."

An irregular apprentice, frequently keeping late bones, his master at length took occasion to apply some website arguments to convince him of the "cr-cor of his ways." Buring the chastisement the mas-ter exclaimed: "How long will you serve the death?" The boy regiled, whimpering: "You know best, Sir; I believe my indentures will be out in three months."

At a recent Subbath-school conert, in a suburban church, the ordinance of taptism was administered. The derayman in charge expressed gratification that the occasion offered him so good an opportunity to explain to the children the nature of the service. By way or abstraction, he said: "In Old Testament times blood was offered as ma atoming sacrifice; hence it was spoken of as a parieter; but what is used as an embens of parity towardays—what element conveys the idea of perfect cleanliness?" A moment's ellence, and then a dozen little voices squeaked out, "Soup!"

"Boys, what is all this noise in school?"
"It's fill! Siless indiating a becommive."
"Come up here, William: if you have turned into a locumotive, it is time you were switched of."

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

"Every man his own tombetone" would seem to be the motto of the ingenious Grenoble man mentioned in the following paragraph:

As add decreasy has just benchmade by a man of Grenoble, by which it is relocated that remotative and protection and will be supported as all the standard of an individual discharge is jumped with a fact threatest of an individual for the parameter of an individual for the parameter of an individual for the standard protection. The corn that is a thin-standard protection in the discrete. He corn that is a thin-standard protection of the parameter. He corn that is a thin-standard protection of the discrete. The corn that is a thin-standard protection of the first than in the standard protection of the standard protection of the standard protection. It is the three being a non-record account. In a standard protection of the standar

It will then be in any man's power to be the founda-tion of a noble house. We four, however, it will tempt some people, who have little toward respect for the living, to chisel their deceased relatives.

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Ingrumo Strutturist. "Do you ever take spirits

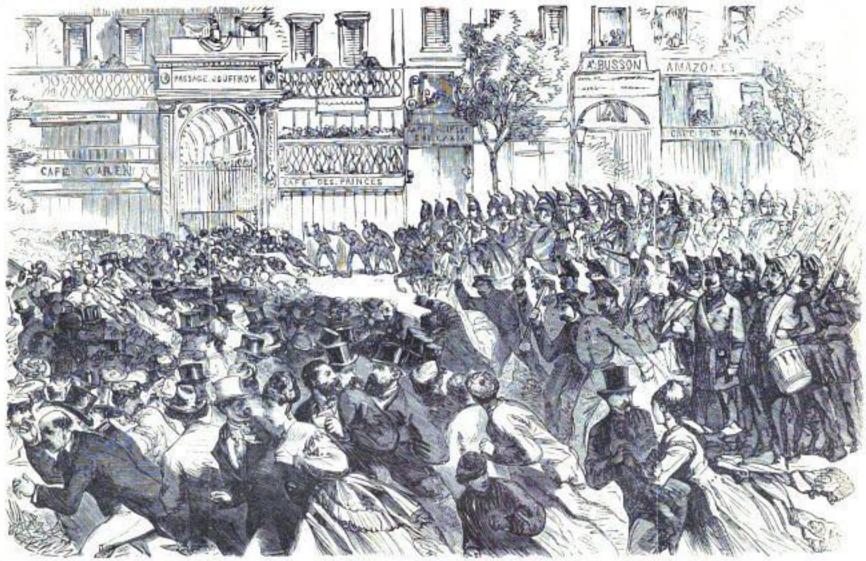
Ingresses of the second of the

"Hallo, Jake, where did you buy those fish?"
"I didn't buy 'em."
"Well, where did you get them?"
"I hooked them."





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DISTURBANCES IN PARIS-CAVALRY CLEARING THE BOULEVARDS ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 10.

THE DISTURBANCES IN PARIS.

The elections in France have been attended with unusual turbulence in Paris and in some other of the more populous cities. That is, there have been street riots, repeated for successive nights. The Government could not regard these disturbances as insignificant, following, as they have, a general election in which the Opposition

has polled not far from half the votes of all adult Frenchmen. The Emperor, when be heard the result of the elections, is reported to have said: "Well, at last we are fare to face with the revolution, and I know how to deal with it!" Still there has really been no revolution.

To put down these disturbances the authorities of Paris employed the civil force until it was overtasked, when they gave it an impregnable military

base, upon which the sergents de ville might re-treat in case of need, and whence they might is-sue, as a cloud of skirmishers, to effect arrests. The cavalry swept the people out of the most crowded of the boulerards and streets, but with-out using their weapons. The consequence was that every body who shrank from a fresh revolu-tion, but whose restless curiosity had impelled him to mingle with the multitude, took heart to

encourage law and order by acclamations of loy-alty and active assistance. The culmosiers, as-they patrolled the streets, were greeted with choers: and tries of "Down with the rioters!" succeeded those of "Down with the Empire!" The Paris correspondent of the London Issilg News says that, had the seggents de ville allowed the natural effervescence resulting from the elec-tion to find vent in a few cries, all Paris would



"THE ARAB STORY-TELLER."-FROM A PAINTING BY J. E. HODGSON.-[SEE PAGE 462.]

have gone quietly to bed by one o'clock. In-stead of this they continually charged the utterstead of this they continually charged the utterly inoffensive crowds on the Boalcourds, knockel over the people who were sitting outside the
enfes, and showed no consideration for women
and children. The Temps says that the courtyard in which its office and that of the Hopped
and Frence are situated, having attracted a large
number of persons, drawn there by a very natural curiosity, was suddenly invaded by a swarm
of police agents, though the place was private
property, and every body was turned out with
extreme bratality. An old man was knocked
down, it adds, by one of these "rioters in uniform," and narrowly escaped being crushed to
death under the wheels of a cart.

The riots continued during the week com-

The riots continued during the week communing June 7. On the night of the 9th it is estimated that about 20,000 persons were assembled in the streets. Our illustration on page sention in the streets. For instraining the Boulevards on the night of the 10th. Five hundred arrests were made. Our late advices from Paris report the arrest of M. Hasat Rocancroux, of Lo Lesterae notoriety, and who has been most active in exciting popular turnols.

On the 11th order was so far restored that the

Emperor and Empress drove in an open carriage along the entire length of the Borlevards without e-cert of any kind. So much may be accom-plished by force. But how long?

"THE ARAB STORY-TELLER."

It is needless to say that the art of more or It is needless to say that the art of more or less fictitious narrative is every where cultivated throughout the East, and among the allied nations of the northern sen-board of Africa. Even in Southern Italy and Spain the improvisatore may not unfrequently be heard declaiming to an excited andience. It is natural this should be so among people to the mass of whom literature and the newspaper are unknown. The wandering life of the Arab tribes, and the fervid Arabian faces, are emiscable conductor to success in the fancy, are eminently conducive to success in the art, and the "Thousand and One Nights" remains for all time as a splendid monument of the genius of Arabian fictitious narrative. From the reader's asquaintance with that exhaustless storehouse of favey he may readily imagine the kind of take which the Arab story-teller in our illustration on page 461 is relating with so much ani-mation, and with occasional emphasis of a tap on his tambourine or tom-tom. The subject of on his tambourine or tom-tom. The subject of this picture is derived from observations made by this picture is derived from observations made by Mr. Housewas during a residence last uinter in North Africa. The scene is laid outside the walls of Tangiers, and the distinctive costumes and strong individuality which characterize the different types of nationality represented in the circle of listeners testify to study "on the spot." Then the expressions are discriminated with opial nivety, arcenting to age and character. The nged sheik listens quite impussively; some of the sterner of the men of middle age also preserve their gravity, or are swayed seniously by the dounnie, possionate descriptions of the speaker; while others, more homorously dis-posed, smile at his assumption of sincerity or in anticipation of the sequel to the story. In like moment, some of the boys are enthralled or mystitied, while others laugh outright, as though deterting the fan of a farce.

DEATH, THE GATE OF LIFE.

Aur death's dark emblems suited for the grave or him who dwells in beaver's medended light? of him who dwiths in between medical sight?
For souls arrayed in robots of duzaling white.
Small blackest public and planes functed wasc?
Shall three desegoing with antimetry blight,
Torches retered intesed flame is quentied in night,
And columns challened our composition error.
For these whom Christ by death did fully some.
Who may take profess over each all the debt Who now, made perfect, serve, and in 11th eight. Drink of the fountain of supreme delight? Bear high the shaft, now life thereon engrave! Turn up the town, it never burnt so bright! A richer has and seent the Bly gives... Not till the Christian dies he fully lisced Nawsaw Hana

SOR PATROCINIO.

This strange woman, whose name has become famous, or rather infamous, over the civilized world, is now verging on seventy years of age. In very early youth Maria Raphaele Quiroga was admitted as a pensioner into the convent of Calcillaro de Granius in Madrid, the most dissolute of all those viie abudes. So detestable did this convent become in the eves of the Madrelatos that, in 1845, they demolished the building, the graves were opened, the corpses torn from their coffins, and the muss sent to another convent,

In November of the same year, 1835, proceedings were instituted against Senorita Quiniga, also was then for the first time brought to pubhe notice under the conventual name of Sor Pa-She was charged with found in pretending to perform miracles; and, stronge as it reads now of the devoted adherent of Isabella the ex-Queen, the judge who immediately con-menced the pro-secution demanded by the Government reported soon after, as the result of the preliminary examination, "that she had claimed have been taken out of her e-avent by the detil, who conducted her to the road leading to Aranjugz, and told her that Maria Christina was a ted woman in every respect, and that her daughter must not rule over Spain." The gist of the crime consisting in her assertion, in the name of God, that Isabella would never rule over

In the course of the trial other charges were brought against the nun. One, that she had wounded her own side and claimed that the wounds were supernaturally inflicted while kneeling at her prayers. The authorities commission-

ed two distinguished physicians to examine these singular wounds. They found, of course, that they had been caused by artificial means, and that as soon as these artificial means were removed the wounds healed speedily.

The Court found her guilty, and sentenced her to be removed, "with all due consideration to her colling and position," to another numery sit-unted "at least" forty leagues from the capital. After her removal from Madrid Sor Patrocinio

devoted herself entirely to the cause of Don Car-los, and continued her fraudulent practices. Foolide and fanatical, like so many members of the Bourbon family, Dun Carlos attached more im-portance to the letters the non wrote to him, and to the advice which she gave him, than to the strategic plans of his Commander-in-chief, Zu-

But the Carlists were unsuccessful, and Sor Patrocinio passed over to the theocratic party at the Court of Isabella.

The nun was astute and far-sighted. She, with the assistance of the Bishop of Pampeluna, at-tached herself to the cause of Don Francisco, the aspirant and subsequently the successful can-didate for the hand of the young Queen Isabella. She persuaded the King that she could bring his mother out of purgatory to advise and guide him; indeed she presented to have herself made several trips to that uncomfortable place to bring word from his lamented parent. At one of the frequently recurring revolutions in the palace, Narvaez being in power, both King and nun were exiled; but they soon returned, when the latter obtained more influence than ever.

latter obtained more influence than ever.

Hitherto Sor Patrocinio had taken pains only
to influence the King Consort, but henceforth
she attached herself more closely to the Queen;
and, emboldened by her success in frauds, she
attempted higher flighta. She succeeded in causing the statue of Christ in St. Francis's Church
to be covered with bloody sweat as a mark of His
disapprobation of the policy pursued by Spain.
Such things had often been accomplished before.
But how can we account for the Overn carrying But how can we account for the Queen carrying ber faith so far in the supernatural powers of Sor l'atrocinio as to allow the designing nun to per-suade her to wear only such consista as Sor Pa-trocinio had already had on her body for twenty-

Sor l'atrocinio was still nominally a nun, but the over resided permanently in a cloister after the Queen's marriage. She came and went like any other untrammeled lady from Rome to Spain, and back from Spain to Rome. She de-fied the law that had united her forever from Madrid; in that city she always rode through the streets in a royal equipage drawn by four mules, two other carriages following it, and an escort of honor accompanying her. When she did reside at the Convent of St. Pascal, half a dozen carts, bearing the royal cost of arms, could be seen every Monday unloading at the cloister gute the meet expensive delicacies of Sprin and foreign countries. It was the weekly royal con-

tribution to the nun's kitchen.
This nunnery of St. Pascal at Aranjuez is a large building without any pretensions to archi-tectural beauty. The ceils, originally intended for monks, and furnished in the plainest manner, had been transformed into elegant boudoirs for the prorégés of the Queen's favorite; and St. Pasent was the model for all the numeries which, by the expenditure of millions, she founded in Ibiefenso, Pardo, Son Lorenzo, and Into these choice retrents no novice could be admitted who had passed her sixteenth year; and it was observable that the patroness

admitted none but very good-looking girls.

The figure of Nor Patrocinia is not very striking, but her features are not uninteresting. She has a large but shapely mouth, a powerful nose, and deep-seated but highly expressive intellectnd eyes. Her costume is similar to that of the nuns in the convents she instituted, consisting of a white tunic, surmounted by a cape, and fis-tened round the waist by means of the so-called serudin string, to which a rosary is attached. Another reserv adores the breast, and contains a medal made of gilt brass. The clock is blue and adorned with another medal, which is worn on white silken ground, on the shoulder. The head-dress is very large, with a long wil attached to it. Her feet are here, or only prosected by homen sandals. She resembles an apparation from past ages, with energy and fanaticism

stamped on her face.

She accompanied Isabella to France, and is now engaged in introducing the beautiful feather flower-work into the convents of Paris and the neighborhood. As Sor Pattocinio is reported to be a great favorite of Pope Pies, it is not improbable that, some day, her death may add one more to the lengthy entalogue of Saiats in the Romish Church. Quica Sabe /

ORE FISHERIES OF SWEDEN.

Among the various industrial pursuits of Northern Europe none are more singular than the lake fisheries of Sweden that take place usually in Jamusey, or about mid-winter, and in which the fishers are miners and the fish a species of from ore known as leke ore. This mineral, which is held in great estimation in Sweden and Prussia, and extensively used in these countries in the arts, is the direct product of a small insert inhabiting various takes and water-courses of Sweden, but principally in the somb, or the Province of Smaland. deposited upon clay or sandy bottoms, in deep and still waters, either in the lakes or at the bend of rivers, where the water outside of the current is still or eddies slowly. Upon being re-moved it is quickly reproduced, and always upon the same bods, in layers, sometimes 650 feet long. It to 30 feet wide, and 8 to 10 inches deep. Its formation, which is as curious as the mode of gathering it is singular, was discovered but a few

years ago by a Swedish naturalist, M. Spogreen, who has written a very interesting paper upon the subject. The waters of a lake near which the subject. The waters of a lake near which he was residing became very low, and he was enabled to follow with the eye the formation of a layer of ore that was thus exposed. The bed, or bettom of the lake, was indeed almost entirely dry, but there still remained depressions from six inches to a yard in diameter, filled with water, and awarming with the infusory producers of the iron, some of them visible to the naked eye, and others so small they could only be discovered with the aid of the microscope. All were busily at work inclosing themselves in metallic tombe, somewhat in the manner the caterpillar wraps at work inclosing themselves in metallic tombs, somewhat in the manner the caterpillar wraps himself up in his cocoon. The work appeared to be systematically performed as follows: The little insect designed the form of the metallic grain in which he was about to entomb himself in a not-work of fine black filaments, an open space being left in the centre for him to operate in. Then, from his position in the centre, he fastened rapidly to the filaments of the shell rays of a brownish color, closing them about him with a wonderful dexterity, until his work assumed the appearance of a freg's egg, except that the color was brown. These globules were formed with great rapidity, and thousands of them grew under the curious beholder's eye. If one of them, before it was completed, was taken in them, before it was completed, was taken in the hand with a little water, the insect could be seen working very distinctly; but if the water were shaken or drained slowly off, the partially formed grain fell down in a flat mass, in which were seen a few feeble movements, and then all was still and without life. These flat masses was still and without the. These hat masses are often found in the lakes in great abundance, and are called, from their shape, money ove. The globules, or grains of metal, are not all of the same size, but are proportioned to the insect, for whom they serve as tumbs. The fishery, or gathering of the metal, commences about the end of autumn, when the lakes in that country are already covered with ice from two to three inches thick. Then the fishers, choosing the spots upon the lake where the waters are supposed to be deepest, cut small holes in the ice, through which are passed long poles. With these the bottom is telt, and the ferruginous deposit discovered by the sound of the mineral as it is struck, or by the fragments brought to the sur-face. A layer of the ore having been discover-ed its limits are marked by means of branches and twigs stuck in the ice, and the space thus and twigs stack in the ice, and the space thus circumscribed by the fertanate discoverer becomes his own legal property, upon which no other can make researches until the end of winter. The different claims being staked out, all further operations are postponed until a few months later, when the ice becomes very thick and strong. Then the fishing commences in carnest. Each one seeks his claim, and begins by cutting a hole of about a yard in diameter in the ice, through which he passes to the bottom of the lake a large sieve attached to a pole cut long enough for the purpose: theu, with a large rake, be gathers into a heap immediately underneath him all the mineral he can reach. A smaller rake serves to fill the sieve, which is smaller rake serves to fill the sieve, which is then drawn to the surface with its load of lake ore mixed with sand and clay. This is washed in the water, which carries off through the meshes of the sieve all except the ore, which is then deposited upon the ice. Having gathered from the water all the mineral within the limits of his claim, the ore fisher, or miner, has nothing fur-ther to do than to fill his sacks and proceed to the nearest furnace, where he finds a ready sale for the product of his labors.

This singular tishery gives employment to great numbers of the inhabitants of the Province of Smaland, to whom it is quite profitable, as an expert hand can readily gather half a ton of the ore in a day. Children are early habituated to it, and great care is exercised in teaching them to discover as well as to gather the lake ore.

CURATIVE POWERS OF ANIMALS.

ONE William Ellis published a curious book ONE William Edits published a currous book in 1750, in which we find this charm for the cure of the king's evil: "A girl at Gaddesden, having the evil in her feet from her infancy, at eleven years old lost one of her toos by it, and was so had she could hardly walk. A heggar-woman coming to the door, and hearing of it, said, that if they would cut off the hind-leg, and the foreleg on the contrary side of that, of a toad, and she wear them in a silken bag about her neck, it would certainly cure her; but it was to be ob-served that, on the tond's losing its legs, it was to be turned loose abroad, and as it pined, wasted, and died, the distemper would likewise waste and die; which happened accordingly, for the girl was entirely cured by it, never having had the evil afterward."

In various parts of Scotland the following bar-barous expedient is even now had recourse to for children infected with worms: a quantity of the common garden-worm is collected and tied in a cloth bug, and then cruelly submitted to a painful and lingering death, by exposure to the in-fluence of a slow fire, by which they are gradu-ally reasted slive. Their decomposed remains are then applied, as a salve, to the stomach of

A child was suffering from thrush, when its nurse, a Yorkshire woman, procuring a frog, held it for a time to the mouth of the child, that the creature might imbibe the silment, and leave its own bealth in exchange. The same practitioner had herself occasional attacks of cramp, in anticipation of which she kept a supply of spiders in a pill-box, swallowing one whenever she was threatened with the suffering. When the hoop-ing-cough attacked the children of whom she was in charge, she feasted them on roast hedgehog, imposing it on them as a tender rabbit. She

also borrowed a piebald horse; and having had also borrowed a pickeld horse; and having had it brought into the yard, carried each of the afficied children out in succession, wrapped in a blanket, and passed them thrice under the animal's belly. These attempts being unsuccessful, each child was condemned to wear a hairy enterpillar in a bag round its neck.

In Lancashire, and some of the adjoining counies, the following practice is prevalent for curing warts: steal a piece of meat from a batcher's shop or from his tray, and after having well rubbed the parts affected with the purloned meat, bory it under a gateway or in any secluded

rubbed the parts affected with the partoned mest, bury it under a gateway or in any secluded spot. If this be done so secretly as to escape detection, as the meat decays, so will the warts disappear. In order to get rid of a "sty on the eye," it is customary for the sufferer, on the first might of the new moon, to procure the tail of a black cas, and after pulling from it one hair, reb

The right fore-foot of a hare worn constantly in the pocket is deemed an excellent amulet against "the rheuman." A very common charm resorted to for the cure of that painful disorder the cramp consists in wearing about the person the patella of a sheep or lamb, popularly known as the "cramp-bone." It is to be worn as near the skin as possible, and at night it must be laid under the pillow.

In Germany the tongue of the capercalle is considered by many an excellent preservative against the pains of dentition. Sewn up in a lit-tic beg, it is hung round the infant's neck. Among the Swiss it was generally believed that a few drops of the blood of the steinbock, poured

a few drops of the blood of the steinbock, poured into a glass of wine and taken before going to bed, produced immediately a violent perspiration, and cured all sorts of diseases. The very hall with which he was shot had its use; for water into which it was dipped acquired valuable medicinal properties. The genu-bell, a sort of besoar or morbid secretion, sometimes found in the stomach of this animal, was used as a medicine. It used to sell for its weight in gold.

The horn of the stag was long supposed to possess great medicinal virtues, especially the right or off horn, which, it was said, was rarely found, and consequently was the more highly

right or off horn, which, it was said, was rarely found, and consequently was the more highly prised. Michael Drayton, in a note to his description of a stag-hunt, says that "the hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine." Deer-horns, when in the "velvet," are eagerly bought by the Chinese, being esteemed a valuable medicament.

Among the Turkomans the horns and hoofs of the goat are burned to ashes, and are then employed for the galled places on camels. The blood of a goat was once thought a sovereign remedy for the stone. The goat was fed with "saxifragous herbs, and such as were conceived of power to break the stone." The blood of a goat, when fresh and warm, had the property, it was supposed, of making soft the diamond, the was supposed, of making soft the diamond, the hardest of all stones. The gall of a bear is val-wed by the Chinese at its weight in gold.

FIGHTING CRICKETS.

CRICKETS are extremely savage, particularly so in the hotter countries; they frequently attack and kill each other. Indeed, this pugnacious disposition is so well known in China that a larger sort is often exposed for sale in the markets, each in its separate enge, just as game fords among the Malays. The Chinese bet very large sums upon the issue of the battle, and many have gambled their feetunes away upon the fights hetween the rival champions, some of the crickets attaining as much fame as bull-dogs or terriers in England. The crickets are placed in a sort of miniature rat-pit, with their respective backers; and the excitement when the contest is long and severe grows to the highest pitch. The owners or trainers excite their crickets with a little stick, though they scarcely need it, for as soon as they catch sight of each other they are ready for the fray—advancing, attacking, and biting their adversary, the noise of their jaws and claws being distinctly heard. Sometimes one of these insects has been known to kill vast numbers of enemies, and bring large fortunes to its owners. They are easily tamed, an .. grow to a large size.

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Turn small island, only nine miles in length by eight miles in breadth, which was inhabited by a few Chinese fishermen and smugglers when taken possession of by the British, in 1841, has grown in the lapse of a quarter of a century to be a place of great importance. The popula-tion in 1868 was 115,000, of which 29,459 were ar this is exc a military one naval forces, but inclusive of 2113 European and American civil residents. Imports for 1866 were \$273,065,000; and the exports \$162,961,475, exclusive of treasure. The foreign trade with China in the same year was \$470,000,000, and of that trade the share of Great Britain amountable \$257,500,000. ed to \$357,500,000.

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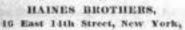
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SIGHTS and SENSATIONS

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THE REISSUE OF JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIII.—No. 656.]

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WASHINGTON MONUMENT, PHILADELPHIA.

The subjoined cut represents the Washington Monument recently erected in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. This statue of Washington was secured through the liberality of the public school children of that city, and the caremonies incident to the presentation took place. July 5. Upon the unveiling of the statue a salute was fired from Independence Square. The principal features of the ceremony were, a prayer by Bishop Simpson, an address by Hon. Henny

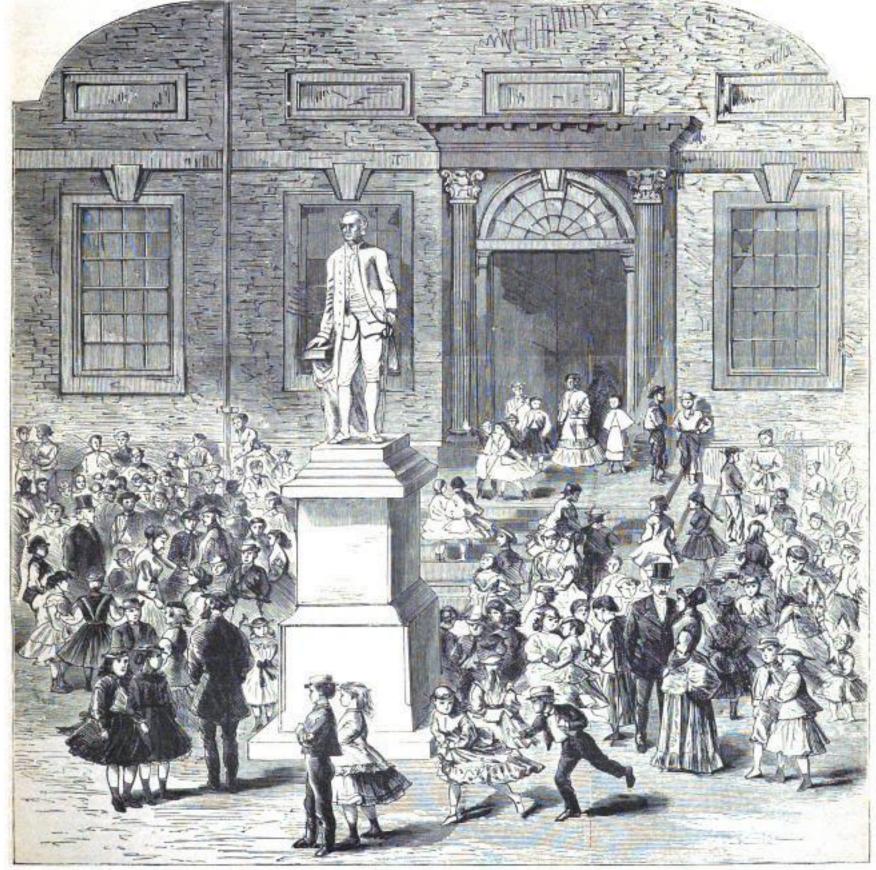
D. Moone, and another by Ground: F. Gonnow, presenting the statue to the city. Matur-Fox also delivered an address. A large number of the school-children were present.

THE FRENCH-AMERICAN TELE-GRAPH CABLE.

Buronn this reaches the eyes of our readers the French-American Atlantic Telegraph Cable will probably have been laid from Brest to the

near Cape Ushant and a few miles from Brest. It starts in very shallow unter—not more than six, eight, or ten fathoms deep for the first two or three miles, when it slowly deepens from thirty to sixty and ninety fathoms, a depth which is maintained over the whole bed of the English Channel. At this level it continues till in a line with the westeramost part of the Irish coast, where the water quickly deepens from 200 to 800 fathoms. The line, after leaving Brest, takes rather a northerly course, so as to pass just north and within a short distance of three tremendous grim-looking rocks, round which the mendous grim-looking rocks, round which the

Atlantic beaves and boils incressantly. These black parameter are called the Three Chiences, and, as far as is known, the foot of man has nerand, as far as is known, the boot of man has ner-er yet been on them, only the stormar petrels and the wilder kind of galls nestling in their coves and niches. They stand in about lat. 47° N., long. 30° W., and the water round them should to about 1000 fathoms. A little south of these rocks it shouls to 1100 fathoms, and about a degree south to less than 500. The rable course, however, is kept in a pretty regular depth of from 1800 to 2000 fathous, and throughout over a soft bed of shells and coze. The shells



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA .- [Sketched by Chirles E. Scolfield.]

comprise the most minute forms of the diatomacear, which are only visible under a powerful microscope, and are as smell as the finest dust. The whole bed of the Atlantic seems more or less composed of the debris of these small animalcule. After passing the Three Chimneys the line will be laid across mid-ocean to near the solitary Job Rock, which rises from deep water in lat, 45° 50° N., long, 35° 50° W. It passes a long way north of the Milne Bank, where the bottom of the Atlantic is very irregular, and gently curves up to the southern end of Newfound-land, not far vest of Cape Race. Here it skirts the south shee: of the island for a short length, lying in as little as 100 fathoms water. It soon, however, deepens to 1500 fathoms as it turns doe north between the shools called the Green Hank and the St. Pierre Bank. Passing between these it is landed on the French island of St. Pierre, not far from Placentia Bay, Kewfoundhand. From St. Pierre, where there is to be a station similar to that at Heart's Content, the line will be continued south in moderately shallow water, of from 200 to 300 fathoms, past Cape Breton, the coast of Nova Scotia, Cape Sable, and south of the Brown Bank to Cape Cod, and from a lit-tic beyond that to the neighborhood of Plymouth, a small town on the coast of Massachusetts, which is famous in the world's history as the landing-place of the first colonists of New En-gland, the Pilgrim Fathers of Puritan New England, in the time of CHARLES I.

The total length of the cable required for this route will be no less than 3564 nautical miles, or very nearly double the length of either of our Atlantic cables. One length of 2788 knots will be required from Brest to St. Pierre, and 776 from St. Pierre to Massachusetts. The distance between Valentia and Heart's Content is, in a straight line, only 1670 nautical miles, but for the cables 2400 miles had always to be made, to allow for stack and in case of accidents. In the cable of 1865 only 1800 miles have been used, and in the cable of 1866 only 1851 miles. The French Company, therefore, has made every al-lowance for slock and whatever unforescen accidents in calde laying may occur.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1869.

A WAR PARTY.

IS there a war party, or is there likely to be a war party, in the country? This is a question which is always timely under certain circumstances, and which may very properly be asked just now. Abstractly no intelligent and industrious community desires war, and war is very soldom distinctly foreseen. How many people in England supposed there was to be a Crimean war until it came? How many Americans believed on the 4th of March, 1861. that we were then upon the eve of the terrible war of the rebellion? Every body has a theory that every thing will be settled. Nations, we are told, don't go to war if they can help it. How John Bull has been laughed at within the last three months for supposing that we meant to fight about the Addoms! Fight? Why, bless his dult old soul, we were never so penceful in our lives-only he must pay for the Ala-

In reading the English political and popular history at the beginning of the century, no-thing is more evident than the latent hostility to France and Frenchmen, upon which demagogues, and even statesmen, drew at pleasure for their own purposes. And the supply never failed. Popery and wooden shoes was the ridiculous ery of a spirit that was very far from ridiculous, and which produced the most de plorable results. Hostility of this kind is the most convenient resource of unprincipled poli-ticians. Profoundly persuaded that there is no such thing as moral principle in politics, and that every thing is possible to audacity and persistence, they calculate upon jealousy and inflammatory misrepresentation as confidently as a chemist upon his elements and combinations. The greatest events in history are interpreted by them upon the basest theories. Guaccuts was an ambitious and selfish schemor; I'vm and Hampurs and the Parliament unscrupulous intriguers and hypocritical cant-Our own Revolution was the work of a handful of penniless lawyers who wanted distinction. The rebellion was diamond cut diamond. One day politicians of this kind arraign a President as the arch criminal of history; denounce him as the destroyer of the lives and liberties of the most defenseless people, and the probable accomplice of an assassin; the next day they are bowing to him, and pleasantly taking his hand.

This is the spirit in politics that besitates at nothing, and it is to the extent and influence of this spirit that we must look in answering the question we have proposed. There is unquestionably a deeply seated hostility to England in this country, and there is an entire bill in domestic politics. The Democratic party is burning to recover power-the Republican party is resolved to retain it. The "Irish vote" is a unit in opposition to England. This vote is by the Democratic party, but there are Republican leaders who are always hoping and scheming to gain possession of it. No hid for this vote could be so resistless as a declared policy of war with England upon a good pre-

tense. But this is as well understood by those who now control it, and who would not shrink at any step necessary to retain it. Meanwhile the American sentiment in regard to the Alabowe is virtually unanimous—not in all the de-tails, not upon every position taken by Mr. SCHNER, but upon the essential point that the escape of the Alabama was a "scandal and a reproach," and the result of an unfriendly feel-

ing. Under these circumstances, is it unlikely that politicians of the kind we have described, by no means wanting in shrewdness, believe that the party which first appears as a war party with England, upon a fair pretext, will carry the country? The debt is not a consideration in the case. The argument for war is always an appeal to passion, to prejudice, to emotion of various kinds, and aweeps away every economical consideration. In this case, too, the rebel and repudiating influence would all be for war; nor must we omit the force of the jubilant confidence in our own strength which springs from the experience of the last few years. The domestic political situation of the country, in its various aspects, and the kind of feeling due to the Alabama difficulty, suggest, therefore, the strong probability that some favorable pretext for a war policy will be sought by certain

What is it likely to be? Certainly not a haughty ultimatum upon the Alobawa question. But are there no other unhealed points of difference with Great Britain? Has the fishery difficulty ever been settled? Yankee fishermen may take fish within a certain distance of the British American coast; but was is ever determined to our satisfaction that the line ran across from headland to headland in the Bay of Fundy? How then if American fishermen, under instruction, should insist upon their right to a certain fishing ground; how if they should disregard a warning to quit; how if they should be attacked, fired upon, killed? A Yankee fishing smack sunk by British guns in the Bay of Fundy would, under the circumstances, make war with England very probable. Now the fishermen of Cape Ann are General BUTLER'S constituents. In his speech at Gloucester, over the graves of the soldiers, he declared that the on of the victims of the rebellion is to fan the flame of hatred to England. He has, indood, openly announced his favorite method, a peremptory demand of settlement of the Alamen claims, with six months' grace; then nonintercourse, with consequent civil war in England. But statesmen can not always put their ideal policy into practice, and are sometimes obliged to seek results in less heroic ways. We do not mean to insinuate that the Essex representative is now issuing instructions to the Gloucester fishermen, and we mention the sub-ject of the fisheries merely as an illustration of the kind of opportunity that can always be improved. But General BUTLER has an undoubted influence in Congress. He is a shrewd and resolute party manager. Does any body doubt that he will stremuously cultivate a belligerent feeling toward England as a sagscious

We trust that there will be found in Congres plenty of members who will regard this subject as honorable men, and not merely as American partisans; who understand that the most patriotic American is he who endeavors to see how all difficulty may be avoided, not facilitated; who heartily despise the eternal caviling and bragging and bectoring and pandering to illfeeling, which are so foolishly mistaken for a sincere devotion to the country and its rights. What we most need is not the statesmanship that estentationsly seeks to force England to cat humble-pic, but that which strives to ar-range the difficulty most favorably to the honor

and the amity of both nations.

Tite "Irish Republicans," of whom we spoke two or three weeks since, met in Chicago on the 5th of July, as they proposed, and passed sun-dry resolutions. They set forth what they concrived to be "the duty of the Irish people in this Republic," and they asked " for the downtrodden of all enslaved lands the sympathy and support of the people and Government of readiness "to stand by the Government of the Republic in insisting upon an ample apology for the wrong committed [in the Alabama affair] and full compensation for the loss sustained."

FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.

The American people will undoubtedly be grateful for this cordial expression of regard from the "Irish people in this Republic." The Americans have certainly done nothing at any time to forfeit a kind feeling upon the part of Ireland and the Irish, whether at home or elsewhere. It is also peculiarly flattering that so many Irish delegates should come so far from their own land to declare their friendship for Indeed it is surprising that with their feelm8. ing these gentlemen do not take one more step and become American citizens. If the resolu tions at Chicago had been the expression of American citizens they would have had a sig-nificance which no resolutions of "Irish people," or "German people," or "English people," or any other foreign people in this country can pos-

sibly have. Why, for instance, should "Irish | is effected, it is the imperative duty of every people" pronounce against free-trade in this country where it is not the commercial policy rather than in their country where it is? It would not be a very edifying spectacle if the "American people" in France should assemble and resolve against a republic. The Parisian journalists could not help exclaiming, "But what then? We others are not Republicans," If Irish people are opposed to free-trade let them remonstrate at home, not in this coun-

We observe also that the Convention pro tested against the neutrality laws of the United States, upon the ground that they are useful only to the "monarchies of the earth"-those of heaven and elsewhere not being includedand the "Irish people in this Republic" pledge themselves to labor for their entire repeal. But how is this? Is not the repeal of any law of the United States the exclusive business of American citizens? Have the Irish people, or the Portuguese, or the Russian, or the Italian, here or elsewhere, any thing whatever to do with it? If the American people in the empire of France, again, should pledge them-selves to labor for the entire abolition of the existing French laws regulating elections or the imperial succession, would they be considered a trifle impertment? The only ground upon which any body of persons is entitled to pledge themselves to labor for the repeal of the laws of this country is, that they are citizens of this country; and if they are, then they are American citizens, and can rightfully take no other national name. The instant they claim to interfere in our affairs as Irish, or German, or English, or French, their action becomes

Politically, there are no "Irish citizens of this country," and no "Irish Republicans." As citizens we are Americans, and nothing else; as a party we are Republicans, and nothing else. hatever tends to divide American citizenship by lines of foreign birth is mischievous and not to be tolerated. If the gentlemen who met at Chicago are American citizens of the Republican party, their action was not an authoritative party action, and tends only to perplex the party. If they would strengthen the Repub-lican party they must act with it, not organize themselves separately as foreigners.

LATEST FROM TOOLEY STREET.

Tun amusing absurdity of the theory of the civil service of this country which is held by a certain class of politicians is very well illus-trated by the recent proceedings of a Committee in the city of New York in regard to the United States Marshal for the Southern District. There was a special sub-committee solumnly appointed to consider the offenses of that delinquent in the matter of appointments of his deputies, This sub-committee reported that the Marshal had " utterly ignored party" in his selection of subordinates, and that the party "can not be with impunity neglected, ign red, or defied," and so on, in the most res anding strain, the report finally exploding in certain resolutions: that the working Republicans won the fight; that they are entitled to the legitimate fruit of the victory (Mr. MARCY'S phrase was better
—"To the victors belong the spoils"); that the
public man who ignores the working politicians commits political suicide; and that FRANCIS C. BARLOW is that public man. Thereupon the sub-committee demanded his removal, and the parent committee approved by a vote of 44 ayes to 24 noes.

The exquisite humor of this performance is the assumption of these forty-four gentlemen that they are the Republican party. They do not say, for they could not truly say, that the Marshal has not appointed as good Republicans as the members of the Committee themselves, but simply that he has not allowed the Com mittee to appoint for him. Honest, intelligent, industrious, capable, faithful men and Republicans he may have appointed, but not those whom the Committee designated, therefore be defies the party, and the President whom the party elected must remove him. A soore ludicrous illustration of the spoils theory could not be conceived. After the booty is bagged, the President has the honor of the Presidency for his share. The offices for which he is responsible are then to be distributed among the local committees for their share. The committees are to select the "working politicians" as the incumbents; and whoever doubts their peculiar fitness and capacity is, in the language of the report, to be considered an "ingrate demagogue." The efficiency, the fidelity, the honesty, and the economy of the public service are of no importance; but a few gentlemen elected upon a committee-and how gentlemen are elected upon committees every man knows who is practically familiar with politics-must have the offices they want because they are the party, and the party elected the President.

The friends of a reform in the civil service of this country are greatly indebted to this amusing comedy. Those of us who hope for that reform are probably "ingrate demagogues," and we are undoubtedly defying and ignoring the party, in the opinion of the statesmen of Tooley Street, if we say that, until that reform

appointing officer of the Government to select as his subordinates those political friends of whose qualifications for honest and efficient service he is satisfied, and with no regard whatever to Tooley Street, except so far as its recommendations may be approved by his judgment. It is a gross offense against the people of this country for any local political committee to attempt this kind of interference with the duties of the officers of the United Scates. Such a committee may indeed control caucuses against those officers; but it can not prevent the confidence which, upon the very grounds for which they are denounced, will be reposed in such officers by the better part of their own party, and by all their intelligent fellow-citizens.

CERTAIN "GREAT PRINCIPLES."

MR. WADE HAMPTON, who was described by the World a year ago as a kind of ideal American citizen, is Vice-President of the Southern Historical Society; and he recently wrote in a public letter asking the publication of certain

"We owe it as a sacred duty to our ancestry, the fathers of that Republic which exists now only in name; to our children, whose daty it will be to re-establish civil liberty on this continent, if they hope to escape our fair; and, shore all, to the memory of our heroic dead, that we should place upon record, where the future historian of our late war may find it, the true facts relating to our unfortunate but glorious struggle. By this means alone can we vindicate our principles, justify our cause, and preserve intect that which alone can give value to history—truth."

He adds, urging the appointment of branch societies in South Carolina

"In the mean time I invoke in behalf of the Society "In the mean time I invoke in behalf of the Society the aid and co-operation of every man who reveree the ancient honor and renown of our State; who cherishes a proper regard for the great principles which have governed her in the past; who believes that these principles will yet be triumphant; who wishes to vindicate the cause for which we fought, and who desires to preserve untarnished the memory of those patriots who died for that cause."

Mr. Warn Hampton, whose public career shows him to be a very foolish gentleman, here shows how curiously be and his friends misconceive the vital point of the war, and the inevitable judgment of History. What is the verdict of History upon the great rebellion in England? That it was honorable and justifiable, Why? Because, although the line between the Royal prerogative and Parliamentary privilege had never been definitely drawn, yet the King asserted his prerogative against the liber-ties of the people. He asserted a right that could not be expressly and technically denied, but for an ignoble purpose, and therefore the heart and conscience of mankind declare against

Now what is the cause for which Mr. WADE HAMPTON fought? Ostensibly it was that of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede at will from the Union-a right left obscure in the Constitution. We say nothing of the un-speakable folly of the theory, of the impossibility of any real national growth and development, of the painful limitation of every defense of freedom implied in such a scheme, because men may fight not only bravely but honorably for a mistake in political philosophy and prac-But while State sovereignty was the ostensible cause, the perpetuity of human slavery in its most odious form was the real ob-ject of the rebellion. Mr. Wade Hampton inherited and bought and sold men and women, and lived by their unpaid labor. By reason of regarding human beings as chattels he enjoyed also a political privilege which was not shared by his fellow-citizens who held to the equal human rights of all men. Perceiving that the friends of equal rights were likely to control the Union, of which his State was a part, by which ascendency the system of buying and selling men and women, living by their la-bor, and deriving political privilege from them, might be at last peacefully abridged and even abolished, Mr. Wars Hampton asserted the right of his State to secede from the Union. He asserted a claim, in itself innocent enough, however foolish and unfounded, but for the basest of conceivable purposes.

To maintain State sovereignty that slavery might be perpetuated was the object of his "unfortunate but glorious struggle;" under the pretty name of State rights, to buy and sell men and women were his "principles;" and the triumph which he anticipates is the reduction of this nation to an imbecile league, each member of which may at its pleasure enslave a part of its population. Does Mr. HAMP-TON suppose that History will not know this and record it? Will History know any thing of the subject that we do not, from the unspeakable treachery in the Cabinet to the unimaginable torture at Andersonville? As civilization advances is humanity likely to regard the savage slave system of the United States with more favor, and to honor a desperate struggle to perpetuate it? History, Mr. WADE HAMPTON may be very sure, will care little about the "glorious" principle of State sovereignty, but its eye will not remove from the object for which that sovereignty was invoked. The bloody hand of the rebellion all the perfumes of rhetoric can not sweeten.

WAS THE POLICY OF HOLDING ON TO GRAIN GOOD?

Tun drought of last year in Europe, which was most severe in Great Britain, was succeeded by a winter wholly unparalleled for mildness. In England, about the 20th of February, new leaves appeared upon the trees while yet the old remained, which, having started afresh on the termination of the drought in September, had not been subjected to the usual law which causes the leaf to drop annually at nearly fixed periods. The verdure of fields, started into new life by excessive fall rains; the turnips, sown late by way of experiment; the cereals, put into the ground in autumn-all attested by their free and long-continued growth the presence of unusual warmth and moisture during the winter, and pasturage was afforded for cattle in place of foreign supplies of grain. Providence seemed bounteons in proportion to the severity of the visitation under which the English had lately suffered. As the drought extended over a large district, the uncommon season by which it was followed was not limited to England.

In comparing the value of particular crops it is not always easy to assign to each with certainty its relative importance, but there can be no doubt that grass is generally far more valuable in the districts in which it grows luxuriously than any particular crop of grain, or perhaps than all of the crops of grain united. The loss of it in England during the drought was the most felt; its recovery and continuance during the winter, especially as the growing wheat was freely pastured, did more to enable England to tide over the drought than all other causes. Cattle had been thinned off; the population had been put on an economy amounting al-most to the pinch of a time of allowance; the markets of the world were searched for cheap food; emigration was set on foot, but happily for England, and we doubt not for the world at large, a winter that partook of the character of spring was beneficently provided, and cattle and sheep were enabled to fill themselves with the richness of pastures, instead of being subjected to an inclement season. Although this has moderated the demand for our cereal productions, we rejoice in this fortunate turn in the situation of the English.

But notwithstanding this result, which could not have been foreseen, we are satisfied that holding on to grain was the true policy of our farming interest. Every consumer of breadstuffs in the United States has had a supply adequate to his means; the speculators of Chiand New York have had as much as they could carry conveniently, if not more; and it is highly probable that, although here and there a particular person might have been benefited by selling early, the whole mass of our food products would have been slaughtered in price but for the policy of not producing a glut of grain at the sea-board.

It has been our endeavor, with the most sincore regard for the welfare of our great agricultural interest, to place before them their exnet situation with respect to the populations that consume their products, and the conditions upon which the consumers' statements of markets, general and local, ought to be receiveda matter which in time will be well understood. The control of the world's markets is now in the hands of the principal dealers in grain of Liverpool and London, and yet it is the habit of our press to publish the quotations they daily utter through the telegram as if they were a true and reliable index of the state of the market as between the producers of grain elsewhere and themselves,

If the farmers of the United States commit the mistake of pressing their grain upon the senboard in such unusual quantities as to lower the price, the quotations in Liverpool are lowered in a corresponding degree, and presented to other lecalities as the test of transactions with them. The interests of the most important consumer are thus promoted in all markets at the expense of all producers. The value of foreign food of all descriptions consumed by the population of the United Kingdom amounts now to about \$500,000,000 per annum, measured by our currency, and it may be supposed that an interest, the deepest that can sway a community, is constantly operating with never-ceasing effect in the direction we have suppo

Never until this year has there been any serious effort to check this foreign control over our producers of food. The existence of a tht, the severest known in England during this century, seemed to offer an opportunity for resisting the policy of English dealers, and to claim the privilege of equality with them in adjusting the price of our own products. The immense disadvantage that our grain was carried in foreign bottoms from this port, and that freights advanced as the foreigner rose to our grain limits, has operated unfavorably. The English have been obstructed in their attempts to break down the market at no other point; but the firmness of our farming interest has been perceptible in some degree, and, to that extent, to its advantage.

The demand for grain now proceeding from Burope encounters a severe money market and high freights, but prices are obtained that would have been impossible had grain not been

stored in the West this season. The wheat of California received at Liverpool this spring met with severe slaughter, and such would have been our experience had the example been imitated.

As other states of Europe come into the condition of England, and attain to a growth in population too redundant to be fed with what they severally produce, the question becomes more interesting to us: How shall the price be adjusted for what we have to sell?

Mr. RUGGLES, in some interesting statistics presented recently to the Union League Club, stated that our production of grain of all descriptions, measured by population, was more than double that per head of the like production in Europe; and that as the quantity abroad was constantly diminishing in its ratio to the population, and ours was being angmented, they would very soon look to this country for very large supplies of food. Russia has lately ed her railroads into new localities, and will doubtless be relied upon for many years to come to supply part of Europe with many agricultural products; but making allowance for the new districts thus connected with sea-board markets, it is very probable that the demands of Europe upon this country for food will in-crease to such an extent as to require on our part more attention in adjusting the price than has been considered neces

All that we want is a fair remuneration for our products, and, we repeat, the farming interest is more certain to obtain it than if they had loaded the merchant with what would have swamped him and produced serious disaster under the unscrupulous system which the English apply.

Last year the harvest in England commence on the 12th of July, and continued without being disturbed by rain until the 12th of August. This year it will be more than a month later, as the grain is very backward, owing to recent cold weather. But whenever it may take place there is a certainty that the immense sacrifice of cattle, sheep, and hogs produced by their premature slaughter for want of food in the summer and fall of 1868, and the necessity for close feeding which has existed ever since, operate severely until the harvest of 1870.

It seldom happens that the price of both our cotton and grain are high at the same seas and it is probable that the attention of English operators has been diverted from cotton by their close attention to the manipulation of grain, and that we owe the advantage from cotton to the neglect of similar combinations. The entire smount of money to be distributed, obtained from foreign sources, is as large as could be expected, and but for a pernicious paper sys-tem would inure to the solid benefit of the whole country.

NOMINATIONS.

THE recent ridicatous speech of Mr. Amones Jourson at Washington, and the utter indif-ference with which it has been treated, offer a very suggestive text. A year ago Mr. Jousson was the President of the United States; an officer of such power, and a man of such suspicious character, that Congress thought it necessary to impeach him, as a measure of high state concern. That he was a dangerous man can not be doubted. That he would not have besitated at any measure, however revolutionary, which had a fair chance of success and a certain show of legality, is unquestionable. For a long time he seriously and even perilously thwarted the settlement of the questions arising from the war upon which the loyal people were resolved. He was both an impediment and a menace, and when in ungovernable rage he denounced from the White House Senators and citizens by name, there was a very uneasy feeling that trouble might be imminer

Now, a few rods from the White House, with feeble ribaldry, he denounces his successor, and the only emotion with which his words are received is one of incredulity and shame that, at so solemn a moment as the election of 1864, a man so curiously unfit should have been placed in the possible succession to the Presidency. It was, however, not so extraordinary at the time. Mr. Johnson was very little known to the country before the war. With the rebellion began his vehement denunciation of rebels, and his fidelity to the cause of the Union at a conspicuous and exposed point, in view of his antecedents, and the propriety of a ticket which should show that the Republican was merged in the Union party, procured his nomination at Baltimore. The ANDREW JOHNSON of May, 1864, and the ANDREW JOHNSON of the last three years were apparently very different men. When, therefore, the Republican party is derided by the Democrats for making such a nomination, it may very justly smile at a speer for such a reason coming from a party that nominated "Jos Lane," and that elected RICHARD M. JOHNSON to the same position; and may allege that, as nominations are usually made by both parties, it was not at all extraordinary.

But the moral that Mr. JOHNSON'S career so strongly points is the necessity of a sharp serutiny of men who are proposed to be nominated to responsible offices. There are few men in

this country to-day so little respected as he. The same thing is true of FRANKLIN PIERCE. It can not, indeed, be said of Mr. FILLMORE, yet certainly no man is more unimportant than he. His opinion upon public affairs is not sought. Its expression would have no weight whatever. Yet these three persons, Mr. Fill-MORE, Mr. PIERCE, and Mr. Jounson, have been Presidents of the United States. They have filled the highest office in the world. Two of them, indeed, were not elected to it, but they were elected to the next degree of succession. Merely to mention such names is to enforce a moral. Nominate men whose success or failure will not justly injure the party.

Shall not the example of ANDREW JOHNSON remembered by the Republican party when it makes its nominations for the autumn elections? In this State, indeed, we do not this year elect a Governor, and the campaign will inevitably be languid. But let us at least nominate men whose well-known characters are their credentials; men who are known for honesty and ability. In the absence of great na-tional issues the elections will be determined by other considerations, and most prominent among them will be the indication given by the nominations that the party is as intent upon the public welfare, upon efficiency and economy of administration, as upon mere party success. The point to be impressed upon our minds is, that in politics as elsewhere, in the long-run "corruption wins not more than honesty." Democrats have no issues, no policy, no proposition. Their State Convention as and the dreary talk at Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July sh w that they are unchanged. The country is satisfied with Republican administration if it shows that it deserves to be maintained. Let us remember Andrew Jourson, and beware!

FALSE PRETENSES.

Tun Democratic managers are swidently firrely persuaded that to call a cabbage a rose makes it a rose, or that if you only persist long enough you can at least fatigue people into acquiescence. The Ohio and the California Democratic Conventions have both solemnly resolved, the first, that "the Democratic party of the United States have always been preeminently friendly to the rights and interests of the laboring men;" and the second, "that the Democratic party ever has been, is now, and ever will be, the champion of the rights of the mechanic and the working-man."

These be brave words. What are the facts? There is not a person in the country who is in the least familiar with our political history who does not know that the great policy of the Demceratic party for a generation was the aggrandizement of the slave system of the Southern States—a system which imbruted the laboring population of those States, denying them even the common personal rights of humanity; and when the Southern leaders of the Democratic party claimed the right of carrying their slaves into the free Territories of the West, whereby a Democratic leader, like JEFFERSON DAVIS or ROBERT TOOMSS, with a horde of laborers whom he kept like cattle, became the immediate rival of every free laborer from the East, it was the Democratic party that supported the demand. It was because the great mass of intelligent laboring men of every kind in the free States saw that the Democratic policy was one that dis-graced labor and degraded the laborer that they threw that party from the power it had so long and foully misused; and it was the great slaveholders who were the chiefs of that party who then attempted to overthrow the Governm in order to perpetuate the abject slavery of the laboring population of half the country.

There was never a haughtier aristocracy than the old slave lords in this country; and their interests and will determined the policy of the party that "has always been pre-emisently friendly to the rights and interests of the labor-ing men," and "the champion of the rights of the mechanic and the working-man.

Now that Mr. WALKER is elected Governor of Virginia, why do we hear nothing from our Democratic friends of carpet-baggers? Mr. Walker is a "carpet-bagger" of the most unquestionable kind. According to the World, Mr. WALKER'S carpet-bagging proponsities are invetorate. Born in Binghamton be carpetinvetorate. Born in Binghamton be carpet-bagged to Hamilton College, thence to Owego, thence to Chicago, thence to Norfolk at the cast of the war. Why then, on the one hand, does the World, with its keen scent for carpet-bags, talk of a "Conservative" victory in Mr. WALKка's election? and why, upon the other, does it say that the result in Virginia "completely disconcerts the carpet-baggers from Mississippi and Texas," and that there is "dismay among carpet-bag politicians of the South?" Why should the election of a carpet-bagger as Governor of a Southern State dismay Southern carpet-baggers in general?

Does not the Sun push its sensational reports of what it calls Spain's rule in New York a little too far when it denounces the officers of the United States who execute the laws as "bloodhounds?" As its report virtually justifies the murderous intentions of foreigners against Amer-

ican citizens for doing their duty, we hope the Sun has duly considered its responsibility if its incitements should be followed and murder en-ste. The account which the Son gives of the examination of General Goscocuta before the Commissioner shows only more plainly the proriety and the necessity of a proclemation from the President warning every well-disposed person that the nuthority of the United States can not be safely defied. When a mob of foreigners with outside of the United States Court-room to wreak their vengeance upon a man whom the San calls "perjured traitor" and "wretch" because he his part in enforcing the law which forbids those foreigners to make our territory the have of their war upon a friendly nation, is really seems time to ascertain whether the Cuban au-thority of Captain RYAN and General Gotcoursa. or the Government of the United States is para-mount in this city.

THE other day the Ohio Democratic Convention nominated General Rosecuans for Governor. How agreeable a nomination this is to Mr. LLANDIGHAM and his friends may be inferred. When General Rosecnass was fighting the reb-els, the friends of the rebels nominated Mr. Val-LANDIGHAM for Governor. It is to be supposed, therefore, that the friends of "the martyr" can hardly be very friendly to the General. But all tastes can be suited by the news from Ohio. The Democratic organ in New York assures us that "the nominations and the platform are hailed throughout the State as the sure way to success. The Democrats here to night are jubilant and the Radicals are despondent,.....We shall carry the State with the ticket nominated to-day." How despondent the Radicals are, appears in the Trifune of the same day. "The result was received with utter disgust by the radical [Democratic] element of the party. And an effort to ocratic] element of the party. And an effort to have the nomination made unanimous met with a signal failure. The Vallandighamers are loud as signs initire. The valuating america are load and bitter in their curses to night, and indi-cate that they will give the head of the ticket only a milk and water support......The Repub-licans are perfectly satisfied with the action of the Convention, and are confident of an over-whelming victory next fall."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Democratic State Convention of Ohio met at Columbus July 1, and nominated General W. S. Howeverse for Governor. Resolutions were adopted against the cremption from tax of the Government bouds, and against their redemption in gold: against a high protective tarifs, and against the Fifteenth Amendment. At the dedication of the mountment to Fitz Greece Halleck. July 5, at Guilford, Connectient, a peem of Oliver Wendell Holmes was read, and an oration was delivered by Bayard Taylor.

The match base-hall game between Yale and Harward, on the 8th, resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 41 to 24.

Miss Nora Giles, daughter of Rev. Henry Giles, the well-known heiterer and essential, a becautiful and highly-checated young lady, eighteen years of age, was drowned at Buckspeet on the 3d by the uporting of a boas in which she was calling, in company with her sister, another young lady, and a gentleman.

Judge Leois Batt, kruther-in-law of President Grant, has been tendered, and has accepted the nomination for Governor of Mississippi by a Hepublican delegation from that State, which has recently arrived here. Hr. Deat is an old resident of Mississippi, and has large plantation interests in that section.

A serious accident took place July 2 on the Short Line or Cincinnati, Louisville, and Lexington Railroad, nocurily opened to the public. The bridge of Railroad, nocurily opened to the public. The bridge of Railroad, nocurily opened to the public. The bridge of Railroad, proceedings for a long time; it consists of four men who have rowed for many years, and never been besten. The betting in Railand is in favor of Oxford 10 to 1.

The pacht Essenties, with James Goeden Beanett, June, its owner, arrived at Queenstown, July 11. She made the passage in 12 days, 17 hours, 6 minutes, and 25 seconds, busing even the Heavitte.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Tur British House of Commons has decided to postpone for the present all discussion relative to the Abeham chains difficulty. The attitude of the House of
Lords on the Irish Caurch question erectes much excitement in England, and disculars have been eradiscussion in England, and disculars have been eramound suggesting the property of the country ridding
itself of "this electrocion to legislation." The Lords
have rejected the Jafe Freengas hill.

The Opposition in the French Corps Législatif have
demanded the resignation of M. Render, the Minister
of State. A Ministry is demanded which shall be responsible to the country. It is reported that the Emporce is inclined to sequiexe in these demands.

The project of the new Constitution for Servis has
been completed. It establishes equality of the citisens, Ministerial responsibility, liberty of the Legislative Chamber.

The Prime Minister of Bevaria, Prime Hobstolich
has beened a circular to the foreign Lywers on the

sees, Ministeria responsing, heavy or the Frenchistive Chamber.

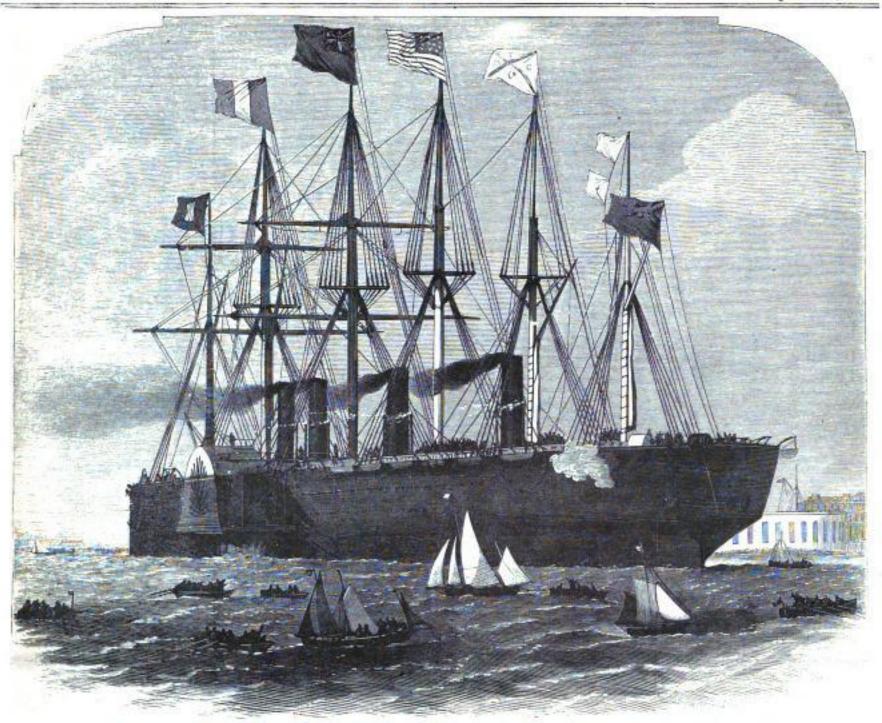
The Prime Minister of Bavasia, Prince Hobenlohe, has issued a circular to the Sueign Powers on the Geomenical Council. Be wares the Governments of the principal dangers which they ought to principal dangers which they of the Pope, the disposition it may make of the questions of Charter property, and other points likely to come up of an essentially political character.

Berrent has recipred his port as Minister of Juctice in the Spatish Cabbet. Zorilla takes his place. Beccars has been appointed Minister of the Colonika.

The Island of St. Pierre, the American termines of the French cable, lies off the southern coset of Newfoundland. Great and Likele Microtion are islands of the same group. These are harren rocks, rabushionly as a refuce for French Selectron, and as giving France a title to the surrounding Selectron, which are extremely important. The catire area of St. Pierre and French Mignelses is about 106 square miles, and the permanent population perhaps 200 scals.

Letters have been received at Montreed from Jefferson Bavis, in which he states that he will not be able to return to this side of the water. If he gets well enough to travel he intends to spend the late summer in Canada, and the winders in Mississeppi.

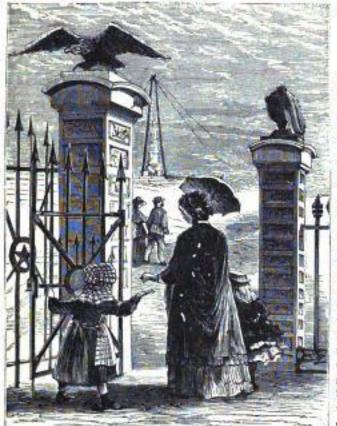
Mexican advices of July 5 report that the results of the late alections have been favourable to the Government. The volenne of Colona was in a high state of cruption, and the inhabitants of the towns within its range had fied to the fields.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP LEAVING SHEERNESS WITH THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE. -[See First Page.]



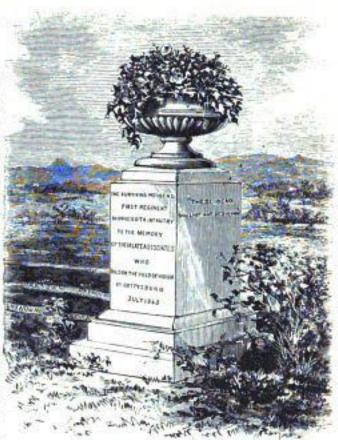
LANDING OF THE SHORE FND OF THE FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE, BAY OF MINON. NEAR BREST .- (SEE FIRST PAGE.)



GETTYSBURG-ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY, [SKETCHED BY TREO, R. DAYER.]

President Mincoln's Settysburg Gration, November 19, 1883

Fourscone and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in 1herry and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall under God have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the



THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

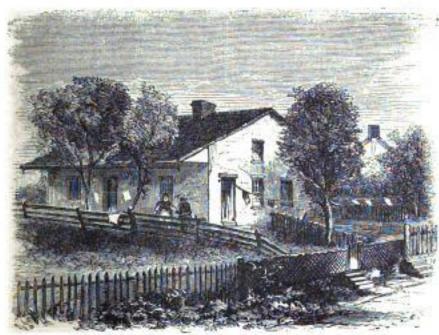
GETTYSBURG.

Gerreson so, though picture-quely located, can not be called a pret-ty town. The number ty town. The number of its inhabitants will not exceed five thou-sand; and, aside from some work done in the way of relic manufac-ture, the industrial features of the place are not remarkable. Tourists may reach the town from New York by three dif-ferent routes; via Baltimore, Northern Central of Pennsylvania, to Hanover Junction, thence to Gettysburg; or via Al lemown to Harrisburg thence by the Northern. Central to Hanover Junction; or by the shortest and quickest route—from New York to West Philadelphia, thence to Lancaster, Columbia, Wrightsville, York, and Hanover Junction. By this latter route numerous changes of ears will be necessary, but it is un-doubtedly the most satisfactory line. Arriving in Gettysburg one feels instinctively that the ur-chius of the town are anxious to get his mon-ey; for they swarm about you with bullets, "ten cents apiece, three



GETTYSBURG-CULPS HILL-(SERVORD BY THEO. R. DAVIS.)

for a quarter," "Reb shell, Sir!" urges another, with all the iron that he can lift in the shape of a rusty cannon-ball; "have it for a dollar n'at." Splitters of wood, fragments of boulders marked by some whizzing bullet, are crowded in rare profusion before the stranger's eyes, but not one of the quasis offers to burden himself with your laggage. It would seem as if the jovenile portion of the inhabitants had run mad on the subject of relies. Schools of those small fry darted about the monument during its crection, and any chip that was cut away to facilitate the setting of a stone was seized by at least three of these relic-hunters. The boxes in which the statues were brought from Italy were eagerly secured to make canoof, and the nails were preserved with great care beenuse "Why, they came all the way from Europe!" Mr. Bavringson, the sculptor, met with a warm reception on the day of his arrival in Gottysburg. Any number of youngsters insisted on selling him plans and aerounts of



GETTYSBURG-JENNY WADE'S COTTAGE-[SERTORED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.)



GETTYSBURG-THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL REYNOLDS PELL -(Sketchio de Toro, R. Davis.)

hanters, whether Gettysburgers or strangers. The trees there are torn with shot and shell; some are so riddled with bullets that death has ensued, and the naked limbs of the stricken trees seem lit emblems of the fierce struggle that occurred beneath them on the 2d and 3d of July, 1863. It was here that Scocus's men repulsed the oft-repeated and well-sustained assaults of Ewell,'s corps. Trees with two hundred bul-let wounds, and rocks with nearly as many sears, attest the lot fire that poured over this historical field. Turning from this, it is but a short walk to the gates of the National Cemetery. They are opened for you by children made orphans by this bloody fight. After looking at the monument we turn off toward the west, over the field where LONGSTREET made his famous charge. Now a murble vase meets our eye, resting upon a base of the same material. This is the tribute of "the surviving members of the First Minnesota Regiment to their comrades" who fell during the great battle. These Minnesota boys have invested money too, the interest from which is used by a lady of Gettysburg in keeping bright and fresh the red, white, and blue flowers which bloom in the vase. The leaves of the crimson vertenas that have fellen on the white marble base remind us of the red tide that stained this

On our way from the cemetery to the town we pass the little brick house in which JESSEE WARE was killed—the only citizen of Gettyslong who met that fate in connection with the lost le-and she was busy making broad for our wounded.

The grove where General REPROLES fell is in another direction, and not far from the well-known Gettysharg Spring. The grove was used known Getrodorg Spring. The grove was used as a comping-place for the Utica Zonaves, who come to assist in the inauguration of the monnent, and the tree beneath which REYNOLDS fell was to them a sacred spot. As "R" cut with an axe, and a few bullet sears in the bark of the tree, are the only marks by which the spot may be recognized.

TWO MATCHES.

Ir had got too dark to see the ball, and the active and athletic "Olympics" of Cooperania relationship desisted from their practice-game, the last but one before the great match which was to pit them with the renowned "Manhat-tens," the then Champions. The Nine had been all present, and had worked together splendidly; and it was with a calm but deep-seated confi dence in their strength that the men withdrew to the club-house; and thence, after refreshing ab-lutions, strolled homeward in the late twilight

of midsummer.

Ned Hope went home with Charlie Somers, not because that was Ned's nearest way to his bone, but because it was the nearest way to Nellie Somers'a. Charlie Somers was the Captain of the Nine. Ned was at the head of his class at Columbia, but at the foot of the Nine. Still, Not Hope was a good trusty player, always re-liable on a long catch, and not seldom brilliant in the lot. Charlie was full of the coming match, in which he hoped to lead the Olympics of Coop-erania to victory and the Championship, and de-tailed to his companion his views of the several members of the Nine, and his speculations on the chances of the contest. Ned Hope was ab-stracted, as was too common with him, and said but little, now and then assenting in monosyllables to Charlie's rapid talk.

At last he broke in upon it with, "Charlie,

how did your sister Nellie get acquainted with that Putch family?"

I didn't know she was. By-the-way, Ned, "I dath't know she was. By inte-way, you, that fence of Patch's is going to bother us in the game. Every long hit to right-field is going to land right in that yard."

"Yes, hang it: I had to climb the fence a

dozen times to-night. I dare say the Patches are respectable people enough, in their way; but what Nellie can find congenial or improving in their society I don't understand,"

Oh, I guess they won't hart her, Ned. Any how that fence is as fair for one side as the oth er. You must practice up on going over it, you know; it's on your point. Look out for that, will you, Ned?"

By this time they had reached Charlie Somers's house, and Charlie held the gate open while Ned passed in. Three or four figures were seen grop-Ned's beart beat quicker as he heard Nellie

Somers's voice:
"Don't flinch, Maggie! Hit just a little bit hard. Here's the stake. Now, that's splen-

And the rubber game of croquet was finished,

won by Nellie's side, of course.

The young men went up to the girls, and in almost no time Charlie and his sister were in high argument over the last points of play, Charlie contending that she might have best game half an hour ago. It onded by her calling him a "great old goose," and conclusively prov-ing it. Ned very politely greeted the young la-dies, and went to work hunting up the balls and

in the parlor the conversation opened and duck on the one topic that had possessed the minds of all Cooperania for weeks—the match with the Champions. Charlie again passed his men in review, recounting the special qualities men in review, recombing the special qualities of each in reply to the interested questioning of old Mr. Somers. Mrs. Somers deprecated practicing so much in the hot sum of the afternoon, but admitted that the momentous issue involved made it necessary. Nellie had her opinion about Then the game went as follows: Olympics, 3 0

his monument, and they so badgered the poor man that he bought a Gettysburg Panama for a quarter, and escaped.

Culp's Hill is the favorite resort for relicfence to do, but that was the point for him, she

was sorry to say.
"I wish I could help you, Ned," she added. She had begun to notice that he was keeping strangely silent.

"I will tell you how you can," answered be, with a serious, meaning look and tone which she did not fail to observe.

Nellie now began to watch Ned with puzzled and uneasy glances, and he, perceiving it, and thinking that she was getting into a graver mood and one auitable for receiving a locture, felt much relieved, as though the battle were already half won. So when he lingered in the front-yard walk in saying good-night, he was very glad to

"Ned, what is it?"

Ned scored the gravel with his cane. Sud-denly looking straight into her face, he said: "I have no right to concern myself about

Nellie could say nothing to this, and there was an embarrassing pause. Not Hope ought to have said his good-night here and gone off, and ten minutes later he was vehemently up-braiding himself for not having done so. Indeed he found at once that he must come down from his high horse, so, with a sickly smile and a feeble attempt at pleasantry, he asked:

"How long is it, Nellie, that you have been intimate with the Patch girls?" Nellie showed

some surprise at this question, and Ned, think-ing he had gained a point, went ou: "I had thought you were in the habit of choosing an al-together different sort of companions." And then, worse and worse: "I have only to say that I was very much assonished to see you there this afternoon, and I hope I never shall again." Nellic's head stiffened back and her eyes

Neille's news burners, I should think you did concern yourself with my doings! I think it very probable you may see me again at Mr. Patch's. Ned Hope, you will be sorry for this. Good-night,"

The day of the Match had come at last, and all Cooperania, and a great portion of the rest of the world, were gathered round the field of contest. "The weather was all that could have been desired, and a large number of the fair sex were in attendance," as the newspapers said the next day. Yes, the fair sex were present in large numbers, filling all the regular benches for spectators, and all the other scats that could be procured from the houses in the neighborhood and making the scene brilliant, joyous, and in-spiring to the gallant young knights who were to display their provess before their bright eyes and approving smiles and do battle for the glory of old Cooperania.

Yet the benches were hucless and lustreless for one knight in the tourney. Ned Hope scanne the throng anxiously over and over again, but the ladye faire whose favor he were in his heart of hearts was nowhere to be seen. He had not called at her house since that wretched night and the justice of her reproach still weighed heavily on him. Could it be that she had de-termined even to forego the pleasure of witness-ing the great match, in which he knew she had boon deeply interested, in order to avoid meeting him? Was he so odious in her sight as that?

The game which was to decide the ambitious claims of the Olympics of Cooperania became wearisomeness and a burden to him, even in those first critical innings of the match which are always played in breathless silence, and in which each man feels that the eyes of the little world of lookers on are upon him, as indeed they are. He heeded not the game—"his heart was far away." What glory won here could retrieve the disgrace in which he was held by that noblest and dearest of girls, Helen Somers? What was the match—what was any thing to him now?

the match—what was any thing to him now?

A good knock, coming straight for right-field, and the voice of Charlie Somers calling to him to "take care of it," roused Ned to his duty. The ball rose high, and was evidently destined for Patch's yard. Ned made a dash at the fence, and in another moment would have been upon it, when the gate, which old Patch (who was an investment hairs of the National Council had shore of the National Council had shore of veterate hater of the National Game) had always malevolently kept locked against the Club, opened wide, and a domestic came out to empty a pail. Ned dashed in, secured the ball, and had it back to the pitcher with as little loss of time as if the fence had never existed. The servant went in agnin and locked the gate.

"That was a piece of good lack," thought Ned; "and saved a run and my shins." And he had still further occasion to congratulate himself when he saw the right-field of the Manhatsent when he saw the right-field of the Manhat-tans struggling over the high fence, while the Olympic's men were flying round the bases. Nay, Ned had to thank his stars, or Patch's domestic, he did not know which, for the same good lack once, twice, and thrice repeated. The gate really seemed to swing open on its hinges immediately on the landing of the ball is no word features. yard (whenever the Olympics were after it. 4 the same woman with the pail came forth rike their good angel. Ned's spirits were so much revived that he even whispered an improper joke to Charlie Somers, quoting the Scriptural

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."
The game progressed with varying chances and amidst the most intense excitement. The Cooperania Nine had led off with two "ducks" eggs," while the Champions had scored a 5 and a 4. Then came the Champions' turn at the

and the second of the second

innings to get 2 in to beat or 1 to tie.

Cooperania must not let them have that 1.

Bad Luck had seized upon the Champions in
the third innings, and would not loosen her grip in their extreme hour. Charlie Somers, who was catcher, had taken their first two men out on "foul-tip" in one-two order, at the very be-ginning of the innings. The third striker had hit well and got away to his base. The next man had done the same and sent his predecessor to the second base. One more good hit would

bring that man home and beat Cooperania.

Ah! there is the hit! Away it flies (it is toward Patch's yard), and away goes the Manhattaner for the home base and Victory.

Away, too, dashes Ned Hope for Patch's fence.

Will his good angel of a Biddy with the pail

lesert him now?

No, the gate opens and she bustles out just in time for Ned to rush in by her. Ned is in the yard, thanks to Biddy; but where is the ball? He brushes hastily among the weeds where it ought to be, but can not find it. The Manhattaner must be nearing the third base. Oh, where is the ball?

As when in the conflicts of classic story the protecting deity of the hero always appears above his head at the critical moment and gives him the victory, so now a gracious goddess who had hung in breathless anxiety over the doubtful con-test sent down her voice from above and directs

Ned's trembling hand.

"Oh, there, Ned, under the lilae!"

Ned grasped the bell and sent it flying in an unerring parabola to the home base, and victory descended with it into Charlie Somers's outstretched hands.

A great shoot went up from the field. Cooper-anis had won the Championship; and the Coop-eranian spectators, one and all, young and old, of both sexes, wanted to devour, almost, their gallant Champions.

Ned Hope still stood in Patch's garden in mate adoration of Nellie Sceners, who was waving her handkerchief from Mrs. Patch's window above; for he now knew whose hand had given them the victory. He threw his cap on the ground, made her the most frantic signs of gratitude and obeisance, and forgetting his usual propriety, threw her kisses with both hands. Nellie smiled -oh, how sweetly!--upon him, and shut the

At the suppor of the Club that evening in bon-or of the Champions, Ned Hope, who sat beside Nellie Somers, being called on to respond to the toast, "The Ladies," alluded with grateful mention to the "lady with the pail" (loud ap-plause), who had never "muffed" the gate a plause), who had never "muffed" the gate a single time during the match. (Laughter and cheers.) He wished, he continued, propriety would permit him to place the credit of this masterly strategy where it belonged (Nellie Somers's face was bent down, and tell-tale blushes and smiles contended for the mastery of it); but he was confident the name of Somers would ever stand among the highest on the roll of honor of the Olympics. (Long-continued cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, hats, and base-ball bets.)

That night, as Ned and Nellie walked homeward, she sold him how she had contrived to win over Mr. Patch to leaving his back-gate un-locked; how the "Patch girls" had ably sec-onded her efforts, although they were not exactonded her efforts, although they were not exactly "the sort of companions she usually chose;"
how she had pressed Biddy into her service and
thoroughly drilled her; and how she had secured
an upper window in the Patch house to watch
the game and direct her part of it. "And now
you see, Ned," said Neilie, "why I am so "intimate with the Patch girls,"

Ned hung his head in silence till they reached
the shade of the front-yard. Neilie had waited
natiently, for she knew he would confess be was

patiently, for she knew he would confess be was sorry, just as she had said he would. Ned would not go into the house, but drew Nellie aside and

took both her hands, whispering:
"Forgive me, Nellie. I should not have "Forgive me, Nellie. I should not have speken as I did had I not loved you. I can not help concerning myself about you. Can't I have the right to do so?"

Nellie's head was by this time on his shoulder, he felt her nod assent. And then came their first kiss.

It was another "match." And Cooperania was almost as much pleased about this one as

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

VARIOUS AS may be the of the architectural pectensions of the "Palace of Westminster," as the counte Gothic structure of 560 rooms raised on the bank of the Thames has come to be called, there can be but one opinion of the magnitude of the interests which are con-trolled by the men who sit within its walls.

It is popular now to talk of the decadence of Great Britain, and to regard with complacency Macautan's imaginary New Zealander survey-ing the ruins of the modern Babylon from a crumbling arch of a conce magnificent bridge; but before that time of Cockney desolation arrives some few generations of readers must come and go; and therefore it may not be amiss to take a glance at the history and modes of procedure of that powerful body who for six hun-dred years have sat within the walls of St. Ste-phens, and as "The House of Commons" have influenced the destinies of not alone two small islands in the East Atlantic, but the whole civilized world.

For six centuries the Commons of England have made a continuous fight for "more liberty to more people." Sometimes, indeed, that senti-ment has been confined to a very sparse minor-ity, but still has found utternoce, and with no

STERNING ST

3 0; total 15. Munhattans, 1 3 1, and the last | dubious sound, at every critical period of the world's history.

The House of Commons meets at four o'clock in the afternoon, the session frequently lasting until the summer sun is high in the beavens. Let us take ourselves in fancy to the door of the House when an interesting debate is progress-ing, and after elbowing our way through a mass of excited humanity, take a look through the open door. We can see nothing but a crowd of men; it covers the floor of the House, and the benches that rise, rank above rank, on either hand; nothing is visible but a sen of faces and a wall of backs, so packed full is the House, even to the threshold under our feet. One figure alone is distinctly visible: by the camopy overshead, by that long robe and flowing wig, the Speaker may be recognized. He sits raised above the throng, calm and unmoved, the rep-resentative of order. By standing on tip-toe you may get a view of the Leader of the House, who is just closing the debate. His last words have been uttered during a lull in the hideous noises which so generally disgrace the proceed-ings of the House; but as he sits down the storm of noise is renewed by the fierce outeries of "Ay, ay!" and "No, no!" when the Speaker, rising to his feet, reads aloud the motion in debate. That over, the scene changes.

All the doors of the House are thrown open,

All the doors of the House are inrown open, voices ory "Division." Division. I up and down the passages and corridors. And bells repeat the call, set jangling sharp and clear by the touch of an electric spark that in its circuit throughout that great building flies over sixty miles of telegraph wire. Thus summoned, the members hasten toward the House from Library, Refectors or Committee Room.

ry, or Committee Room.

Two minutes of jangling bells and hurrying seet, then the doors of the House slam to, the turn of locks is heard. No one can enter till all is over when once, at the Speaker's order, the door is closed. All within must vote, but the Prime Minister himself can not get in to join the division if accidentally too late.

Inside, for the next quarter of an hour, the strife of tongues ceases; the members are si-lenced by the supreme anxiety of the moment.

The House is a large square room, flanked on either side by two corridors, styled "Division Lobbies," into which all the members file, the Ayes on one side, the Noes on the other. Passing up the House the Ayes face toward the Speak-er, and circle around his chair into the western lobby; the Noss turn their backs on Mr. Speaker, walk down the house and file round into the eastern lobby; then the four "Tellers" bers of the House—two in each lobby, take down the names of the occupants, and count the num-

This occupies some time, for in a full House probably 630 out of the whole 658 members will vote, and then the crowd is serious enough; sometimes, before the division is half over, the result of the vote is visible, and cheers burst from the winning side; and on rare occasions some fun is raised at the expense of a friend of the Gov-ernment who finds himself in the Opposition lob-by, and escapes before it is too late, amidst clouds of good-humored cheff.

In close run fights the excitement lasts till the numbers are proclaimed. The counting in the lobbies concluded, the benches are again crowdobtains concluded, the tenenes are again crowd-ed with members all anxiously waiting the re-port of the Tellers, who, approaching from dif-ferent sides and ends of the House, with diffi-culty meet. At length they face the Speaker in a row, side by side. A cheer suddenly bursts forth—a shout sharp and decisive. It must be the winners who shout like that. The shouts are with difficulty husbed, all angest onits for are with difficulty hushed; all appear quite fu-rious to know more, to hear the exact number of the votes. Triumphantly it is proclaimed aloud by the Teller for the winners; triumphant-

ly the winners echo back their delight.

The Speaker at length announces the decision of the House. Doors every where fly open; the shouts begin again in the lobbles outside; the crowd moves to and fro; feet rush to the telegraph offices; the electric wires are set at work throughout the country; the click, click of the telegraph hand is heard across the sea. The strength of steam-power races after the electric spark; the newspaper presses roll and shake; and in about one hour after the division the railways take up the movement. The damp news-paper sheets are bundled into the vans; the early morning trains speed away laden with the story of the great division. From minute to minute faster and faster, further and further, those tidings spread in ever-widening circles from the Speaker's chair, and all Europe and America can the Commons of England support a Ministry

who holdly proclaim the poor man's right to vote. Stormy as are the denotes that forerun such divisions, fierce as is the war of tongues, not for two hundred years have the Commons wit-nessed any approach to open violence. On November 23, 1641, swords were drawn,

and in the blind fury the members were all but slunghtering each other; but HAMPDEN, greatly respected by both parties, was able to quell the

ot before any blood was shed. Although no blows have ever been struck, yet, undoubtedly, most unseemly displays of temper are often witnessed. And the power of the Speaker is almost aid in repressing these outbursts; for he has to keep order with no pow-er to compel order; he can not commit a member to custody, flagrant as may be his conduct; he can not even order him to quit his place in the House. The utmost punishment the Speaker can inflict is to name a member-to call him his name. An indirect rebuke is contained in this ceremony. When the Speaker addresses a member by his name, that very act implies that he has so conducted himself as to cease for the moment to be a member of the House of Com-

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mons; for there the members are never spoken of, or spoken to, save by the title of the seat which they represent. At best, however, an

which they represent. At best, however, an indirect rebuke is not much of a punishment; though by an ancient rule there arises "the displeasure of the House." What that amounts to may be gathered from the following sneedote: A gentleman often "out of order," often needing the threat of "naming" from the Speaker, at length asked him: "Well, what follows?" The answer he got from the Chair was: "The result of my naming you? The Lord in heaven knows!" An emphatic mode of confessing that nobody did know.

The Speaker is almost powerless in fact; he The Speaker is almost powerless in fact; he can not enter into a debate, nor can he regulate the order of business; he can not in any way interfere with the arrangement of the work before him. He certainly can call on a particular member to speak; that is, when a dozen or two rise at the same moment, he can say who "casches his eye;" but even this privilege is sometimes denied him; for it is in the power of the House to sattle whom they will bear. An illustration of this peinciple is connected with our own history.

When, in 1782, American Independence had been made a fact, England was eager to acknowl-

been made a fact, England was eager to acknowledge it, withstood only by the obstinacy of the King Gronous III. and his Prime Minister, Lord Nours. The Commons were resolved to stop the war, to throw out the King's War Minister; and after a six weeks' struggle the King and Lord Norrs had to yield. The Minister came down to the House to announce his resignation. He rose to speak; and out of courtesy the Prime Minister is generally heard at once without ques-

tion.

To be courteous, however, the House was not inclined; they loudly insisted that another member, who had also risen, should speak first, and that Lord Noarm should give way. He was, however, too skilled in debating tactics to be easily silenced; and directly the motion that the other member be heard first was proposed Lord Noarm again started up to speak on that question. There was no stopping him then; and he immediately cut discussion short by announcing that he and the Government had resigned office.

A quorum of the House of Commons is forty

that he and the Government had resigned office.

A quorum of the House of Commons is forty
members. If one less be present, then it is no
House; but though two members only were before him the Speaker could not recognize the
fact. If one member proposed a resolution and
the other seconded it the Speaker would have to
put the resolution to a House of Commons composed only of those two members. It would go on the Journal as a resolution of the whole 658

ombers. The notice of the want of a quorum must come from some member, and then "a count" of the House must take place, debate is at once stopped, for two minutes the division-bells, as before described, are set ringing, and the doors are thrown open. Then the Speaker counts the heads upon the benches, and if the required forty members be not present the House, debate, and all is

be not present the House, debate, and all is closed for that evening.

Yes though the Speaker can not himself begin a count, a very slight touch may set him off. One evening a very prosy member was talking to a score of listless, sleepy listeners. He got an-noyed at the paucity of members and the inst-tention of the few present; he fired off a joke about the packed House, the crowded benches, the eager faces he pretended to see around him. the eager faces he pretended to see around him.
The jest was fatal; he had referred to the number present; this done, and the Speaker must determine what that number is. "Order! order!" from the Chair silenced the delater.
Amazed and ignorant of the result of his wit, he saw the House counted at twenty, and his speech was never finished.

The Speaker can not leave his dignified seat unless his chain be loosened by a friendly mem-ber's voice. On one occasion the Speaker was ber's voice. On one occasion and opening pres-actually left sitting without a member being pres-actually left sitting without a member being present, and there he would probably have sat until next day had not a member been fetched back to repeat before him those magic words, "That the House do now adjourn." Even the silver gilt mace, the special emblem of the Speaker's authority, does not belong either to the Speaker or the House of Commons. The mace is only lent to the Speaker by the sovereign, who resun the loan when Parliament is not sitting.

The theory of the mace is that it represents the royal person, which is always supposed to be present at the deliberations of the House. The present at the deliberations of the House. The Commons are elected by the people; but by a principle, or rather a fiction of the law, they six nder write issued by the Crown. Therefore sovereign, as the legal incurnation of the legisla-

tive functions, is always presumed to be present.

A mighty part has the mace played in the annals of the House of Commons. When Caosewall ordered it to be removed—"Take that Parliament was scattered to the winds. At the Bestoration it is doubtful if the original mace was recovered, at any rate the Royal Sc claim to be in possession of poration of the City of Londo on of it, so does the Cor-

The power of true authority is not wanting to the Speaker, powerless though he seems. The Speaker has the greater power, because he pos-sesses no power. It is because he represents good order without the means of compelling order that he keeps order. So excellent have been the men holding the office that for many generations no conflict has ever arisen between the Speaker and the House.

A Speaker is elected by royal command on the first day of each new Parliament, but a new man is not necessarily placed in the Chair; indeed, this is now never done. A Speaker once elected continues to preside over successive Houses until removed by death, or by being raised to the peerage and a seat in the House of Lords.

When an election takes place the usual course

is for a member distinguished by long experience to suggest who, in his opinion, is most suitable for the Chair; and if no one else be proposed the election passes by acclamation. This is not al-ways the case; the choice of Speaker has been occusionally the subject of long and hot debate. Out of the ten Speakers chosen during the last hundred years the election of seven was carried by a division, not by unanimous consent. After the election the supremacy of the Crown over Parliament reappears. Before a Speaker can act be has to ask and receive the royal ap-

This approval has been always given, with one notable exception: it was refused by King Charles II. to the proudest of his subjects. This was Sir Edward Sermour. At the open-ing of the new Parliament in 1678 the Commons unanimously chose him for their Speaker. Sayunanimously chose him for their Speaker. Sixtucors was personally obnoxious to the King, yet confident that King Charles dared not refuse him acceptance as the Commous' Speaker. Sexucors presented himself at the bar of the House of Lords to fulfill the ancient ceremony. He was more haughty than any peer—the haughtiest man alive. His looks asserted all the pride he felt; diadain glittered in his eyes; and with undannted assurance he addressed the King; "If am come hither for your Maisety's approchation." am come hither for your Majesty's approbation." In such a style no Speaker had ever before addressed a King. King CHARLES was not to be brow-beaten thus; he bluntly refused his consent; SETHOUR went away, no longer Speaker of the House of Commons. Most adignant were they with the King; the Commons thrice addressed him angry remonstrances. In vain; the only answer they could get was an assertion of the sovereign's undoubted right to annul their choice of a Speaker; and the Commous had to yield.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Wornexper, caves multiply. In fact, it is the fash-m for two or three remarkable, unexplored caves to Wornester, cares multiply. In het, it is the issu-tion for two or three remarkable, unexplored cares to be brought before the public every year. The latest marvel is Proctor's Care, recently discovered in Ken-tucky, not far from the Great Manmoth wonder. A full description of this novelty is impossible, but those mil description of this novelly is impossible, but those who have visibed it are entinosiactic over its marvelous becuties. Vast avenues and halls yot remain unexplored, and the full extent of the cave will probably never be known. The entrance is situated in a romantic valley, and was at first but a narrow crevice in mantic valley, and was at first but a narrow crerice in the rock; but it has been enlarged by blasting, and steps lead the visitor to a serpentine avenue, called the Lebyrinth, which extends about two hundred and fifty yards to what is called the Grand Crossings, where three avenues branch off, leading to separate chambers or domes. "Eentacky Dome" is of vast dimensions and regular shape. It has been demon-strated that a river exists in this cave equal in size to ear in Maxamoth, and in this dome water can say in Manmoth; and in this done water can be heard dropping into this river at regular intervals, striking the surface with a low booming sound, and reverberating from side to side. "Herculean Dome" is believed to be the largest in the world. "Curtain is believed to be the largest in the world. "Curtain Dome," the crowning giory of the cave, is about seventy fact high by twenty wide. On one side a sheet of stalactite, semi-transparent and looped in graceful felds, extends from the top to nearly the bottom of the dome. It appears like a real entrain—the illustent is perfect. There is an endless profusion of stalactites and stalagmites in various parts of the cave. One, called "Lot's Wife," is a perfect representation of a female form, though with an unmistakable Grecian bend! In "Elfin Grotto" groups of stalagmites are found which greatly resemble statues. Also, there are a great number of soncous stalactites, which, when struck with the hand, sunit a mustical sound. Altogether, Proctor Cave seems to be as well worth Altogether, Proctor Cave seems to be as well worth the attention of the curious as any thing of the kind which has been discovered.

Omaha already boasts of three daily papers; and in Omaha already boasts of three daily papers; and in addition to births, marriages, and divorces, one paper announces betrothals, and proposes to have still an-other column headed, Flirtations. Advectisees are wide awake at Omaha. One enterprising individual is printing an edition of the Prayer-book, which he intends to give away to every attendant at church. The right-hand page contains the awast prayers, but the left-hand page is allotted to advectisements. An-other is trying to purchase the privilege of using the outsides of the pulpits for posting the merits of his patent habr-jumper. patent baby-jumper.

Some people seem to have a strenge impulse to taste of every thing that comes across their path. Not long ago a certain Captain Bawden was making some explications in the late of Man, with three miners. One of the men thoughtlessly polied up a carrot-like root and began to call it. The taste was pleasant enough, and he nessed some to his correspicuo. The Oak and began to cat it. The taste was pleasant enough, and he passed some to his companions. The fatal effects were almost immediately apparent, and the man who first partook of the root died within a short time after his repast. The others were saved by emotics. The vegetable proved to be the woody nightshade, a plant which is peculiarly attractive to chil dren from its inxuriant growth and crimson berries.

Eight workmen who had been employed in a cape symptoms of lead poisoning. All were very Ill, and symptoms of sear poseonag. An ware very in an one died. Investigation proved that white-lead was used for fastening on the tope of fancy eticks, and also to whiten them. It is stated that the poison was not inhaled, but that the men were poisoned through not what had based as weathing. washing their hands at meal-tir

A Bavarian chemist, M. Hahn, has disnew kind of guspowder, and has carried specimens to France to be tried at Vincennes. The compound to France to be tried at Vincience. The compound is said to be twice as powerful as the best sporting powder, and costs less than tempence a pound. The materials for making it can be found in all countries. It makes little smoke, leaves little sah, and does not foul the gen; damp does not hurt it, nor a blow explode it; its transportation is perfectly safe; its use highly accessable. highly agreeable.

A sarcastic opponent of "woman's rights" says it a a great convenience to have women as post-mis-recees, because they can not only inform an applicant if there is a letter for him, without looking, but can tell him what is in it.

Some very pleasant exercises took place at New on July 3, in connection with the presentation of an elegant life-boat to Miss Ida Lewis, as a token of ap-recelation of her berotem in rescuing two drowning

soldiers near her father's light-house in March last. The boat, which is of the finest workmanship, is called the Resew; and the presentation was in Washingtop Square, which was filled with a crowd of cuthusi astic people. An appropriate presentation address was made by Francis Brinley, formerly President of the Boston Common Council, to which Colonel T. W. Higginson responded on behalf of Miss Lewis. He commenced by saying: "I am requested by Miss Lewis to return thanks in her name to the donors and to the citizens of Newport. Miss Lewis desires me to say that she has pever made a speech in her life, and does not expect to begin now. She has worked out the problem of woman's rights in a different manuet. She has been accustomed to assume the right of helpone has been accustomed to assume the right of the period sion should come."....At the conclusion of Coolons!
Higginson's speech, an elegant rudder-yoke, made of
rose-wood, with solid silver mountings, was presented
by the Narragauset Boat Club; and two silk flags, a
ministure anchor of galvanized iron, with cable, an
elegant set of cushions, boat-book, and a velvet carpet were contributed by Captain Kerny and the offiper were communicately to the communication of the steamboat Newport. The demeanor of Miss Lewis throughout the exercises was lady-like and composed, alike free from embarrasement and affectation.

station was in the morning; and in the This pres This presentation was in the morting; and in the afternoon the Research was launched from Long What in the presence of a vast crowd. At the appointed hour, amidst much applease, Miss Lowis seated herself at the cars; and by her quick and vigorous strokes the beautiful boat was guided rapidly toward its destination, the Lime Rock Light-house.

A Vermont editor has invented a new method of rousing delinquent subscribers to a sense of their duty. He writes an oblinary notice of them.

Grasshoppers very nearly conquered a train of care on the Union Pacific Re-road, near Green River, the other day. The passengers were compelled to dis-mount and throw sand on the track before they could

The "Ophthalmos," a sort of self-acting photo graphic apparatus, is in reality a camera provided with mechanical contrivances for automatically un-covering and covering the ions and exposing the plate. It is sent up attached to a small belicon without an operator, and at any required height takes a picture of the surface of the earth beneath it, with all the bearings of the compass accurately marked.

Whales seem to be hunted now just as vigorously as Whales seem to be hunted now just as vigorously as in old times when gas and petroleum were things unknown. The latest suggestion in reference to their capture is to stupefy them by electricity. The harpoon is to be double pointed, and each point is to be the terminal of a wire leading to a powerful electrical battery carried in the whaling boat. It is believed that a good dose of electricity will render the whale teepin, and render his capture easy.

Mr. Spurgeon recently introduced velocip sermon to a congregation of two thousand at Pershore, Worcestershire; and in this wise; "Those new in-Worcesterabire; and in this wise; "Those new in-ventions, which the lade were riding down our streets, would not keep up unless they were kept going; the moment they stopped they fell down; and, in this they were exceedingly like the Christian Church, which would fall unless it was kept constantly moving

Velocipedists are warned by the London Lengt that "human sorrows keep pace with human progress." Within the last few months both French and English surgeous have been required to treat a great variety of injuries, resulting from bicycle accidents. These injuries have been dislocations, fractures, sprains, general shock of the nervous system, and special and peculiar accidents resulting from the novel risks attendant on the machine.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Concernment Investments.-" Irish lawn is at a

A "Down-East" Yankee has recently invented a rat exterminator, consisting of a sort of powder snuff. The snimal Jecks his head off the third sneese.

Can a source meal be made off a round of beef?

A Varmont man has written to a lawyer in Indian-apolis to know whether he can have a "devers," be-ing minhle to support his wife—asking, moreover, what it will cost. "If it costs \$25, I can't pay that worth."

COMPANIONS IN ARMS. Twin bables,

A gentleman one day indiscreetly asked a lady how old site was. She reflected. "Let me see. I was eighteen when I was married, and my husband was thirty; now ho is twice thirty; that is eight; so, of course, I am twice eighteen, that is thirty-siz."

Was young Lochinvar a Scotchman ?- No! a York-shireman. He "came out of the West"-Hiding.

When a Scotch minister told his neighbor that he had preached two hours and a half the day before, the neighbor said to him: "Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" "Aw, ns," said he, "I was in fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

A person was asked why he did not take a newspaper. "Became," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I haven't reed them through yet." He afterward became a

WOMAN'S TRUE SPHERE.

WOMAN'S TRUE SPHERE.

With bromstick for javelin, dust-pan for shield, On elother-brosse mounted, away to the field! And panophied thus, let us war to the ladis, But ladies shall vote: yes, and men rock the cradic. Arise, and chant wildly your Amason somets: Then on to the combat, girls! Pil hold your bonnets! Our whole social system without stay remode!: Charge, Mrs. Parlington! On, Mrs. Cardle! Finiter your streamers—unfur! your top-gailants, 'And sall in, my girls, we've Ben Wade in the balance.

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat, and were delighted with the sample, in-side the crown of which was insertied a looking-giase, "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at each a display of raral ignorance, exclaimed, "What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits hom."

Banveyer. Passawr.—We noticed a fellow the other day wearing a large ring with a brilliant red setting; he were it in a queer place—around his eye. Upon making inquiry, be informed as that they didn't cost much, and people generally received and were them who deserved them. He says it was given him.

"How old are you!" asked a railroad conductor of a little girl whom her mother was trying to pass on a hittle girl whom her mother was trying to pass on a only six and a half."

When the enterprising butcher's boy "set up on his own book," did he flud a comfortable seat?

A Vow(a)t or Interestedness O.

During a recitation on natural history in one of our well-known colleges, a student, in the pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animats, said: "Froissor, why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way, and then the other?" "For the reason," replied the Prodessor, "that she can not turn it both ways at once."

A man who is publicly dined is now said to have sen reverdyjohnsonhed.

A FRIEND AT A PINCE-One who shares his sunf-

A BRIDAL REIGH-The Honey-moon.

OLD HANKS'S STORY.

"Some years ago I took a bed-bug to an fron foun-dry and drupped it into a ladie where the melicel fron was, and had it rem into a aktillet. Well, my old wo-man used that skillet pertiy constantly for the last six years, and here the other day abe broke it all to amach, and what do you think, genthemen, that are insec-jost walked out of his hole where he'd bean lyin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roset up stairs! But, by George, gentlemen, he looked mightly pale."

A handsome young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding-day. One of her bride-maids asked her the subject of her meditations. "I was thinking," the replied, "which of my old beaux I should marry if I should become a widow."

THE LABORET ROPE IN THE WORLD-ED-POSE



BROTHER JONATHAN. "I say, John, here's your Lion burst again, and all the Stuffing is coming out. Better sew him up."

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THE LOBBY OF THE HOUS



COMMONS, 1869 .- [SEE PAGE 470.]

THE ATHEIST.

WEEF not for them who weep For friend or lover taken thence, for child That falls 'mid early flowers and grass asleep,

Mourn not for them that meers For sin's keen arrow with its rankling smart: God's hand will bind again what He hath torn;

But weep for him whose eyo Sees in the midnight skies a starry done Thick sown with worlds that whirl and hurry by, And give the heart no home;

Who hears amid the dense Lond trampling crash and outcry of this wild Thick jungle world of dim magnificence No voice which says, "My child?"

Who marks through earth and space
A stronge dumb pageant pass before a vacant shrine,
And feels within his immost soul a place
Unfill'd by the Divine;

Weep, weep, for him above, That looks for God, and sees unpitying Pate, That finds within his heart, in place of love, A dull, unsleeping hate.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWILIGHT AND DAWN.

This next afternoon, when Douglas came as usual to Auriel. Azalea did not meet him in the avenue as had been her wont. He missed the bright face and the enger welcome of voice and hand, and felt annoyed at their absence.

"I suppose her father is requiring her serv-ices more than usual to-day," he thought; but when he reached the house he found old Moore sitting puffing away at his pipe outside the door, looking very happy in the clouds of smoke and in the contemplation of a favorite beagle bitch that was stretched extended in the sun, tranced in a voluptions inertitess from which not all the velvety bitings of four soft-lipped pupples could

arouse her.
"Ain't they beauties?" Moore said, complacently, referring to the fat pink-nosed creatures at his feet. "I said to Azalea, 'We musta't keep 'em all, the mother 'ill never be able to being them up;' but Azalea langhed and said,
'Dan't you think Him that makes young things
knows best about that?' and then she wouldn't
have them killed as first because they were blind, and it seemed cowardly to take advantage of their not seeing, and suddenly souse out their little lives in a pool of cold water; and when they opened their eyes she said they looked at her imploringly, and she couldn't have them hurt; not but what I think she was mistaken there, for I notice that when their eyes first open they don't look up or down, but just in a straight level, as if Nature didn't want them to stare at any thing but the mother's teats until they got stronger. They'll make beautiful dogs," the old man added, with that proud satisfaction which all human beings appear to take in things of their own rear-ing. From the street Ind who prophesies that whole hecatombs of rats will fall victims to the process of his mongrel terrier when it grows to the age of rat planter discovery age of rat-nipping discretion, to the of a thorough-bred horse, who thoroughly believes that an embryo Derly winner exists in the ur couth fool that kicks up its gawky legs in the pad-dock; from those to the human mother stirred by tromisious joy and mighty pride in her first-born—do we not all think that our young crows will possess, if not the pure fairness of the dove, at least the scaring attributes of the eagle? "But where is Azalea?" Douglas asked, im-

patiently.

"Dare say she's gone to pick up some plums in the kitchen garden. I said I should like a coulding to-day. I can't ent some made into a pudding to-day. I can't ent any thing but soft things now—haven't got any teeth, you know. I've often thought, Mr. Doug-las, that when Eve, woman-like, did the only thing she was told not to, and are that 'crude apple,' she burt her teeth and sent us down toothache among other curses."

Douglas wandered away to the study when be ordinarily read with Azalea,

"Not here," he muttered, discontentedly; "I hate unpunctuality." He sat down to a table near the window,

where his own manuscripts were placed. He did a great deal of his work at Auriel now. well-stored libraries afforded him greater facilities for study and reference than he could possibly find in his own limited collection of books; and the atmosphere of remance that haunted the old place was in itself a stimulas to imagin-ation. The summer winds that blew through the open windows stirred into motion a thousand quaint funcies wrought in the faded hang Grotesque faces langhed and wept in perpetral shadow of brown oak earving. Lovely women trailed their draperies, and noble gentle-

men clashed their swerds through the dim cor-ridors. There were also two children that belonged to the place—a little girl who sat in a picture near the door, and whose stiff bodice and ormal sush were in odd contrast with her baby face and dimpled arms; and a boy, a truculent warrior, aged eight, whose brown bair tumbled in loving profession over his fieren red coat, while his small fingers were elenched over a mimic fingers were clenched over a mimic pon of death. Azalea used to dream, when weapon of death. and dimples, and the boy, who was all curls and coat, slipped out of the frame while their parents slept, and danced minuets together in the dusky twilight. In dream-land, where the probable and impossible are so mysteriously fused, she was

not troubled by the anachronism that the girl lived two centuries later than the boy; and, matter of that, in ghostly realms the difference of a hundred years or so is not likely to disturb ghostly friendships. The spirit of the place ghostly friendships. The spirit of the place breathed of dream-like mystery and gorgeous decay. "I am hundreds of years old," it whis-pered; "none but nobles with powdered hair bow in my saloons or talk stately sentiment to their mistresses on the grass-grown terraces. I am centuries old: do you not see it in my dusty china vases, transparent as a frail shell, and rares than precious gems? in my ancient manuscripts, traced over by hands that were dust with the worms four generations ago? I am dying, but I am royal even while moribund; do not disturb the sanctity of my peace—do not unveil my fad-ing features to the noisy scorn of modern life. Above all, let not any touch ruder than the wind clang the rusty shields which our forefathers made famous in Palestine."

As a rule, Douglas rejoiced to yield himself up to the thrail of fancies like these; but to-day be felt his mood to be one that jarred against

the softness of the hour.

"I am getting to be a methodical old man, I suppose," he thought, half smiling, half vexed at his own incomprehensible irritation; "but the fact is, I am put out by not beginning the day in the usual manner. I shall go and look for that girl and get it over, and then I shall be set-

tled in my mind."

That which was to be got over was a long philosophical dissertation, of which Azalea was bound to expinin the substance, and to expatiate on the arguments to be deduced therefrom; this, and a lesson in Italian, constituted her task for to-day. As Douglas left the room in pursuance to-day. As Douglas left the room in pursuance of his intention to seek Azalea, he saw the reflection, in an opposite mirror, of his long, ungainly figure surmounted by the square forehead shaded by a mass of gray hair.

"Who would have thought that I was ever rather a fine fellow?" he said, with a little touch of self-pity and contempt, as, shrinking away from the glass, he passed out at the porch. "I'll go to the garden."

The old garden had once been trimly kept;

the peaches had glowed in sumptuous profu on the walls. The dahliss had kept stately ward in the flower-beds, separated from the golden gravel paths by the several lines of the box border; but now the gravel was obscured by moss and long grasses. The stricken stems of the hollyhocks had, in many cases, fallen helplessly over their prescribed margin, and the crimson hollyhocks blossoms glowed through the soft green shadows of tall nettles; as for the wall-fruits, they were so concealed by the untrained exuberance of their foliage, that none but the quick-eyed birds knew where to discover and peck out the first tempting morsel that grew redly ripe in the sun. To-day the whole garden was sleeping in the slimbrous noon. The lilies drooped their fair heads in the hot drowsy air; the convolvuli re-laxed their tenscious hold of the rose-trees, and axes their tenerous non of the reservees, and trailed so languidly round the prisoned stems, that had not the red blossoms been inert and heavy with over-bloom they might have waved themselves free of their lithe enemies.

Douglas found Azalea under the plum-tree; but she, too, seemed infected by the atmospheric languor, for the plums were lying round her untouched; the misty bloom still veiling their sun-searched sides, save where the bruise of their fall or the trace of a hungry wasp had broken the purple skins. Douglas passed for a moment, and looked at the picture before him—so full of deep repose—so lovely with soft-breathed peace. What was this restlessness within him? What was this trouble in his eyes as they dwell on the girl's fair face and gleaming hair?

She was leaning against the smooth trunk of the tree, gazing dreamily at the old crambling wall opposite, as though her thoughts were wan-dering far away over its ivied summit, floating like the free ether beyond even the solitade of this lonely place. She was roused from her reverie by hearing Donglas step near her, and went

"Oh!" she said, "I had no idea it was so late, Mr. Robert. I should have been out to meet you had I known it was near your hour er coming." Again Douglas felt irritated.

"Don't call me Mr. Robert," he said, testily,
"Well, then, Robert. Only it seems so impertinent for me to call you Robert—you who

are—"
"So much older than yourself, I suppose you " he interrupt "Not only that, but so superior," Azalen an-

swered, simply. There was silence between them for a few mosents; then Douglas spoke again:

"Have you learned the task I gave you yes "Yes-no-that is to say, I don't quite know

I looked at it," she plended, spologetically, see-ing a gleam of displeasure in his gray eyes.
"I never knew you negligent before," he said, I never knew you negligent before, he said, hly. "I will leave you now, and return to harshly. my own work.

He rose to go, and she followed him at a distance, meck-eyed, like a dog depressed by its master's rebuke. Presently she carled her little fingers round his arm.

Please forgive me," she said, penitently. "I will study hard to-day."

Her touch seemed to thrill from his wrist to

his very heart. He looked down on her, his eyes glorified by a light she had never seen in m before.

"I-I-of course I sorgive you," he stam-

Then he broke from her abruptly, and left her alone in the narrow path, wondering and confused

"How very strange he is to-day," she thought.

"But I must go back to the tree; for, after all, I forgot to pick up the plums for daddy's pud-

Neither tutor nor pupil made much progress with their studies this afternoon. Douglas sat and looked at his manuscript, with his face shadowed by one hand; but the other fell listless by his side, and only a flickering sunbeam moved across the blank whiteness of his paper.

Azalea, crouching down on the window-seat, strove hard to fix her attention on the page be-fore her; but the dahlias nodding in the long grasses outside, and the load humming of the bluebottle on the pane, singing his own dirge in a spider's web, seemed to possess magnetic at-tractions for her eyes and ears. She gave a furtive glance at Douglas, to see if he were noting her inattention. He seemed unconscious even of her presence; so she turned her face to the window once more, and resigned herself to dreamy inertness of thought. It was so pleas-ant to her, the golden warmth of the noon. She liked to see the soft shadows creep up the lawn, and pass their cool veil over the hot languor of She reveled in the faint scents of rice fruits and flowers which haunted the warm air.

"It should always be summer-time and afternoon," she said, softly; and Douglas started at the sound of her voice, as if it had been loud

and imperative as a trumpet-call.

He did not speak, however, but followed her glance, and looked out at the sky until the gray clouds of night began to thicken in the north, and the sun glowed in long red flames beyond the western firs.

To her all the murmurous sounds, all the shifting phases of Nature, seemed to convey indistince possibilities of happiness. Hope, vague but sweet as the wistful music of an Æolian harp, whispered in the wind-swayed boughs, and glistened in the golden drifts of clouds that were blown toward the west. To him the autumn evening was full of sadness and desolation. The chill aspect of the lake, covered with dreary-looking patches of weeds; the quick shadow of the wild-fowl gliding over its breast; the weird-like trouble of the darkening sky, filled him with ineffable depression. The shadow of a new despair seemed to be looming behind the shadow of the coming night. Like his companion, he would fain have arrested the progress of time at noontide; not because, like her, he reveled in the present, but because he dreaded the hours of the

future. Presently Azales broke the silence:
"What would you do if any one insulted
you?" she asked, suddenly; and as she spoke a
blash suffused her face, which seemed to Douglas to be only a part of the sunset glow which was streaming over her head. His eyes darkened at her question, and the pain of some old memory whitened his face to more than its usual pallor, as he answered, briefly, "It depends on what description of insult it

"Supposing that it were a very great insult?"

Azalea pursued, in a shy, low voice.

"I should probably revenge myself, and repent my revenge all my life," Douglas said, sadly, "But why need you ask such a question, Azalea?—you who are as secure from insult here as the lovely roses are from being plucked or the birds captured?"

Oh, of course," Azalea answered, confusedly. Once or twice she had thought she would to of the marvelous spectacle she had seen in the lane; but the memory of that audacious soldier always checked the impending confidence. How could she confess to her father or her stem-faced tutor that she had been picked up and kissed by a young soldier, as carelessly as he might pluck a flower and wear it for an instant at his breast? How could she tell them that she was haunted by the memory of a pair of brown eyes, which she would like to meet again, if only to abash them with the glory of her indignation?

Douglas left Auriel earlier than usual to-night, His manner was abrupt and confused : and Azales, scared by his unwonted sternness, felt some-thing of her childish fear of him return as she ed at his moody face.

"I will do better to-morrow," she said, depre-catingly, when he bade her good-night.

"It does not matter," he answered, absently; and then he disappeared through the misty gloom

of the avenue, and she went back to her father, and wondered a little with him what had made

Mr. Douglas so cross to-day.

Meantime Douglas had paused cuce at the lower gate of the avenue, and looked round with a half-hope that the girl might be yet waving him an adien. He could not see her; and the closed shutters of the sitting-room excluded from his eyes the solitary light that beamed in the vast and lonely house. The mist and the darkness closed over all, and Douglas hursed home with his heart filled with a bitter feeling, the nature of which he dared not analyze to himself. When he reached his little cottage he sat down in the darkness and solitude of his room, and buried

his gaunt face in his hands.

"'Ca!" he meaned, "surely, of all the bitter sufferings of my life this would be the sharpest!"

"I will not go there to-day; I will send an excuse," Douglas said to himself when he awoke

the next morning.

On the previous night he had stifled the rising trouble in his mind by the sheer force of determination; but our clearest resolutions fade into helpless confusion under the softening influence of sleep; and in the first dawn of reawakened memory our sorrow strikes us quickly and keenly, with the surprise of a treacherous blow. A et of sullen resentment succeeded the first flush of conscious pain.

"They do not want me excepting as a school-master for her; and she has ceased to love to learn. I will not go." Accordingly, when the hoar approached in

which he usually visited Auriel, he dispatched a note to Azalea announcing that he had engage-ments to-day which would prevent his leaving home. He felt a certain satisfaction in surmis-ing that the old man and the girl would miss his companionship; and with this reflection he strove to calm the restless irritation which possessed him all the afternoon. In spite of strenuous efforts be made to occupy his mind, he was continually haunted by the aspect of the scenes in which he usually passed these hours of the day. There was the old oak door of the library creaking heavily on its hinge; there was the Virginian creeper drooping down pink-tipped tendrils athwart the diamond-shaped window; there was the quick mider counterfaiting recess there was the quick spider counterfeiting repose on the window-ledge until its buzzing prey came within reach of its long arms. The lights and shadows that were flying across the meadows opposite were playing now in those lonely cham-bers, where the silence was rarely disturbed save by the twitter of birds or the music of one gentle human voice, and where only one fair face made

human voice, and where only one fair face made a living light in their dusky gloom.

At Auriel the day was lapsing with the softness of dreams. He could fancy he heard the old-fishioned clocks chiming away time in mellow tinkles that, reverberating through the long corridors, sounded like the soft knell of lament for the vanishing hours. He tried only to image to himself non-sentient objects. He tried to limit his sight to the grotesque faces on the tapestry hangings—to shut his ear to all but the low whistle of the bird and the rush of the wind; but, despite his every effort to compel his thoughts into a prescribed groove, Azalea's hair would gleam in the dusky shadows of those familiar chambers—Azalea's voice would ripple in the summer wind that blew through the window, and her fingers seemed to dimple all over the pages of the book he was reading. He closed the volume impatiently, and walked up and down the room. The low ceilings and narrow space oppressed him with a sense of restraint. He ld have liked to thrust the walls asu with his strong arms, and to trample away the boards under his feet. He passed into the little garden, and vented his restlessness in hurried parties, and vented his resussasses in harrow-pacings to and fro on the narrow slip of gravel. He looked up once, and saw the red gables of Auriel chining in the evening sun. Turning abruptly in another direction, he walked away down the fields, and never stopped until he reached a small town about eight miles distant, where he sometimes called for letters at the post-office.

There was none for him to-night; indeed, it was very seldom that the seclusion of Douglas's life was intruded on by any communication from the outside world.

He received and read those echoes of the

world's hourly life, the newspapers, but like a limpet that clings to its rock, cold and impassive amidst the whirl of waters and the thunderous confusion of storms, he, in the dead calm of his self-immolated existence, heard without feeling the surge of the outside current.

He did not care to glance at his papers to-night. The records of party clamor, of ru-mored war, of the black lists of scandal and crime, would not accord well with the quies peace of this remote country village, steepe it was in the secene splendor of sunset, shiny-headed babies played outside the cottages, the opened doors of which revealed occasional glimpses of calm phases of domestic life. Here a woman, with her head bent over her needle-work—there an old man, watching the united gambols of a child and a puppy tumbling to-gether over his crutches. Douglas looked wist-fully at the faint twinkling lights that were begianing to glimmer in some of the windows. There was "home" for every one but himself, he thought. He saw a day-laborer slouching toward one of these lowly homesteads; and the whilom Sybarite and dilettante grudged the wearied hind the rough but cordial greeting that welcomed him to the little dark, close room, of which the most costly ornaments were a solemn-looking white-faced clock, and one of those large imitation japan tea-trays, which occupy in cot-tages a position ordinarily assumed by family portraits in loftier mans...us, i. e., the place of honor over the chimney-piece.

A fat, unwashed-looking beby contrived with

great difficulty to raise the garden latch with the tips of her round fingers, and then ran crowing with delight to the new-comer, who, tired as he seemed, was not too weary to toss the chuckling dimpled burden on to his shoulder. A brown-faced gaunt woman was busying herself within over a (luxury of luxuries, only to be indulged in during the fatigues of harvest time) hot supper, consisting of boiled potatoes and a piece of fat bacon. A bigger girl sat at the door, hemming a school sampler. A boy of eight was looking meditatively at the circles his heels described in the dust; an inward trouble caused him to be restless; be was making desperate efforts to learn his Catechism, impelled thereto by the recollection that the vicar's annual schoolfeast was approaching, and that buns were only for little boys who could give their orthodoxy fluent expression. He asked himself glibly what his name was, and answered with equal readi-ness as to his godfathers and godmothers having given him the patronymic of Joey Summers. But after that all was chaos, or rather marbles. Some disreputable little heathers, who under no circumstances could ever experience the blessings of buns and conversion, were playing marbles under the village oak. The student, gasing at under the village cak. The student, gazing at the rolling pebbles with hungry longing in his eyes, felt each article of his faith was blurred out eyes, felt each article of his faith was blurr by an illicit desire to join the game of taw.

Donglas, walking swiftly down the wide lane called by coursesy a street, noticed every detail of this homely scene. He felt as a famished bird might that soars over in its flight heaps of golden grain, showered down for the use of do-

mesticated fowls.

That squalid cottage was filled with loveliness for the tired workman. The house might be small and dark, the chambers closely packed as cells in a bee-hive, but there was refuge from burning suns and biting winds. There was the tendance of hands, rough, it is true, but made gentle by love. There was the sweet human pride of paternity, and that sense of comfort in fellowship, which is in such strange contrast with the solitude of the vast, dark high-road we are compelled one day to traverse alone.

The shadow of a rare and undefinable pathos

The shadow of a rare and undefinable pathos The shadow of a rare and undefinable pathos filled Douglas's eyes as he turned his back on the picture of life's fruition, and walked in the direction of his silent, desolate abode.

How was it that the name he had striven to repel from his memory all day leaped to his lips simultaneously with the sigh he breathed for unstainable social joys?

"Azalea," he murmured, softly; and as his ears heard what his heart had uttered his pale cheeks flushed and his head drooped lower on his breast. He walked nuickly on, as though

cheeks flushed and his head drooped lower on his breast. He walked quickly on, as though his hasty footstreps could stamp out the fire that was smouldering in his mind; passed by the cottage windows, twinkling like multitudes of rubies in the sun; passed the faded sign of the village inti—an anohor painted on a board which had been rifted in two by accidents of time and weather. In a little while the sign wavered in darkness; the windows reflected inward instead of outward light; the doors were all closed; and the peace of night deepened over the quiet town and over the fields through the shadows of which and over the neids through the shadows or which Douglas's tall figure passed a darker moving gloom. He thought with repagnance of his gray-walled cottage standing low in the green glooms of the Auriel lane. He pictured to himgray-wanted cottage standard, and as a gray-gluoms of the Auriel lane. He pictured to him-self the sallen sky darkening above its brown thatch, the dest-wet reses—their red glow ob-scured by the dask—nodding round the small casement. For the first time for three years the deuse peace of his life seemed distasteful to him. He felt a wild desire to stand on rugged declivi-ties, to catch the msd foam of the torrent in his hands, to breathe stormy airs that whirl round the misty summits of snow hills. There was a strange tumult in his heart which accorded ill with the dail still atmosphere that surrounded him. His thoughts reverted at in-

surrounded him. His thoughts reverted at in-tervals to the wild freedom of his old life; he fracied that he would be more at ease if he were overpowered by fatigue, or menaced by danger, than he was in the calm security of these civil-

He brushed the dew off the woodbine, and trod the trailing bramble under foot in his hasty transit through the fields. In his restlessness he walked as quickly as if one who loved him wanted as querkly as it one was loved him awaited his return; but when he neared his cottage-door his steps slackened, and he paused at the garden gate, half dreading to encounter the dark loneliness of his small sitting-room.

There are times when existence is as a shroud

which swathes one who yet lives and rebels feebly against the borror which oppresses him. On this night Douglas felt life to be all clouds; the myrind worlds that sparkled above conveyed to him no sense of immensity. He passed through the vast fresh air on his way to a vault fashioned by himself. He had been desolate, but free. Now he was desolate, but in bonds.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"BOW DO I LOOK, DEAR?"

Twe time was evening, the place the Misses Orme's dressing-room at Orme Castle. It was the night of the ball, and all the preparations for the furthcoming entertainment were completed, with the exception of Rosa and Amelia's toilets. At this moment Rosa was in the grub stage— her hair twisted tight in an ungainly bundle at her hair twisted tight in an ungamity bundle at the top of her head, and her face buried in the folds of a soft towel; for, "On nights like these," as Amelia said, solemnly, "friction must not be applied to noses prone to shine." Amelia was developed into the butterfly; her hair was friezed in golden profusion over her forehead; fresh in golden profusion over her forehead; fresh shining draperies flowed about her. Her ornaments were pearls; her lips were red and her shoulders white. Altogether she was a charm-ing picture of studied innocence. "I'm done," she announced, triamphantly. Then, in a solemn tone, she put the question

that heads this chapter.
"I'll look directly," came in a stifled voice from behind the towel; and in the interim Ame-lia advanced and receded before the mirror with reflected there.

"Come into the light," Rosa said, when the face-drying was completed.

Amelia obeyed meekly.

"Um, pretty well; but a little too much pig with one ear, you know;" with a significant glance at one rosy cheek.

It was a point of honor that the sisters should speak the truth to each other on these occasions, however unpleasant it might be to hear or to

Amelia looked at herself again, "You're

Amelia tooled at nerseir again. Four-quite right," she said, in a tone of deep convic-tion. "I shall put a listle more on the left side."
"Two wrongs make a right," as the horse-couper said when he put a bean in his horse's

sound foot," quoted Rosa, pertly.
"Where did you pick up that stable slang?"
Miss Orme said, disdainfully. "From pape. But do go away, Amelia; you are taking up all the glass; and I shall never be

"People always think so if they see other peo-ple dressed first," Miss Orme observed, phlag-matically, "I shall go and see if Lady Disma is ready. She has had a box down from town; ready in time

Marie Carlos Company of the Company

but," she added, with emphasis, "one comfect is, do what she will, she can't make herself look

eighteen."
"Come back," called Rosa, "before I go down, and tell me if there is too much powder on my nose. Candle-light can not be trusted."

Amelia promised assent, but she did not keen faith; for on reaching the one sitting-room whi had been left comfortable in the general exodus of furniture she found Captain Mowbray sented

in an easy-chair, deep in the perusal of Ruff's Automa Guide to the Tarf.

"I called to see your father about a horse," he explained, in answer to Miss Orme's pleased look of surprise. "He asked me to dine with him in his library, and to send into Brighton for my dress clothes. I hope I shall not be in your

way here."
. "Oh no!" Amelia said. Then she wondered what o'clock it might be, and where pape was; and, in fact, indulged in all the little meaningless speeches and movements which are apt to

characterise the manner of a very young lady when in the society of the man she prefers. Meanwhile Lady Diana Merton, who was a visitor at the house, and who had managed to locate herself in the most comfortable sait of rooms it possessed, was scated in an upper chamber, looking out of her window, which commanded a fine view of the sun-flushed down

commanded a fine were of the sin-thinden down and the quivering ridge of far-off sea.

Make herself eighteen she certainly could not. Almost the only triumph beauty can not uncomplish is the reversal of Time's hour-glass. But who that looked on Lady Di now would have wished that the golden sands had marked at hour bas in her life? To the mellow flush of a land that the golden sands had marked at hour bas in her life? peach in that warmest, ripest moment ere it drops to earth—to the rich fragrance of the gardenia blossom as it expands in the heat of noon—to the last ten minutes of a fast run to bounds (but this simile is not poetical)—to aught rise that is emblematical of perfection her mature loveliness might aptly be likened. Her skin was as fair, might apily be likened. Her skin was as har, her tresses as insuriant, as ever; her levely gray eyes were not a whit less full of sweet content than when they first gazed with lazy astisfaction on the euchainment of Thurstan Mowbray. With a figure even more luxurionaly beautifut than heretofore; with lips yet red and full, and chin still round and dimpled, you will not be surprised to hear that Lady Diana was as charming, as malific, and as unprincipled as she had ever been.

She was not a woman to resign her unholy row-She was not a woman to resign her unholy pow-er of charming until the power itself failed her. Then she would have wit enough to discern her failure and retire from the arena where she was not strong enough to conquer. She thought it a great pity that she should ever grow old. She deplored the inevitable necessity, but she meant to bow her head gracefully to the blight of Time; and so soon as she found that men cessed to love, and women to hate her, it was her intention to become devout and build a church, if possible; or, if that was too expensive, at least put up a memorial window in one. Meantime there was no need yet to design the plan of the place of worship nor choose the subjects for the stained giass, so she ate, drank, and was as merry as it was in her shallow, yet unquiet, fervid nature to be. She was not yet in full dress, for she liked to be perfectly comfortable as long as possible, so she sat enwrapped in the folds of a gray-tinted Cashmere dressing gown, sipping a cup of tea and turning over the leaves of a novel until tes and turning over the leaves of a novel until such time as the sound of carriage wheels should warn her of approaching guests. Novels did not amuse her very much, she thought, as she put down this one gently, and took to stroking her spaniel's ears; she could recall infinitely more romantic incidents in her own career than those ordinarily recorded in faction. She had known greater sorrow of heart represented by a fer commonplace words than ever was expressed in the most elaborate descriptions of fabled grief. She had caught glimpses of direr tragedies in the dramas of life than any that have darkened the pages of a three-volume novel—darker and more terrible because the guilt was real and the pain veritable. Of all human passions that of love seemed to ber most inadequately delineated in books. That of which she read sounded but as a very feeble echo of what she had herself heard wrung from the pain of living hearts. She whose name had been a joy and a rapture, a wall and a curse of the lips of men—she who had heard it breathed in every imaginable ondence of emotion, from the low murmur of hinted tendemess to the short, quick utterance of wounded passion—she who had seen faces pale and flush at her words, had turned the wise into fools, and had exalted weak natures by the strength of the sentiment she was able to inspire —was it no wonder she felt the ordinary platitudes printed on the subject very insufficiently described a passion which is at once the strength and the weakness, the glory and disgrace, of man's mutable nature?

Lady Diana was aroused from her contemplation of the spaniel's glossy head by the sound of two voices outside the window; one was that of Amelia Orme, and Lady Di at once understood that Miss Orme's companion was not of her own

sex.
"So Amelia has a flirtation on hand," mused Lady Di. "I wonder why it is that girls got so full of affectation on these occasions. Why do they giggle when there's nothing to laugh at, and s up a strange voice when their own would answer the purpose equally well?"

Lady Diana arose and lenned out of the

window.
"I might as well have a look at him," she
thought; "if I find I do not admire him very
much I'll respect the laws of bospitality and
not disturb Amelia's sport."

Contain

"Let me disengage this for you," Captain Mowbray said, in a low, tender voice to Miss Orme, referring to a stray blossom of over-

hauging elematis, which had become entangled ! in her fluffy braids. The clematic grew directly under Lady Diana's window, and Thurstan was lingering rather longer than was necessary over his task when he accidentally looked up, and saw a woman's head and shoulders—a lovely living picture in a frame-work of dull red bricks and

rippling ivy leaves.

The senset firshed the fair face and warmcolored masses of hair with mellow glory; the soft gray tints of the wrapper folded over her bosom, and the dark crimson rose which nestled behind one ear, completed the perfection of col-oring which Titian would have exulted to imilize. As Captain Mouliray caught sight of the serene, downcust face, Miss Orme gave an

exclamation of pain and anger,
"Beally, Captain Mowbery, you hart me very
much. You've torn out quite a big lock," put-

ting her hand to the disarranged braid.

I beg a thousand pardons. I am so grieved at my stupidity," he murmured in a low voice. Then he looked up at the window and took off his hat. "I am so delighted to see you again, Lady Diana," he said aloud. "If you are not shready hampered by engagements, may I hope for the honor of the second valse with you?"

Lady Diana smiled pleasantly.
"I never dance now. It is the nature of young things to frisk about, young kids, young fambs, young kittens, and young girls may do so with propriety; but at my age one should be a spectator, not a participator in spring-tide gam-

But in her heart Lady Dians thought that her old popul had made considerable progress since their set meeting, when he allowed her, as he said, "To get a rise out of him."
"The second valse, indeed?" she muttered,

as she represented to her tollet-table. "Fancy any chalc leaking at me and asking me to be second in any thing!"

His self-possession annoyed her more than she exceed to acknowledge to herself. He was handsomer than ever, she thought—much too hand-some for that pasty-faced chit, Amelia,

"Why do young girls always wear white dresses?" she said, looking spitefully at Miss Orme's retreating figure. "These emblems of Orme's retreating figure. "These emblems of virginity always develop red elbows so forcibly." Then she sat down to her writing-desk and took out a little volume bound in bine velvet and guard-

ent a strate volume bound in this variety and glassed of a Bramah lock.

"There is still an hour to spare," she thought,
"before the company will arrive. I will aid a
few axioms to my book of moral reflections."

PART L-LADY DIANA MERTONS MORAL REPLECTIONS.

Never write compromising letters to a married man. Sconer or laser they will fall into the nands of the inevitable wife. Perhaps he leaves them in his coat pocket, and from the time of that demestic esciencies in the house of the Captain of King Pharaoh's guard to the present date much mischief has arisen from the shifting of a

It would be better to avoid lovers with legal encumbrances altogether. It is a pity, too; for there are some charming Benedicks whose only fault is that they are Benedicks. Be wary with those whose sives also "Live in Areadia." The wife who is (there are no has beens in this case, "once a coquette always a coquette") a flirt, brings all the advantages of finished experience ist ber in detecting the clumsy man of her spouse.

Supposing you evade the dangers of correspondence, there are many other perils to be considered with reference to this "twy-natured" class. Generally the bushend is the person least considered in his bousehold; will be not some connected in his bousehold; will be not some day, when over-oppressed by the inferiority of his position, reassert his degreity at your ex-pense? Will he not drop dark hints of some one who knows how to appreciate him, and os-tentationsly show the new locket at his warch-chain, or simper at the mention of your name? Some poor weak fools there are who do these things are and like other are who do these things once, and, like other enslaved races, fall lower after their futile attempt at rebellion.

Then there is the good and conscientious man, whose virtue increnses as his feet grow weary of treading the forbidden path. With a burst of moral sentiment, he will suddenly confess all to his wife; together they anothematize the snare, and weep over the snared. He adds treachery and cowardice to his former vice, and imagines that the abnegation of the sin he has ceased to desire is an evidence of sincere penitence. This is the most despicable of all the species.

If you have a heart, give it not to a married man, nor in any way make yourself uncomfort-able for his sake. Sooner or later he must and will resign you for his wife, Habit and the law give her an unassailable vantage ground. The horse that escapes to the pasture, and kicks up his heels many times with exceeding great joy in his fictitious freedom, will return meekly to his stall at the feeding-hour. And the married man (whatever he may swear in the delight of a novel wickedness) will always return to the bourne where his easy-chair, his slippors, his daily occupations, the mistress of his bouse, and the mother of his children awar mm.
Section has a decided moral tradency. Wives,
be patient with your husbands. Should be make
a slight derinden from the paths of conjugality,
the beautiful parlance. "make you will be able to, in sporting parlance, "make a good thing out of it." He will tire of his new love as certainly as he has tired of you; and you have in your favor nine points of the law.

Trust no woman. Nor men either, if you can help it. I have sometimes wished in my heart that all men were dumb, and unable to write their own name-much less mine. They seldom say any thing worth remembering. There is a dreadful sameness about their protestations. Their caligraphic efforts are rarely of sufficient im-

portance to art to atone for their terrible carelessness about blotting-paper. Blotting-paper and la-dies'-maids are the support of the Divorce Court.

Your unmarried men are, as a rule, to be moderately trusted—unless, indeed, they are prone to habits of intemperance. You must not object to their pulling up their shirt-collars uneasily when you are mentioned, or to their blacking after their pulling and the shirt tenders. blushing when they meet you, or to their in-discreet and violent defense of you to your spiteful rival. These are the follies of youth, and although they betray the boy's feelings they do not

necessarily imply your complicity.

My reflections in this place chiefly concern
the bigger and stupider sex. In another part of my note-book will be found a few observa-tious on the willer half of humankind.

PART IL-GENERAL AXIOMS.

Our greatest misery generally arises from our overrating ourselves. We get dreadful hurts through our vanity, and think it is our hearts that suffer. I approxiste inyself (no woman succeeds who does not), but I am musty blinded by my self-esteem. I know when my nose is red, or when I am otherwise looking plain. Then I concent myself from the view of mankind. Some women are less modest, and are consequently less

successful.

If you have genius, conceal it as you would a gray hair, or hide it, as Brutus did, under the appearance of idiotey.

Tact is the supremest weapon in the hands of

a woman. It is the fine tool that rivets the chains

At the first short letter your lover writes you, diemiss him. No man who loves has ever need to excuse a neglect to his mixtress. Let not your lover feel that he had ever made

a sacrifice (even of a cigar) to you. Promote his comfort in small matters, partly because it is Christianlike to afford some compensation for the terment you inflict on him, chiefly because his attention should never be distracted from you

by little worries.

Never forget that men's vanity is greater than their hearts. They will forgive a wound to the latter somer than an insult to the former. Never love at all where you wish to be loved

greatly.

As no one is abused save to a willing listener,

the friend who tells you she has heard you calum slated must be ranked with the calumniator.

Listen to nothing your friend wishes to tell on for "your own good," and because it is 'her duty;" it will assuredly be something you for unplessant.

An Englishman will trust his friend with his

mistress sconer than wish his horse.

No fire is so difficult to rekindle as one where the ashes are already burned black. But every man has his price, and can be reached either through his vanity, his intellect, r his passions.

It will be understood that the concluding portion of Lady Diana's MS, was written after the

little episode at the window. When her toilet was completes she looked at herself in the mirror with mingled admira-tion and regret. The admiration was for her-self, the regret for some one unknown. It may be premised that he was of the masculine gender, for her maid heard her murmur something which sounded like " Poor fellow!"

ARTESIAN FISHES.

WE have all beard of Artesian wells, but a onderful novelty is now announced in Algeria in the shape of Artesian fisheries. A well lately snak at Am Sala to the depth of forty-four metres three up not only a large body of water, but, to the great surprise of the engineers, an immunera-ble quantity of small fish. Those subterraneous vertebrae are described as being on an average half an inch in length, and resembling whire-bait both in appearance and taste. The female is distinguished from the male by the presence of dark-colored stripes on the upper part of the body. From the fact of the sand extracted from these wells being identical with that which forms the bed of the Nile it is concluded that an underground communication must exist between them and that river.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

In European ciries, and especially in Paris, the success attending the restoral of large trees of all kinds desirable for shade and ornomental purposes was long ago settled beyond all question. Instead of setting out pipe-stems and unit-ing two generations for them to grow into approciable dimensions, go to the forest and select whatever sort of tree may be desirable.

Autumn and winter are the best time for their removal. First of all take the bearings of the tree with a true company. Then dig entirely round it, the centre of the circle being the trunk, Then dig and the circle itself being ten, fifteen, or twenty feet in diameter, so as to be quite beyond all the Cut the trench full two feet essential roots. deep-st any rate, below the frost. With long levers raise the mass, supporting the tree perpendicularly by ropes in the hands of assistants, and, finally, slide it on to a drag or a bread, strong sled. Horses or oxen may then trans-port the lead to where a hole has been dug to receive it, the exact facing of the tree in regard to points of compass as before being observed. It will thrive precisely as it did in its primitive locality, without the least indication of having been any way injured by the voyage. park might as readily be thus created in a week as in half a century. Our Central Park has been thus improved; and the Champ de Mars, at l'aris, was thus transformed into a grove for the Exposition in a few weeks,



EMILIO CASTALLAIL

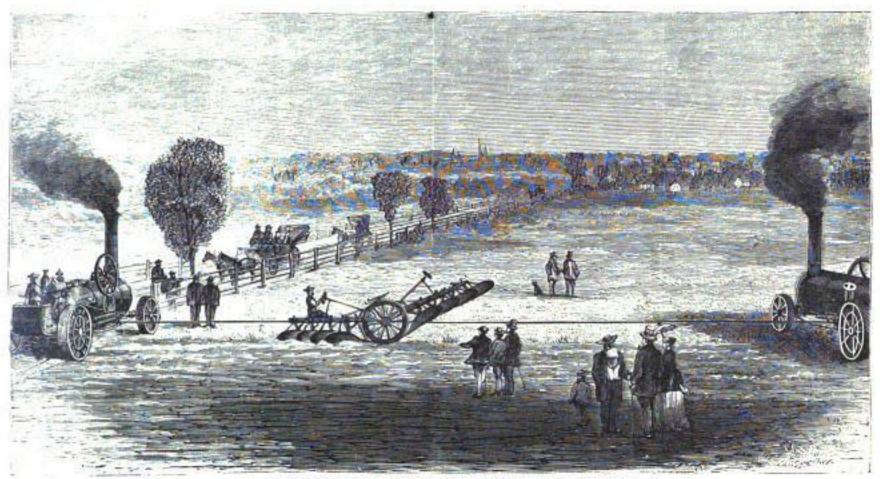
CUBA.

The new Captain-General of Cuba, Canallero de Rodas, has commenced his administration with great vigor. Fortunately for him, he has had no serious conflict with the Volunteers. He has commenced operations against the insurgents, who will find him a more wary and energetic foe than his predecessor. He has also issued a proclamation closing all the ports on the east end of the island, except Sagus, Caibarien, Nuevitas, Gibara, Baracoa, Guantanamo, Santiago de Cuba, Manzanilla, Santa Cruz, Sasa, Trinidad, and Cienfuegos. Vessels and their crews, if armed, engaged in transporting filibusters to Cuba, are declared pirates. Spanish cruisers on the high seasure instructed, in boarding vessels, to observe all the restrictions as to the right of search contained in the treaties of Spain with the United States and Great Bertain.

the United States and Great Britain, Count Valmassina, the Spanish General commanding in the Bayamo District, and also known as "The Butcher," on account of his cruel proclamation issued in the spring, has recently distinguished himself by the capture of a rebel intrenched regiment, to form part of the division of General Echagua, who
opened the campaign in 1839. He
is said to have distinguished himself
on many occasions, and particularly
by the cool and able manner in which
he manouved his regiment in a
dangerous position at the storming
of the Seragiio. He won the reputation during the war of a rough,
frank soldier, who in camp merged
all distinction of rank and mingled
all distinction of rank and mingled
freely with his men, and in the field
always led his regiment on foot and
shared the danger and hardships of
the commonest soldier, while, at the
same time, he maintained such strict
discipline as made his command a
model for the army. He returned
to Spain in command of a brigade,
and was some years later proposed
to the Queen, by O'Donnett, under whose eye he had fought, for the
rank of Field-Marshal, and was also
(in 1866) appointed to an important
post, of which he was deprived by
a change of ministry the following
year. He then retired with his
family to the town of Zamora, where
he remained until sent, with a number of other prominent generals, under an order of banishment to the
Camary Islands. After a residence



COUNT VALMASEDA.



STEAM PLOW ON THE FARM OF COLONEL W. C. PATTERSON, NEW JERSEY .- [SEE PAGE 478.

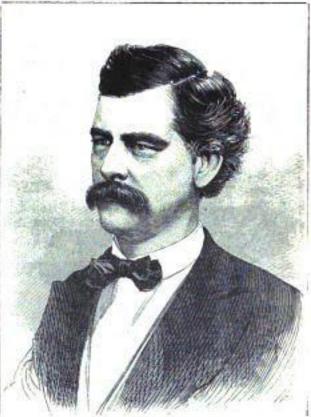


CABALLERO DE RODAS, THE NEW CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF CUBA.

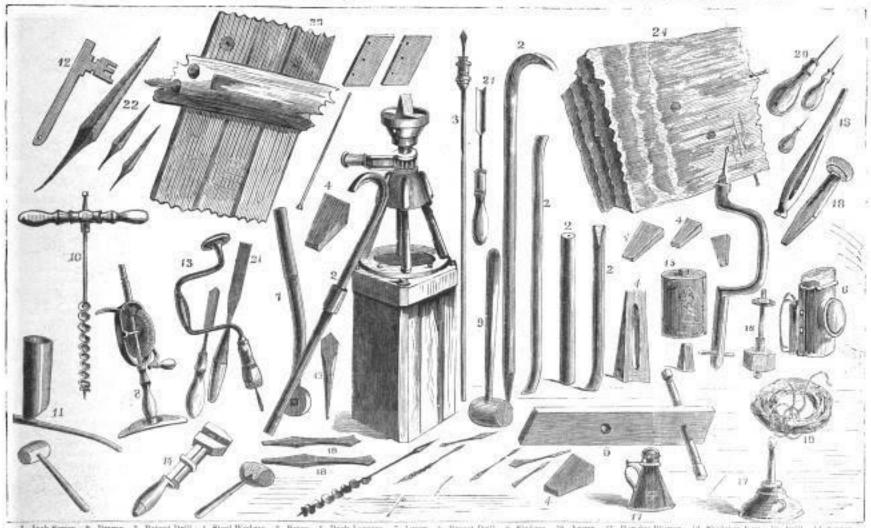
camp at Sagua, containing a powder-mill and a quantity of war material, being, in fact, a complete

Count VALMARED first came prominently before the Spanish public in the year 18-4, when, having reached the rank of Chief of Staff, he offered his services to the Liberal party, who had risen in arms. He reached the field of the battle of Vicalvaro when the strife was at its height: but was wounded by a discharge of grape before he could incorporate himself with the Liberal army. He was discovered by his friends upon the field the same night which closed the battle, and was hidden in the town until he could be servetly converted to the house of one of the embassadors in Madrid, where he lay for a long time in so precurious a state that his life was despoired of. After several dangerous operations for the extraction of the meant from the wormds in his head, he finally recovered, to find the revolution triumphunt and himself ramed to the commencement of the war with Morocco he was ordered to Africa with his

of a few months be was recalled by the revolution of Cadix in September last, and arrived in time to receive from General Sen-RASO a command at the battle of Alcolen, which decided the fate of Queen Isanet.i.a. He was fur-ther promoted by the Pra-visional Government, and made Director of Artillery and Captain-General of New Castile. His deeds in Cadia, Serille, and Malaga, in the suppression of Republicans who rose in arms against the abuses of those they had put in powrisen against the Queen speak little for his liberalism or that of his party. He was deputy to the Cortes from Zamora when he received his appointment to Cuba. He is a man of low stature, somewhat adranced in life, and has the reputation, among those who know him, of possessing an indomitable will and great energy; and be is unsernpulous in carry-ing out what he conceives to be his dary. He ar-rived in Culsa at a time when his abilities were put to the severest test, and when he could only gain the approval and support of his countrymen by sanc-tioning an indiscriminate slaughter that made him



GOVERNOR GILBERT C. WALKER OF VIRGINIA. PROTOGRAPHED BY C. R. REES & Co., ROSENON....(SEE PAGE 478.)



Jack-Screw.-2. Jimmy.-2. Patent Brill.-4. Steel Wedges.-3. Series.-5. Back Lancers.-7. Lever.-5. Breast Drill.-2. Steelges.-30. Auger.-31. Printer-Biomer.-32. Stellens Rev. -13. Brills.-13. Powder Christia.-13. Powder Christia.-14. Brills.-15. Drills.-30. Fines.-30. Awis.-31. Chiscia.-22. Files.

BURGLARS' IMPLEMENTS USED IN THE OCEAN BANK ROBBERY, NEW YORK CITY .- [See Page 478.]

execrable to the whole world. The bare fact of such a man being appointed at such a time shows very clearly that the only liberalism Cuba can expect from Spain is the liberalism of the sword.

During the short interregnum since the rising of Cadiz, in September last, until the election of the present Regent, for the first time in three hundred years the voice of truth could be mised in Spain without being silenced by the garrote or the Inquisition, and it has poured forth from the mouth of EMILIO CASTILLAI—the great Republican leader and the champion of right and justice against theoracy and aristocracy—in tones so forcible and impussioned as to unsettle the very foundation of the things that were, and

stamp him one of the greatest orators of the present day. In the late debate in the Spanish Cortes upon the Caban question he made a brilliant speech in her defense, from which an idea may be formed of his principles. He stated that he followed only the dientes of his own conscience, because he believed that its dictates were those of justice: that he did not hold two opinious, but that all that he spoke in private he dared to maintain in public before the whole world; and that Cuba had suffered great injustice at the hands of Spain, after having been deceived with false promises year after year since 1837, when her depaties were refused admittance to the Cortes and sent away unbeard. She had

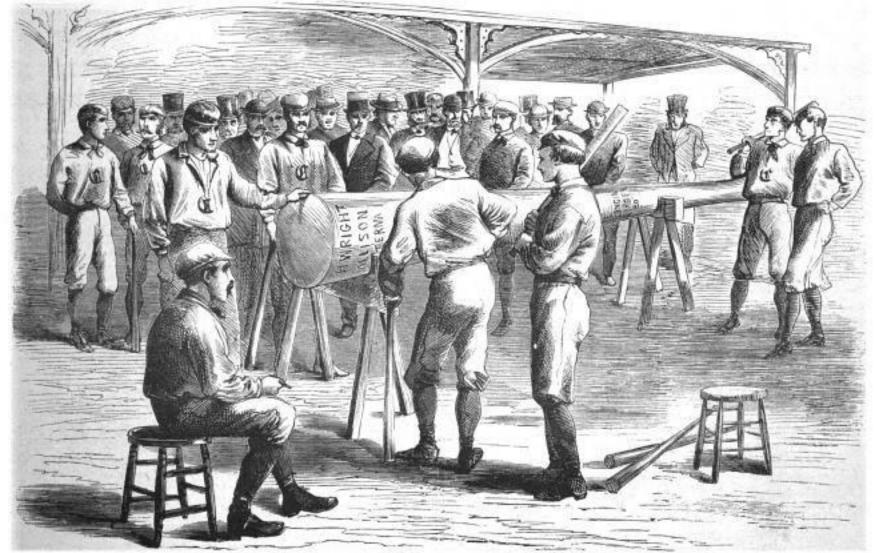
been invited again to send representatives to place their grievances before the government, and after having done so, had again been put off with false promises; and the only answer to their just claims was to impose upon them a new and odious contribution. He maintained that the rebellion was not the work of a day nor a year, but the final result of years of error and flagmant injustice; that in the aineteenth century a people could no longer be kept under the receiver of that great air-pump called Despotism; that it was no longer possible to maintain Cuba and Porto Rico like two great blots on the broad field of Democracy that covered all America; that it was difficult for a people to govern itself,

hut impossible for one people to govern another people; and that neeling but liberty and a government like that of Canada could preserve hercolonies to Spain.

THE "RED STOCKINGS" AT HOME.

We give on this page an illustration of the presentation of the champion but to the "Red Stocking" Base-Ball Club on its return to Cincinnati, July 1.

Upon its arrival at the depot the Club was received and escorted through the streets by the citizens, who gave it a perfect oration. In the



PRESENTATION OF A CHAMPION BAT TO THE "RED STOCKING" BASE-BALL CLUB, CINCINNATI, OHIO, ON ITS RETURN HOME. -[SKETCHED BY J. A. GERVIA.]

afternoon a display game was played on the Union Grounds, where the presentation of the lat took place. The lat is of ash, and measures twenty-seven feet in length, nineteen inches in diameter at the bat, and mine and a half at the wrist. It is proportioned like the regular play-bat. Handsomely painted upon it is the inscription, "Champion Bat, 1869. To Cincinnati Base-Ball Club, First Nine—H. Whigher, Alassos, Waterinan, Sweary, McVer, Fowler, Brainann, G. Wright, Leonard, Gould, Hurley," It was presented by the Club and the Cincinnati Lumber Company.

Mr. Carter Gazlay, Secretary of the Cincinnati Lumber Commany, made a graceful presented by the Club and the cinnati Lumber Commany.

Mr. CARTER GAZLAY, Secretary of the Cincinnati Lumber Company, made a graceful presentation speech, alluding to the twenty-one viotories which had been won by the "gentlemen of the first Nine" without a single defeat. A large number of speeches were also made at the banquet at the Gibson House in the evening by prominent gentlemen of Cincinnati.

HON. GILBERT C. WALKER, GOV-ERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

The election of Mr. Walker as Governor of Virginia is very significant. It is a victory for General Grant's administration, the result being in consonance with the President's policy as to reconstruction. It is a victory for impartial suffrage and universal amnesty. Governor Walker is piedged to support the policy of the Government as regards the treatment of the colored race; but he is opposed to the continued disfranchisement of the whites. "We must remember," he said at Norfolk, just after the election, "that we have succeeded on the platform of universal seffrage and equal rights; and we must see that those who opposed us, as well as those who supported us, have all their rights, and are protected fally by the law." The returns from eighty-four counties gave Walker a majority of 21,000. He was until a few years ago a citizen of Binghamton, New York, where he was born. In 1856 he was nominated by the Democratic party in the County of Tinga for Attorney-General, but was defeated. He soon after removed to Chicago, where he identified himself with the Documan party. Since his residence in Virginia he has distinguished himself as an able function. He is known as a man of sterling integrity.

BURGLARS' IMPLEMENTS.

One of our illustrations on page 477 shows the largiars' implements discovered in the Ocean Bank of this city after the robbery of Jane 27. The tools used were of every conceivable kind and of the best quality, consisting of over 400 pieces. The burghars remained in the bank from Saturday night until Monday morning, working at their leisure. They entered from the basement. The basement of the bank was formerly one room, and was occupied by the Globe Insurance Company. William Oreal, subsequently rented it for an exchange office, and subdivided it into three apartments as shown in the diagram. The middle and rour apartments he offered for rent, reserving the front-room for his own use. About three weeks before the robbery a well-dressed, gentlemanly appearing person engaged the inner or rent reson, as he represented, as an agency for the Chicago Life Insurance Company, agreeing to pay \$0.00 per year rent, monthly in advance. He poid one month's rent, \$2.0, on taking possession. This office is directly undermeath the private room of the Provident of the bank, and has an entrance on Fulson Street. Apparently engaged in the Insurance business the burghars introduced their tools, and on the night of the 27th cut a hole through the floor to the hank above, where they secured about \$1,000,000 in available funds and scentities. They were also proposed to encounter opposition, having several lowic-knives, removers, two pairs of seed handcuffs, a coil of rope, entridges, etc. And in the line of disguises they were equally well prepared, having every thing at hand with which to army themselves as gentlemen, as longshoremen, or in any other of a dozen clumeters. They also left behind a supplied,

On the morning of June 30 a trunk was found by a policeman in Elizabeth Street, which was marked, "For Captain Journax, Sixth Precinct," and which was found to contain \$268,021 —a portion of the stelen money.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STEAM CULTIVATION.

Fon many years it has been the dream of the enthusiast that steam might become the motive power in cultivating the lund, and that the car of Agriculture would only make permanent progress when propelled by that agent. By those thoughtful men who saw how important it was for the producer to add to the productive capacity of his heavy soil by deeper tillage, steam was considered the power to satisfactorily sides the problem. In this country, who, e capital in the hands of the cultivator has been, and is yet, comparatively scarre, steam-engines have made slow progress in faming operations. But in England, and latterly on the Continent, esperially in France, steam-power is being largely developed in agricultural operations, and even as a motive power.

tural operations, and even as a motive power.

The other day I was invited by a wealthy and enterprising merchant of Philadelphia, Colonel W. C. PATERISON, to visit his farm some twenty miles below Canaden, in New Jersey, and witness the trial of a steam play, or, more properly,

of an attempt to plow by steam. The farm consists of about 30,000 acres. It is of varying breadth, being from 50 to 100 miles wide, and the soil has great agricultural resources if properly worked. The Colonel imported the tackle from England, which consisted of two 14-horse locomotive steam-engines, a balance plow of two gangs of 6 each, a cultivator, and harrow, all rigged to be worked by the engines. The engines were landed at a little town some six miles from the farm, and propelled themselves out to the field, over uneven and bad roads to move a heavy load upon. This was the first cheering sign of their usefulness, for heretofore I had seen only portable engines employed in the labors of the farm, particularly in threshing. The field selected for the trial was an oblong square, containing one hundred or more acres. It was an old field, and had been long under cultivation, tolerably level, but smooth only in places, as much of it had been in corn the previous year, and the safece was therefore uneven by reason of the old hills where the corn had grown. The soil was a sandy loam resting on a clay loam subsoil. The previous cultivation had been at an average depth of about 5 inches, and formed a hard crust below, which the plow would require additional power to break.

The engines were placed on opposite sides of the field, some 370 yards apart, and opposite to each other. A flexible wire cable sufficiently long to reach across the field was attached to each engine, and run off or was wound on to the large drum on the under side of each. The plows were set to work 7 inches deep by 13 wide, and each gang therefore plowed 6½ feet at each time it crossed the field, or 13 feet in a boat, which averaged 7 minutes. The work was well done, and every thing seemed to be as perfectly under control of the operatives as if done by a team. There was evidently plenty of surplus power for all possible contingencies. The engines were mored as easily as locomotive engines on a milroad. The success of the experiment was most marked, leaving no doubt that henceforward steam can be successfully used as a motive power in caltivating the soit, and in nearly every field where the harvester can be used successfully. The question now is simply one of detail and capital. I think there is a better system for stirring the soil than by plows, and that it will be adopted in this country. The rotary Spader or Terricultor must be substituted for the plow, and then the system of steam cultivation will be complete. In the South it must supersede all others; and there the steam farm-engine will take the place of animals in driving the cotton-gin.

Componies are formed in England to furnish

engines and tackle for this country.

I have just received a letter from Colonel Parterson, wherein he says: "The best day's work of the plow since you saw it has been 20 acres. I think it will average 15 on old land, and the cultivator 40." The enltivator will do from 7 to 12 acres of stiff clay, 12 inches deep, per day.

I consider the question of steam cultivation, as before remarked, simply one of capital and detail.

T. C. P——.

FAIR AND FALSE.

"SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make jule my cheeks with care,"
For her wentth of yellow hair?
She may have been Brown as I!
I will not despair—but dye.
If I am not fair as she;
Very quickly I will be!

She is fair, and I am dark;
She's admired in the Park—
Sought of those who pass me by!
I must live—and I will dve!
I will be more fair than fair:
Pearly skin, and golden hair!
What care I how fair she be,
I will be more fair than she!

THE "CONQUEST OF SOULS."

Nor many years ago the Jesuit fathers in South America endeavored to promote Christianity in a way peculiarly their own. They combined the exhibitrating pleasures of the hunting-field with the more seber and selemn dary of catching souls. The hely fathers, no doubt animated with religious real, used now and again to call tegether their Indian converts, and, sallying forth into the wild sarannas that serm-unded their missions, earry off, if not by persuasion them by force, every native family they chanced to meet with. This was called the "conquest of souls."

We will not stop here to dispute the term, but relate an incident that occurred in consequence of one of these raids. On the banks of a small stream, a tributary of the Orinoco, lived an In-dian family, a father and mother and four chil-Although wild and uncivilized, they were happy and content; happy in their love for each other, and content in having enough to satisfy their wants. Surrounded by the eternal forests, and washed by the ever-flowing river, they lived on the best that nature has to offer. From morning to evening Guatana, with his sons, chased the boar and the bison through the mazy labyrinths of the surrounding jungle, or, leaping from rock to rock, speared the saimon as they sported in the oddying pools of the Orinoco. Guahiba sat tending her little ones at home ever rendy in the twilight of evening to welcome with foud embraces the tired hunters. Thus joyfully they passed their time, never thinking of civilization until civilization in an evil hour thought of them. One sultry evening in midsummer Gunhibs sat with her two little ones playing on the sloping turf before her, patiently waiting the return of her husband. But her husband she was to see no more. When he returned that evening he found no wife or child to greet him, no bright smile or fond welcome. A tenantless hut and a desolate hearth were all that met his view.

The missionary fathers of San Fernando had

The missionary fathers of San Fernando had been hunting for souls that fine summer day, and, ascending the stream on their homeward voyage, discovered Guahiba outside her solitary hut. Resistance was vain; bound with thongs, and bleeding in every limb, the Indian hunters carried her and her children to the boat. She cried aloud for help, but no help was there. The echo of her voice was lost in the depth of the endless forest. She was borne along up the silent stream, passing ever and again some well-remembered spot, and at every streke of the muffled oar receding farther and farther from those she held most dear.

They reached at last the mission station of San Fernando. Here, miles away from her forest home, her captors hoped she would be unable to find her way back. But they had yet to learn the difference between the virtue of a savage and the barbarism of civilized men. Despair, indeed, seized upon her brain, but it was the despair that leads to desperate venture, and not to inaction. The remembrance of her desolute home, the children she had left, and the husband or her youth looking vainly day by day for her return, gave

looking vainly day by day for her return, gave wings to her feeble courage.

Time after time with her two little ones she escaped to the wild savanna, and endeavored to penetrate the impassable forests that surrounded the mission. Time after time was she tracked down and brought back to the station. Bound and mercilessly beaten, she still bore up, and still hoped against hope. At length, tired out with her obstinacy, the Jesuit fathers determined by one more act of refined cruelty to subdue her wayward spirit. She was separated from her two remaining children; and the last link that bound her to life was enapped, the last spark of comfort that smouldered in her bosom was extinguished. But she was not yet subdued. Once more bound she was thrown into a bost; come more bound she was thrown into a bost; come more up the silent waters of the Atahapo she is carried to the far-off missions of the Rio Negro. Ignorant of the fare which awaited her she could only tell by the direction of the sun that she was removing farther and farther from her native country. Strong in her despair, she burst the bonds that bound her, and throwing herself into the water, swam to the shore. She fied to the woods; but the Indians, urged on by the president of the mission, were soon on her traces, and ore the sunset she was once more borne a captive slave, torm, bleeding, faint, up the waters of the Atabapo. They arrived at last at the place of their destination, the mission of Javita.

It was night, and the rain was descending in torrents. Alone in a small but Guahiba found herself, faint from loss of blood and want of food. Boundless forests separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, twenty-five leagues distant. No Indian had ever yet attempted to penetrate by land from one station to the other; but such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. She is at Javita, her children are at San Fernando. She must find them again; she must deliver them from their captors, and bring them back to their father on the banks of the Atabapo. She was carelessly guarded; her arms being wounded, the Indiana had loosened her bonds unknown to the missionary fathers. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely, and unfustening the frail bolts that secured her door, she again cluded the vigilance of her guards, and escaped to the surrounding woods.

she again cloded the vigilance of her guards, and escaped to the surrounding woods.

The fourth rising sun found her at San Fernando, hovering round the but where her children were confined. During those four days she had threaded her way through leagues of unknown forests, torn and bleeding she had swum across rivulets, and waded through pathless quagmires, supporting the enavings of nature by eating the great black ants that infest those dismal swumps. Hardly stopping to rest herself at night, she had struggled resolutely on, borne up by that never-dying love that binds a mother to her children.

In this life her virtue was not to be rewarded. Discovered before she could effect her object, she was again borne away from her children, without being allowed to hold them once more to her boscen, without time to heal her wounds or rest her wearied limbs. She was carried to the far-off regions of the Upper Orinoco, and there at length, assured that all was lost, she died, refusing nourishment, as savages will do in great calamities.

THE SEASONS.

Astronomenes inform us that the angles of displacement between the planes of the equator and the orbit of our planes are diminishing according to a geometrical ratio, based upon observations and records for the past two thousand years. In other words, the present limit of the tropical zones, defined upon ordinary maps of the world at twenty-three degrees and a half of latitude north and south of the equatorial line, is less than it was formerly, and its annual diminution can be ascertained by the delicately-graduated instruments in our observatories. It is true the diminution within a year is infinitesimal, but in the course of many thousands of years it accumulates to a whole degree, so that in time the torrid zone may contract, and the heat concentrated within its circle become gradually diffused through the temperate zones, which, secondingly, would widen in proportion. Ou this basis, if we trace back the ratio of diminution into the fossil records of geological time, there is abundant evidence to show that the tropical belt at one period extended far beyond its present limits, even to the latitudes of the British Isles, or at all events to double the extent of the Tropic

of Cancer. At this period the four seasons, as they are now calculated upon our almanacs, were not in existence. Europe was subject to climatic influences similar to those prevailing at present in the tropical regions of Africa or America; and it was not until the flora and fauna of that period became extinct, after flourishing through successive dry and rainy seasons, that these were broken up into four divisions, introducing a new order of things into the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Notwithstanding the many evidences in astronomy and geology that the reign of the seasons has been of recent origin in the physical history of the earth, it seems to be a foregone conclusion, almost universally entertained, that they have existed from all time.

A MUSICAL EAR.

A westcal education is one of the accomplishments that parents in this country are generally ambitious to bestow upon their children. Patronage is bestowed without stint on great artists, and the public sentiment sustains this liberality. But both labor and money are uselessly expended on those who have not a musical taste. As far as physiology has laid open the laws of sound, it has been ascertained that the musical and non-musical ear, in their organic structure, are precisely alike. The ear is of itself a beautiful tostrument, so constructed that sound is actually conducted from one gyrating apartment to another, in which the sonorous rays are strengthested instead of being weakened as they traverse the canals. Being entirely passive, the mind has no control over it as it has of the eye. We can not exclude sound by an act of volition. Whether we wish it or not, the ear takes cognizance of all sounds within the range of its acoustic power. A faculty for acquiring music depends on a peculiar condition of the brain, which enjoys musical harmony through the instrumentality of the ear, and in no other way. If, therefore, no brain faculty axists for music, it is utterly impossible to make any entisfactory progress under the highest class of instructors. It would be good policy, therefore, before attempting to teach a young lady to play the piano-forte, to first ascertain whether she has a brain possessing musical organization.

WORK IN PARIS.

Two following curious facts concerning Paris are taken from the Joseval des Consaissances Medicales: "The total population is, in round numbers, 1,700,000—viz., 750,000 men, 700,000 women, and 220,000 children. Of these 1,700,000 inhabitants, 400,000 live on their private property, or on the produce of their professions, as Government officials, lawyers, physicians, and members of other liberal professions; 100,000 are in schools, hospitals, prisons, or religious fraternities; 200,000 are engaged in trade, whole-sale or retail, in shops, markets, or the streets; one million are occupied in manufactures, either as masters or workmen; and 35,000 are military men of all ranks. Coming to more minute particulars, manual labor employed in producing all the various articles great and small, constituting what are called articles de Paris, is represented by 416,811 working-people. Of these, 205,861 are men, 105,410 women, and 25,540 children. We now come to the question, how many hunds are represented by steam in Paris? There are 1800 engines in the capital, employed in a variety of trades, and forming an aggregate of 10,000 horse-power. Now, as one of the latter is equivalent to the working power of seven hands, it follows that, to the 416,811 working-people above stated we must add 70,000 hands, or 35,000 individuals more. Hence, if all steam—engines were suppressed here to-morrow, it would require an infinx of 35,000 workmen to keep the daily production at its present rate."

LARGE BAIT.

Live horses and live donkeys are used by the Sandwich Islanders to bait for sharks. This is a dreadful cruelty practiced by the natives. The plunging animal, whose head is fastened to a buoy, attracts large shoals of the shovel-need monsters, which ravenously tear the hannehes and finals of the poor beast, and they are heedless of the Kanakas, in canoes, who spear them.

DRUNKEN FELICITY.

REGARDING drunkenness as an evil which has a demoralizing influence on the community, law-makers have exerted themselves in all civilized countries where the vice pervails to correct, and, if possible, to stop its baneful progress. Every town and city in America has its record of misery based on intemperance. It has been assumed that sixty thousand persons die annually in the United States victims to that dreadful malady. Philanthropists and legislatures have failed, thus far, in all their efforts to put a stop to drunkenness. Possibly the desideration of keeping all conditions of people in their sober seases through life is to be accomplished at a future age in the world's history. But there are places on the face of this fair globe where the privilege of getting drunk is considered the highest felicity to which humanity can astain. Ibrahimawa, a Borus voyager on the White Nile, assured Mr. Baker there was a country adjoining Bornu where the king was so fat and heavy that he could not walk till the decrees "opened his belly and cut out the fat," which was repeated annually. He described another country as a perfect Paradise, where to one ever drank any thing so inferior as water. The country was so wealthy that the poorest man could drink morisso—beer. At 3 r.m. every body was drunk,

so that there was not a sober man in the land. Even the cows, goats, and fowls got drunk also by drinking the marisas left in the jars after the people were all down. In his view it was a happy region, where one could indulge in as much in-toxication as he liked without being disturbed by mischief-making moral reformers, whom he probably conceived to be disturbers of the public

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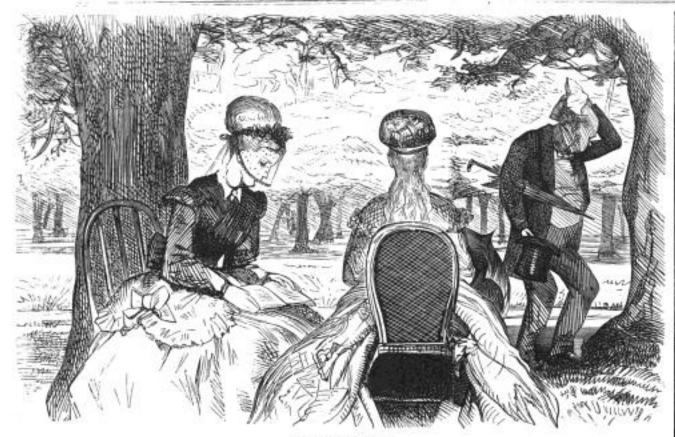
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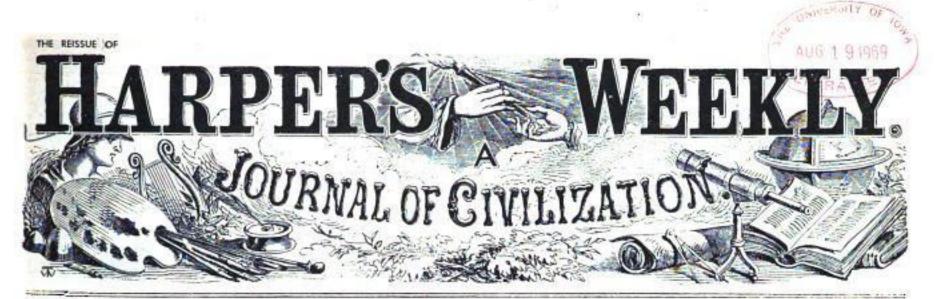
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MISS IDA LEWIS, THE HEROINE OF NEWPORT, -PROT. BY MANCHESTER BROTHERS. PROVIDENCE, R. L - [SEE PAGE 484.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1869.

THE RESULT IN VIRGINIA.

THE recent most difficult question seems to be, who won in the Virginia election? The contest was nominally between Conservative and Radical Republicans—that is, between the advocates of general amnesty and suffrage and the friends of a more stringent policy. The result was that the candidate who is a Demoerat, who was supported by the Democrats, the late rebels, and some of the Republicans, was elected. It is not denied that the bulk of his vote was Democratic and rebel, that Republican votes would not have elected him, and that the Legislature which is elected with him can in no sense be called Republican. And yet, virtually, the question submitted at the election was a Republican alternative; it was the Republican Constitution in its most proscriptive form, or the same instrument with the chief points of the reconstruction policy.

The result seems to be, therefore, that the late rebels voted for their own amnosty, and for the enfranchisement of the colored citizens, and, indirectly, for the Fifteenth Amendment. Nominally, the result is thus Republican. But the anomaly of the situation is that it is a Republican victory won by its enemies. It is in Virginia that the Democratic party, by compulsion, eats its own words that this is a white man's government. Now it certainly makes a great difference whether a radical reform is carried by its friends or its enemies; because, in the latter case, it may justly be suspected that, having carried it to obtain power, they will use the power to repeal it. In the present case, however, this is impossible. Unless the Fif-teenth Amendment be ratified by the Legislature, the situation reverts to that before the election. If, however, it be ratified equal suffrage is secure.

This indeed is the view taken by a Democrat who writes to the Warld in the true Democratic strain. It is a signal illustration of the charactor of the victory that it is obtained even by the assistance of such gentle malignants.

"The first thing to be noted in that the Uspenwood "The first thing to be noted in that the Usonawoon Constitution, in a modified form, but still very objectionable, has been adopted by a majority of not less than sixty thousand votes. True, the obnoxious instrument has been purged of its most proscriptive features, but even now it has characteristics that would dawn it in any State that has not been broken on the wheel of Reconstruction. In the first place, we have had to shirt our eyes, hold our nose, and awallow the black dose of negro suffrage. There is no doubt shost that, nor of the still more distantful fact that we will never not the dung out of our system. It only we will hever get the drug out of our system. It only remains for us to try to creatral the creatmen whom we have given the right to vote, and to use every effect to make them keep in the path is which we would have them to go."

Of course persons like this correspondent will do all that they can to thwart the free exercise of their newly-won rights by the colored citisens, and their spirit was plainly exhibited last summer by Mr. Warm Hamron and others. But this is unavoidable,

The spirit of the new Governor WALKER, as displayed in his speech after election, was admirable. He appeared beneath the National and State flags, held respectively by a colored and a white voter. He said that he and his friends must remember that they had succeeded on the platform of universal suffrage and equal rights; and must see that those who opposed them have all their rights and are fully protected by the law. The opportunity of the vicand its fruits must be for all. These are certainly very sensible words; and all that is said of Governor WALKER justifies the belief that they are as sincere as they are wise,

But the malignant-for the word, although originally applied to the Paritan forefathers of us of the radical persuasion, seems poculiarly appropriate in this instance—who writes to the World speaks with evident satisfaction of what he calls the "Conservative" Legislature. One of the abominations of the new Constitution in his eyes is that colored voters may also hold certain "petty offices." Happily, however, remarks this wise and patriotic citizen, who immediately proceeds to sniff at radical " rymandering"-happily, however, "with a Conservative Legislature these offices may be made so approfitable that it will not pay the negroes to accept them." He is pleased to remark also that in the Legislature "the Conservative strength is sufficient to overrule the Governor's veto should be ever 'go back' upon the party that put him in power," But Governor WALK-zn will probably remember that if the Republican element be taken from the party that put him in power and added to the side of its naturof sympathy, this "Conservatism" would be a mere minority. His little speech shows him to be too wise a man to believe that the political future of the State is with this bitterly reactionary spirit. It is with a larger liberty, a more enlightened justice, a general intelligence. Let him trust the tendency that has made the bitter-est Democrats unwillingly vote for that equality of rights which is so abhorrent to them.

Moreover, as the principles of a national par-

ty must be the same in every State, we shall of course hear no more of the natural inferiority of one class of citizens, nor of the sublime creed of color as evidence of political capacity. Any such declaration would denounce the worthy Virginia "Conservatives" who have "swallow ed the black dose." There are still doubts and perplexities, but Virginia has decided to equalize the suffrage, to admit colored citizens to office, to educate all the colored children, to forhid the disfranchisement of colored voters; it has elected a Governor who declares that all this must be honestly done, and the World salutes it as a famous Democratic victory! When your gun has a new lock, stock, and barrel, is it your old gan or a new one?

A PROTESTED WORD.

THE news from France is amusing. The Emperor grants certain concessions note preprio-of his own will. He is reported to have said: "The elections show that I must choose between empire and revolution. I will give full satisfaction to the liberal aspirations of all parties; but have decided to cease concessions at the boundaries prescribed in the Constitution." The message to the Legislative body proposes to allow it to elect its own officers, to give it the control of the budget, and to extend the right of interpellation, or of inquiry into executive action. This, it is asserted, amounts practically to the concession of ministerial responsibility as an element of Imperial govern-

The story of the Grand Remonstrance in England is very familiar. The King promised what he felt obliged to promise, and broke his word when he thought he could break it with safety. One oath, or promise, or pledge of Louis Narotzon is just as valuable as another. He talks of the limits of the Constitution. But the Constitution is his work, and it is what he chooses to consider it. If he has taken an oath to support it, did he not also take an oath to support the Constitution under which he was placed in the Elyste as President? The word of Louis Narolnon has gone to public protest. Is that word all the security he can offer France

for larger liberty?

What he proposes is merely the old charter with different details. A man of his anteced-ents is not and will not be a constitutional monarch in the ordinary sense. He will govern as well as reign. He has, indeed, the form of a popular trust. He speaks of powers explicitly confided to him by the people. But who for-gets the facts? Sworn to obey a constitution, he forcibly overthrew the government which it established; imprisoned the Legislature; exiled his fellow-citizens at his pleasure; occupied Paris with the army; overswed France; and, having shown himself absolute master, asked Frenchmen whether he should be Emperor. They said yes; and in this manner were powers "explicitly confided" to him. Frenchmen have begun to change their minds, and his prostige is waning. But it needs a much greater man than Louis Narolkos to give France real liberty at the expense of his crown and dynasty.

THE "ALABAMA" QUESTION POSTPONED.

In the report of the speech of Mr. GLADstock moving the definite postponement of the Alabama question for this year, he remarked that the Government of the United States did not regard the failure of the treaty as a definite dropping of the question, but, on the contrary, that it considered it better an interval should occur on account of the state of public opinion in America, before negotiations were resumed; and in this opinion the British Government were inclined to concur. The question was accordingly postponed.

This result is unfortunate, because it is not a postponement of the discussion merely, but of the negotiation; and it would certainly be better that when Congress meets a treaty should have been negociated, and in readiness to be laid before the Senate, than that there should be a war in debate and lofty resolutions, as there undoubtedly will be, to perplex the settlement of the question. Nor is the tone in which the Euglish press receives the postponement reassuring. The Times observes that "when Mr. MOTERY considers the feeling of America is such that a treaty consistent with the honor of England will satisfy Americans, he may address the Government for a renewal of negotiations." The suspicion that America wishes to dishonor England by a trenty is certainly not favorable to a candid interpretation of any proposition. The Times further hopes that the question of the Queen's neutrality proclamation will be tacitly abandoned. But this is a vital element of the question. It is moral evidence that can not be set saide. Undoubtedly the issuing of such a proclamation is a right reserved under the law of nations to every government; but undoubtedly, also, the manner in which the right is exercised is indicative of the spirit of the government. Why is it that the escape of a Cuban expedition from

New York does not accuse the United States

Government of bad faith toward an ally, while that of the Alabama from Liverpool filled this country and all the friends of this country in England with indignation? The answer to this question involves the reason why the Queen's proclamation, which was undoubtedly discretionary with her Government, is a cardinal consideration in the discussion.

The Star also rejoices that the debate is postponed. It is of opinion that American resentment against England is likely to become weaker and her desire to reduce the burden of the debt stronger. If the Star had a more intimate knowledge of the political situation in this country it would think otherwise. Indeed, as a general principle nothing is gained between two countries in which there is a deep feeling of hostility by leaving an angry ques-tion unsettled; and that for the very obvious reason that it furnishes an irresistible political opportunity. If the situation remains un-changed until the meeting of Congress, the Star will find that the discussion of the question will not be postponed in that body, and General Banks, or some other honorable gentleman, will have the most stringent resolutions ready, and patriotic ardor will be kindled to the highest practicable point. However the autumn elections may be decided, the question will be pressed. If the Republicans succeed, the Democrats in Congress will act in sympathy with Mr. RYLAND'S resolution in the California Democratic Convention, that the Democratic party alone has always proved faithful to the country upon such issues. If the Democrats succeed, they will strike every string of popular feeling to strengthen themselves for the national campaign, while the Republicans will feel a greater necessity of raising some rallying cry of enthusiasm and union.

Meanwhile the duty of good citizens is to inform themselves thoroughly upon the subject, that public opinion may intelligently guide and not mislead Congress, nor be unduly influenced by Congressional harangues and resolutions. President Woolan't truly observes, that it is unwise to mingle the question of general unfriendliness with that of damages by the Alabassa; but the question of general unfriendliness very seriously affects the point which be concedes to be most vital; namely, whether due precautions were taken to prevent her escape.

SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

Ir is remarkable that while the Roman Catholic ecclesisatics in this country, assisted by the Democratic party, as in this State, are trying to establish sectarian schools, in Bavaria, a peculiarly priest-ridden country, the people have recently voted by great majorities against the sectarian policy. The ecclesiastical interest, indeed, both Protestant and Roman, warmly advocated the sectarian plan; but such are the feeling and conviction of the people that in one town Protestants, Catholics, and Jows all voted against the sectarianism except one Protestant and one Catholic. In Austria, as we have formerly stated, the Government has decided to organize the schools without ecclesiastical influence of any kind.

The reason for this action, both of the people and of the priests, is obvious. The aim of the priesthood every where is to obtain as absolute control of the people as possible. It wishes its power to be felt in every relation of life. Its object is to produce the feeling that every important movement and event and institution most have, not a religious sanction, but ecclesiastical approval. Its purpose in obtaining control of the schools is not the education of the people, it is the confirmation and extension of its own power. It wishes to appoint teachers, that it may put its creatures into place. It would prescribe text-books, so as to exclude what it calls heresy; that is to say, whatever tends to unfettered mental and moral liberty. Science threatens certain ecclesiastical traditions and dogmas, and ecclesiasticism would therefore smother science. The great aim of the priesthood is to identify in the popular mind religion and the Church; and to cultivate the conviction that the word of the priest or of the Church is the voice of religion.

The experience of mankind fortunately pleads against this purpose. Just in the degree that intellectual freedom is secured, the ecclesiastical hold upon the human mind is relaxed. With every fresh ray of light comes the stronger desire for more light, and a more instinctive resistance to the power of darkness. Conse-quently the universal popular tendency in this time of increasing liberty is to shake off eccle-stastical domination; and where the opportunity is offered the people as resolutely protest against it as the ecclesiastical power insists upon it. This explains the movement in Bavaria, in Austria,

The apparent growth of this domination in this country, and especially in this State, is easily enough explained. The enormous immigration, and especially again the part that remains in this State and city, has been chiefly of adherents of the Roman Church, and political purposes compel a pandering to the influ-ence and power of that Church. The support of the Democratic party to the sectarian school scheme of the priesthood is a bid for "the Irish

vote," and has no other significance, although it may produce very disagreeable consequences. If the "Irish voters" were not so many in the city of New York, and if they were not generally Roman Catholics, of course we should not see indefinite municipal leases of valuable property at a dollar a year, nor would a Catho-lic mob feel emboldened to assault an Orange procession in the streets on the anniversary of the Boyne.

To control the schools, to appoint teachers, to choose text-books, and at the expense of the state, is to master the very sources of influence. As we have before said, the mere contact of Catholic with Protestant children is liberalizing. The little Catholics see as much intelligence, good conduct, confidence, happiness outside their Church as within its pale. The result is inevitable; and therefore the first step is most streamously resisted by the occlesiastical influence. It is a subject which deserves the most thoughtful consideration among intelligent per-sons in this country; and the tendency that is so perceptible in this State as to be called a policy is one of the strong reasons for opposing the Democratic ascendency. That party can not, with any hope of success, displease its members of this faith, as formerly the party at large could not displease the slavery interest. And as its old national policy was dictated by that interest, so its policy upon the subject of sectarian education in this State will be dictated by the ecclesiastical leaders of the voters whom it must propitiste.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE USURY LAW.

ALTHOUGH it is made the express duty of courts of justice to charge each Grand Jury especially to inquire into violations of the usury laws, and the courts very regularly perform it, yet no indictments have been found, and the statute had remained a dead letter for years, until the late meeting of the Grand Jury in this city. The offense of receiving, directly or indirectly, any "greater interest, discount, or consideration" for the loan or forbearance of any money, goods, or things in action than seven per cent. per annum is declared to be a "misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof the person so offending shall be punished by fine not ex-ceeding one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both,

The immunity from punishment enjoyed by those who have constantly accepted usurious interest-perhaps in entire ignorance of the statute-has been very suddenly disturbed, owing, it is said, to the wants of some of the Erie clique, who are thought to have an influence over the composition and movements of the

Grand Jury.

In the summer of 1868, when the money market was tightened by operators in Erie, the Grand Jury was not only not invoked, but it would have been hushed into silence had some curious investigators then unburied the statute and brought the offense before that tribunal,

The sympathy with crime which is shown by many public officials does not embrace offenses committed by the class which has lately been indicted, and it may be that this obsolete stat-ute may be enforced in such cases, and especially when the offense consists in satisfying the pressing wants, at the market rate, of those who lately have been loaded with too much stock for a time of severe pressure.

It is unquestionably the duty of courts and juries to enforce the laws, not capriciously and for peculiar purposes, but constantly and because they are in force and ought to be obeyed. They constitute a snare when they are allowed to lie dormant for years and are raked up to

gratify ulterior objects.

There would be no objection to the repeal of usury laws if the right to issue the money of ordinary circulation were as free as the industry by which gold and silver may be obtained from the earth for this purpose. It is true that the precious metals may not be coined except by the general government, but its coinage in that way does not interfere with the freedom of producers. On the contrary, it is en aid to that industry, which is thus made practically free and unrestricted. But as the money of circulation may not be issued except under special authority, it would seem to be necessary to fetter a privilege which a few only enjoy by restricting the rate of interest which may be claimed by them, so as to prevent oppression. The case as between papermoney issued by a few and that fabricated from gold and silver which every one may have freely coined, is very different, and it is from the failure to make the distinction that much of the confusion as to the policy of usury laws may be traced.

The argument in favor of absolute freedom in loaning money, based upon the supposed freedom with which money is created and supplied, fails except in its application to gold and silver money; but as this has been practically demonstrated in parts of the United States, and an artificial system substituted, the safeguards which belong to an artificial system

would seem to be necessary.

The severity of punishment provided by the statute is disproportioned to the offense, and

the statute in this respect needs alteration, at least so far as dealers are concerned who are not connected with banks nor acting under their authority. The penalty of the loss of the excess of interest would seem to be sufficient in ordinary cases.

But while the statute remains unrepealed no prudent man will expose himself to its provitions, for the law may be appealed to when least expected in behalf of unscrupulous speculators, with a view to alarm those who take an unlawful rate, and create the ease in money which on a turn of events they will deprecate, employing then all the advantages which the change con-

THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

THE late Democratic Conventions have thoroughly undeceived those who supposed that the leopard would suddenly change his spots. More amusing and even ridiculous spectacles have seldom been presented to public attention; ridiculous, because there is always something abourd in the incessant reiteration of offers that are perpetually rejected. The only alleviation of the old order is the nomination of General ROSECRAMS for Governor of Ohio. But as if to extinguish any hope that might begin to glimmer in consequence, Mr. Wallace, the Chairman of the Pennsylvania Convention, in calling it to order, remarked that principles, not men, are the Democratic doctrine. That, indeed, was evident at Columbus, as it was at Chicago in 1864. Then the man was one who had been a Union soldier—the principles were surrender to the rebellion. Now the man is ROSECRAMS—the principles are VALLANDOOMAM. And as Mr. WALLACE truly remarked, principles, not men, are the Democratic doctrine. Those who are not Democrats, however, are expected to look solely at the man. Repub-licans in Ohio, for instance, are respectfully re-quested to contemplate the Union uniform of ROSECHANS While they give their votes to VAL-LANDSORAM.

But with this exception the men and the principles are equally familiar. VALLANDS-GRAM in Ohio, and in Pennsylvania Mr. WAL-LACE, Mr. HUGHES, and Mr. ASA PACKER, the candidate for Governor, are the same old Copperhead managers who conducted the business during the war. They told us then that the Government was a dark despotism because it would not let our rebel brethren depart in peace; now they tell us it is a fell tyranny because it will not let them stay upon their own terms—the Government being the people of the country. Then we were being taxed to immolate our brethren; now we are taxed to pamper bloated bond-holders, who are not our brethren, probably, because they sustained the war. Then the negro was an inferior, and this was a white man's government; now also the negro is an inferior, and still it is a white man's government. Then the local rights of States were ruthlessly invaded; now the local rights of States shall never be overthrown. In fine, now as then, in the estimation of the old Democratic managers, all is tyranny, corruption, and black despair, and universal night is at hand, unless-sh! unless-Mr. Vallandegman and his friends are permitted to direct the taxation, to handle the money, and to control the Government; in which happy case Astres will return to earth, and the hopes of mankind may

There were those who supposed that this party might have learned something; that inasmuch as the country had decided that the national faith should be kept, and that colored citizens should vote and be no longer estracized. those issues would have been relinquished and battle offered upon other and more promising grounds. There were those within the party who advised this course, who recommended it last year, and who had the emphasis of rueful experience to support their counsel this year. But all has been sublimely disregarded. Even in the city of New York, where a year ago there was a party in Tammany Hall which seriously wished to nominate Mr. CHASE, this year Tammany Hall, as a Fourth of July festivity, repudistes the war and its results, and after an oration worthy of VALLANDIGHAM OF ALEXAN-IS OF HENRY CLAY DEAN, che for John T. Hoffman as the Presidential candidate; while, simultaneously, as if to refresh in the public memory the claims of the party to the confidence of honorable and patriotic men, its late candidate for Vice-President, General BLAIR, extols rebels at a social meeting of faithful Union soldiers,

And all this denunciation of equal rights, and praising of rebels, and demand for repudiation and dishonor, is put forth under the name of "Conservatism;" as in the bitter hours of the war, during the tortures of Andersonville and the horrors of the battle-field, it was "Conservatism" to pulliate the rebellion and to sneer at the Government. Is there any thing in the character of those who manage these conventions, or of the principles which they proclaim, which should persuade an honest and loyal American citizen that the just results of the war will be more respected, or the Government more honestly and economically administered, or the public honor and peace more surely maintained by the Democratic party than by | ground that he is not fitted for it, the instinctthe Republican? If, indeed, that party had abandoned all its defeated issues and repudiated the managers identified with all its ignominies-if it had declared its acceptance of the situation, nominated men whose careers and characters were their credentials, and with such pledges of a changed spirit had challenged public confidence, there would be circumstances in the situation, as there always are when a party has been long in power, that might have in-clined that public confidence toward it, unless the dominant party by its practice as well as its profession had vindicated its claim to continued success. But the opportunity has been lost; and therefore the triumph of such a party with such a platform would be not only a defeat but a national disgrace.

MEN AND WOMEN IN CONVEN-TION.

THE late Woman's Suffrage Convention at Saratoga was but another indication of the fact, that this movement will not be laughed or frowned down. Indeed, while many persons are not attracted, but rather repelled, by some of the public aspects of the agitation, it is privately making rapid inroads upon the old traditions; and the simultaneous appearance of Mr. Mills's book in England and of Dr. Buss-NELL's in this country shows how deeply it en-gages the attention of the most thoughtful The public conduct of the reform seems to many repugnant to good taste; but reforms in their beginnings are not apt to propitiste what is called taste, and they are always distasteful to those who wish the old order to remain undisturbed. The Reform agitation of 1883 in England was excessively distasteful to the Lords and the Conservatives; the Corn-Law agitation was singularly wanting in good breeding, in the judgment of the Protectionists; the Anti-Slavery agitation was angrily outlawed from polite society in this country; and the Woman's Suffrage movement is summarily de-clared abourd by those who do not favor it.

The old argument, which consisted in the superior smile at "strong-minded" women the humorous allusion to the spectacles and umbrella of a typical and redoubtable "bloomer," in such clever dabs as "the Spirit of '76," and the excellent fun of the descriptions of men officiating as nurses and washers and ironers, has perhaps spent its force. At least it is now a little stale whenever it appears, and as an argument has palpably failed; and this for the reason that we have already stated, namely, that the question now engages persons who think, and who are not persuaded by a joke because they laugh at it. Even the Tribune, which keeps up rather a brisk fusilade of the old style, occasionally falls back upon what it evidently considers a serious argument-a doublehender, as the boys sny on the Fourth of Julyfirst, that woman suffrage is a new idea; and, second, that it will be time enough for women to vote when they ask to. But to this it should certainly be enough to reply, first, that reform of every kind necessarily proposes some novelty; and, second, that no reform would over be possible if it must be delayed until every body interested had been consulted.

There is also something a little puerile in saying that women may vote when they wish to; for how many women must first wish to? and why should the indifference of some to a perfectly just claim prejudice those who are not indifferent? How sound an argument would it have seemed to the Tribuxe in the old antislavery days that it was time enough to emancipate the slaves when they asked to be free? Mr. Mill says truly that the women in an Oriental harem do not complain of not having the freedom of European women; but while that fact undoubtedly enables men to retain them longer in that kind of bondage it does not render it less unjust.

The book of Mr. MILL, which we most beartily commend to every one who is interested in human progress, is an exhaustive but small volume, for the subject is very simple, and may be very concisely stated. The usual talk about the "natural sphere" of the sex is pointless, ause, until th development which the reform demands is granted, it is as absolutely impossible to determine the sphere of women as it would be that of men had they always been similarly constrained. When a man tells us of the heaven-appointed sphere of lovely woman he merely tells us what his theory of that sphere is; to which there can be no objection until he puts his theory into law and attempts artificially to produce the sphere which theoretically pleases him; and pleases him not from conformity to right reason, but from very different and very much lower considerations.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS has always said, with reat good sense, that what the colored race in this country wants is to be let alone; in other words, to be suffered to have the same fair play that other races have. But when conventions of full-grown men, like the late Democratic Conventions in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and California, solemnly resolve that the negro ought not to be allowed to do this and that, upon the

ive reply is, "What do you know about his fitness, who have never given him the opportunity to prove it?" The absurd position of the Democratic party in regard to the negro is precisely that of society at large in regard to It begins by begging the question. With Dr. BUSHNELL it denounces the movement as a reform against Nature, but with a horribly suspicious unwillingness to let Nature vindicate herself. We venture to say that there are friends of the reform who have quite as romantic and poetic a respect for women as Dr. Busnenz, but who add to it such a practical trust as to believe that even with the largest liberty they will not as a sex do what Nature did not intend them to do.

Meanwhile we are exceedingly mistaken if the proceedings and resolutions of the Women's Convention at Saratoga do not very favorably compare in every point with those of the Men's Conventions at Harrisburg and Columbus. For which is the higher and more practical wisdom for intelligent Americans at this day—to resolve with the men that the national faith shall be dishonored and the equal rights of American citizens denied, or to resolve with the women that, "as we deny the right of one class of men to define the rights and duties of another class of men, so do we emphatically deny the right of one sex to define the rights and duties of another sex?"

NOTES.

Ms. Sawarn is indulging in most Californian Mk. Sawarn is induling in most Camorana rhetoric. With the same ardor that he made a famous speech at the Astor House in New York on the 22d of December, 1860, he said at San Francisco, on the Fourth of July, 1860, that he anticipated the time when there would be three Pacific Railroads, when the waste country between the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains would be covered with trees and vegetation, when our star of empire shall shed its light when our star of empire shall shed its light north to the Arctic Ocean and south until its rays mingle with those of the Southern Cross in the tropics. "This period," he said, "I antici-pate not to be very distant. I hope all here will live to see it. I hope I shall live to see it. I think it is only about seven years away from us now. I think it will have taken place by 1876— the year of the hundredth anniversary of Ameri-can independence." He then sat down, and can independence." He then sat down, and naturally amidst "immense, cathusiastic, and long-continued cheering."

THE State Temperance Convention in Maine, as we have already mentioned, has nominated a separate ticket for State officers. In New York it urges, as a sacred duty, upon all temperance men to persuade their parties to nominate only strict temperance candidates. But the Convention does not say what a Republican is to do if his powers of persuasion fail, and his party nom-inates an unpledged Republican and the Opposi-tion a Temperance Democrat. Is he to disregard his Republicanism or his temperance? In Ohio a separate ticket will probably be nomin-ated. And the Republican who supports it will have to show that the probable success of Mr. Vallangeman, and his friends in consequence, is of greater service to good morals and public order, including the interests of the temperance reform, than their defeat.

THE Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Gulf, Mr. GRANVILLE P. HAWES, made a very trenchant roply to the remarkable letters of General BLAIR, in regard to his recent remarkable performance as a guest of the Society. Gen-eral BLAIR said that he believed the Society, whose hospitality he had accepted, to be a "Radical stalking horse," and delivered himself to his hosts accordingly. Mr. Hawas observes with vigor to this excuse, that the Constitution of the Society expressly procludes the discussion of polsociety expenses pricions in occasion in the tien-ities, and that its rigid enforcement in the tien-eral's particular case by Admiral Farancour should have quieted him forever upon that point. He then adds: "There is no man connected the transfer of the price of the price of the point. with the Society who ever held a political office [ch! Mr. Blazii!], who wants a political office [ch! Mr. Blazii!], or who, through fear that he can't get one, is afraid of calling a rebel by his right name [ah, ah! Mr. Blazii!]; neither will they allow politicians, Democratic or Republican, to call them to account for 'aspersing reb-els,' especially if the remark is illustrated by comparing Lee and Stonewall Jackson with FARRAGUT and SHERIDAN, who were also our relief of the sixting with us at our own table." So were the American the Colf. So says the Army of the Gulf, so say we all, Mr. BLAIR.

"A Hand-Book of the River Plate," compiled and printed in Buenos Ayres, and issued in this city by Collins & Brother, contains the most copious and detailed information in regard to the Argentine Republic. A second volume, which is to follow immediately, will treat of Uruguay and Paraguny. The information is very interesti and to any one who proposes removing to that region, or who would be familiar with it, the region, or who would be fa Hand-Book is indispensable.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention met at Harrisburg, July 14, and nominated Res. Ast Packer for Governor. The resolutions adopted desire regainst the exercise of deathful constitutional powers, and that Pennsylvania will never give up the great right of local subfrancement; that the realization of the Piloceath Americance by the Legislature of the State cought to be repeated, and the question

submitted to the people for their decision; that the negre should not have the ballot; that the finances need reform; that labor reforms should be encouraged; that the whole Reconstruction policy tends to destroy republican government and establish tyrange; that our soldiers should not be forgotten; that our synthesis should not be forgotten; that our synthesis should be given to nations struggling for liberty; and that our system of taxation is burdensome, and should be done array with.

The President has issued his proclamation ordering the election in Mischelpid on the Bith of November, the floath Toesday. He submits the test and disfinitehing clames to separate vote.

The through train from New York to Washington.

The through train from New York to Washington, which left the former at 5.50 r.m., July 15, came in collision with a head-car leaded with Islograph cree-arms, two railes south of the Besquehama River, throwing the engine, begane-tar, and maliters down an embankment dwo feet high. No one was hort. The train was delayed about six hours.

The train was delayed about six hours.

A dreadful disaster occurred on the night of July 14 at Mast Hope, if sulles west of Fort Jerris, on the Eric Baltrand. The night expense train from New York came into collision with a freight train not peoperly switched off. The origins and four cars were weeked and destroyed. Nine passengers were burned alley, among them the Rev. B. Haffeck, of this city, who was unsigned by the collision, but could not extricate himself from the burning wreek. The credict of the coroner's jury holds the oughteet of the freight train responsible.

The Chieges Labor Conversion was hold as New York.

of the coroner's jury holds the oughner of the freight train responsible.

The Chinese Labor Convention was held at Memphis, Tennessee, July B, and called together a large number of prominent men from all parts of the South. A number of Chinamen have already been introduced to the South, and the planters are exceedingly well pleased with them. They are not only patient and falthful workers, but they seem well adapted to the climate and industries of the South.

A dispatch from Omalia gives reports from General A. E. Carr of his operations against the Indians. On the 18th of July he surprised a village of "day soldiers" and Cheyennes, under commond of Tall Bull, and killed fifty-two of them, and appured seventeen women and children, assuing them the wife and daughter of Tall Bull. The Indians had two white resumm, who had been taken on the Salite Bliver, and they had murdered one whose first name is mid in be Suruma. General Carr captured 300 sulminis and many beiges, rifes, pistols, etc. The names of the chick captured are Good Baar, Whicier, Powder Pwee, Fretty Bear, Scain Pace, and Bull Talgh. He fallowed them and days, and found them at South Phille, near Veilley Scation.

The District-Attorney and Murchal of New York.

Station.

The District-Aftorsey and Morshal of New York have severally been instructed, at any and all handrids, to enforce the Neutrality laws and break up the expeditions against Cube. For this purpose they have each been empowered by a cosmission from the Fresident, maker the great sent, authorising them to call on General McDewell for such troops as they may require, and the Admiral to command of the Navy-yard for such treevels and forces as they may deem necessary to present the departmen of any hostile expedition; and they are also directed to parate any such expedition, and capture on the high seas, if processary.

The Great Eastern arrived off St. Picere July 13. The splice with the above can was effected the next day, when a message was sent by the cable to the French Emperor.

The Penbody Institute, in the town of Penbody, Massathusetts, formerly Seuth Harvers, established mainly by the bounty of Mr. George Penbody, was dedicated July 14.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Is the Corps Legislatif, July 12, a message from Emperor Napoleon was presented and rend by Minister Rouber. The message states that the Emperor has resolved to convoke the Senate to consider the following questions, via: The right of the Corps Legislatif to clock its own officers: the simplification of the methods of presenting and examining amendments to projects of law; the submission to the trept of commercial treaties for approval; the control of the flowing testing and examining amendments to project of law; the submission to the trept commercial treaties for approval; the control of the flowing testing and examining amendments and office in the Ministry; and the extention of the right of interpellation. Similar questions with respect to the Science are hereafter to be considered. The Emperor beliaves that these measures with need all demands. In continuous, he asks the Depatites to consider how offensheds alternatives to the Depatites to consider how offensheds alternative of the activation of the Empire. They saight to leave intertition rights which force an integral part of the institutions of the Empire. They saight to leave intertition rights which have been explicitly excelled to bein by the people, and which are escenticle ordificant of powers as the safegurates of sector and succipy.

The French Cabinet has been reorganized. M. Resilver, who was Minister of State, has been invited to assume the Presidency of the Stante. The new Cabinet is thus constituted: Minister of the lateriar, De-Forcade in Bosonties, Minister of Hubbit Works, Gressier; Minister of Parille Insertation, Bostebour; Minister of State, Chaeceloop.

M. Lesseys officially amounters that the coremony of the opening of the State Canad will take place on

M. Lessers officially amountees that the ceremony of the opening of the Sucz Canal will take place on the 17th of next November.

A riot occurred at Belfast, Ireland, July 12, between Grangemen and Roman Catholics, and for a time moliniw was supreme. The occusion of the distributed was a strong public demonstration made by the Grange societies.

was a strong public demonstration made by the Grange societies.

The Bittish House of Lords on the night of July 13 resumed consideration of the Irich Church bill. An amendment was passed providing for connected endowment, 121 to 114. The bill was then passed. It was taken up in the House of Cammons on the 16th. Mr. Gladstone said, with respect to the measurement which had been made to the bill, that the Government proposed to restore the premishe and the date of disestablishment as they appeared to the original bill; they would agree to the assembaouts relating to curation amounts agree to the assembaouts relating to curation amounts to papear, with the single exception of anomaliants, with some magnifications; but all other menulments they should appear, with the single exception of the grant of last a million of penuds in feet of private beautifications and before 16th.

Biren Ven Beget has replied to the recent chemical the proposed Cambrance of Catholic Powers against the proposed Cambrance of Catholic Powers against the non-index of time to take step when the Council declares against the rights of sister.

A new Spanish Calment the Campel, with Govern Poline in Power of the Campel, with Govern Poline in Power of the Campel and Milatier of

cares against the rights of states.

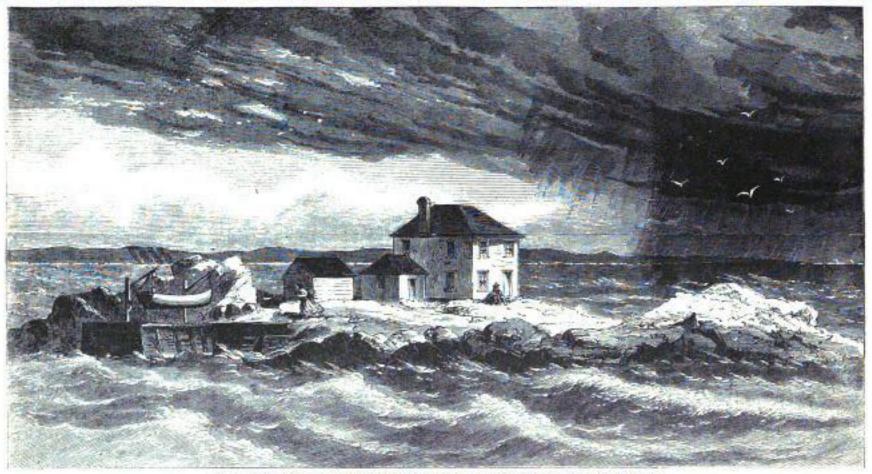
A new Spanish Cabinet has been formed, with General Point on Provident of the Council and Minister of War; Admiral Topete as Minister of Marine; Solvein as Minister of State; Sopasta as Minister of the Interior; Eckegarars as Minister of Agriculture; Admiral as Minister of Finance; Zoulia as Minister of Justice; and Recept as Minister of Openiors and Recept as Minister of Council as Minister of Decisions.

thou and Become as Minister of the Colonies.

The French and Pensstan Governments have recognized the Spanish Reneary.

The attendance of Russian bi-bops at the (Egamental Council is faciside) by the Carr.

The consumption of beer in Monich and throughout all lavarials countries would be a facisided find the captured fine six shoursed each bi-warney, complexing something like six shoursed each bi-warney, which make over a handred radiion pallons over year, and, though light treasury is more than one-half of the eatire revenue of this proeperous kingdots.



LIME ROCK ISLAND, OFF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, -[SIGETCHED BY C. G. BUSH.]

IDA LEWIS, THE NEWPORT HEROINE.

The Newport "Grace Darling" was been in the city of Newport, Rhode Island, in the year 1842. Her father, Captain Hosea Lewis, was appointed keeper of the Lime Rock Light in 1854. It is located upon a rock covering a few hundred square feet of space, at the southern entrance of Newport Harbor, and is entirely surrounded by Newport Harbor, and is entirely surrounded by water. Hence the only means of communication with the land is by a boat. Soon after the appointment of Mr. Lawis a small dwelling-house was erected on the rock, and his family took possession thereof in 1858. Mr. Lawis was paralyzed about eight years ago, and since that time has been almost a helpless cripple. His wife has since been obliged to give most of her time to caring for the light and keeping it in order, while Ina, the oldest of four children, has looked ofter the family, transported her brothers and sisters to and from Newport almost daily. and sisters to and from Newport almost daily,

for the purpose of attending school, and aided in

supporting the family.

She first distinguished herself as a rescuer of human life in the same year that she went with the family to reside in the light-house. Four lads, who were in a small boat, were upset, and were in imminent danger of perishing, when IDA, discovering their situation, put off in her boat, and succeeded in picking them all up and re-

and succeeded in picking them all up and restoring them to consciousness.

In the winter of 1866, on one of the coldest
days ever known in this latitude, Ina rescued a
soldier who had endeavored to have a sail in a
frail skiff. It was a most daring feat, and required courage and perseverance such as few of
the male sex even are possessed of.

During the prevalence of a gale in the fall of
1867, two men, who had lost a valuable sheep
overboard, while searching for the animal, found
themselves in imminent danger of being swamped.
Ina saw their peril from the light-house, and,
with her accustomed promptitude, jumped into

her boot and went to their rescue. After landing them safely on shore, she returned and saved the sheep also.

Soon after the above, on one stormy, cold night, a boarman whose eruft was disabled took refuge on an isolated rock half a mile distant from

refuge on an isolated rock half a mile distant from IDA's dwelling. Finding himself in danger of perishing from cold, he shouted for help, and his cries being heard, IDA started out promptly and added to her previous bright record by the rescue of another imperiled life.

Miss Lewis's last and crowning act of heroism was the rescue from drowning of two soldiers on Monday, the 29th of March, 1869. She was quite unwell at the time, suffering from a severe cold. The soldiers had started from Newport for Fort Adams in a small boat under the guidance of a boy who professed to be capable of managing it. They had proceeded about half the distance when the boat was swamped, and the boy perished almost immediately. Miss Lawis's mother discovered the position of the

soldiers, who were clinging to the boat in an ul-most exhausted condition. She immediately re-ported the fact to her daughter, and the latter ported the fact to her daughter, and the latter rushed out without covering either on her head or feet, save a pair of stockings, and jumping into the hoat she called to her younger brother to go with and aid her. A fearful gale was raging at the time, and the management of a hoar was extremely difficult, even to an experienced conswoman like Ins. Nevertheless, the feat was accomplished, the men were dragged into the hoat and taken to the light-house, one of them being so much exhausted as to require much hard work before he could be restored to consciousness.

Miss Lewis has received a handsome gold watch from the two young soldiers. On July 5 one of the most interesting features of the celebration of Independence Day at Newport was the presentation to Miss Lewis of a beautiful and costly boat. The presentation was made by the inhabitants of Newport.



INTERIOR OF LIME ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE-IDA LEWIS AT HOME.-[Sketched by C. G. Bosn.]

IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH.

I THINK we created some excitement at Fal-mouth. Unconventional in our attire, merry in our deportment, excited in our demeanor, and altogether imbued with that excellent Mark Tapleian philosophy of being "jolly under any circumstances," it is small wonder that we did create some excitement at Falmouth. We have none of us a word to say against Falmouth—a charming, health-giving, and delightful spot, in the most beautiful of all English counties, Cornthe most beautiful of all English counties, Corn-wall—indeed, we are all of us inclined to mark with a white stone the day that the Falmouth expedition was proposed in a certain smoking-room, of which history knoweth not, but indi-viduals a very great deal. The little army that invaded the place of which I am speaking, where the sea is of the bluest and the harbor of the grandest description, was mixed in its tastes, talent, and temper. In this consisted our joility. We gave and took; smothered our absurdities; advertised our excellences; offended no one, advertised our excellences; offended no one, and seldom laid ourselves open to giving offense. I am not egotistical, for I am speaking of the party in its collective form. We behaved prettily on all occasions. It was too hot to put ourselves out of temper, and the society too pleasant to suggest boredom. If young Cecil, the budding poet, chose to read Tennyson's Idyls—backed up most strongly by Isaline Langworthy, with the fair hair and blue eyes—on the pleasant cliff underneath the casele, we raised no objection. Those who cared to hear Cecil spont listened; and those who detested poetry went to ened; and those who detested poetry went to sleep. If the famous Farquahurson, briefless barrister, orator, and sucking politicism, chose to discuss Mr. John Stuart Mill and the female franchise, women's rights, and the rest of it— backed up most strongly by Mande Carrothers, with the raven hair and olive complexion—we allowed him to rap his knuckles on the table, and talk us into a semi-idiotic state of stupor. If Harry Armstrong found delight in bringing his London manners into Cornwall, and preferred the society of a certain soft-eyed little divinity who sold newspapers and gum-arabic in the town to our sweet society, we allowed him to make excuses for descriing us, and, with the exception of a little innocent and unavoidable "chaff," he was free to "spoon" all day in the stationer's shop for aught we cared. We excused Lilian Corner's scales and morning exercises for the sake of her Heller, Hiller, Schubert, and Chopin; sake of her Heller, Hiller, Schubert, and Chopin; her tarancellas, moonlight sonates, and reveries, with which we were favored in the evening if we behaved ourselves very prettily. The "irrepressible Edgar," as we used to call the youngest male member of our community, was allowed to give full vent to his overflowing spirits all day long, provided he woke us betimes in the morning to get our materinal plunge in the blue waters that carled themselves refreshingly into "Summer Cove." And what of our host and hosters? Theirs indeed was a rule of love; and



"BLINKING LIKE AN OLD OWL, I ARRIVED SAFE AND SOUND ON TERRA FIRMA."

as they allowed us to do exactly as we liked, we were the more considerate in meeting their wishes and pulling all together.

e had vainly imagined that we had seen every thing worth seeing in the environs of Fal-mouth, and enjoyed ourselves as much as is consistent with human nature, when our party re-ceived a valuable addition. A certain sweet songstress of whom the world has heard, and of whom the world will ere long hear a great deal

whom the world will ere long hear a great deal more, came down among us to breashe her native sir, and get new inspirations and health from the woods and caverns, and rocks and sen-music, with which we were surrounded.

But the songstress did not come alone. She brought her sweet voice and all our old pet songs; the songs set to words which were poetre, and the words wedded to music which breathed of love, and was therefore quite unsalable; she brought her cheery manner and her indominable plack—she has been in the saddle during the late American campaign for days and days, has this sweet songstress of mine—and she brought her brother. her brother.

Her brother was such a good fellow that I must really introduce him with a little bit of a preface. He was, if I may make use of an exprecision, most puzzling at school, and most use pre-sion, most puzzling at school, and most use ful in after-life—a walking oxymoron. He was an Englishman, and not on Englishman. An Englishman he was in heart, and speech, and bearing; but destiny had scolen him away from his native hand years ago, to shed his cheeriness on other climes.

on other climes.

So much, however, did he love the old country that once in every three or four years he wended his way bork again—the lacky sunflow!—his pockets full of gold, and his heart full of love, to spend a holiday in England and a little fortune in generosity.

During these holiday trips he never left his sister or his parents; and as his sister and his parents had chosen to non-down to Falmonth, like a duriful fellow, Washington followed them thinker.

We were at breakfast when Washington burst in upon us at Falmouth; and breakfast at Falmouth was not such an early meal as it might have been. With that generosity and unselfah-ness which is characteristic of Englishmen, I will at once exculpate the whole male portion of our

party.

The irrepressible Edgar was bound to wake us in the morning; and we were always on our backs in the sea by eight o'clock. But the women! oh, those dear women! Well, generally speaking, we had but little to complain of. They were cheerful, and bore the fatigue which stronglegged men not unfrequently impose upon finglic women without a murmur; but they were not proof against the nightly exercise of that highly necessary, but eminerally female organ, the human tongue! At ten o'clock deceptive youns were chorused forth, to take us off our guard, and persuade us to allow them to go to bed.



NO THOROUGHFARE.

Not an objection was urged. The poet perhaps | looked somewhat more betrymose than usual, and the crutor came to a dead stop in an able harringue on the "Female Franchise;" but Isaline's hand was squeezed by the poet, and Maude's eyes followed by the orator, without another murmur at ten o'clock.

I am bound to confess that I don't altogether consider that the poet or the orator were quite fairly treated. Ten minutes after Isaline and Maude had disappeared in a beyyof beauty, the strangest, wildest, and most discordant noises pro-

eded from the upper regions. That strange freemassnry of women which exists solely and entirely in the upper regions, at a time which should be devoted to sleep and rost, puts aside all thoughts of weariness previously assumed. Then commence the monkey-tricks of women. They wrestle and they plunge, they dance fandangoes in limited attire, they vie with one another in feats of agility and forcy; they talk, they do one another's hair, they do any thing but that for which they left the sweet so-

ciety of males—go to sleep!
The consequence is that, having devoted the freshest part of the night to folly, they have to devote the smallest part of the night to sleep. And when the meaning comes the great hungry men, ravenous from fresh air and salt-water, have to thing pebbles and sand and gravel up at the windows in the opper regions, from which the mota-

lizing sirens will never emerge.

And so it came about that Washington found us at breakfast at an morthedox hour, and we all got outrageously chaffed. We very soon saw that there were to be no half-measures with Washington. He did not intend allowing the grass to grow under his feet. His stay in England was limited, and that which had to be

done was evidently to be "done quickly."

I must say that, up to the time of Washing-ton's arrival, we had not made the most of our time. In the little smoking mean in which the expedition had been arranged, all sorts of exentsions and drives, and pienics and sails, had been mapped out.

But once at Falmouth, we dreamed away our time. It was very pleasant. We hathol till breakfast, and hecked till banch, and loanged till dinner, and sang and stedled till tea, and talked till bedrime; and so day after day slipped away, and Washington found us at breakfast

prepared for another day's dream.

I suppose we wanted a leader. Energy—that is to say, personal energy—was out of the ques-tion. Washington assumed the vacant directorate and led us. It was a case of

"Thimus! Ibimus! nicumque precedes Washington."

To tell the trush, it was Washington who per-

snaded me to go into the heart of the earth.

He did not begin rashly or impetuously. He did not frighten me wish an accurate description of the "man-engine," and the "bucket," and the interminable lablers; but in a light and niry way—before all the girls, by the by—he led the conversation gently up to mines and mining adventures. He told us how the Princess of Wales and a talented contributor to Peach had been down the Botallack; and then taking stock of me, after a preliminary examination of my bicejes and a general examination of other muscular developments, he asked me how I should like to be introduced to the Wheal Isa-

"Of all things in the world," I said, "previded she be young and good-looking. But why Wheal? Is it a sign of codearment or a token of respect? Am I to understand from the mysterious word Wheal that Isabel is a Cornish Countess, or a Gipsy Queen? Introduce me to the Wheal Isabel? Certainly! Wheal or wor Isabel, could any thing unfortanate be synony-more with such a charming appellation?"
"Hold hard!" he said: "this Cornish air of ours has tilled you too full of came. Bestrain

your ardor. Isobel is not an enrhanting maiden feddoned by your poetical imagination. She is no gualener's daughter, no maid of Tregodia, no roast menuaiden, no Cornish beauty. She is black, deep, dirty, and torrilde. She will cause you a ten-mile ride, trouble, fatigue, and some little expense; but the Wheal Isabel is worth

"In Heaven's name, then," said I, "who or

'The Wheal Isabel," said he, " is one of the largest nones in this magnificent district; and if you would like to be introduced to her you

"Coal?" said I, shaddering,

"Or tin?" orbiod the macilegioous Armstrong

"Gold, no doubt," whispered Isaline in my enr.
"Nonsense," said Washington; "copper."

I very soon saw that at this very early period of the entertainment there was no getting out of an introduction to Wheal Isabel.

The cariosity of the women was fairly aroused, And that was quite enough.

In an instant the programme was mapped out entirely to the satisfaction of the girls. We were all to ride over to the Wheai Isabel under the mentorship of Washington, and I was to be

the unhappy victim sterificed on the copper altar.
Friend Washington, who at one time had been all corknhoop about the dangers and during of the expedition, got out of it, or rather of the fatigning port of it, with that irrinating air of in-

difference peculiar to leaders of expeditions.

"You know, my dear fellow, I have seen these kind of thougs so often before that it is really hardly worth while the trouble of changing one's clothes for it," suid he, with that charasing tone of superiority which is so comforting to the man who knows that he is about to make a feed of himself for the hardly of the seen as fool of himself for the benefit of his fellow-creat-But I would advise you to go down,

he added, suspicious that I would back out of it]

at the last moment. "You will never regret it."

And then he eleverly magnified me into a here, whereat the girls said pretty and compli-mentary things, and the expedition was finally arranged. Our cavalende was not altogether pretty to look at, but I think it may be safely termed a good one to go. Falmouth was not great in saddle-horses.

We had a 'bus-horse, a hearse-horse, a flyhorse, a wall-eyed horse, and a broken pommel. With these excellent assistants to a ten-mile ride along the Cornish roads, we started, amidst much laughter of parents and cheering of neighboring butcher-boys, on our journey to the Wheal

Very black and barren grew the land as we neared the Queen of Copperdom. The trees somehow or other left off growing; the fields seemed sown with ashes instead of grass; tall chimneys emitted huge volumes of smoke, and deserted shafts, broken wheels, and grimy-looking monstors mot us at every turn.

When four cross roads met amidst a labyrinth

of shafts and outhouses in the centre of a blackened heath we drew rein.

"I think this must be the place," said Washington. He was right. A stalwart Cornich-man came out to meet us, and to him we pre-sented our credentials, addressed to the Captain

The captain was somewhat disappointed, I think, when he found that we were not all to be indoctrinated into the mysteries of mining. Miners are after all but men, and the laughing merriment of our joyous girls had already won over

"No, it is only this gentleman," said the treacherous Washington, with the old tone of superiority again. "I have been down mines superiority again. scores of times."

This was all very well of Washington, vaunting his superiority in this way; but why should be, by implication, assert that I was a fool because I was a novice, and because I had not been down

I was quite prepared to go through all the dirty work, but I wanted to be thought a hero

The girls stood by me bravely. Their sympa-thy relieved me from some of the humiliation I felt; and they seemed determined, at all events, that I should not go down into the heart of the earth without a cheer.

sub-captain, who hinted that it would be as well if two other miners were told off as a private es-cort, to guard me through the lower regions.

"It's as well to have two or three with you, Sir," said he; "they treat you with more re-spect down below, and they're a rough lot, I can teli you.

I assented, of course. At such a time it would, by no manner of means, be politic to dis-

scut from any thing or any body.

For the next hour or so my life was in the hands of the slaves of the Wheal Isabel. The sub-captain led me into a little outhor

where he personally superintended my toilet. had imagined that it would merely be necessary to put a rough canvas suit over my ordinary clothes. But I was very soon disabused of this

"We must have every thing off, Sir," said my guide, in a soothing medical tone, as if he were about to operate on me. "It's an awfully dirty "It's an awfully dirty place down there.

The costume will bear description. I was first eneased in flannel, clean, of course; and over this come an old clay-stained, moddy, stiff minor's suit. My feet were wrapped in two flame! dusters and then thrust into a pair of old miner's shoes, miles too big for me. On my head was placed a very stiff billy-cock hat, literally as hard as iron, smeared with tallow grease. On the brim in front the captain dabbed a lump of clay, and into this he stock a farthing rush-light.

About half a dozen more rush-lights were suspended to my waist, and I was then pronounced ready for netion.

On our way across the open to the but in which our party was resting, my attendant asked me which way I intended to go down. Asked me, indeed! as if I knew what the good fellow was talking about. I was only auxious not to look a fool, and to do exactly what I was told. I must own that I felt a perfect child in his hands.

"Will you go down," said he, "by the lad-ders, or by the bucket, or by the man-engine?"

He might just as well have asked me the Hindostance for Wheal Isabel.

"The ladders," said he, by way of explanation, "are the most tring and the most tedious.

You will take a good hour to get down by the ladders. The bucket is a dirty way of going down; besides, in this mine, it is used alone for bringing up the rubble and the ore, and any interference with this arrangement stops the working of the mine. Now the man-engine is the quickest way, and it is the way all the men here go down. Would you like to try it?" and then he added, looking at me, "but you must be year careful.

This was the first suggestion that had been made to me that there was any danger in my undertaking. Now the principle of the bucket and the ladders I naturally understood, but I had no more idea what a man-engine was than the man in the moon. My menter, for some mysterious reason of his own, kept on quietly pressing the superior adventage of the man-engine. And so I consented. If I had only known then, at that quiet moment, away from the laughing girls and the heroic Washington, what I was under-taking, and the mortal agony I was about to endure, my prodence would most certainly have got the better of my pride, and I should have been whizzed quietly down in the dirty bucket.

But as it was, in my ignorance and in the in-

and the second of the second of the

nocence of my heart, I decided for the manengine; and in a minute more I was ushered into the hut.

My quaint appearance was the signal for a loud burst of laughter. Some would "never have known me, would you?" others pronounced me a fright; but one little soft angelic voice de-

clared me to be "a handsome young miner."
"You're sure you are all right?" said the
same little confiding voice. "Have you had

some brandy?"

"All right," said I, feeling very pale, "I should think so. Particularly now."

"But how are you going down?" said the sweet voice; "the captain has been telling us all about it." all about it.

"By the man-engine."
"For mercy's sake, don't! It's very danger-ons if you're not accustomed to it. He told me

That tone of entreaty persuaded me more than ever that I would take the most dangerous route. It was very brutal, I know, but at such a time I would somer have died than shown the white

They escorted me toward the infernal machine

like a criminal on his road to execution.

"Set it agoing, Bill," said the sub-captain; and then in a few terse sentences he explained the principle of the engine.

Two parallel horizontal bars provided with iron steps at intervals of about ten yards were forever working up and down.—up and down. The meth-od of getting down the shaft was by passing from bar to bar, and from step to step, the very instant the word "Change" was given. It was essen-tially requisite to change the moment the word of command was given, and to make no bungle or shuffle about the operation. The engine waited for no man. There was no possibility of call-ing a halt, and no saving hand to catch one if a miss was made. All one's safety rested with one's self. One false step or false clutch at the next rung, and it would have been all over with me. this fun was all very well with the daylight shining down the shaft, when one could see the iron steps and see the handles, but in the pitch darkness it was simply awful. The rush-light in one's hat gave little or no light; and it was ten

chances to one if the water dashing off the sides of the shaft did not extinguish it.

They practiced me at first for a turn or two about a hundred yards up and down the shaft, and even in the daylight I bungled a little.

"You must change quicker, Sir," said my ide; "if the iron steps knock against you it will be all up with you."

I was very pale, I know, after the first short practice. I felt that I was doing a madeap act, I know that the men ought to have stopped me; the little voice, now quite trembling, begged me not to go; but I bit my lips and vowed I would

not show the white feather.

"Do you think you are all right, Sir?" said
my guide. "Will you go? You must decide finally."

now finally."

"All right," I said.

And then the bell rung, and down we went. I saw the little face—it was the very last thing I saw—and upon my honor I really and truly felt that I should never see that little face again, except by a miracle.

But there was no time then to think of any

thing but my own safety.

That terribly monotonous word "Change" came ringing out from the dark depths of the shaft, uttered by the sub-captain on the next ledge below me. And I knew that my life de-

pended upon every change. Hours, days, years, yes, and centuries to pass between every change. It was like a hideous nightmare. The awful suspense behideous nightmare. The awful suspense be-tween every word of command; the feeling that something terrible might happen next time; the loueliness of my situation, the darkness of the shaft, the rush of the water, the glimmer of the rush-lights going down; the sad, hollow echo of the captain's voice giving the word of command and exherting me to be careful, now kindly, now fewfully; all these thioses combined made up as

fearfully; all these things combined made up as hideous a day-dream as it is possible to conceive. For full five-and-twenty minutes I was in this awful suspense, and in that time went through

about five hundred changes. At last, half blinded with bends of cold perspiration, and nearly dead with fright, I heard the welcome bell ring again, and I was safe on the first ledge of the mine.

The man-engine went no further, and the rest of the journey had to be accomplished by ladders. I never told the men what I suffered, but in a rough, kindly way I was congratulated on my

"I never thought you would have come, Sir," said one. "It frightens most after the first

"Can't you signal up that we are all safe," said I, thinking of the little face.
"Yes, Sir, to be sure."

And they did.

The signal came back again, "Thank God!" and all the miners took off their bats at the last signal. They are pious fellows, these Cornish

I was quite two hours away from my friends, groping about, now on my hands and knees, now down ladders from ledge to ledge, now in a stoop-ing position, now erect in the dark, mysterious corridors I found in the heart of the earth. It was hot - stiffing hot, hotter than the very hottest room in a Turkish bath. But the stalwart, half-clad men working away at the ore were so interesting, and the metal sparkled so on the ground, and the scene was so strange and fascinating, that I could not tear myself away.

On and on I went, still forever walking on. was very thirsty, and would have given any thing for a draught of beer. But no stimulants of any kind are found in the heart of the cortin. I was allowed, however, to put my mouth to the bunghole of a water-barrel, and very refreshing was the draught.

"You can walk on like this for hours, Sir," said the captain, seeing I was tired, and still de-termined not to give in.

"Is it pretty much the same?"

"I think you have seen all now," said he. So we went back. "Which way will you go?" said my guide.

I was very tired. "In the bucket," I said, without any hesita-

With my pockets laden with copper ore, and

with my postest mean with copper ore, and
in the rough embrace of a stalwart miner—for
it was close quarters for two in the bucket—we
were swung up to the daylight.

Dash went the bucket against the sides of
the shaft, through which the water cozed and
trickled and splashed. Lighter and lighter it became, until, at last, I saw above me the clear, blue, cloudless sky; and, half-dazzled with the glaring light, and blinking like an old owl, I ar-rived safe and sound on terra firms.

They greeted me with another loud peal of They greeted me with another room pull-langhter, louder and merrier than the last. My appearance was certainly not prepossessing. I was covered with red mud from head to foot, hot, disheveled, wild, and weary. And then "I smelt so pah!" as Hamlet says. However, a refreshing cold bath, a hair-brush, rough tow-els, and a change of clothes soon made me pre-sentable; and after an excellent luncheon in the board-room of the owners of the Wheal Isabel, we were all very soon trotting away toward Falmouth.

One word more. A brooch made from the copper ore I brought up from the mine rests on the neck of the owner of the little face which is looking at me as I write from a distant corner of which is not very often now. I wake up suddenly from a disturbed dream in my old arm-chair, and fancy somehow that the little face is gone, that there is a strange singing in my ears, and from a dark unearthly vault a voice keeps mouning, "Change."

EVENING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHILD! let me journey on my way; It is already cold and late, The closing of a dreary day, And I may neither pause nor wait.

Why sing to me? So tenderly, So strangely sounds thy noontide song! What was the word? Love? Love? Ah me! I had forgotten it so long.

And yet, I think, in days long past, I think the word once sounded sweet! But now the road is darkening fast, I go where rest the weary feet.

The darkening road winds surely on, And slower flag the steps, and slower; My early fire is dead and gone, And every hour I feel it more.

FLIRTATION A LA JUDITH.

THERE is a beauty that dazzles at first sight. and afterward shows more and more defective. And there is a beauty to which you are drawn by an attraction so subtle that you are not at first sure that it is beauty; a better kind but dangerous, apt to become for a man the one face in the world. Of this order was May Barcarole. A brown-eyed, brown-haired beauty. And for her moral nature generous, haughty, ignorant, impulsive. In theory a detester of men; a little twenty-year-old radical, progressively burning to avenge the wrongs of all other women. In fact,

This pretty little reformer, with her cousin Betty Bloodel, was spending a summer at the Hermitage. Mrs. Margrave was fond of young people, and the old house was always gay with them. There were a decrease always gay m. There were a dozen other young men and women, and more were coming, Eversham among the rest. His aunt wrote Mrs. Margrave "that she should bring him as her favorite pephew, and that they would be sure to like

him."
"Like him!" echoed Mrs. Margrave, laying down the letter with a stately shiver, and every body shivered responsively, and looked at Betty Blondel. Betty turned a greenish yellow and rose. May dropped her netting and rose also. The young ladies looked with indignant sympa-thy toward the young men. The young men returned commiserating glances. Betty's handkerchief was at her eyes as she went out leaning on May, and the retrent was not so expeditiously managed but that a sniff or two were heard outside of the door. Betty was a young lady of uncertain age and complexion, with no particu-lar eyebrows and expression; but at this moment she was the becoine of Hermitage, and excited the deepest interest both in the male and female bosom. Even the waiters had it, and discussed the affair with the cook and up stairs girl in the privacy of the kitchen.

What affair? That is what I find difficulty

in explaining. How is one to say such things? In fact, how do such things get to the air? A young lady can not propose to a young man. A young lady can not propose to a young man. A young lady can not pay attention to a young man. Only a very bold and daring spirit ever supposes that a young lade arrivable. supposes that a young lady seriously considers a young man at all, unless he has behaved in a manner—well—to justify it. At least this was Mrs. Margrave's theory, and of course the theory in the Hermitage, and in all the houses that the Hermitage condescended to visit: for Mrs. Mar-

grave ruled with absolute sway. And it was very distinctly understood, in all these localities, that Betty Biondel had been "disappointed" by that Betty Boomer had been to deep the Eversham. Do you ask in what way disappointed? My dear girl, technically speaking, there is but one disappointment for a young lady; and it being clearly understood that Eversham had inflicted this disappointment upon her, it is evident that this young man was a brute and a trifler. That may sound sweeping, but examine the theory and you see at once no other conclusion is possible.

Fancy, then, the flatter when this mouster was announced as soon to make his appearance at the Hormitage. On hearing it Betty left the room in the dramatic manner already described, and it is difficult to say whether indignation at the monster's audacity or curiosity about his ap-pearance ruled most strongly at the Hermitage till Eversham's arrival. Then it was discovered that Nature 1 takes benevolent provisions, even for monsters. There was no trace in him of the moral hyens. He was a winning man, his man-ners were unexceptionable. His composure! Ah, that was sublime! His well-bred self-control was so perfect that it was as good as perfect innocence. He met Betty with an air of amis-ble indifference; the sharpest scrutiny could not detect the quiver of a muscle. He devoted himself to May at once; under her eyes; hefore ev-ery body. It is my belief that he thought him-self unsuspected, and that Betty, for her own sake, had given no sign. Otherwise nerves of iron and a brow of brass could not have done it, in my opinion,

it, in my opinion.

And May repulsed him, of course; froze him with scorn; harried him by her savey wit; avenged the wrongs of her sex in general, and Miss Bloodel in particular, in season and out of season? Nothing of the sort, my dear. She listened to him. She smiled on him. She cajoled him. She made bouquets for his buttonhole, on the days when he went to the city, and fastened them with her own fair hands. She fastened them with her own fair hands. She met him in artful muslin toilets on the plants when he came back. She was always on his side at croquet, and cheated under his banner. For his sake she threw over Shafton, and Marcy, the other strings to her bow, without compunetion. It was a flirtation; and the men as what spitefully declared that is would be me a match, at which the ladies always smiled sig-nificantly, as who should say, "We know what

For Eversham-did I not say in the beginning For Eversham—did I not say in the beginning that May's face had that dangerous tendency to become the face of all other faces for a young man? There are many presty girls, and Eversham flirted with a suitable number, as became him; but besides peutiness, May possessed a look that was at once frank and sweet. There is one recipe for beauty, girls, and an easy one. If you are plain it will redeem you. If you are fair it will make you irresistible, take my word for it. I myself have been three times saved from the estate of a Benedict only by a look of from the estate of a Benedict only by a look of small conceit or pettish vanity on the features I admired. But it is of Eversham we are talking; and Eversham had studied the face till be could and exercises may subset the stee the re-meither dream nor plan without it. He thought himself also safe in dreaming of it; for Miss Barcarole was a girl who understood herself and the usages of society, and modestly but plainly Miss Barcarole had encouraged him. In this way they had arrived at that stage—de-licitors but embarcassing—well known to lowers. licious but embarrassing—well known to lovers, where conversation becomes an impossibility, and the most promising subject seldom gets be youd the second sentence. Eversham felt that he must speak, but though he had had experi-

ences with women, he was at a loss how to begin.

"I have something to tell you," he commenced,
laying his hand lightly on hers, "though it can

hardly be new to you."

May started and looked up. There was no mistaking the face bending toward her. Before he had whispered "I love you" she knew what he has whisperon. I sove you see knew what he was about to say, and the smile not only died away from her lips, but she grew awfully pale. Eversham was embarrassed. He had expected that she would blush, or show some signs of confusion. On the contrary, she sat looking at him rigidly and fixedly, like one nerving herself for a singularly support.

for a singularly unpleasant duty,
"You must have expected I would tell you

"Yes, I expected it," answered May, me-chanically, and looking straight before her.

"Yes, I expected it," answered May, me-chanically, and looking straight before her.

"And your answer," urged Eversham, telling himself that he ought to be charmed by such it secretly, if I m shocked. "I have no answer," said May, indiffer-

"No answer!" He no longer thought of criticising her tone or expression. There had come upon him a sudden, sickening conviction of an intolerable treachery. Her head was turned away, but there was no softening in its lines; on There had com away, but there was no sectioning in its ines; on the contrary, something like defiance, and though she felt his look, and grew, if possible, paler yet, she was obstinately silent.

"What do you mean?" he asked, huskily.

"What have you intended all this summer?"
"Intended." The word, for some reason, roused May from her passive defiance, and she

rned on him with a cruel smile:
"Why, nothing, Mr. Eversham, only to pass

the time. The game of flirtation has its ri as no one should know better than you. On Only it is generally the woman who loses, and the man goes away smiling for another game elsewho goes away smiling for another game elsewhere. You will acknowledge that our game has been well played, and if it is your turn to lose, why, you can set it over against some past victory, you know.

And this was the girl whom he had loved, because he found her sweet and true. Eversham felt as if the ground were gaping under his feet;

but he was a man of spirit, and with her last

word he was ready for her.
"Quire right," he answered, coolly. "I as you say, the game has been well played-" And, you. I admit that I was entirely deceived, and, in spite of some past knowledge of women, I really thought you honest and modest.

Then, with a formal bow, he turned into a side path (they had been lounging in the garden), and walked there, sick to the heart, wrathful, loathing her very remembrance, and yet torn and tor-tured by doubts; for at his last cruel words she had looked up at him with a sweet, piteous reproach that argued for her more powerfully than words; and he could have sworn that her soft

words; and no could have sword that her sons
eyes were full of tears.

And now, no doubt, dear girls, you are triumphantly sure of what you suspected long ago.
This was the modern Judith, flirting for revenge! She had avenged the innocent, that is, Betty Blondel, and paid the traitor back with interest. Her success was full-orbed, perfect. She had stabbed him to the heart. His hourse and al-tered voice, the twitching of the muscles about his mouth, small evidences as they were, spoke volumes in a man so strong and self-centrolled as this one. No doubt about her triumph; but there certainly was one drawback to its enjoy-

When she came to cut off his bend-meta phorically speaking, of course—our little Judith had discovered—that—she loved Holofernes! Poor little spider! Weaving webs for him, how hopelessly had she tangled herself! Long ago she had been conscience stricken to find how delightful it was to punish him, how much more she thought of him than of her revenge, and how seldom the vision of Betty rose between them. Now she went away successful, but in despair. Now she went away successful, but in despair. When he offered her his love her heart so knowledged him as its king. When he turned away from her in scorn she could not help ap-plauding him, and told herself that she should be glad to die, and that he was taking away with him all that would make her life worth living; and she dressed for dinner, morally certain that m would go away that night, as disappointed lovers always do in the remances; and that from henceforth she should be known as the beautiful Ireberg, or something of that sort, and never smile; and by and-by should marry some stout man to please her father; and when Ever-sham died should go heavily voiled, and strew roses on his tomb, etc., etc.
After which she went down stairs and flirted

ith Jo Shafton shamefully.

But Eversham did not depart, as per romance bound. On the contrary, he staid there quietly. Partly because of the doubts that haunted him, partly to show that he did not think her worth a change of plan. So they met each other, as usual, in the eyes of society; bus with such a issual, in the eyes of society; but with such a hopoless gulf between them. Smile and greture the same for the world; but subtle, polite, freezing contempt substituted, she felt, for the tenderness that had been so delightful. No torture of absence could have racked May's tender little heart half so cruelly; but she took her punishment bravely, declaring to herself that she was in the right, and that she would not flinch under it.

This declaration brings us to the consideration of a very delicate mental process common to us.

of a very delicate mental process common to us all. I mean the subtle and curious manner in which we often contrive to have our own way in spite of ourselves. May's sense of right had led her to punish a brute and trifler. Being pun-ished, sense of right said, "Let him go."

But May's heart clamored, "I can not let him o. I can not live without him."

Here were two opposite interests setting up themselves in May's mental economy. She in-clined to her heart; but hearts are notoriously, desperately deceitful, and the sense of right is a dignified guide; and the matter was settled in favor of her sense of right. But never think all favor of her sense of right. But never think all your wits have been set at work till your heart has had its say. It was right to punish a brute and a triffer; but was he a brute and a triffer? Here was a fruitful suggestion. It was well known that Miss Blondel was apt to overrate ber own charms; and what had she seen in Eversham that was not manly and houest? Now that her heart was interested our little May could look on both sides of the question, though here-tofore she had stoutly denied that it could have more than one. She loved hopelessly, and she was growing thin and hysterical under the tor-ment. Betty professed to be a similar victim, and grew fat and almost rosy, and ate astonish-ing dinners, while the object of her passion had love all a woman on the opposite side of the table. Ah! there are no converts like those who are willing. May did not believe a word now of the Blondel-Eversham romance—not a word.

But how to get the truth out of Betty! Morally speaking, she was something like those fish that go all to jelly in your hand when you tried

to do any thing serious with her.

"Betty, I want you to tell me the truth about

-Mr. Eversham," said May, with a great blush,
when they were alone one day, and at once out came Betty's handkerchief.

"What do you mean by the truth? Do you suppose I—I romanced about it? How can you mention his name to me in that way?"

"Because I want to know exactly what he said and did," answered May, shrinking from the estion as much as Betty did from the answer; but relentlessly urged on -- by -- the sense of right? I leave it to you to decide. "How can I tell?" whimpered Betty. "I

don't remember.

"You know what he said. Did he say he loved you?" persisted May, desperately. Then Betty felt that she was at bay, and came out from behind her handkerchief, red and angry,

"No, he did not. He knew better than to

said so."
"Why?"

Betty winced and looked this way and that;

but May waited with quiet determination, and Betty was always afraid of May.

"What do you want me to say?" she answered, sulkily. "Do you suppose I wrote down what he said? He went with me to the church, and he found all the places; and when Aunt Peter-son would not go to the races, he said he would take me; and he sent me a bouquet and some books, and went with me twice to the Opera; and we saw some lovers, and he asked me if I did not think marriage the happiest condition; and-and-I don't see why you rake up thes things, I am sure.

"He took you to the Opera. He asked you what you thought of marriage," repeated May. "Is this all? and do you mean to say you consider Mr. Eversham bound to you by these at-

tentions?

"Yes, I do," snapped Betty. "There are tones and glances that can not be translated in words—and—there is a difference—in young ladies, Miss Barcarole. I suppose men know where they must keep at a distance, and where

they may presume."

dare say," responded May, dryly, and not thinking of Betty at all. Of course now there was a duty, plain, before her. She had chested and taunted a worthy man under a direful mistake, and there was only one reparation possible. She must confess the mistake and beg that worthy man's pardon. It would be hard, but it was the men's pardon. It would be hard, but it was the least she could do; and if any body should have mentioned to her that she had intended to do something of the sort from the very outset, when she found a reasonable excuse, how she would have scouted the suggestion! She was very happy, but she persuaded herself that she was very miserable. That she expected only to make the average knowable, and that Eversham would never guess that she loved him; as if it needed a spirit of divination to read sham would never guess that she loved him; as if it needed a spirit of divination to read what her eyes said so plainly when "She wished to speak with Mr. Eversham—she had a confession to make. She had decrived and insulted him, but not with the motives that he supposed. She was mistaken: she thought that he had triffed with a—a—person that she knew—"And she was so proud and so shy, so haughty and so tender, and her blushes so came and went in the awaying of it that Eversham had her accept in the saying of it that Eversham had her secret and her too in his arms before she was half through with her confession, bless her gener-ous, foolish, little heart say I!

It is only proper to record that Mrs. Margenve and Miss Blondel were much scandalized a week or two later by the announcement of Miss Bar-

Also that Mrs. Eversham is at present a very happy little woman, and has only one serious vexation. Eversham will address her now and then as, My dear Judith.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The "season" at Saratoga has at length fully commenced. The weather having been comparatively cool thus far in July—in saying overprotein we have a wivid remembrance of the flerce heat of the early days of last July, though any day may bring a repetition of that "term"—there has been no great rush to the Springs until recently. Now, the hearts of hotel proprietors are every day made glad by scores of fresh arrivals.

fresh arrivals.

There are some new attractions this year to the habitude of Saratoga Springs. The Opera-House in the Union Hotel Grounds has been sutirely remodeled an elegant half-room having been just completed in it, and a fine billiard-room. About fifty private rooms have been finished off in the remaining space. The billiard-room was opened last week, and on Thursday of the present week the grand ball-room is to be dedicated on the occasion of a grand ovation to the Seventh Racingson. The old half-room of the Divisor has icated on the occasion of a grand ovation to the Sev-enth Regiment. The old ball-room of the Union has been converted into private rooms; and four benati-ful cottages have also been erected this season in the park of the hotel. These cottages are arranged in two sultes of apartments, each suits consisting of a parior and three bedrooms, are handsomely furnished, convenient, and siry. A family occupying one of these cottages may enjoy all the luxuries of Saratoga hotel life, and yet be as retired and exclusive as they please. Including the cottages more than a hundred new rej-Including the cottages more than a hundred new pri-vate rooms have been added to the Union Hotel this

Hathorn's New Hall, adjacent to Congress Hall, is just completed, and will afford the visitors at the Congress a fine dancing-room. The Woman's Suf-frage Convention was held in this hall last week. Last suring, while the w on were digging to lay the foundations of this building, a new spring was discovered, which has received the name of Hathorn Spring. The water has a somewhat different flavor from the other springs. We learned that Professor public will doubtless soon be informed of the various ogredients it contains.

A pure white suphur spring was discovered last summer at Saratoga, the water of which is said to be equal in quality and strength to any other of the kind in the State. It is a question of some interest how a equal in quantity and strength to any conser on the kind in the State. It is a question of some interest how a sulphur spring should happen to bubble up in the midst of so many saline springs. But before long faratoga will have healing waters for every disease to which the human race is exposed—every year or omething new; and what may future disclose?

Some months ago statements were made in some of our city papers indicating that halles going unst-tended to hotels were liable to meet with difficulty in obtaining rooms—especially if they arrived at night. The cases must be rare when a quiet, refused woman would fall to receive courteons attention from those whose business it is to care for the traveling public; t it is well for ladies who need to be alone at ho tels to be informed in regard to different ones, and understand where arrangements will be agreeable for them. There are many pleasant hotels in our diy where a good degree of quiet may be secured. Among those which cluster around Madison Park—a central

presume like that; but he might as well have I sad convenient locality—the Fifth Avenue, Hoffman, and St. James are prominent. All are well-conducted, first-class hotels; from its location and internal arrangements, perhaps the St. James is the most quiet. It is kept on the European plan, and a lady who is alone can thus avoid the awkwardness of going to a lable d'lide. The dining-room, on the right of the Twenty-sixth Street entrance, in particularly religed. The attendance and visuds are excellent, and the portions served bountiful. Single rooms are neatly and comfortably furnished; and saits of apartments are arranged in a peculiarly pleasant way, securing an unusual degree of retirement to families. In such a hotel as this a lady finds herself protected from disagreeable rencounters, by the general and special care taken to give to guests the comfort and se

The Bongor Whip gives an account of the singular case of a Miss Lovell, who recently died at the age of sixty-seven. For forty years she has been out of health, and for thirty-six bedridden. Thirty-six years ago she was confined to her bed, to all appearances in the last stages of consumption, and apparently with but a few weeks, at most, to live. Yet she has been lingering on, and what is most remarkable, has been afflicted with almost every-disease, contagions or epidemic, with which that city has been afflicted. During the prevalence of the choiers abe was one of its subjects; but while others, hearty and robust, were cut down, she, upon, as it were, the very helpic of the mean lived. brink of the grave, lived.

The director of a French provincial theatre has the credit of having organized a mechanical claque. Sev-eral articulated hummers are filled into different places under the floor, so arranged as to strike on a string being pulled. A few yards from these hammers, in under the floor, so arranged as to strike on a curing being pulled. A faw yards from these hammers, in the centre of the pit, are placed two hastruments which imitate the chapting of hands. They are two large castenets covered with leather—a string polls the shells together. The six cords meet in a part of the saction together. The art come meet in a part of the theatre unknown to all except the machinist, and are fastened to six strong wooden keys, like those of a plane. At certain passages of the piece the machinist puts his finger on one or another of the keys, and the applause is forthcoming.

It is stated that Mr. Seth Green is engaged on the Hadson in prepagating shad at the rate of a million a day, and turning them into the river. This work will be of great public value, and afford to thousands a wholesome and nutritious article of food. The halching-grounds are about ten miles from Albany.

Appropriate and interesting ceremonies were re-cently held at Guilford, Connection, in connection cently held at Guliford, Connectiont, in connection with the dedication of a monument to the memory of Fitz-Greene Halleck. An address was delivered by Bayard Taylor, and a poem by Oliver Wandell Helms. Fifteen hundred claiseon of Guliford assembled to pay tribute of love and respect to the memory of buried genius. This is the first monument spected and publicly dedicated in honor of an American poet.

A wonderful story is told of an Englishman-we regret his name is not given, but he is said to be an ex-M. P.—who, during the war in this country, bought a large amount of the early lennes of the Pive-Twenty Bonds. Recently he wrote to the Treasury Depart-ment, saying that he thought six per cont. gold interest on the bonds too high, and that he was willing to take three per cent. I A few days after he incinced a \$1000 Pive Trenty Bond and seven \$30 coupons, which he returned to the American Government as settlement for the past. He also intimated his desire to have the matter so arranged that in future he might divide the interest with the Government, retaining

A pretty novelty is a bouquet-holder, consisting of a small tube closed at one end, with a wire to book it to the batton-hole. This being concessed beneath the lapsi of the cost receives the stems of the flowers, and the tube being partly filled with water, keeps there from a large state of the stems. them fresh a long time. Similar bouquet-holders have been imported from England, intended for la-dies' use. They are tubes furnished with a pin to fasten like a cremmon brooch or breast-pin.

St. Albans is the butter mart of Vermont, and really

St. Albans is the butter mart of vermont, and really regulates the price of butter throughout the country. Once a week the farmers from all the surrounding towns come in with their two-horse scams and market wagons with the last week's churnings, in schen tuhs. The wide streets are then alive. Over four hundred wagons are gathered round the square, and the farmers, with their wives and doughters, are busy enough bargaining off the products of their dairies, or making purchases at the stores. The farmers are shrewd. They understand their business, are wealthy and intelligent. Nearly a million dollars per annum is re-ceived by the farmers in the eight or nine towns which send their produce to St. Albans for hulter and cheese

Spain equals any other country in the world in cetting up obituary notices. What could be more unique and comprehensive than the following, which lately appeared in a Spanish paper: "This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweler Sichald Illmaga from his shop to another and a better world. undereigned, his widow, will weep upon his temb, will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emms, former of whom is married, and the latter is open to offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow, His disconsolate widow, Venorique Liamana

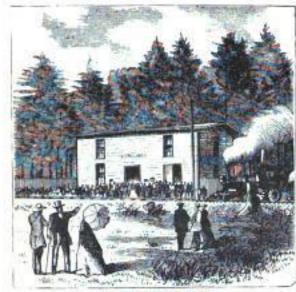
"P.S .- This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 5 Tessi de Teinsturiers, to No. 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

What next? An enterprising Philadelphian has taken out a potent for the manufacture of wooden , the material being the same as that now used in papering rooms.

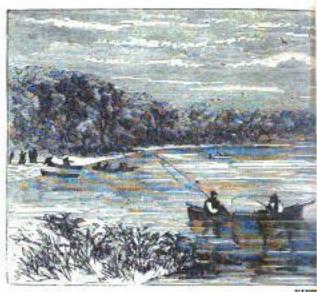
One of the most comical advertisements that has

operated lately reads thus:
A WOMAN wants a Situation with a Boy 15 years
A old; is a good cook; dity reference; dity or country.

A horrible report comes from Germany of a so-called scientific experiment. A Berlin physician experiment-ed on a young woman who was supposed to be dying of consumption, and arinally subjected the wretched, belpless creature to a hideous experiment which must have inflicted terrible torture on her at the very time when she needed tenderness and sympathy to lessen the natural agonies of approaching dissolution. She died on hour ofteneard; and the surgeon then was able to satisfy himself by a post-morten examination of the effect he had produced; and the case is reported as a matter of scientific interest in the Prussian medical journals. # 1

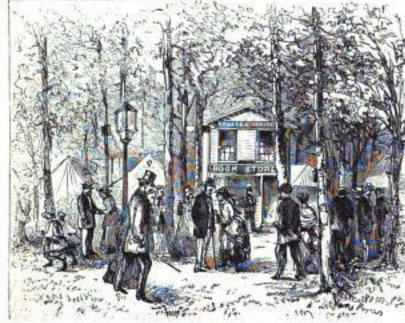




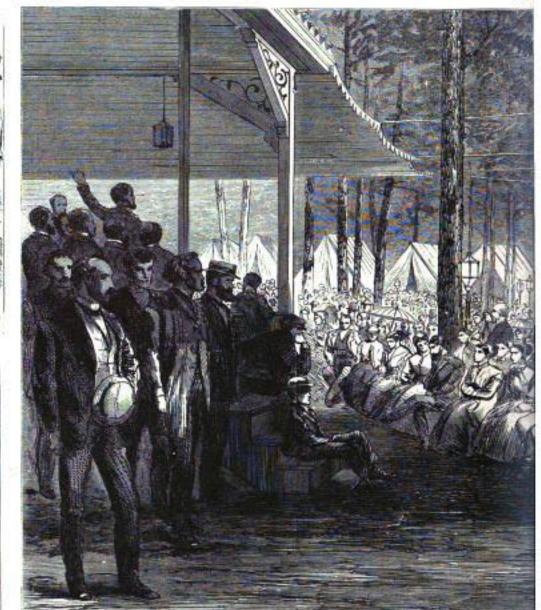


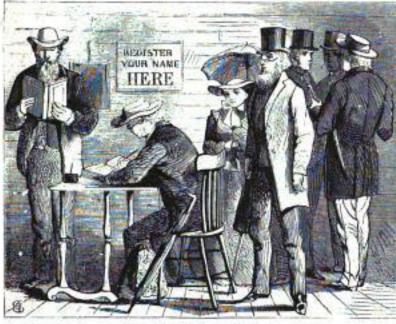


WATERING HORSES.



DOOK STORE.

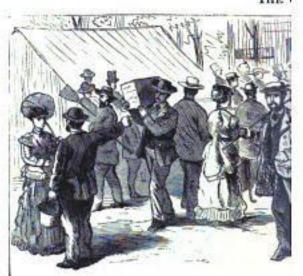




CAMP-GROUND REGISTER.



THE BIG TENT.

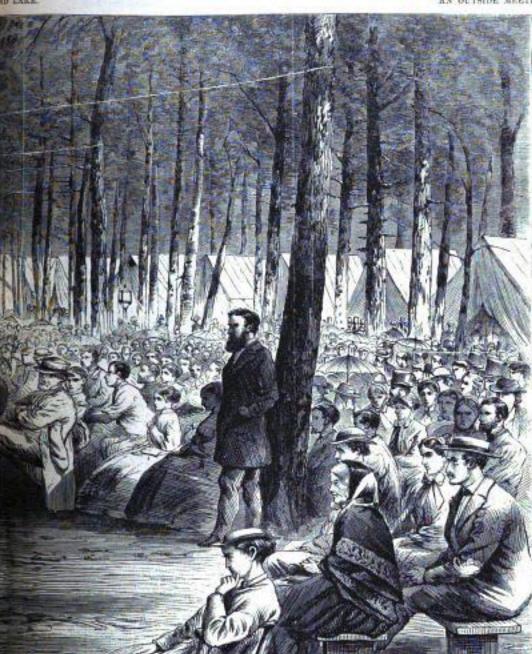


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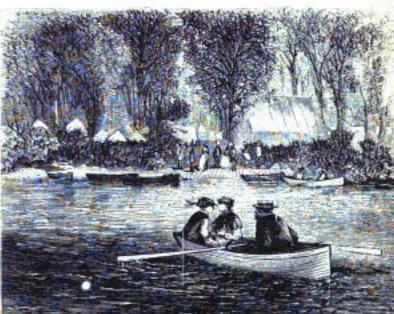


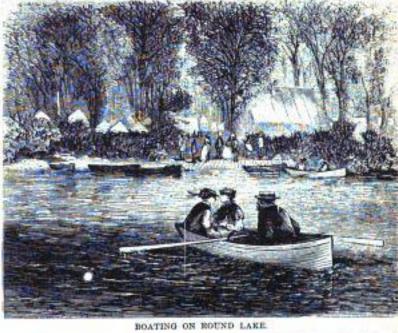


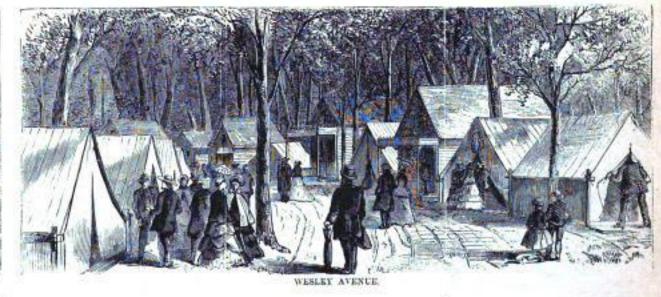












AT ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK, JULY 6-15, 1869.

ÆOLIÆ.

With wind that rageth o'er the sea, With biting fang and dreadful cry,
What storm-bent creatures plend to thee,
To spare them lost they sink and die!
With voice of sullen wrath Thou lospest on thy path, O'er wreck and found'ring ship, Mid cries from scamen's lip; Cast out like scuttered tares, With women's sole and prayers; Thy home the waters darkly blue All the bitter winter through.

Soft wind that roameth to the sea, With tender touch and soothing sound, A thousand voices sing with thee Upon thy tuneful, fragrant round, With gentle sigh of love, The coo of mated dove, Where bees still droning sin-The honeyed peral's lip;
They breath a fresh performe
Of flowers' sweetest bloom;
Thy home the heaven's sunlit blue
All the joyous summer through.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER THE BALL.

Tue ball was over. The Marquis of Grandseres had not proposed to Amelia; but he had danced once with her, and that, as she said to her sister, " was something toward it."

Moreover, Thurstan Mowhray had paid no at-tention whatever to Lady Dinna. Amelia, in the tention whatever to Lady Dinna. Amolia, in the confidential hours of dressing-gown and slippers, mentioned this circumstance to hor sister with great satisfaction; but Lady Dinna horself viewed it in a different light, for on the pages of the vol-ume before mentioned she inscribed; "He who deliberately avaids you is lost." She was amonyed I t not disheartened by

Thurstan's apparent coldness. Well versed in all the mutability of suffering of which the homan heart is capable, she knew that as the fish in dying displays a variety of huce (strange beauty born of mortal pain) ere it is overspread by the dull color of death, so does a lover exhibit curious and incomprehensible developments of feeling before his love perishes in indifference. She had known prouder men than this one as sume the most profound innocence of her and her attractions; she had seen them hold aloot from her, restraining jealouely, with all the pow-er of their galled spirits, the impulsive tender-ness of eye, lip, and hand. Ne had known oth-ers, more aubtle in their factics, pretend to a circless ease of manner, the better to concerl the realisy of their pain; but sooner or later the attempt to dissimulate with their passion ended in after failure, and the slave erouched ones more beneath the sweet oppression of a hondage

more exquisite than freedom.

Lady Diana would compassionate defeat, but she could never results to spare where she en-countered opposition. She was like the Pales-tine warrior of old, who "slew plentifully," and then "bewailed courteously" over the hoaps of

Besides, she felt something of her old tenderness revice for this handsome man. True, he tenderness, like an Eastern potentate's, had touch of the how-string in it; but here was a moral strangulation. Not would stifle all the was good in a man's heart rather thus that i should not heat for her. A husband must lear, his wife, a lover his mistress, somer than defi-her influence. Yet there had been cases when she had morroed the min she had wrought, and had even tried to lure the delinquents she her self had fushioned back into their moral perpen-

Fancy a upas-tree apologizing for its malign influence, and entreating that its poison should be rejected by the victim!

In her own way Lady Di had loved Thurstan, She loved him none the less for his defiance of her now; but she swere in her heart that ere long he should be hers, budy and soul—a hu-man pupper, which should take the place of the dolls of childhord, and while the tedium of her leisure hours; a toy which should ween real tears breathe real breath, and whose heart should bent fast or slow at her bidding, even as the wax effiail or smile according as he infant fingers pulled the wire. But even a child has its preferences among dolls, and Lady Diana liked this male sperimen with the brown eyes

and curly hair better than others.

"As to Amelia Orme, slip must be taken down," said Lady 1% to herself, as she watched this young lady's little manageres to attract Thurstan's attention,

But coquettes, like other gamblers, are victims of chance. Lady Di had calculated on passing several weeks in her quasi lover's society. She had planned every move in her gome with a pre-cision worthy of a professional chess-player. She disliked to be harried in her play. justice, she preferred to retain an aspect of dignity, even of modesty, in these ignoble encount-ers. Like a child who attempts to give his adversary fool's mate, looking very hard in another direction all the while to divert suspicion. Lady Di kept an innocest countenance during the progress of her machinations. I think this appearance of lamb-like unconsciousness was one of the most potent starts wherewith this beauty lured prey to her wolfish maw. But for the present, at least, the game was stopped—the

On the morning succeeding the ball at Orme House Thursten was sitting in the music-room,

turning over a song for one sister, while he dextrously pressed the hand of another, when the song and the firstation were brought to a premature close by the entrance of a servant, brought on a salver a telegraphic message for Captain Mowbray. It announced that his fa-

Captain Mowbray. It announced that has father was very dangerously ill, and it requested his immediate presence at Pisa.

It was as if a funeral train flung its gloomy shadow over a path gay with bridal flowers. A cloud fell over the faces of all. It is dismal to be recalled from laughter, music, and mirth to the voice of the bell which tolls finis, and the vision of the inevitable white robe, of which the Cabling and were forces independent of milling. fashion endures forever, independent of milliners and mourning warehouses. Besides the nat-ural awe which falls even on the most lighthearted at the sound of that ugly word death, those around Captain Mowbray had their own solfish reasons for sorrowing with his sorrow. Amelia Orme was becoming really attached to him, and the idea of his departure made her feel sore at heart. Lord Orme was disturbed because Mr. Mowhray had been a contemporary of his own. "What a sad thing! He was at Econ with me, you know. Older than me, but still we were school-fellows."

"That doesn't make it any sadder, paps, does it?" muttered Rea. rearly, not seeing that Lord.

it?" muttered Rosa, pertly, not seeing that Lord Orme's regret was as one tree may feel when its coeval falls, bowed down by storms and age.

Lady Di, sitting in a corner in a becoming nationde (becoming attitudes came as naturally to Lady Di as prinking does to a peacock), with a confusion of colored wools mixed up with her fingers and knitting-pins, made a vicious frac-ture of a twisted loop, and said to herself, "Tire-

When Thurstan had said good-by to all he

pursed before Lady Diana.
"If all goes well," he said, hurriedly, "I shall go to Airdale's for a few weeks' hunting early in the season. The Ormes are going—shall you be

Lady Di said "Yes" meekly enough. She liked Lord Airdale; it was a pleasant place to stay at—she should certainly go. She was all meckness, depression, and pathos until Thurstan was gone, and she went up stairs to enjoy the privacy of her own room. Then she glanced at a mirror, and a look of gentle triumph sparkled

in her gray eyes.
"I certainly do not show my age," she said.

CHAPTER XXIX. ROBERT DOUGLAS'S JOURNAL.

August, Freender, 15... Have I not read somewhere of a girt who picked up a linnet from the duet in which it had been thrown, with bruised wing and ruffled breast, and carried it home? The bird was young, and adapted itself by degrees to its new home, grew to love its captor and whistle to her voice. Then came a time when the girl sick-ened; it was the bird's place to lift its friend from the stouch. The sid reared the reward from the slough. The girl reaped the reward of her act of salvation. She was crippled, and of her act of salvation. She was crippled, and might not leave her weary bed; she was partially blinded by weakness, and could not face the gladness of the sun; she was obliged for a long season to turn her face to the wall; and while the hours, otherwise so blank, tided away, her ears were filled with the sweet hints conveyed in the linnet's song. The rush of the free winds, the heavy nodding of the bulrush, the shuddering luste of the stream, the splender of the films blown across the face of the setting on, the faint francance of ripening blossoms sun, the faint fragrance of ripening blossoms— nll these were bymned by the child of air, and the child of earth took comfort in the sound.

What has this to do with Azalea? Nothing. Only that every memory, every experience, ev-ery fancy floated from the past to be fused in the possibilities of the future; all the old sorrs, all the dead joys, all the tremulous silence of the present, seem stirred by her influence, even as the kiss in the magic bower woke the deepers of a century into a new, strange world.

I have rescued my bird from a slough of in-comprehension. Her mind was filled with dim light, I have strengthened her intellect. I have enabled my bird to look at the sun; and when the hour comes when I shall be blind, perchance with the terrible dimness of famity, will she sing of the day, will she hint brightness to me and of the day, was one and comfort despair? I doubt.

There is a whisper of trouble in the air, a throb of pain in my heart. Shall I tent it from me at ouce, this threatening evil? Shall I crush it out as I would a creeping red flame of fire? Shall I turn my face from it and fly? And what does this question prove? I try and hide my thoughts from myself, but they leap up in strength, as the flame, once allowed to have birth, flares up its threatenings of destruction. Oh, child, child! how your calm face troubles mine; how your miconscious serenity irritates the fever in my mind! If I were to leave you to-morrow, and begin all the old sick life of aimless wanderings, currying with me the great black of your absence, how would you feel? A little sorry, perhaps, for I have been kind to Moore. She might even miss me for her own sake. Am I not her only companion in intellect, yet do not the young prize beauty more highly than genius? She prize beauty more rugnly that if her pet birds would weep far bitterer tears if her pet birds were to droop into death, or her favorite dog got were to droop into death, or her favorite dog got n mortal injury, than at my departure. She loves these creatures, loves them with the warm, unreasoning sympathy with which Nature some-times links tender human hearts to her dumb offspring. Azalen has taught the wood-dove to coo in her breast; her dog creeps to her for com-fort if it receives a sudden hurt; her eyes close into a sidelong glance of ineffable tenderness when her gray-headed jackdaw perches on her hand, chuckling quaint choked notes. But I-I

am less to her even than these, infinisely less to her than the vague glories of her untried future. She has grown to the age of dreams; she is no longer the child whose pleasure is in gambol and unrest; she now rejoices in solitude; she likes to commune with the beauty of her own hopes, and in these I have no place. I will go and see her; the sight of her unconscious face may re-store my failing control. Why should I be vexed because a beautiful flower smiles at the sun rath-

because a beautiful mover smales at the sun rainer than at me, or a child whom I have known
long fails to feel for me the surprise of passion?

Passion! Such a word is a profanation to her
pure face; such a word is inadmissible in describing the relations between a young and beautiful woman and an old, uncomely man. Such
passion she might feel for me as the wind shows
than it bless at the state of t when it blows all the dead leaves from wintry boughs in one soft, sapless hecatomb of decay.

I have just returned from Auriel. I displayed naught but a somewhat unusual constraint—at least in a younger and more graceful man it would have been constraint, though with me I would have been constraint, though with me I fear it was ungainly sternaese; but it did not matter. She did not heed, far less inquire, even in her eyes, of the cause of my disquiet. She ran down the path to meet me, babbling gayly as a wayward brook. "There was news." great news!" she said, clasping my arm. "I must try and guess what it was." I suggested that old Sally's grandson had "come home from the Indies." Guess again? Well, had the cat brought into the world of birds and mice some small snowy duplicates of herself? Wrong again! I said I would guess no more. I spoke harshly, to conceal a mighty tremor of delight which thrilled me when her hands clasped mine careasingly—a delight which died almost as soon as it was born, for she ditted away from me again was born, for she flitted away from me again and caught hold of a pale cluster of chrysanthe-

Then, with her face sparkling, and breath coming quick, she cried,

What description of people?

"I have seen borses and dogs, and men in red coats, and ladies—two ladies I think I saw —and they flew like the wind; and—oh, look! they are here again!"

they are here again?"
She grasped my arm, her face glowing with excitement, her lips apart, her other hand pointing to a distant line of meadows which skirt the south side of the shrubberies. We were in the shrubbery-path, and in front of us a tree had fallen and let in a wide gap of light in the dense line of shedow.

line of shadow.

She perched her pretty arched feet on the guarled side of the branch near her, and stood like a beautiful wild hird, which, with bright startled eyes and head upraised, listens for a possible foe in the rustle of a leaf—only that the child's face was scarcely one of apprehension;

there was hope in it.

Far off beyond the meadow the blue haze of distance was flecked by scarlet coats. Only two men were far in advance of the rest. These two men were far in advance of the rest. These two were in close company with the pack, which streamed down the slope of the meadow toward us. On they came, close and compact. They were allent, but there was eloquence in their mo-tion. The scent held them as though it were a magnet to their desiring breath; their sterns, no longer quivered by doubt or anxiety, were close down. The scent was burning, and the pace too fast to allow of any superfluous expression of exdown. The scent was burning, and the pace too fast to allow of any superfluous expression of excitement. Not a hound spoke; they swept on, a bright, moving flash of last. Every faculty in them was strained to the utmost. They were tired, but they hung on to the line as though glased to it. Certainty added fury to their effort. The wind, which blew in the track of their flying prey, brought delight to their nostrils and lifted them coward in an accession of flerce exlifted them onward in an accession of fierce exultation. It might be a comedy to the pink-coated sportsmen behind, or even to that thorcough-bred steeple-chaser—an animal that still took his fences with the nonchalance of a gen-tleman, in spite of the heavy plow up which he had been obliged to gallop; but to the hounds it was a very serious drama indeed—one which necessitated their closest attention, and which absorbed all lesser and illicit attractions: the youngest and chubbiest-nosed puppy among them would not have dared to have even turned the white of his eye toward a hare, though she had got up under his paws; while as to the pant, ing, wet bundle of fur which crept into the wa-ter-ditch close to where Azalea and I stood, there could be no doubt but that he was suffering a dire tragedy.

"They will kill him!" gasped Azales. "Don't

let them. Robert!' The hunted creature glanced slantwise at us, with an expression which seemed to say, "There's another devil!" Then he paused as though to consider his last resource. He was pretty near-ly exhausted. Doubtless it is fatiguing to run an hour and forty minutes (they had been run-ning that time), best foot foremost, at pain of death; it did him great credit that he was still able to form any plan of evasion. To the right of us was Azalea's little summer-bouse, a build-ing in which she was wont to hold levées of wood-pigeons. The door of this hut stood ajar, and the fox saw before him one last chance for ex-istence. In an instant, with a desperate effort, he cleared the space between the ditch and the hut and disappeared in the shadow of the inte-rior; and when Azalea peeped in after him, pre-vious to securing the door of his retreat, she saw a tuft of gray hair, fringing a log near the thatched roof.

"He has tucked himself in, all but his ta."" e said, with giee. "They sha'n't have him; she said, with giee. shall they, Robert?"

I shock my head. "You are dreadfully un-sophisticated, Azalva; no wonder Moore compisins of your living without the pale of the

world. If you were a fashionable young lady you would perhaps know how to give a view hal-los, or lift the hounds on to the line of that fox which you have just secreted in that unsports-womanlike fashion; you would clap your hands with delight at the shrick of a hare run into by a swift graybound; at the very least, you would sometimes spend the summer hours in watching showers of pigeons fall under the prowess of the Red House champions; you might make a book on the event, while your kid-gloves got splashed with the warm blood of the living targets."

A look of disgust deepened in the girl's eyes.

"They are beasts," she said, emphatically.

The pack were close to us; in a minute they

were in and out of the ditch, and round our feet. The majority rushed on, but a few old hounds threw up their heads and declined to be deluded. The two horsemen I have mentioned as being forward galloped up to the fence, followed by one or two others. "Where? where? Have you seen him? Where did he go?" they shouted.

Anales pinched my arm. I hesitated. The old hounds were still at fault; for when the fox

sprung from the water-disch to the hat he had done so with a single bound, which cleared the short yard of ground which lay between the rerge of the ditch and the hut-door.

"You have seen him?" one of the horsemen cried, interrogating Azalea.

Her cheek flushed, and her lips quivered. Then she stood forward in the sunshine, this in-carnation of beauty and guilelessness, and deliberately lied.

liberasely lied.

"I saw him," she said, distinctly, "go up there," pointing vaguely toward a distant field. Then she turned on me with a savage whisper, "If you contradict me I'll never learn another line of Homer."

As the huntaman called off the puzzled hounds,

and the riders turned their tired horses away from the fence, I looked repreachfully at her conscious face.

"It is never good to lie."
"Yes, it is, "she answered, defiantly. "Some-times it is quite right."

She besitated. "When when the the wo-men said, in l'harsoh's time, you know, that all the little boys were little girls. Didn't they do

"But foxes are not infants."

"But forces are not infants."
Every thing which is defenseless should be as an infant to us, "she said, gravely. "But look there! What is he going to do?"

He was the man on the thorough-bred horse whom I had noticed when I first saw the hounds;

a fine-looking young man, whose air and manner seemed familiar to me even in the distance, but whom I did not recognize until he now came quite up to the fence.
"What's on the other side?" he called out.

"Water. It's a double. Look out!" He took back his horse a few yards, and trotted

alowly down to the fence.

Then came a flash of crimson through the golden autumn haze before us. I looked at Azales. Was it my fancy—was it the surprise of the to her novel sight—or did she blush and of the to her novel aght—or do she toush and wear an expression which was almost one of consciousness, as Thurstan Mowbray, handsome and bright as ever (damn him!) advanced to-ward me, taking off his hat to her?

"So glad to see you again, old fellow!" he

said, his big brown eyes seeming to cauch new fire as he glanced at my companion. "You see, I have come to try the hunting-grounds of my native country. Will you do me the honor

I forced myself to anticipate his request, al-I forced myself to anticipate his request, al-though I fear I performed the ceremony of in-troducing Captain Mowbray to Miss Moore in a very churlish fashion. Introduce the falcon to the dove, the doe to the deerhound—introduce youth, beauty, and experience to youth, beauty, and ignorance—introduce this young and hand-some man, blessed with every adventitious grace, to the girl who is worshiped by me, who am old, to the girl who is worshiped by me, who are old, to grasp; for I love her with all the madness her to grasp; for I love her with all the madness of a boy, with all the anguish of a man. Child! when I saw you there in the evening sun, all the glows of autumn seemin, to deepen on your golden head, your eyes shy and averted, your face troubled with something which, if it was not pleasure, was one of its echoes; and that handsome man, whom Nature seemed to link with you, so well did his appearance match yours, talk-ing eagerly to you, alluding to me occasionally, but evidently engrossed by the loveliness of your when I saw all this, sickening over my beart. Then I looked at that man with some such dark foreboding of prescient guilt as may have clouded Cain's beart when bister jealousy begot lust of blood.

When Mowbray, smiling, bade us adieu, he

"I will ride over to-morrow, and you must il me all about the pictures." He spoke to me, tell me all about the pictures," but he looked at Azalea.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WORK OF A PORTNIGHT.

So she had seen it once more-that bright, ndacious face which had caused such tumult is her existence on that never-to-be-forgotten day when she stood on the bank in a tremble of ferns. Was she angered still when she remembered the insult of that surprise? Certainly it was anger which flushed her check and made her pulses throb when she saw him again; but then his manner was so different now, he was so courte-ous and gentle; she could hardly realize that this was the person she had wished to slay with som imaginary dagger. And he was owner of Auriel, too, or would be so one day; Robert Douglas told her thus much in answer to her questions.

The grim warriors on the wall acquired an ad-

ditional interest in her eyes now that she had | She pervades the whole chamber, and my seen their living representative. When she next | thoughts full into confusion again. I am crashseen their living representative. When she next went down stairs she pansed to wonder whether this Mowbray inherited any of the daring which made Gaston de Mowbray throw himself before the body of his young brother, a living shield, which presently fell backed with wounds, while which presently fell backed with wounds, while the boy rode away unscathed. Azales, living in an ideal world, could not suspect how ignoble were the aims, how mean and trifling the ambi-tion of the majority of nineteenth-century heroes, who wear gold lace and spurs.

After looking at the portrait which seemed to her to embody the lineaments of the gay rider on horseback who had flashed toward her through

on horselack who had nashed toward her inrough the gray woods yesterday, Azalea walked softly into the large salon, and looked at her own re-flection in a large old-fishloned mirror. This is what Robert Douglas saw when, a few minutes later, his tall form and moody face dark-

ened the doorway : The bright glow of her cheeks and hair showed dimly through the dust and cobwebs which obscured the mirror; a crack marred the dimple in her chin, a tremulous thread, blosched by a spider, seemed to wave down her hair; her hands were busy securing a rose over one little ear, a fillet of ribbon glistened behind the other. The rose se-cured, Azales stepped back, on her toes, with such a look of meditation as a bird wears when it nearly cover its dealiests in a winner. it puzzles over its duplicate in a mirror.

She was asking berself for the first time, " Am I fair?

And Douglas, watching her from the door, felt his beart contract with pain as he saw the nascent symptom of coquetry, the first consciousness of physical beauty develop itself in one who had hitherto been as careles: of her loveliness as the

"Why are you decking yourself in this way?"

be asked, savagely.

"I don't know," she stammered, half frightened, "I never thought; I was only wondering,"

"I have sometimes wished for your sake,
Azales, that you were ill-favored as the women who are burned red in autumn suns, and coarsened by labor. But I comforted myself, think-

who are densed to a action search, and coarsened by labor. But I comformed myself, thinking there was safety even for beauty in solitude, and now—" He checked himself, remembering that to warm a child or a woman of danger is to expose them to it. He added more gently—
"Forgive me for speaking so roughly, Azalea; but if you only knew how I should loathe to see your guileless face spoiled by consciousness of its attraction. Be content with the beauty God has given you."

"I meant no harm," the girl faltered, looking down; but when Douglas left her to make his morning greeting to old Moore she looked once more at her own reflection.

"I am pretty," she whispered to herself, and her lips turied into a smile as she spoke. "For all his scolding he thinks me fair—he owned as

all his scolding he thinks me fair—he owned as

Then she went and sat at the window, and looked wistfully at the avenue path, which seem-ed to tremble in the light and shadow which played over it, which proves that Douglas had been wiser had be held his peace.

Robert Douglas's Journal continued.

There are two bells made by man for himself—remorse and jealousy. Which is the most terrible of endurance, the hell of the past or the hell of the present? In which is the flame hottest? Remorse is the dull, low throb of unassuageable pain, jealousy the wild bound of a fever which is almost craze.

What have I done to deserve this last? Is it not enough punishment that I have wandered through all the prime of my life with my head down; that for me no bird is jubilant, no sun is bright, no voice is glad?

For years I have carried a pall. What devil possessed me that I should break from its shadow to clutch at reses? That man whose life I saved, need he have cast the shadow of his beauty over the one gleam of sunshine in my path? "He would come again!" Of course he came. He would come again!" Of course he came. He was seized with an immense interest in the old portraits and books. Will Miss Moore tell him "all about them?" She begins shy and finshing at the sound of her own voice. She speaks with her soul in her eyes, and looks at him with while the young man yawns a good deal, but takes every available opportunity of drawing nearer to her, of touching her hand, of caress-ing, when her face is sverted, stray curls blown about her head by the wind.

It is a fortnight since that day when this fresh curse in my life fell on me. Perhaps the bitter-est pang of all is to feel that were I free, and were my soul clean, so that I could place myself at her feet, she would walk away, never perceiv-ing that I was thus prostrate. I never could be to her even a possibility. I mak with her old guardian, with the gloomy shadows of the house, with all the familiar receive of childhood. To with all the familiar scenes of childhood; I am an appendage. This Mowbray is in his vent, an event which colors all her hitherto

hueless existence. A fortnight to-day since he crossed my path, and he has been here nearly every day since. Heaven belp me! My hate of him is becoming hideous. This mean, bitter jealousy dwarfs the big heart into that of a freeting child. I loothe and seorn myself for the ignoble torture self-in-flicted. I pore over crabbed pages, hold my head between my hands, and try not to entch the reflection of that withered, barsh face peuring at me from the eracked mirror opposite, and then her presence approaches in that gust of lonely-sounding wind tossing the bough against the pane; her face gleams in that star which sparkles in the upper square of the casement.

but a finding of the new years from the con-

ed by the misery of my prescience.

CHAPTER XXXL

LOVE PASSED AN HOUR OF LOVE WITH ME.

THE hours "drawled" (that was George Moore's term for the dreamy, drowsy, autumn moons) into days, and days slipped into weeks, and still Cap-tain Mowbray lingered in the vicinity of Auriel, tain Mowbray lingered in the vicinity of Auriel, showing an increasing interest in what he vague-ly described as "the books and pictures, and all that sort of thing." What need to repeat the details of the old, old story; what need to dwell on all the subtle indices which point to one inevitable result? The sun and the sunflower, the "moon that draws the sea, and the cloud that "moon that draws the sea, and the cloud that stoops from heaven and takes the shape," has not every simile been exhausted to illustrate the beautiful antique Legend of Love? Only there be some children that blow bubbles, knowing well their insability, and anticipating their collapse to nothingness with a sort of pensive scorn; there be others who believe the exquisite phan-tom to be fashioned of enduring rock. The first inhalation of chloroform is as a foretaste of Paradise. It is only those who have partaken of it frequently who can prophesy the after-sensation of deadly sickness. Lady Diana, when she loved, and reaped happiness from her love's indulgence, felt as one who assumes royal robes for a brief period, and whose shining crown surmounts and foreseeing eyes, which are ever fixed on the end. Analea was as the imbecile, happy beyond the power of reason, who glories in the wrenth of straw and circles of beads, and has that sublime faith, the faith of ignorance, in these frail adornments of a visionary realm.

Captain Mowbray hunted very seldom now.

"The country was too blind for any thing," he said; and in truth autumn lingered this year, dilatory as a lover loth to bid his mistress farewell. To the horizon's verge the woods blushed red and brown, the wind held its breath, and the leaf that dropped did so in your prolation of its leaf that dropped did so in pure repletion of its

life.
On one golden afternoon the sun shone on a pretty scene in the Auriel shrubberies.

pretty scene in the Auriel shrubberies.

A young man, and a girl still younger, sat on the trunk of a fallen beech. No hatchet had thus prostrated the tree; it had been rent in twain and flung to earth in some wild freak of the tempest. The sun fleckered patches of gold on to the girl's bare head, and on to the yet vivid ruddy beech-leaves. Wild flowers and long grasses, thrusting themselves up round the tree's sides, partly concealed her little feet. He and she supported between them a ponderous volume, with dusty edges. It had on its black sides a dingy inscription, which made believe to have once been written in gilt letters. The inhave once been written in gilt letters. The in-scription told that the volume was a treatise on Illuminating Manuscripts, and that it belonged to Anselm Mowbray, a priestly scion of the house of Mowbray, who flourished a.p. 1600. Either the work was too interesting to be read quickly, or so dull that it was not read at all; for the couple looking at it were so quiet that a furry bob-tailed rabbit came out and cleaned his face before them. Over-ripe blossoms drifted slowly through the air; sometimes they were caught on the hearded faces of tall grasses; here and there they rested on the hem of Azalea's dress. The bees kept up a hum of enjoyment over some late roses, or burrowed their brown bodies in the flowers' depths in an ocstasy of self-indulgence. Overhead, a bird sang out its appreciation of ex-

istence. Presently Captain Mowbray twitched off the head of a rose, and gently placed it in his com-panion's hair. The thrush flew away at his movement; the insect tumbled out of its luscious recess; the rabbit scudded away in a panic; but no other living thing was there to take note of the two.

Old Moore was alumbering away the hours by the fire indoors—for the old, like infants, are perpetually relapsing into alumber, as though their hold of life were not a thing assured or certain. Robert Douglas and brooding in his lonely cottage; withheld from going to Auriel— withheld from keeping the kindly watch over Azalea he would have done over any other de-fenseless creature placed in a situation of peril because of his own painful consciousness. So there was no one to spoil the pretty tableau on the beech-tree, nor to overhear and repeat the words which presently stole into, rather than

broke the silence.
"My darling!"
My darling was rather a favorite expression of Captain Mowbray's. Frequent use made it come glibly to his tongue; he had applied it so often, to so many darlings, that it perchad lost somewhat of its charm to him. she at his side flushed and trembled, as the en-chanted princess might have done at the sound of the magic word which transfigured her from stone into life.

"Don't you love me a little bit, Asslen?

Hang it, do speak!"

It is a pity that the language of the hero should have been so little in unison with the exquisite poetry of the scene; but you see men, like green caterpillars, assume the color of what they sist on. Captain Mowbray had lived on barrack-rooms and clubs, furnished lodgings, cigars, bet-ting-books, etc. Had he been asked to describe the present scene in words he would have said that it was "Awfully jolly, you know; quite dry and warm; no fear of catching coid, and the dearest little girl in the world to spoon on!"

I think Thurstan had somewhat degenerated mentally since the days when he was wild for love of Lady Diana; there was now more of the barrack-room, and less of the fresh-hearted boy about him: more of that false philosophy which

they glaze over their finer feelings, as pointers obscure the lovely vivid tints of modern paint-ings, so that they may obtain a fashionalde an-tique gloom. Not that Thurstan meant any harm in the present instance; he was thorough ly kind-hearted; he would not have burt a fir.

If you think that I am presenting you with the hackneyed picture of Faust and Margnerite you are mistaken. This girl attracted him. He believed that he loved her; he designed no evil to her; at any rate, it was very pleasant to see so fair a face flushing and paling under the fire of his eyes—she could never meet his eyes, and that amused him; she talked in a quaint, thoughtful strain, oddly at variance with her youthful appearance, and that amused him. He did not appearance, and /aef amused him. He did not altogether understand her; he thought her very odd, but very charming, nevertheless. He longed to kiss her again; to take her in his arms as he had done that day when he saw her in the ferms; but something in her innocence and defenselessness repulsed him more than the sharpest reproof would have done. He had referred more than once to that he were reproductive and the rich had once to that by-gone episode; and the girl had become so shy, had shown such gennine distress at the reminiscence, that he had not the heart to pursue the subject—only he sometimes found it very hard not to repent the offense; and on this especial day he felt himself tempted beyond the power of resistance; hence he had, as he said, "broken cover." He had asked Azalea if "she didn't like him, just a little bit?" and he was answered by that silence, more exquisite than words, which belongs to modesty—the proud modesty of seventeen—which made the girl chary of any outspoken expression of her heart's

Captain Mowbray, better accustomed to wo-men of the world, always equal to every occasion, waxed impatient at her silence.

Do say you like me, Axalea. Azalea counted mechanically the flecks of light that danced on a laurel-leaf, and was si-

"Then you don't care for me; and I suppose I had better go away, and never come here any more.

She paled visibly, and stole a glance at him half-pitcous, half-fearful.
"Why don't you speak, then?" he said, vi-ciously annihilating a tall nettle which grew near his foot.

Still no answer. It was foolish of her, but something in her foolishness flattered him more than the grace of consummate case would have

"Do you wish me to go?"
"N-n-n-o."
"Oh!"

He was at her feet in an instant; then, in pity to her scared look, he only rested his lips on her

"My little darling!", he said, passionately, "Hove you, and I long to kiss you; but never mind; I won't without leave. I did it once be-fore when you couldn't help yourself, which was shally of me; so now I'll wait for your permis-

And Thurstan sighed, and felt that he was heroically self-denying; but he would not consent to releasing her hands, but held them tightly, looking up in her face with an expression which methinks is not apt to fill a man's eyes after the happy years of sweet-and-twenty. Sod-and-forty has thought in his gase, even in the maddest delirium of pleasure; it's only sweet-and-twenty who squanders his delight, believing it to be inexhaustible.

Ere long the sun burned low in the west, and the lovers wended homeward. It was not until they stood in the porch in that farewell pause which indicates so much that Thurstan suggested, "Couldn't you - wouldn't you - say good-

night properly, Azalea?"

He lowered the brown mustache to rather close proximity with her lips. For an instant she hesitated, and that hesitation was in itself a caress; but she pulled her hands free and flot precipitately into the room where Moore crooned

over the fire in company with a blinking cat, on whom Topaz kept a wakeful eye of aggression. Captain Mowbray waited an instant on the chance of Azalea's return. Then he philosoph-ically lit a cigar and walked away.

"Rum creatures women are," he meditated;

"Rum creatures women are," he meditated;
"they never run straight. Now if I cared about
any one enough to spend two or three hours in
their company I should like to kies them."

THE NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING.

We give this week a large number of illustrations relating to the National Camp-Meeting which opened July 6, at Round Lake, New Some of these are from photographs, and York. others from sketches by Mr. STANLEY FOX.

The idea of holding annually a National Camp-Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the gathering to include representatives of every Conference in the United States, was started about three years ago, and in July, 1867, the first meet-ing of the kind was held at Vineland, New Jersey. The second meeting was held last summer at Manheim, in Pennsylvania, with equally grati-

fying results.

The meeting at Round Lake this summer was peculiarly fortunate in its surroundings. A more desirable location could not have been chosen. The grounds, situated midway between Troy and Saratoga Springs, consisted of about forty acres. Throughout their whole extent they are shaded by beautiful trees, and are identifully supplied with streams and springs of water; while to the north lies Round Lake -a shret of water about one mile in diameter. These grounds were laid out with rare taste and judgment in avenues and streets, and the different sections were divided some men think "good tone, and with which i mo plots for cottages and tents. The grounds

are the property of the Round Lake Camp-Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcogal Church, Troy Conference, which was incorpora-ted about two years ago by the State Logislature,

To secure perfect order—a matter of the first importance, where, as in this care, about 20,000

people are gathered together—a detechment of the Metropolisan Police of Troy was present. The Rev. Mr. ISSKIP, of Baltimore, preached the opining discourse. On Sunday, July 11, an eloquent and impressive sermon was delivered by History States. by Histop Starson, the ablest pulpit orator in the Mathodist Episcopal Church. His immediate audience numbered 8000 persons. Twen-ty-eight States of the Union were represented at this comp-meeting. There was no disturbance, and all who attended the meeting were comfortably provided for.

THE FIAT OF FATE.

THE FIAT OF FATE.

A rost where water-flags all yellow goor,
A grassy bank where pollard willows stand
like sentinels, to great the owward flow
Of those clear wavelets in between the land.
To where they rush, stream-like, and founding move
The miller's clattering, neeflegoing wheel,
And fill with snowy whiteness every groove
With low-voiced cries, as if they, ion, could feel.
Two girls, near by the willows, standing watch
Two little boats of bank with paper soils
Watch flost upon the pool, a minic match
In pledge of Fate, and wose to her who fells.
Mab, the arch little one, kneels down, "See, see,
My boat is crossing straight, my love is true."
And sees her counsale's eyes are bethed in dew.
Custance, with features straight, and mul-brown bair,
A hazel-brown, all lighted poldenly,
Her boat cepetalog is a breath of sir,
Cries, "Mab, my love is false—he's false. Ah, me?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Dows in the Wealb-A miner.

REVIVING DROWNING PERSONS.

As the bething season has commoned, and persons are liable to drowning several times this summer, the following hints will sell how to bring them to:

If the drowned person he a politician, whisper in his ear that he has just been appointed to a fat edies. If a married woman, sofily tell her that her hashend is just entiting in fat with that woman she hates.

If a young men, tell him condidentially that another follow is effer his exceet-beart.

If a married man, ship tell him that a handsome young lady called pesterday, and is to call again today at his office on important private business.

BASE-BALL.

The noonday san was pouring down Upon a meadow sere and brown, Where stood a youth with hat on high; Load to his comrades may the cry, "Base-hall?"

He hopes to win himself a name, By playing seen "a great match gener." For him "will be the greatest fan To hear the words, "Live Oaks have won." "Hese-bell!!"

His brow was bumped, his one was blee? His coat was tern from off his back; But still, like bastered burle rong. The access of that swelles burner, "Raceball!"

Around the field he saw the light Of friendly faces beaming bright, Just by his head a hell has flore, And from his lips evenes a gream, "Bese ball!"

"Now step the parse," the old man said,
"The 'second base' had smarked his less'
The 'pitcher,' too, has sprained his wrist,
The 'mapire's brain is in a mist."
"Base-ball?"

"Oh, drop that bell!" the moides said.

"And make a long "horse roo" instead."

A "hot ball" bit film in the eve,
But still be answered with a sigh,

"Base-ball!"

"Beward you'll seen he cut on foul?"
This was the "debler's" awful kned;
But still re-echoed in his car.
In that deep voice, so thick and queer,
"Base-ball!"

"Used up," he sank upon the ground, While pitying courades gathered round, And in the awful threes of death He marmared, with his least breath, "Base-ball!" There on the cold earth, direct and gray, To perfect jelly smashed, he bey, Walle o'er the commer fields after Was heard the victor's load huten, "Bare-ball?"

An Englishmen, boasting of the superfority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had ran a mile in a minute. "My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is rather less than the average rate of our common readsters. If the at my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a heavy to bown, of a morning, my shadow can't keep up with me, but generally crouse in the store to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restricted, and I rode him as hard as I could sectoral times around a large factory, just its take the old librity out of him. Woll, Sir, he went as fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

as nanger of rading over myself?"

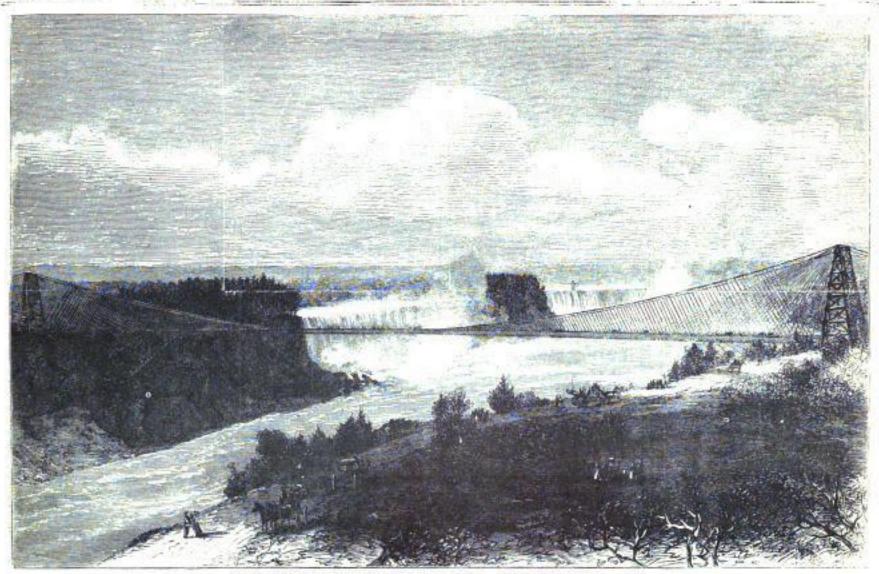
A shabby genized young man entered a tradesmon's store the other day with his immis crammed in both profitor, as if they were fissly with the trine, "Mr. J.—," said he, "Thelleve I are indeteed to reastly turn aind a hist centre, cash, hereoved some here always a year ago," "Yes, Sir," explicit the tradesmon, smacking his tips and holding out his hand to receive the ready cash. "I am glad you have come, for I had almost forgotten it myself." "Oil: I meer forget these things," said the follows; "I like an have all things square; so I want you to lead no thirty-scene and a half cents more, which will make even money."

SNUFF-TAKING.

What a moment, what a doubt!
All my nose is holds out—
All my thrilling, tricking constit,
Pyramid ribinsecrosit;
Wants in succes, and can not do %!
How it yearns are, theills me, stinct me!
How that represents toronent fills re:
Now says, "Source, yet glosse, yet those,
Sher----bec-och, the construction, yet choose,
the doubt--most deficies!
(dang is, I shall success till spring i)
Souffer a most deficies! (Hang it, I shall success till spring t) Smuff's a most felicious thing.



ON THE BEACH AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.-[DRAWS BY C. G. BUSH.]



NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS-FROM THE CANADA SIDE.

THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

The longest suspension bridge in the world is that which connects the village of Niagara Falls with Clifton in Canada. It was first opened to the public about six months ago, and is a beautiful structure, exhibiting remarkable engineering skill. Before the erection of this bridge the only method of crossing the river near the Falls was by a ferry-boat; a passage across the Old Suspension Bridge involving a long ride or walk of about two miles on each side. The new

hendge enables one to cross from the American side after only a short walk from the principal hotels, and is located in full view of the Great Cataract, and the grand scenery which surrounds it.

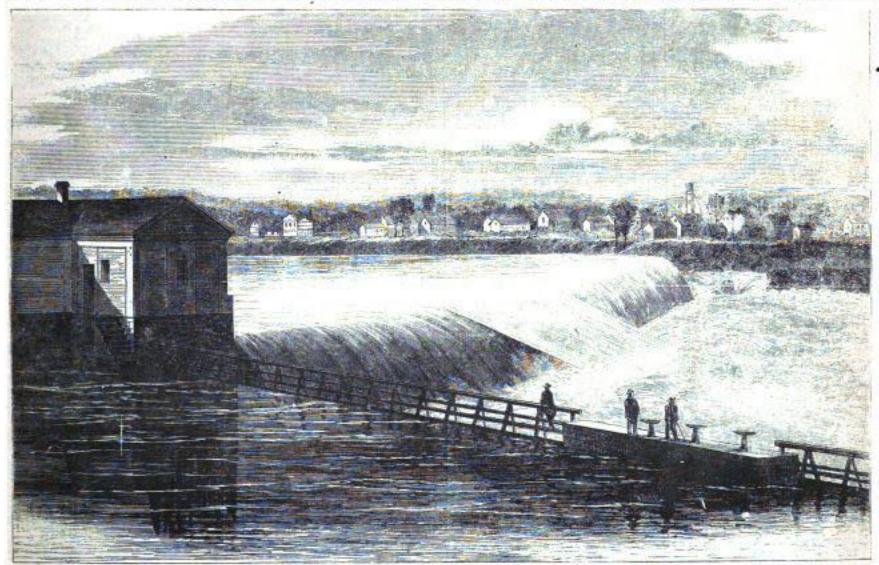
This bridge is 1268 feet long, the cables from which it is suspended being nearly 1900 feet. They are composed of seven wire ropes, each rope consisting of seven strands, and are securely imbedded at the extremities—on the American side in heavy masonry, and on the Canadian side in the solid limestone rock. The American tower is 100 feet high, that on the

other side being 103 feet. The suspenders are of wire rope, and twenty-four wire rope stays on each end of the bridge check undulatory motion. The combined strength of the cables and stays is found equal to the support of 3000 tous. The readway of the bridge is composed of two cords 10 feet apart, upon which are hid the needle-beams 5 feet apart. These cords are strengthened by channel burs of iron running the whole length on the under side, and so attached as to form a continuous plate. The elevation of the bridge above the Niagara River is about 180 feet, varying a little according to the general

level of the lakes and the force of the wind. The depth of the water in the channel is 259

feet.
From the United States Collector of Customs, From the United States Collector of Customs, whose office is at the entrance of the bridge on the American side, and who controomly gave us many items of information, we learned that the New Suspension Bridge is well partonized, being found so much more concenient than the old one. In the "season" two or three hundred dollars a day is often taken for toll.

The narrow rondway is a disadvantage which it has been proposed to runnedy. At present,



THE GREAT DAM AT SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS .- PROT. BY A. E. AND A. J. ALDEN, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS .- [See Page 494.]

when a carriage enters on one side, a wire is pulled, which strikes a bell on the other side, to indicate that no carriage must be admitted in an opposite direction. But if the travel during the present season renders it expedient, the bridge will be widened. Two plans for doing this have been proposed; one being to saw the bridge through longitudinally and insert a timber ten feet long in the division of each needle-beam, bolting the timbers securely, and planking over the whole. This will spread the bridge apart without lessening the security of the auspension The second plan, which is considered preferable, is to insert entirely new needle-beams, by which the width of the bridge will be doubled. The towers are to be inclosed before another winter with a covering of corrugated iron, and in due time the whole bridge will be painted. Commodious offices for the use of the public officers and the attaches of the bridge will soon be creeted near the American entrance, and the surrounding grounds neatly laid out.

This New Suspension Bridge is now one of the most attractive points to a visitor at Niagara Falia. In itself it is a most curious and won-derful structure; and standing in the centre of it you obtain a grand and imposing view. Above, the American and Horseshoe Falls, divided by Goat Island and Terrapin Tower, stretch in magnificent perspective from shore to shore; the white clouds of most rise high above the Falls, and, berne upon the breezes, fall in fine spray and, berne upon the breezes, fall in fine spray upon you; from the dizzy height you look below into two hundred and fifty feet of water, upon whose surface, however, a little ferry-boat safely plies between the cliffs; below, the beautiful "Bridal Veil" spreads over the rocks, while in the distance you perceive the beginning of the Rapids above the Whiripool. Such a view as this, once seen, is never forgotten.

An examination of our engraving on page 493, taken from a photograph by CHARLES BIRESTADT, will give our readers a general idea of this splendid structure.

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS DAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Great Dam on the Connecticut River between South Hadley Falls and Holyoke, is now undergoing repairs of a peculiar and in-teresting nature. This dum, which is probably the largest in the United States, was completed the pregent is the Critical Strates, was competed in 1849. A year or two previously a dam had been constructed at this point, which was sup-posed to be of remarkable strength. The engi-neer took great pride in his work, and when it was fluished, and the gates shut down, he is said to have irrecerently exclaimed: "There! those gates are shut, and God Almighty himself gates are shus, and God Almighty himself can not open them!" Two hours after an alarm was sounded that there was a breach in the works; and the waters with resistless force burst through, tearing up the buge structure and carrying the fragments far down the streim.

The present dam is constructed in the most substantial manner of solid timbers twelve inches square, laid cross-wise, one above another, all bolted together, and sunk about four feet into the solid rock, where they are tirmly secured. All the open spaces between the timbers are filled with stone 15 feet from the bottom. The dam is 30 feet high, and 1017 in length. The whole stemenie is covered with six-inch plank, bolted down to the timber, the ridge being double planked, and e-wered with thick builer-plate from 4,000,000 feet of simber were used in the dam; 70,540 perrhos of mosonry were hid, and 602,-000 yards of earth, and 50,000 yards of rock ex-

The gates were closed October 22, 1849, and about nine hours afterward the water begin to run over the dam. The roar of this vast sheet of water is said to be supretimes beard at a distance of forty miles; and the vibrations are often distinctly perceived in towns ten or fifteen tailes away, where the doors and windows of houses rattle in militorm pulsations with those observed at the dam. The motive power secured by this dam, and the works connected with it, is said to be the best in the United States.

For some time just the Superintendent of the Hudley Falls Company has been apprehensive that the esoniumed action of this vast sheet of water, and the friction of the masses of ice which in times of freshet work back undernenth the fall, beating against the timbers, might have caused serious dimergos in the structure itself. About a year ago, having obtained the advice of stone of the most skillful engineers in the country, he resolved upon a thorough investigation into its It was a dangerous undertaking, and embr workmen utterly refused to risk their He, however, obesined one assistant, and the run boldly ventured under the noisy, rushing torrent. A slow and perilons task it was -coard ing on honds and knees through dark, misty spaces, over and under slimy timbers, the close, noxious air cloqging the lungs at every breath. Two or three hours passed, and the expectant crowd about the dam became absence of the explorers. At length one bold man, carrying restoratives with him, went in to search for them. He found both men exhaustand one in such a helpless condition that, wirhour stimulants and immediate bely, he could never have come out of his close quarters. The two adventucers, however, had made some huportant discoveries. Great cavities, some not less than fifty feet long and twenty deep, were worn in the rock before the dam, and extended many feet back into the structure of the dam it

Last September the work of repairing commenced. By means of coffer-dams the water was turned aside, so that, section by section, the uneven surface of the bed of the river in front of

(R.

the great dam was accurately surveyed. Beginning with the section in which the damage was most serious, a structure was built of heavy timburs, laid cross-wise, fitting exactly into the ities, and supported by the solid rock in front. interstices between the timbers were filled with loose stone up to the water-mark; from which point the timbers were laid gradually re-cading from the outer edge, until they met the old dam at the top. The new structure was cor-ered with twelve-inch oak planks, over which beech planks, four inches thick, were laid, all being firmly boited to the original dam, and the

apron of boller-plate, which had been raised, was secured over the whole.

About one-quarter of the dam has now been thus strengthened, giving to the fall of water the peculiar appearance shown in our illustration, The view is taken from the Holyoke side of the Connecticut, the point of sight being lower than the dam. The village of South Halley Falls appears on the opposite side, and the Holyoke range of mountains in the distance. On the 27th of of mountains in the distance. On the 27th of last April, when the view we give was photographed by Mr. A. E. Alman, of Springfield, the water had risen from the freshets to a height of twelve feet above the top of the dam. Some idea of the pressure of such a body of water may be obtained from the fact that when there are only two feet above the ridge the pressure upon the dam is upward of 44,000 tons. The flourishing city of Holyoke, which is not represented in our engraving, owes its rapid growth and prosperity to this great unter power.

The freshets necessitated a long intermission in the repairs on this dam, but the work has just

The freshes necessitated a long intermission in the repairs on this dam, but the work has just recommenced; and the huge piles of timber and stone ready to be used, and the force of workmen sugaged to use them, indicate a heavy job. The total alteration which these repairs will produce in the form of the falls will greatly detract, we think, from the picturesque beauty of the Holyoko Dam; but its superior expects and accurity will Dam; but its superior strength and security be unquestioned.

LOOKING BACK.

HAVE you forgotten the breezy downs, Where the lights and shadows play? And the purple haze of the distant hills, Lying westward for away? How the tinkling chime of the sheep-bells came O'er the slopes of the thymy turf? And the wind in the forest trees below Made a sound like ocean surf?

Have you forgotten the winding road, All bathed in the dreamy light, That shines on an autumn afternoon When the days are calm and bright? When the florid richness of summer's glow Had faded from earth and sky; And the year grew old with a gracious smile, Life a saint prepared to die?

Have you forgotten the vine-wreathed purch Of the little cottage door? And the palmy days of your happy youth-The days that return no more? When the rustling leaves of the garden flowers Were bushed by the moonboam's spell: And you lingered to whisper those parting words That I have remembered well?

linve you forgotten? I still believe You think of that pleasant past; And your hourt turns back to the quiet scenes Unchanged since you saw them last? God grant that the close of your restless life Grow calm ere its wanderings cease; And the better feelings of earlier years Return like the voice of peace,

A HINT FOR IMMIGRANTS.

In the London Leisure Hoar the following letter is published from C. B., which makes some important suggestions as to the prepayment of the passages of immigrants to America:

the passages of samingrains to America; increases of America and Canada there are, in every city and user-ly all the villages, agencies at which arrangements may be made for the passage of say out in the Old World whose presence is unused by their friends in the New. This method of helping immigration, to those who have not the eligibest knowledge of its weeking, may appear a very beneficial one to all partice concrete. But there are reasons why I should arrive these people in America who have friends here whom they wish to assist in Joining them to try some other plan.

they wish to nesset in joining them to try some other plan.

In the first place, when the passage of a person from Biroque to American is proposed in the latter country, the induced rate is always charged for it. Should the money, on the contrary, he sent through a banker or merchant to the intending immigrant, he can make a larginal for his passage a day of two before the altiputed plants which we have been a day of two before the altiputed is planted with the berths not be engaged much charger than his friends thousands of miles away can many weeks before it is wanted.

A few mouths ago I words to my biends in America for the means of sectorning there. Instead of sending a draft for the money, they very more only deposited for the first point for a select principal of that city. The meanest they poid for a select principal was sending two postells smore than I would have begine for the same of the anile of vessels of statill strans-power and great burden was sending two postells more than I would have to give for the same of the anile of the cane of the firm of agents told me that I much bring storte one with whom he was personally requisited, who also know no to be the person I reprocessed asyself. After much fromles and delay, and amorpains to some of my friends, and with the assistance of the American View-Consal, they were compelled to acknowledge my claim, Had the immediate because sens through a back or ordinary channel of complete or sens through a back or ordinary channel of complete to the sense through a back or ordinary channel of complete to the sense through a back or ordinary channel of complete to the sense through a back or ordinary channel of complete to the sense through a back or ordinary channel of complete to the sense through a back or ordinary channel of complete to the sense through a back or ordinary channel of complete to the sense through a back or ordinary channel of complete to the sense through a back or ordinary channel of complete to the sense through a back or ordinary channel

ercial business I should have had no difficulty or de-

mercial business I should have had no difficulty or de-lay.

When money is transmitted from one country to another, the person who is to receive it should have some legal document upon which he can demand the motor, and this many people in America, in assisting their briends here, do not send. I have heard of a per-son residing they sales from London, who received a commonication from his brother in America, in-forming him that arrangements had been made for his pessage from London to New York. He went to the office of the agents on whom he was told to call, and they would have nothing to say to him until he brought some responsible person to identify him. The man was not acquainted with a soul in London, and was unable to sail until the clergyman of his na-tive parish kindly came up to hown to his assistance. Some agreets would have required evidence that the clergyman also was not an impostor. It is undoubt-edly necessary that skip grents should take some pre-caution against taking the wrong person, but some of them have a disagreeable way of doing it. If the moter had not been propall on the other side of the Atlantic they would be much more civil and accom-modaling.

money had not been prepaid on the other side of the Atlantic they would be much more divil and accommodaling.

Many people in America and Australia do not seem to know that there is something unpleasant to the feelings of a sensitive man in going aboard a vessel with a passage tieftet that has long been paid for in another country. He is somewhat inclined to think that he is immigrating like a prise or, or that, like a hale of merchandine, he should be marked, "To be lept dry," and "This side up with care," in order to receive peoper treatment on the voyage. I have met several people in America who have immigrated with a passage propaid there, and who have teld me that when they axelst friends to follow them they will send the money and give the recipient a choice of the way he should go. This is treating a person as though be was a reasoning being, and it does not subject him to the chances of being annoyed and insuline by people who may rudely imply that he is trying to impose upon them by franchismity obtaining a passage from the country.

It has been proposed that the Post-office order system, which works so well here, and between England and her coloules, should be cetablished between the government and that of the United States. This would afford the best means of transferring small amounts of memory between the two countries, and would immediately become a popular one with those who have preceded them, and the Post-office money order system would afford than away now followed. Il would save much thus, and annoys ance to immigrating of the humbler chasses.

THE WATER TANKS AT ADEN.

ADER, which has not inaptly been styled the Gibraltar of the East, is an isolated corner continent where scarcely a morsel of vegetation or a blade of grass is to be seen, only at rare in-tervals in the sand a leafless shrub. For here not a drop of rain falls often for years in suc-cession, though the mountain peak, less than four miles from the harbor, is capped with cloud. Water is supplied chiefly by distillation from

the sea, and also from huge tanks. Driving to see these tanks, one passes strings of camels, and tall, dirty, melancholy, scowing Arabe, and a wretched Arab village of huts of mad and straw like a warren of ill-instructed rabbits, and then up a hill through fortifications and covered ways hewn in the rock, where white-linest-coated sepay sentinels stand on guard, and down on the other side to the military contonments and to the Arab town of Aden. Here are the tanks, a very strange memorial of the past. They are hewn out of the solid rock one above another in a steep gully of the cloud-capt mountains, from whence at long intervals torrents of water pour down and fill them. Tradition assigns them an origin amerior to the time of Abraham, but there is no fragment of sculpture to help to give them a date; they are only huge irregular basins in the rock, capable of holding, each, from a quar-ter of a million to three millions of gallons, and for centuries were almost choked with rubbish, till within the last few years the British Govern-ment has cleared them out and made them available again.

DECADENT RACES.

DR. BERTHOLD SEEMANN, in "Dottings on the Hondside in Panama, Nienragua, and Mosquito," advances the following theory as to the decadence of the American Indian race:

advances the following theory as to the decadence of the American Indian race:

"A pure American Indian is always a subject of interest—destined as he seems to be to disappear from the earth, in order to make room for the Negro, Arysu, and Mongol, the only three races who at present show no sign of decadence. But races have their youth and old age as well as species and individuals; and Nature, I suppose, has not been less generous to the American Indian than to the rest of mankind. My belief is, that he had his fair lanings. In the couthern parts of North America, where his disappearance is close at hand, we find him associated with a Flora which, during the Molesse or Micores period of our globe, extended across the Atlantic to Europe, and—according to my theory, too long to develop here—ti is not improbable that he occupied Europe ages below the Arysin race left its Aslatic home. When the Flora of the Micores period was sweet away in Europe, and the island of Atlantic sank below the level of the occup, the American Indian disappeared with them in those parts, though as survives to this day in the sentheru parts of the North American continent. He represents, if my conjectures be right, a race much older than the races that have enplained when. A shuller change, slow, it is true, but show the less certain, is now going on in the scothern homisphere, where a still older flora, which also at one time extended to Europe, and a till older human race are dis-popuring. As soon as New Holmad shall have been broken up Into Islande, as Hope repetites it will be, we may expect its supplication to assume the arms aspect as that how presented by the Folynesian islands. The bolk of the planes, adapted as they are to the peculiar dry climate of the extra-tropical parts, would perish as soon as the climate became insular, and the Astatic Plora, which even now presented in the proper thand, as has been the one in the Pacietts offer the dissolution of the continent into those inneutrable islands now called Polynesian. Floras

always associated with the present Flora. I do not know of any reason why it should not; but a closer examination of all the facts may possibly point to a different conclusion. It will probably time not that in the Ametralian native population we behold the oldest as well as the lowest race of men—a race in many instances without any religion whatever, and incapable of ansetring any religion teaching—a race unfatted for civilization, and so near the bruits creation that it might be appropriately classed with it, if it were not for its power of language and the only ingenious thing in its possession—the boomerang. The reasons why New Holland could not make any great strikes in civilization, conceding even that the natives as a race were capable of it, are easily found in the nature of the country. It wants moistore and nurritions plants for man and beast. Extensive tracts of land are required to feed even a flock of cheep; wild animals are scarce; and while every other part of the globe has added eablie plants to our table, we have not received a single addition from New Holland; indeed, Europeans who should have to rely for their food upon what Australian vegetation can wapply would share the melancholy fair of Burkes and William when they tried to else out their existence by eating the weetched nardon-firsts of Australian swamps. There could be no focking together of men as long as these conditions, man has existed in Australia, at least as far as we Autowiously know, for several contaries, we may conclude that he ould exist in Europe, even ming the Econes period, when the same or a closely similar climata, vegetation, and perhaps Fansa, pervaled there. We may also be sure that, with such surroundings, whatever his race may have been, be could not have arrived at a much higher degree of civilization than the miscroble aborigines who are now disappearing in Australia.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

We have had our Whentan & Wilson Ma-chine for ten years; have made five hundred suits of heavy cloth upon it, quite a number of tents—which is very heavy work—a quantity of family sewing, from the finest material to the coarsest, and never spent a cent for repairs. I have seen a great many other machines, but would not now exchange mine for any other.

MISS S. H. ALEXANDER. Newbern, Va.

A DISCLOSURE TO THE LADIES.

As you survey in your mirrors the white rows of teeth which owe their purity and lustre to Sozonovr, perhaps you feel curious to know the ingredients of this wondrous vegetable preservative. Well, the principle one is the bark of the Soap-Tree, brought from the recesses of the Araucanian Mountains, in Chili, to add one more charm to your personal appearance.--[Com.]

Drurereta Tascare cure indigestion, Searthure, and Sour Stomach. Pifty Centa per Box. Mailed for Go., Sold by druggists. S. G. Walleys, 571 Broadway.

Oun renders can obtain a fac-simile Gold Watch, \$12 to \$15 each, et 25 Nassan Street, N. Y.—(Cre.)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Work-Roady on Saturday, the 24th.

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Read what the Editor of the N. Y. Bully Sun says;
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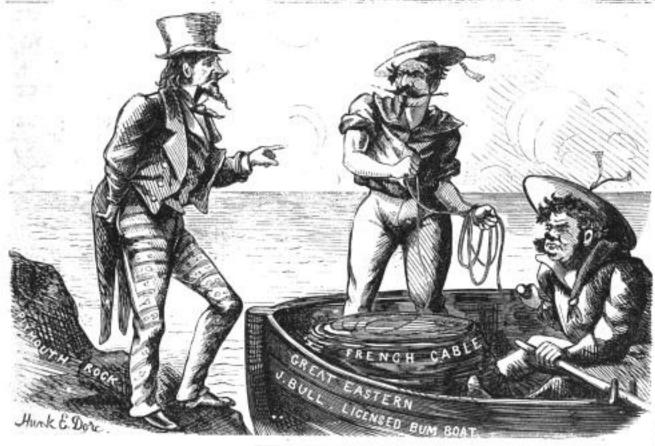
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THE LATE JOHN A. ROEBLING.

JOHN A. ROEBLING.

JOHN A. ROKHLING, known JOHN A. ROKHLING, known as the bridge-builder, and regarded as the most talented engineer of the age in that department of his profession, died at Brooklyn on the morning of July 22. His death indirectly resulted from an injury which he had received three weeks previous at the Fulton Ferry slip, when his foot was crushed between the cross-beam of the dock and a float which was em-

slip, when his foot was crushed between the cross-beam of the dock and a float which was entering the slip.

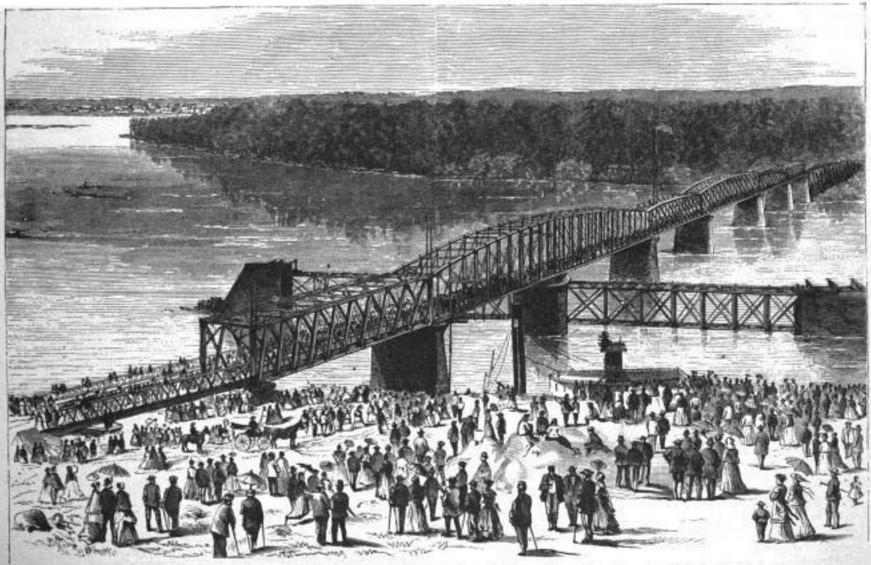
John A. Rohmelle was born on the 12th of June, 1800; in the city of Muhlhamsen, in Thoringia, Prussio. His academical studies were pursued in his native city, and on their completion he was sent to the Royal Polytechnic School at Berlin, where he received the degree of Civil Engineer after an unusually brilliant scholastic career. During the rext three years he was engaged in superintending Government works in Westphalia.

At the age of twenty-five he came to this country, and settling in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. The country at that time had just entered upon the grand progressive career which has since brought forth such mighty results. In nearly all of the States canal and slack-

mighty results. In nearly all of the States canal and slack-



water improvements were projected or in progress, so that HON. H. T. BLOW, U. S. MINISTER TO BRAZIL. Phor. by Rockwood. - [SEE P. 503.]



THE KANSAS CITY BRIDGE, MISSOURI. PROTOGRAPHED BY RAGAN & WINARS, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.-[SEE PAGE 500.]

when Mr. Rozerino, wearied with the monotony of a farmer's life, sought to enter again upon the profession for which he had prepared himself, he experienced no difficulty in obtaining an engagement. For some years he was employed in canal-work; but in the mean while the age had advanced another step, and the old-time canal was forced to give way to the new idea, the railroad. The State of Pennsylvania at this time projected several great railway enterprises, and in the service of that State the subject of this sketch spent three years, surveying and locating three lines across the Alleghamy Mountains, from Harrisburg to Pittaburg. Of these the line which was ultimately constructed is now known as the Pennsylvania Railway, and was built by the company having that title, and not by the State. Having completed his surveys Mr. Rozerino commenced the manufacture of wire rope, producing the first of that fabric that was ever made in the country. The introduction of these ropes on the inclined planes of the old Portage Railroad, over which the canal-boats of the Pennsylvania Canal were transported, was attended with much difficulty and met with much opposition. In 1844 he commenced a suspension aqueduct over the Alleghamy River at Pinsburg. This was completed early in 1845, and such was its success that Mr. Rozerino was engaged to construct the Monongabela Suspension Bridge, connecting Pittaburg with Sligo. In 1848 Mr. Rozerino commenced a series of suspension aqueducts on the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, connecting the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania with the tide-water of the Hudson River. They were completed within two years, and are all permanent works, needing merely an occasional renewal of the wooden ducts, which decay from the action of the water. It was soon after the completion of these works that Mr. Rozerino removed his residence to

Trenton, New Jersey.

In 1851 Mr. Rosentino undertook to build a suspension bridge across the Ningara, to connect the Central Railroad of New York and the Great Western Railway of Canada, and in four years succeeded in constructing the first suspension bridge capable of bearing the immense weight of railroad locomotives and trains. The span of this bridge is 825 feet clear, and its supports are four 10-inch cables. Mr. Rosentino, while the Niagara Bridge was building, was also engaged on another of even greater magnitude. This was to have crossed the Kentucky River, on the line of the Cincinnati and Chattaneoga Railroad, with a space of 1224 feet; but before the structure had been completed the Company suspended payment, and the work was discontinued. In the fall of 1856 he commenced the great Cincinnati Bridge, whose span is 1080 feet, and, after having been forced to suspend operations for several years on account of financial drawbacks, brought it to a successful completion in 1837. In the interien, from 1858 to 1860 inclusive, he was engaged on another suspension bridge at Pittsburg. The last and greatest work of Mr. Rosentino was that on which he was engaged up to the time of his death—the East River Bridge. He had before his death prepared all the plans and made most of the arrangements for the construction of the bridge. Mr. Rosentino was that low knew him, and in his works has left behind him a nobler monument than could be shaped in marble.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1869.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE recent result in Virginia shows plainly enough the dilemma of the old Democratic party, which is confirmed by its action in the Northern States. It has hitherto held tenaclously not only to what it calls the inferiority of the negro, but to its refusal to allow him political equality. But upon this very point the party is now divided. In Virginia the Demo-eratic vote is cast solid for negro suffrage. In California and Ohio negro suffrage is denounced. In Massachusetts Judge J. G. Arnorr, one of the chief Democratic leaders, writes to Tammany Hall that reconstruction and negro suffrage have been finally settled, however wrongly, and Tammany Hall responds by glorifying the principle of the rebellion. The New York World urges acquiescence in what is evidently accomplished, and hop es for the nomination of General Hancock in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania replies by denouncing the Fifteenth Amendment, which Virginia accepts, and by nominating a typical Copperhead for Governor, The Ohio Democracy virtually declares for repudiation, and the Iowa for the strict letter of the contract. The party agrees only in vague denunciations of "despotism" and "centralization" and "tyranny" and "unscrupulous major-Ities," which, as it knows, mean nothing, and furnish no issues for an election.

This condition of affairs merely illustrates the old truth that the Northern Democratic party was an instrument used wholly by Southern leaders for Southern purposes. During the last ten years it has had but one moment of apparent revival, and that was at the opening of the last Presidential campaign. The reason was, that the Southern leaders returned for that occasion from rebellion to the control of the party. The result was its defeat, despite its desperate frauds in New York, Penosylvania, and Indiana. But now that the Bouthern leaders have again withdrawn, the

party drifts and drivels among its old degmas, wholly unable to confront the situation and to adapt itself to the utterly changed aspect of affairs. It is paying the penalty of its old subserviency to Southern mastery. That mastery forbade independence and rewarded the meanest servility. It humilisted Drx and Douglas, and promoted Pirror and Bucharas.

As a national party, professing certain great principles and advocating a distinct policy, the Democratic party does not exist; but as an organization for place and plunder it is still powerful. It is the camp of all the discontented and disaffected. It relies upon ignorance and passion, and watches eagerly for the mistakes of the party in power. While its Northern wing fears to alienate its Southern by accepting equal rights, the Southern wing proclaims them and sneers at its Northern allies. Such is the ludicross and pitiful dilemma of those allies that there can be no doubt, if the Northern conventions had been held after the result in Virginia had been fully considered, they would all have followed the lead of its indication, and have done what Judge Annorr advised Tammany Hall to do. With what profound contempt a man like WADE HAMPTON must watch the flabby political feebleness of his old lackeys!

Meanwhile an organized party intent upon obtaining power at all hazards is to be carefully watched also by those who know in what way it hopes to gratify its desires. By the stupid system of electing a President, to which we still pertinaciously cling, the most important of all elections is especially exposed to fraud. The real Presidential campaign is now always conducted in three or four States whose vote is decisive. Last year the battle-ground of the Presidency was New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana. The electional vote in these States might have decided the result against immense popular majorities elsewhere. Thus the election of the President is not necessarily the expression of the popular will.

The Democratic managers would hardly expect, under any circumstances, to poll an actual majority of the votes cast at the next national election; but they have shown, in the States mentioned, how they will not scruple to attempt to carry the electoral vote. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jun., in his striking paper before the Social Science Association, at Albany, last winter, shows that ten thousand majority for the Sarmours electoral ticket in New York had the same legal influence upon the result as one hundred and sixty thousand majority for the Grant electoral ticket in Illinois, Massachusetta, and Vermont. It is notorious that that majority was fraudulent. The methods are known. The chief method was a system of dishonest naturalization, of which Tammany Hall was the head-quarters. The Democratic party every where opposes any schome for the next general election is a concentration and development in a few States of the method that carried New York last year.

Do we therefore claim that all bonest menbelong to the Republican party? By no means. But we do most heartily repudiate the puerility that one party is as bad as another. If this were true there would be no Union to-day. The Republican party has questionable members, and undoubtedly makes mistakes. But it is always that party which strives to protect the purity of the polls, and which relies upon the intelligence and conscience of the country. The great frauds which have been practiced or attempted upon the expression of the honest will of the people can not be charged to the Republican party; they are identified with their

As a party of principles, then, we repeat, the Democratic party has ceased to be formidable; but as a conspiracy against honest elections it still challenges the vigilance of every man who values true popular government. It is to be remembered that all who justify the rebellion and pledge the "lost cause"—all who would repudiate the national debt and dishonor the national name—all who disbeliers in popular government—all who oppose a registry and its strict enforcement—the ignorant and the dangerous part of the population—instinctively ally themselves to the party that is responsible for the vast system of electoral frauds. Is this the party to which the people of Maine, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa wish to confide the welfare of their States?

OUR NEUTRAL DUTIES.

In the month of May, 1783, a French privateer, fitted out in Charleston, South Carolina, brought a British prize into the port of Philadelphia. President Washington, upon the advice of Hamilton, directed the arrest of the officers in charge, Hespiral and Singlerary. The sale of the prize was stopped, and it was held by the Government until the lawful owner could prove his title. Henville, says Mr. Gronce Breis, in his admirable and instructive pamphlet upon American Neutrality, "was energetically and thoroughly prosecuted;" and the President commended the subject to Congress in his next süngal address, and his recom-

mendation resulted in the passage of the law of 1794. When HENFIELD and SIMOLETARY were arrested, Guerr, the Minister of the French Republic, wrote to Mr. Japperson, then Secretary of State, an offensive letter, demanding their immediate release. Gener said:

"The crime laid to their charge—the crime which my mind can not conceive, and which my pen almost refuses to state—is the serving of France, and defending, with her children, the common and glorious essue of liberty.";

To this letter Mr. Jappenson replied with coolness and dignity, saying, in speaking of Happenson:

"The act with which he is charged will be examined by a jury of his countrymen in the presence of judges of learning and integrity, and if it is not contrary to the laws of the land, no doubt need be entertained that his case will leave accordingly."

The kind of amazement manifested by Gu NET is reported to have been also expresse General Goscours a when he was lately arrested for a similar offense; while the Administration, for enforcing the Neutrality laws, is denounced in some quarters as not less detestable than the authorities that enforced the old Fugitive Slave law. In what respect are the Neu-trality laws like the Fugitive Slave law? The latter tried to make every American citizen an accomplice in the perpetuity of American slavery. The former say to foreigners like the Cu-bans or the Cretans, "We wish you well, but you must fight your own battles, and free your own slaves, as we have ours." Is that to connive at despotism and rivet the fetters of slavery? The argument in the denunciation of the Administration is, that the Cubans have proclaimed the liberty of the slaves, and not to help them is to help their enemies. This, if it means any thing, means that this nation ought to abolish its Neutrality laws, and take a hand in every war in which the popular sympathies may be enlisted. It means more. It means that any number of persons, for any purpose whatever, should be allowed to embroil this country in any foreign quarrel. But it is to prevent that very thing that the Neutrality laws are passed. They provide that the peace of the world shall not be at the mercy of a few men, whether honest or dishonest, whether intriguing for slavery or striking for liberty. "The rule which pro-hibits the using of neutral territory," says CARRIES, in censuring the escape of the Ainiona, "as a position from which to attack an enemy, is simply indispensable to the existence of neutrality. Without it a war between any two states must rapidly draw into its vortex the whole world."

It is plain that if some foreigners or natives may be allowed to fit out hostile expeditions in this country to abolish slavery in other countries, then other foreigners and natives must be allowed to do the same to establish slavery in other countries; or else we must either say that the former alone shall be allowed, or the latter, or neither. But if we say the former, who shall decide? Of course, those who are interested. In which case any Colonel Ryan or General Goscourra may plunge nations into war and incalculable suffering under pretense of extending liberty. This is merely unspeakable folly. It is for the people of this country, not for any Ryan or Goscourra, to determine when it shall take the risk of war.

Besides, if it be the duty of this country to help a foreign revolution against an oppressive government, it is no less its duty to originate revolutions against oppressive governments. If a people too weak to overthrow a despotism rightfully demands our assistance, how much more a people too weak even to begin to overthrow it? Indeed, there is no end of the absurdities into which such a position conducts us. It is, in fact, the principle of the Hely Alliance. It destroys all international comity and relegates the world to barbarism.

When the Cuban revolution began there was but one alternative for this Government. It could recognize the independence of Cuba, or it could remain neutral. There was no third course. It certainly could not pretend to do one and really do the other. If it was of opinion that we ought to interfere for Cubs and help the revolution, then its honorable course was plain. If it thought otherwise, its honor able course was no less so. Above all things, the Government was not to lie and sneak. was to execute the laws in good faith, or to adopt the alternative which was open to it. Now ought it to have recognized the independence of Cuba? The revolution began last October. The Cubane have won no decisive battle; they hold no port; they have no recagnized civil authority known to us; the struggle has been a guerrilla warfare of which we have only vague rumors. We all know, indeed, that the Cuban government of Spain was brutal; but we did not think it our duty to overthrow it. Now that the Spaniards themselves have overthrown it at home, is it our duty to interfere in Cuba upon the plea that the old government was oppressive? must we then proceed to inquire into the character of other governments to determine whethor they shall be allowed to continue?

We do not believe that the people of this country wish to imitate the French Republic of the old Revolution, and undertake the active propagandism of liberal government. They

Stanie Va.

see with pleasure and sympathy and admiration the efforts of other people to do what they have themselves done; but they know that human liberty and progress and welfare are most surely secured by the traditional policy of the country, that of honest neutrality, which reserves the discretion of open and efficient assistance at the proper time. And if the sympathy of this country for the Cubans has seemed to be lately chilled, it is due to the mistaken seal of those Cuban advocates who insist that it is a beinous crime not to renounce that pedicy, and who bitterly denounce as blood-hounds those officers of the United States who faithfully execute the laws maintaining that policy—laws which, unlike the old fugitive law, are not in themselves wrong, but whose purpose is most civilized and humans.

DE FACTO GOVERNMENTS.

THE San, which is the devoted friend of the Cuban revolution, recently suggested that the Administration should decline to recognize the Government in Spain, and acknowledge that in Cuba. But upon what grounds should we re-fuse to recognize the Spanish Government? Last October the people of Spain, by a virtually bloodless revolution, changed their goverament. They have framed a most liberal Constitution, and the new system is not forci-bly opposed. The new Government exercises, by common consent, all its functions. It ad ministers justice; it collects tages; it maintains public order. All the great interests of the nation are undisturbed; and although it can not be expected that a country with the antecedents of Spain will escape political troubles, it has made an extraordinary step of progress in an extraordinary manner. In February, 1848, when the French Republic was declared in Paris, Mr. RUSH, our Minister, instantly acknowledged it as the existing goverument. There was no just complaint of his action. But if it were proper, can the recog-nition of the actual Spanish Government be

improper?

Such a recognition is not an approval. We send a Minister to Turkey; but do we therefore approve the principle or the practices of the Turkish Government? Not at all. We concede to every people the right that we claim for ourselves, of changing their government at their pleasure. But in Cuba the situation is wholly different, as we have elsewhere intima-ted. Instead of a sudden and peaceful change of government there is a contest which has continued for nine or ten mouths, and no friend of the Cuban cause will seriously assert that there is any active authority visible beyond the range of the republican guerrillas that can honestly be recognized as a government. The Sun says that "it is time that this republic were a thing more than a dummy in the family of nations." But is the way to become so, to recognize a "dummy" republic? For whatever we may think and hope of the issue of the Cuban war, no honest Cuban will deny that no con-ceivable republic could be more "dummy" than the Cuben.

The principle for which the Sen contends is, that we shall recognise the governments that we like, and not those that we do not like. Now it certainly can not be said that we—the Americans—like the governments of England or of France, nor of Austria or Russia. We like republican and popular governments. Shall we therefore call home our Ministers in those countries? When the Spanish revolution occurred Mr. HALE acknowledged the new order. That was simply saying that the United States recognized the right of Spain to change its government. The Sun says, however, that the revolution "was welcomed by the United States in the hope that it would produce great good." But the hope is now bitterly disappointed, and we are free to act accordingly." But does the See seriously suppose that Mr. HALE acknowl-But does the edged the change because the people of the United States expected that Spain would become a republic, and that, if they had not expected that result, Mr. HALE would not have en enetained in his action?

Of course, also, we must concede what we claim. If we decline to recognize the Spanish Government because it is not republican, other nations may refuse to acknowledge ours because it is republican. We may, indeed, vociferate that we don't care whether they do or not. But is this a reasonable strain? Is it of no importance to liberty and civilization whether nations undertake to manage each other's internal affairs? Indeed, does any thing mark the advance of civilization and freedom more decisively than this mutual respect for national action? In 1823, as the Sun will remember, the monarchical reaction in France was "bitterly disappointed" by the Constitutional Government which had been established in Spain, and "was free to act accordingly." Consequently France invaded Spain to restore FERDINAND VII. to absolute power. It acted faithfully upon the Sun's present principle. It dealt with the friends of the Constitutional Government as "pretenders and intruders into a society where they did not properly belong." This was one of the greatest conceivable offenses against free-

dom and international peace. It was the highest mark of the terrible tide of reaction that followed the Napoleonic wars; and out of it sprang our assertion of the inviolability of this continent, known as the Monroe doctrine,

For ourselves, we protest against imitating so wretched an example. We deny our right to meddle, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of other nations, as we demand that they shall respect our independence. It is advocating anarchy to assert that we may decline to regard SERRANO'S government as the rightful government of Spain. If that is not, what is? The Swa may claim that it only wishes "stren-uously to leave it alone." But the situation makes such a course impossible. If the United States Government should refuse to maintain relations with Spain because it has not established a republic, it would deal itself and its own cause a more disastrous blow than any avowed enemy to liberty could inflict.

THE USURY QUESTION.

THE enforcement of the laws of this State punishing this offense, which may be done with fine or imprisonment, or both, has given rise to discussion as to the policy of these laws. Many ace in favor of repealing them altogether, so as to leave the rate of interest to be regulated by le v only in the contingency of the failure of ocrrower and lender to specify the rate, and is that case making it six or seven per cent.; will others seek only to modify the statutes of the State, so that the offense shall not be punished as a misdemeanor, or indeed at all, but shall expose parties who agree to take over seven per cent, to the loss of the whole interest, or of only the excess of interest above the legal

If it shall be deemed good policy to inflict any penalty upon an usurious lender, it would seem to be necessary to go so far at least as to make it the interest of the borrower to interpose a defense; for, if the latter were restrained by the want of sufficient advantage from making the plea of usury, the statute would remain a dead letter. It is generally considered an act of meanness to plead usury, except in cases where the youth or extreme want of the parties, and the severity of the rate of interest, give to the transaction the character of hard-The persons recently proceeded against by indictment and prosecution are not regarded in the light of criminals, but rather as the victims of persecution. These facts must be taken into view in whatever new legislation may be provided, as jurous have a decided prejudice against those who take advantage of the pleaof usury, as they will doubtless have against those who include in prosecutions because the turn of the market in stock or other specular tions is against them,

But our object is not so much to present any view of what has been done in the indictments now pending, or to suggest any modification of State laws, as to call attention to the policy in this matter which ought to follow the absorbtion by the general government of nearly full control over the business of banking in the United States. There is now but one issuer of paper-money besides the National banks, and but one regulator of coined money; and it would seem that the usury laws should proceed from the same authority, and be in harmony with the general interest.

From the origin of the government the several States have exercised jurisdiction over the regulation of interest, as they had until during the war over the business of banking. The two subjects belonged together. The money issued by State banks became in practice the money of commerce, for the privilege of issuing it was guarded by laws which restrained all but certain incorporated persons from doing so. There was good reason for allowing the States to regulate the rates of interest, and the punish-ments for refusing to conform to them, as long as they remained the depositaries of the banking power.

But evils likely to have effect for centuries grew out of this State bank policy, and there was no escape after war had commenced from the necessity of withdrawing, as has been done in effect, this power from the States. issues of State banks in the shape of papermoney, practically legalized, had the effect from year after year, for many years, to expel from the United States nearly an equivalent amount of gold and silver to the paper thus issued; and when war came, finding it impossible to provide for the greatest expenditure made by any nation in ancient or modern times with the triffing amount of gold and silver left in the country, the policy of issuing paper-money by the general government and making it a legal der was forced on the United States.

The general government, indeed, went further than this, and adopted the National Banking act, alleging the want of the precious metals in the country as the justification for the absorption of this great power. The creation of banks under that act was claimed to be a means of giving currency to the bonds, and to the greenback and National banks issues; and, further, that the exercise of a like power by the States was inconsistent with the success of

The error of permitting State banks to be created, invested with power to issue money, may be referred to as the reason for the paper policy which, on the occurrence of a great war, was forced on the nation. The relations of debtor and creditor were never so seriously interfered with, nor were those between producer and consumer, employers and employes; but the necessities of war compel the adoption of every recognized means for success, and the issuing of paper made a tender was one of too much importance to be overlooked.

The general government, thus driven to exercise nearly the same control over the issue of paper-money which it had exercised over the coinage of money, finds itself, after peace, with this business on its hands, with no prospect of immediate change; and the question arises whether control of the usury laws must not follow the exercise of these important powers. The user; laws appertain especially to money, the regulation of the value of which is specific ally devolved upon Congress; and they appertain also to commerce, power over the regulation of which is also conferred among the enumerated powers.

Massachusetts and other States have repealed their usury laws, except to provide for the single case of an omission between dealers to prescribe the rate of interest; and in some States the rate of interest is six per cent., in others seven, and in some not exceeding ten; and where a specific rate is mentioned or may not be exceeded, the legislation adopted in New York for their enforcement, and to punish violations of them, has been followed. This contrariety is inconvenient, and not only interferes with the present policy of the National government, but with the prosecution of trade between those in different parts of the Union.

This difference in the regulations of States on this subject has a tendency to keep us apart, while whatever in the shape of fusion the war has legitimately produced should be followed out to its logical consequences. The policy of having but one issuer of legalized paper-money will be maintained as long as paper is issued having the quality of money; and it follows that, as the States have nothing to do with the fabrication of coins, or any longer with the creation of paper-money, they ought not to be allowed to pass laws which affect materially the value and power of money within their respective limits, especially when the tendency appears to be to establish dissimilar rules.

Experience of the repeal of usury laws in Massachusetts will be valuable to the whole country, and will in time enlighten the path of future legislation. When the subject comes up in the arena of Congress it will be discussed and decided upon broad principles. If the fabrication of all money were as free as is that of the mining and coinage of the precious metals, we should perhaps feel no difficulty in supporting the policy which Massachusetts has adopted; but since the bulk of the community is restrained from such issues as the National banks make, it would appear to be necessary to guard against the abuses of those who are endowed with this important franchise, and who might use it for oppression. But whatever may be wise in this respect, it is clear that inconsistent and various State regulations should no longer be tolerated on a subject which reaches into the domain of general commerce, and closely affects the business of banking and our whole trade and industry.

THE MAST HOPE MASSACRE.

Tun borrible accident at Mast Hope upon the Eric Railway will perhaps have been obliterated from the public mind by some fresher tragedy before this paper is issued. But, as with most of the other events of the kind which are a disgrace to civilization and to this country, a little care would have avoided it. The Erie road has again become a name of fatal augury; and those are sincerely to be pitied who, living upon its line, are compelled to trav-The section upon which this accident occurred is one of the most exposed upon that road, or upon any road, and as the care of the most perilous parts is a test of the general care. and as two or three shocking accidents have occurred upon it, it is fair to conclude that there is criminal carelessness in the general supervision. A traveler ought to feel safest upon the most dangerous part of a road, conscious that the knowledge of the exposure will redouble vigilance. But the hapless mortal who must travel by the Erie abould henceforth understand that it is by sheer luck only that he is not crushed or burned before his journey's end.

An article in the Times, evidently by a writer of knowledge and experience, states some of the safeguards which are wanting upon most of our railroads, yet whose excellence is proved. A system of signals to correct the misplacing of switches; the mfety-brake; the closer connection of the cars, by which a train becomes "an articulated whole;" the proper adjustment of narrow and broad gange frogs; due care and sense in the quality of the rails and in the method of laying them; the constant removal of broken and unfit chairs, sleepers, spikes, rails, etc.; a thoughtful consideration of the wear of bridges, and their relative strength to the we

imposed upon them; and the iron car in place of the magazine of angry splinters and funeral. pyre in which we now travel-all these precautions are generally wanting or disregarded in the management of our railroads,

There is something astounding in the patient submission of the public to these slaughters. The accidents of every day upon every road, the delays, the perilons "making up" of lost time, the narrow escapes, nobody takes the trouble Then comes the crash-a publicly to note. train piled up and passengers mangled and roasted alive, tremendous headings in the payers, indignant editorials and demands for justice, an excited coroner's jury with a verdict of criminal negligence and almost murder, a vague expertation of justice upon the part of some of the younger public, and then nothing more until the next barning. In the present case there were at least ten emigrants burned to death, besides the Rev. Mr. HALLECK, and the Commissioners of Emigration have made an inquiry. But he has a most vital faith in American railroad management or in American respect for human life and safety in travel who supposes that any body will be punished, or any change in the management of the road be made, in consequence of the awful massacre at Mast Hope.

"IRISH" REPUBLICANS.

A DELEGATE to the Irish Republican Convention writes to us from Cincinnati in regard to our observations upon the term "Irish" as applied to American citizens. He says that he and his friends "do not intend it in any party or sectional sense, but simply with the hope that it may have more weight and influence with their fellow-citizens of similar extraction, and those who are about to become citizens of our country...... I emphatically assert that the men who composed that Convention went in no other capacity than as true, loyal American citizens, and had no other purpose than to deliberate how best to perpetuate the true principles of this great American Republic. Heretofore the Irish emigrant, as soon as he landed on this shore, went blindly and confidingly into the ranks of the Democratic party, believing it was the national party, the party who upheld his race, and stretched out the hand of brotherhood to the oppressed of all nations."

Our correspondent adds that, to open the eyes of the new, foreign-born citizens, the Convention "met and resolved to form a nucleus round which the newly-arrived emigrant may rally, and from which he may learn his future political principles, and become a good, true freedom-loving American citizen. This was the object of said Convention; and if such be a crime, we plead guilty to the charge."

It certainly is not a crime, nor have we so charged. It is merely a mistake. But it is a very serious mistake; for it tends to perpetuate that kind of division among the citizens which it is most desirable to avoid. It is a clumsy and unwise expedient. Moreover, it is wholly unnecessary. An intelligent man, of whatever country, needs no such guide-post; and those for whom it may be thought necessary will be drawn in the other direction by more powerful persuasions. The Democratic party systemat ically panders to prejudice and ignorance, and that is a strain in which it must always surpass its opponents. The principle of the Republican party is plain enough for any body who can comprehend any thing. It is simply fair play for all men. But this, although a very simple and very noble principle, is by no means acceptable to ignoble and ignorant minds. If our friend the Delegate, with his friends, will devote themselves to the simple argument with the new voters, they will serve the cause and the country infinitely more than by appealing to a na-tionality which they have renounced.

NOTES.

THE Government has made ample and admirable arrangements for observing the total solinas of the sun on the 7th of August. Promiretoe arrangements for observing the total colipse of the sun on the 7th of August. Professor Hall, of the Naval Observatory, and Mr. Josepar A. Rogens, of the Hydrographic Office, left Washington in May for Bering Straits, under orders from the Navy Department, to take observations in that quarter, at which place the cellipse makes its advent. Professors Smoon Newscool. WILLIAM HARKNESS, and J. R. EASTMAN, of the Naval Observatory, have been ordered to Iowa, each to take observations, acting independent of one another. Professor Newcome will take with him the largest object-glass from Naval Observatory he can procure, and search for asteroids between Mercury and the sun. Some ten years since it was thought by LEVERIER, a distinguished astronomer, that a some of planets existed between Mercury and the sun; they have never as a three discovered and no house are ed between Mercury and the sun; they have never as yet been discovered, and no hopes are entertained of their discovery (if they exist), except during a total college. In view of this fact, Professor Newcoats will have this particular charge under his direction as part of his duties on this occasion. Professor Harkmans will make observations with the spectroscope, etc. Dr. Currus, of the United States army, will accompany the observers, taking with him the large equatorial from the United States Negal Academy, loaned to the Observatory by Vice-Admiral Posesson for photographic observations. Professor

EASTMAN will have charge of and make meteorological observations. All these will go under the auspeces of the United States Naval Observatory, Commodore B. F. Sanus, Superintendent, and that institution will have all its professors in the field along the path of totality. At the last total eclipse visible in this country, in 1834, the Government had no facilities for accurate observations.

THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY OF

WE have just received the Fifteenth Annual Report (for 1868) of the Superintendent of Pub-lic Instruction in this State, This document contains a vast amount of instructive and sug-gestive statistics. The abolishment of rate-bills, and the substitution of taxation exclusively on property for a mixed assessment (which, in part, was a tax on attendance), have been productive of good results. School terms have been lengthened, and there has been a larger and more uniform attendance. The expenditures also for school buildings and appliances have been more liberal. The increase in the number of children of school age, as compared with 1867, was 87,687. The increase in the number of those attending school was 21,689. The greater proportion of the increase was in the rural districts. T crease in the number of teachers was 988. increased amount paid for teachers was \$771,005. The report indicates great progress in the several normal schools in the State.

It is understood that the managers of the French cable have agreed to acquisece in any conditions that Congress may prescribe upon the part of this country, and that, consequently, the Government will not prevent the landing at Dux-We hope then it will be remembered that this Company enjoys an absolute monopoly for twenty years, and that it is a great deal better that this cubic should not be laid at all upon our coast than that we should acquiesce in the monopoly. The Keening Past says that the objec-tion to the landing of the cable is foolish, because it will certainly be laid upon the shore of Canada if we forbid it ours. That is very possible; but that does not implicate us, nor tie up the hands of American enterprise for the next twenty years. The Post, as the defender of a chartered moneyoly, appears in a new role. For the sake of its own principles we hope that it may plead in voic, and that the assent of Congress to the completion of the French enterprise will be withheld until the monopoly is renounced.

A commempener of a Democratic paper says, pleasuntly, that "the government which the Black Republicans boot-lick, and which they so assiduously ape, has been guilty of another atrocity." We supposed, of course, that this must be the present government of Dahorney, or the former rule of the Emperor Tracacus, but is turns out to be only that of Russia. The Cur-has emascipated the serfs, and has just now abolished the beroditary character of the Russian priesthood, without injustice to any body. These are probably the other atrocities to which the gentle Democrat alludes. The omancipating Caar can hardly expect to be kindly mentioned by an individual whose cardinal doctrine in lib-eral government is that some men ought to be julysically and politically "walloped" by others.

WE are glad to hear that Messes, LEE & SHEP-ARD, of Boston, are about to issue the complete works of Senator Scarsen in ten elegant volumes. This edition has been revised by Mr. SUBSER himself, and will be a valuable contribution to our foreusic literature. The first volume will contain an excellent likeness of Mr. Schner, from a recent photograph taken by J. W. BLACK,

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The French cable has been landed at Duxbury, Mas-eachusetta. The Company, however, binds itself to conform to the conditions which may be imposed by Congress.

Congress.

The Newark and New York Railroad was opened on the 23d of July. This is the shortest route between the two cities. It has required an onlay of \$2,000,000. It has twenty-seven bridges.

The analysersory of the birth of Humboldt, on the 16th of September, is to be celebrated in St. Louis by a festival, with music and orations in different languages. guages.

In the bost-race between the Harvard and Yale crews, July 20, Harvard was again victorious.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Tas Pope's Œcumenical Council, it seems, will be attended by none but the strictly orthodox Roman Catholica. Sents are prepared for 850 Bishops. Of these foo are of the Latin nations; vis., 864 Italians, 65 Spanish, 25 Portuguese, 96 Pretch; with whom must be classed IT from Breath, Mexico, and the Republic of South America. There are remaining 65 German, 48 English and Irish, 52 North American, 6 Beigins, 16 Canadian, 6 Hollander, 39 Greenian and Turkish. To these must be added 10 Cardinals, of whom 40 are Italian.

Italian.

Great excitement has been occasioned in Spain by the invasion of Don Carlos. The news that he had croaced the border was confirmed July 22, and was followed by "risings" among his numerous adherents. Advices of July 25 report a battle as having taken place at Cindad Real, 100 miles from Madrid, in which the Carlists were defeated.

Captain-General De Rodas, of Cuba, in view of the prompt action of the United States in arresting the Hilbusters, has issued a decree annulling article 1 of his proclamation of the Th instant, relative to the right of Homnik cruisers to search seatral weeds in

of his proclamation of the 7th instant, relative to the right of Spanish cruisers to search neutral vessels in the waters near Cuba.

The Harvard Pour, who are to row the international match with the Oxford men on the Thames, arrived in London July 26.

The Irish Church bill, as returned from the British House of Commons, came up again in the House of Lords July 29. The subject of amendments was arranged by compounded.

A terrible colliery emplosion took place at St. Beleses, a few miles cast of Liverpoot, Regimed, on July 31.

Fifty-eight hodien have been taken out of the mine.

THE SEVENTH AT SARATOGA.

THE SEVENTH AT SARATOGA.

Thus famous Seventh Regiment of New York has not been forgotten. Its recent pleasure-trip to Troy, Albany, and Saratoga has excited much interest. The appearance of the regiment at Saratoga was the most interesting event of the season at that fashionable resort. We invite our readers' attention to the engraving relating to this subject on this page. We give also on the same page a representation of the statue of a soldier of the Seventh Regiment, made by J. Q. A. Warn, the well-known sculptor. This statue is to be placed in the New York Central Park.

THE KANSAS CITY BRIDGE.

Kansas City, Missouri, although not so well known in the East as Leavenworth, Omaha, St. Joseph, and possibly some other Missouri River towns, enjoys remarkable advantages of natural location and commercial facilities. It is already the terminus of seven different railroads. To Kansas City belongs the honor of building the pioneer bridge over the Missouri. On the south or west side of the river the Pacific Railroad (of Missouri) extends from St. Louis to the State line at Kansas City; the Kansas Pacific Hail-way, late Union Pacific Eastern Division, is now in operation four hundred and five miles west in operation four hundred and five miles west from the same point of the boundary. The Mis-souri River Railroad, now operated in connection with the Missouri Pacific, continues that line up the river to Leavenworth; and the Missouri Riv-er, Fort Scott, and Gulf Railroad, running at present to Paola, forty miles south, is being pushed rapidly to the Indian Territory, and will become the great route from the North to the Southwest. On the opposite river-bank the North Missouri Railroad forms a second line to St. Louis; the Missouri Valley Railroad runs North Missouri Rullroad forms a second line to St. Louis; the Missouri Valley Railroad runs northward to St. Joseph; and the Kansas City and Cameron Railroad, forming part of the Han-nibal and St. Joseph Railroad line, opens a di-rect route to Chicago. The bridge, now com-pleted, was built by the last-named road, and will enable the seven roads to unite at common points aithin the city.

enable the seven roads to unite at common points within the city.

The location of the bridge, as shown in the accompanying topographical sketch, is opposite the town, and immediately below a bend in the river. It was begun in January, 1867. In February Mr. Charcers, the chief engineer, took charge of the works. In the spring the enterprise was interrupted by a high flood, and it was not until August that work could be resumed. The south abutment of the bridge was sumed. The south abutment of the bridge was placed eighty feet back from the face of the bluff, and from it a sixty-six foot span extends over a street and the track of the Missouri Pacific Hailroad to a pair of pillars standing near the edge of the rock-face; a span of one hun-dred and thirty-three feet reaches from them to pier No. 1, the first river-pier. A pivot-draw of two spans, each one hundred and sixty feet in the clear, and three hundred and sixty-three in the clear, and three hundred and sixty-three feet long over all, from centre to centre of piers I and 3, turns upon pier No. 2, which is placed as nearly as possible in the centre of the channel. Pier No. 4 was located two hundred and fifty feet beyond No. 3; No. 5, two hundred feet further north, on the edge of the sand-bar; and two spans, two hundred, and one hundred and seventy-seven feet respectively, cover the distance remaining to pier No. 7, which stands on the edge of the wooded shore,



"THE SOLDIER OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT." STATUS DESIGNED FOR CENTRAL PARK, MY J. Q. A. WARD,-(PROTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.)

taking the place of a north abutment. The railroad is then carried over the bottom-land on two thousand three hundred and sixty feet on two thousand three hundred and sixty feet of treatle-work, descending one foot in a hundred to an embankment. The carriage-way is carried down on a heavier grade by a side-treatle. The difficulties attending the building of this bridge were wholly in the foundations. The length of the structure is one mile.

The masonry of all the piers is of limestone, quarried in the neighborhood, the facing being of ashlar and the becking of heavy rubble. The ashlar of the upper courses, above the ice-break-

ashlar of the upper courses, above the ice-break-er, is of a good blue-stone, of uniform color, and er, is of a good bine-stone, of uniform color, and the stones used below are of a grayish tint. The piers finish eleven feet higher than the great flood of 1844, and forty-eight feet above the lowest water observed. The total height of pier No. 4, from rock to coping, is eighty-nine feet. The pivot-pier is circular in form and tweaty-nine feet in diameter, finishing thirty-

two feet on top.

The entire structure was completed by July 3, 1869, and the event was calculated by the citizens of Kansas City with the greatest enthusiasm.

TROLLING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

At this season of the year the fishing stations At this season of the year the fishing stations on the St. Lawrence River are generally crowded with pleasure-seekers from all our principal cities. In fair weather the stream appears througed with fishing boats, trolling among the Thousand Islands for pickerel, bass, pike, and maskinongé. The latter is the "heroine of the waters," and if an adventurer succeeds in getting one on his hook that weighs from 20 to 60 pounds, he becomes a hero and excites the envy of his brother sportsmen. The capture is rather difficult, and it requires an experienced hand to manage the victim, which, if large and sancy, has to be worried out or drowned—an operation which some ried out or drowned—an operation which some-ried out or drowned—an operation which some-times takes balf an hour. Alexandria Bay, Clay-ton, and Fisher's Landing are the principal stop-ping-places for visitors, who can easily find fish-ing apparatus and boots, with good oarsmen to accompany them on their excursions.

A SUMMER EVENING ON THE BOULEVARDS IN PARIS.

Though a great part of the fashionable society of the French capital has already taken flight to or the French captain and survey taken night to cool itself in the beths and watering-places, the nightly promemade along the Boulevards is yet frequented by a throng of all classes of pleasure-loving people. We present, in the engraving on another page, an illustration of this lively scene, where the pavement in front of one of the superbwhere the pavement in front of one of the superby decorated cases is crowded with men and women in their gayest outdoor dress; some of them seated at the little morable tables for the consumption of ices, coffee, or more stimulating liquoes; others strolling up and down, chatting with each other, or gazing at the passers-by; here and there a busiling bare-headed garpen, accords attentive to the wants and nurses of his nere and there a busiling bare-headed garpen, eagerly attentive to the wants and purses of his customers. Among these groups is a man with a couple of little lapdogs for sale, one of which is likely to be purchased, as we see, by a kind papa and mamma for the gratification of their little girl. The gas-lights and the foliage of the trees on the right hand, with the tall house-fronts on the left, will show to the reader who knows Paris the locality at which this sketch was made.



A SCENE AT SARATOGA DURING THE VISIT OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT .- [DRAWS BY THOMAS NAST.]

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

[Euron's Norz.—Notwithstanding that the suther has entitled this "An Incredible Story," the details of the narrative are by no means impossible. Without mentioning the numerous well-suthenticated case of double consciousness on record, we will refer our readers to the single instance of Mary Reynolds, as given upon competent authority, in Harper's Moyarise for May, 1969. Miss Reynolds not only entered upon a second Effe, in which the memory of the past was totally obliterated, but her temperament and disposition were wholly altered by the change.]

L-"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

I.—"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SUREPETH."

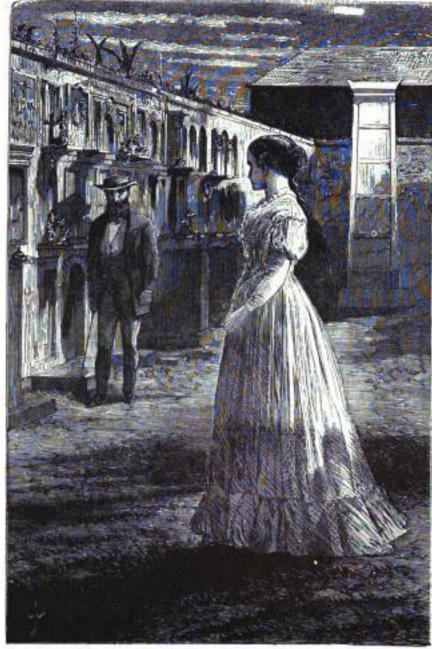
The fierce rays of an almost tropical sun at high noon slanted through the open windows of Magnolia Cottage, where Heinrich von Wetzlar stood by the bedside of his deceased wife. His little daughter Annette—a girl of five years—stood at his side; but, for all that, he was alone—alone, though a troop of men and angels had surrounded him; for what can disturb the desert solitude which Death flings about itself as a broad mantle, and about all who enter its presence? The very fullness of life on that summer ence? The very fullness of life on that summer noon, bints of which were borne through the windows with the stately sighings of the wind and the fragrance of Southern flowers, intensified and beightened, by contrast, the rigor and abys-mal silence of that slumber upon which Von

Wetzlar intently gazed.

That terrible scourge of New Orleans—the yellow-fever—had visited the city with unusual severity. Magnolia Cottage was situated in one of the least crowded quarters of the city; yet this locality had not exceed the first of the whole was seen as the orlean of the least crowded quarters of the city; yet this locality had not exceed the other orleans. locality had not escaped the fate of the others. Von Wetzlar's young wife had devoted herself day after day to visiting and nursing the sick in her neighborhood, until she herself was stricken down by the disease, of which she soon became a victim. Fate had in its quiver no arrow so poignant as this which suddenly pierced the heart of the fond husband.

Heinrich von Wetzlar was a German, of He-

brew lineage on his father's side. His father, Otto von Wetzlar, had resided in Louisiana for Otto von Wetzlar, had resided in Louisiana for a short time, years ago, and had there married Heinrich's mother, but immediately after this event had returned to his home in Vienna. While Heinrich was a mere boy his mother died; the frail Southern lady pined in vain for her genial native air. Then Otto von Wetzlar married again. This second wife—step-mother to the motherless boy—proved a curse to Otto's declining years. Partly to escape her tyranny, and partly moved by the remembrance of his mother's glowing pictures of Southern life, young Heinrich fled from Vienna to Italy, where he devoted himself to art. Dreamer and poet he had always been. His temperament, inherited from his mother, induced to contemplation; his large, harrous, hazel eyes betokened at once the passicoate eagerness of inquiry and a disposition toward mysticism. His keen analysis drove him from all the ordinary positions quietly assumed by the mass of men as to the great questions affecting human life and destiny; but, as if finding no rest beyond these landmarks, his soul seemed to wander ever in that shadowy borderland where the real blends so readily with the ideal, and the visible receives the mantle of the invisible.



"THERE, ALMOST AT HIS SIDE, STOOD THE LIVING FORM OF LOUISE!"

After a residence of some years in Italy he was seized with an irresistible desire to visit his mo-ther's native land. He came to New Orleans, and there, encouraged by the patronage of a few

friends who had known his father, he easily contrived to satisfy his material wants, which were few and simple. Here he met Louise Darvon. At this time he was over thirty, while she was colly sixteen. She was a simple French maiden of Haguenot ancestry—a girl who could scarcely have attracted attention by her beauty; and her parents were plain people with moderate means. Her education had been of the simplest sort, and she had none of that distingues style which often in the world's estimate supplies the want both of wealth and beauty. But Heinrich von Wetzlar judged not after the way of the world. He had lived for the most part a solitary life. He was now in the prime of manhood, but the dreams of his youth still lingered with him, though his youthful enthusiasm had been tempered by a ripened judgment.

ripened judgment.

Heinrich and Louise seemed to be spiritual counterparts; and there was a rare completeness, therefore, in their marriage. She was simple, earnest, and pure in heart. He was noble, and inspired in her a sense of grandeur. His wonderful subtlety of thought, his wealth of emotion, and the swirzinglity of his nature introduced her and the spirituality of his nature introduced her into a new world, where he was always her teach-er. She could liken him to no one she had ever seen or heard of, until he told her of Mendelssohn, whose music they interpreted together, and some of whose literary productions he read to her— then she thought he must be like Mendelssohn. Their chief delight was in music, which became to them a sort of universal language. His very conversation seemed to echo to grand old Hobrew melodies, and as she listened it sormed as if the winds wafted fragrance and repose to her from distant Palestine. If her spirit soured to meet his, so that her love was almost adoration, it was also true that his grand sympathics found through

also true that his grand sympathies found through her humble, womanly churity a way to their ex-pression in the troddon ways of life.

This beautiful life they had lived together for six years, and now the each had come. Von Wetzlar was startled, beuildered, stunned. It was as if the repose of heaven had been broken. The dearness of this woman and his need of her had never before been so sensibly felt. He stood mean the brink of an along which his themselve. had never before been so sensibly felt. He stood upon the brink of an above which his thoughts—subtle and deep as they were—could not compass or fathom. His soul was moved to its depths. To such men the tragedy of such infinite loss is not simply solemn. It is a great Agitator. It is not strange, therefore, that to Von Wetslar, in the presence of this mighty sorrow, the great problem of human destiny—as it seemed to him—namely, the question of a future life, presented itself answ. But, cager as were the questionings of his soul, he seemed confronted by a sphinx that answered only in riddles. ed by a sphinx that answered only in riddles. The suggestions of his intellect seemed almost cruel, intruding as they did into the sacred pres-

ence-thumber of his tenderest emotions.
"Is this the end?" he asked. "In the midst "Is this the end?" he asked. "In the midst of all this life has my Louise dreoped as do the flowers, to fall away into a mere heap of dust? Even the crazy old alchemists had a funcy that, by some magical process, they could restore from the dust of the rose at least its phantom—a semblance of the real flower. Is not the Divine chemistry as potent as that? It can not be that my rose is best to me forever!" He reviewed in throught the testimony of the race: he recalled rose is seet to me lorever: He reviewed in thought the testimony of the race; he recalled Phrede and the sublime passages in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians. Then that movement of the glorious oratorio of the "Messinh" swept over



TROLLING FOR MASKINONGÉ ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS .- SKETCHED BY C. M. COOLIDGE .- [SEE PAGE 500.]

his soul—so susceptible to the impressions of music—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." But still he was not satisfied. The calm surface of his thoughts had been disturbed by the heavy plummet of Death, and the waves still undulated in ever-widening circles toward an uncer-tain shore. Oh, if the Master could have spoken to his heart as he did to the house of Jairus:
"She is not dead, but sleepeth!"

IL-APOCALYPTIC.

Two dead in this time of peril were hurriedly buried. As the sun declined the face of Louise, after receiving the last fond kisses of the husband and daughter, was hid from their view, and they followed her to her resting-place in the French

Two men met the sombre cortége as it returned from the cemotery whose characters must here be described. They were not together, but met the procession at different stages of its course.

One of these was Doctor Engene Gurdon, who had just issued from his library in his mansion on Carondelet Street. Both by his dress and his walk it could be seen that he was a fastidious gentleman of easy manners and perfect self-possession. In his tastes and mental constitution he was very moth of a Parisian. He was a passionate lover of the beautiful, and shrank from ugli-ness and deformity with almost a shudder. Yet this man, to whom disease was disgusting, made is the great study of his life. This lover of the beautiful spent no small portion of his time in anatomical dissections. The sight of pain was a torment, but he was so skilled in its alleviation that he was the most promising young surgeon in New Orleans.

As he met the procession, and could see through the windows of the leading carriage errow-stricken faces of Von Wetzlar and his little girl, his beart was touched, and he said to himself, "Alas, how sad!" and the frequency of such spectacles in thuse death-crowded days of such spectacles in those death-crowded days did not diminish the profoundness of his sym-pathy. Lacking into his naturally cheerful, but now somewhat pensive face, and into his clear gray eyes that almost changed their color under the influence of emotion, you would have said: "This man is a child of nature—open as men-rarely are to all material influences, palpable or subtle. His smile answers to the faintest gleam of sunshine, and his heart is swaved by cloud

subtle. His smile answers to the faintest gleam of sunshine, and his heart is swayed by cloud and storm; and although he is so much of a philosopher, his philosophy affords no shield to cover, no mask to disguise his susceptibility."

The other man to whom we alloded was Pierre Martin. As he met the procession he also looked upon the faces of the chief mourners, and knew that Louise von Wetzlar had been buried. He gazed with stolid indifference upon the ineignia of their great sorrow. He had once been a lover of Louise—if any thing could be called layer. er of Louise-if any thing could be called love which was cherished in Martin's heart: it was certainly the purest and worthiest emotion that had ever entered there. But she, with that un-erring intuition which belongs to such pure, spiritual natures, had avoided him from the first, until at length his passionate love had been turned to bitter hate.

Martin was a thoroughly selfish man. He was endowed with a very fair exterior, with a strong intellect, and with consummate impa-He loved intrigue, and delighted in playing upon other men as upon the strings of an instrument. He had acted upon the stage, had written stray articles for the press, and was now a sort of attaché to the Medical College

now a sort of attache to the Medical College which he had entered some years before, and where he still lingered, not as a student, but upon good terms with all.

He had been sauntering along the street, but as the procession passed him his steps were ar-rested as by some suddenly conceived purpose.

"Ah!" he chuckled to himself—"a capital iden!
Bold—hut who not? Visit heart and the street. Bold-but why not? Faint heart nover won fair lady. Eh, let us see!" and he turned down toward the river-side, still chuckling to himself as one might over some splendid joke. Reach-ing the levee, his attention was directed toward a group of seamon lounging about the wharf, where lay a steamer that to-morrow was to take departure for some distant port. A conversa-tion followed in low tones between Martin and two or three of this group whom he had drawn aside. Some bargain was completed, apparently, for as Martin left them he slipped a few gold

pieces into their hands. When we left Doctor Gurdon he was on his way to a remote and solitary cottage in the out-skirts of the city, occupied by a young medical student, whose name was Spaulding, and who was a friend and protégé of the Doctor's. This youth ushered the Doctor into a parlor where three or four other students were evidently await-ing him. This was the "Gordon clique," which pursued investigations on its own account: it was a kind of episode, as related to the regular oper-ations of the College. The Doctor was to lecsations of the Conege. The Poctor was to rec-ture to this select company this evening on the Structure of the Human Brain; and Pierre Martin had engaged to provide a anitable "sub-ject" for additional investigations in the apartment adjoining the parter, and which was known as the "Dissecting-Room." He had provided "subjects" in this way on previous occasions.

Doctor Gurdon entered upon his preliminary lecture, which was interesting and decidedly orig inal. An hour passed. It was ten o'clock, and no advices had been received from Martin. But the topic of the evening was one of absorbing in-terest, and the Doctor continued his lecture. It is mind was abundantly stored with narratives of peculiar psychological experiences illustrating of pecuniar psychologisms to knock at the ont-his theories. After midnight a knock at the out-er door was recognized as Martin's. The long-expected Something was hurriedly transferred to the dissecting-room, where the mysterious par-cel was opened by Spandding and Martin. Two dark blue eyes slowly opened that should have

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been forever sealed, and Pierre Martin was confronted by a living face that should have belonged to the dead. He gave one look of astonishment

and terror, and then, without a word, fied from the house as if pursued by a phantom.

The other students were abruptly dismissed without knowing the details, and Spaulding and Doctor Gurdon were left alone with their strange and unaccountably proceeding Subject,

III .- THE SECOND LIFE.

A TRANSPORMATION had been wrought—a miracle scarcely less wonderful than that of resurrection. It was not simply the awakening, as from a sleep, of one who had seemed dead, and who had been hid away for an everlasting stumber. It was a new life. The eyes so familiar to Pierre Martin had not recognized him. The world upon which they opened seemed as new as it does to a new-born child. The past to this awakened sleeper was literally a blank. This woman was mentally an infant. The words which fell upon her ears seemed meaningless, and she could utter none in roply. She was car-ried away in a carriage, which Spaulding had pro-cured, to Doctor Gurdon's mansion, where she was placed in the care of the Doctor's housekeeper—the only other occupant of his house. In all mental affairs—in all respects, indeed, except as to her age—she was a child; though she learned more rapidly than a child could have

Ductor Gurdon's massion was well suited to his character. It was costly and beautiful, was furnished with all the elegance that the most re-fined taste could suggest or that wealth made possible, and was surrounded with beautiful grounds. It was in this bright home of luxury and art that his "patient" began her new life.

The Doctor at first regarded her with a simply speculative interest. She was a case inviting study. He studied it. Very soon, however, science yielded to sentiment. For this woman in her new life was very attractive. She was as different from her former self as a butterfly from the chrysalis. As Louise Darvon or Louise von Weixlar she had been a simple, earnest, spiritnal being, self-secrificing, and the very imper-sonation of charity. The brain is the flower of the body; and it seemed that out of the dust of the flower which had matured and decayed a new and different flower had blossomed. Serious she had been; now she was gay. She had been deep-natured; now the movement of her thoughts was light and airy. Perhaps the change could not be more happily expressed than by likening it to the transformations which have affected whole races, bearing them from their rude Pelasgian life into their Hellenic or artistic era. Only these were gradual changes as compared with that sudden and almost miraculous transformation which had here been effected.

It is not wonderful that Doctor Gurdon found

in this woman so much to study, nor that his studies grew to have an additional interest from the beginning of love for her in his heart. But whenever he thought of her past he was puzzled. He did not even know her name. Who had she been? There was no clew to the mystery. She remembered absolutely nothing. It is true, how-ever—and this should be mentioned here for the benefit of those interested in the purely psycho-logical features of her case—it is true that when she happened to be in places that ought to have seemed familiar, there did come to her inner sense a vague shadow of reminiscence—some-thing that could scarcely be called an impression, it was so faint and indistinct. Especially was she hanted by this ghost of reminiscence when she was in the French cemetery (it was there that the Darvons had all been buried), which she that the Darvous had all been buried), which she quite frequently visited during the sammer that followed her strange resurrection. This puzzled her, and caused her to linger about the place, as one which was in some way connected with the inexplicable worder of her life. But the idea was as faint and shadowy as the fragrance of the flowers that decorated the tombs around her.

Doctor Gurdon had never told her of even the single fact of which he was cognizant. He intimated that she had been ill, and had been placed in his charge in so accidental a manner that he

in his charge in so accidental a manner that he did not and could not learn her name even. With this she was forced to be content. She knew that the Doctor loved her, and she was perfectly hap-

py in loving him.

But he was troubled by a horrible doubt. He feared some possible interruption of this new life either through her return to her former mental state, or through some intrusive claim from others who had known her, and who might dis-cover her present retreat. He therefore guarded her most jealously, and felt anxious when she was out of his sight. After all, his great fear was Pierre Martin, who must be able, he thought, to bridge over the hiatus between the two lives of this women.

IV .- THE TOKEN.

HEINRICH VON WRIELAR, since the loss of his wife, had again become a recluse. A year had passed, and still the sharpness of his grief had not been diminished. Notwithstanding his doubts in regard to the reality of a future life, he felt that a tremendous affirmative argument now existed for him in the necessity of an unseen world to his individual soul, since his Louise believed at that a that world. longed to that world, The old desire to wander had returned, and he

contemplated an early departure for Europe. With this in view he went, toward the close of a mmer afternoon, to visit the French cen

for the last time.

This cometery was peculiar. The dead there were not interred underground, but laid away in vaults, one above another, on either side of a long aisle, where one might walk and look upon the outer gates of these silent chambers of the dead, with decorations of flowers and crosses rest-

ing upon their projecting marble sills. Along this aisle Von Wetzlar walked until he came be-fore the chamber allotted to his wife. As he halted and gazed upon the portal, stooping somewhat as he leaned upon his staff, one could see that he had grown many years older since that marble entablature had sealed from his vision the dear companion of his soul. As he gazed he seemed to be transported back to that sumhe seemed to be transported back to that sum-mer noon, a year ago, when the shock of death first fell upon his heart. His soil was not now agitated as it had been then. At first the mar-ble repose of the place, though in some sort a symbol of death, soothed and invited him. Then the suggestions of life that were thrown out even here seemed to answer his old doubts and to give him hope. The clambering roses and the trailing ivy towered above the stony silence, as if hinting of ever-flowing change, as if whispering to his heart: "There is no place of rest! For see! out of the very dust life rises tremblingly but triumphantly over the mask of Death."

He remembered how this same idea of life

triumphantly over the mask of Death."

He remembered how this same idea of life and motion, as contrasted with deathlike stillness, had once occurred to him in reading that passage in the Twelfth Odyssey, where Homer describes the cave of the Naiads. It all came back to him now—the picture of the Naiads weaving forever at long stone looms, and of the wild bees humming and honer-making round cups and easks of stone, while evermore the waves entered and broke upon the stony floor. waves entered and broke upon the stony floor.

The fading sunlight flashed across the dear name of the departed, and Von Wetzlar still gazed intently as if there were something still to come, and for which he waited. Might not the veil of separation be removed but for one moment! And, as if in answer to his thought, there, in the clear light of day, almost at his side, stood the living form of Louise! There she stood, with one finger raised to her forehead as if she were trying to solve some hard riddle— stood thus for one moment, and then fied as from

haunted corridor.

As for Von Wetzlar, astonished at this heaven-sent vision, as it seemed to him, and over-whelmed with the ecstasy of that glorious moment, he sank to his knees and buried his face in his hands. When he left the cometery a few minutes leter his face beamed with the smile of

The next day he sailed for Europe; and on the very evening of his departure Doctor Gur-don gave his own name to the nameless woman who had fallen so strangely in his way.

V .- THE END.

Docton Gunnon had rightly conjectured that Pierre Martin knew his wife's past history. But he had not met Magin since that memorable night at Spaulding's, though he had sought him difigently. Yet the object of his search had all the while been hovering closely about, and had kept himself well informed as to the movements both of the Decter and of his pariety. both of the Doctor and of his patient. It was only now that his time had come-now, when the developments over which he had kept watch had been fully matured, and the marriage had

Martin's original scheme, conceived on that Martin's original scheme, conceived on that avening when he had employed the sailors to assist him in carrying out his design, had contemplated nothing beyond the satisfaction of his malice toward Von Wetzlar and his wife. He was startled—actually confounded at first—by the result of that night's work; and after his astonishment had somewhat subsided he was led by curiosity to see what would follow. We can easily imagine his surprise at the ensuing ovents, and especially at the marriage. Why had not Louise field? Her movements appeared to be free from restraints. Why had she not re-

had not Louise fied? Her movements appeared to be free from restraint. Why had she not returned to her proper husband? Was she capable of actual guilt? As a spy, watching from a distance, he could not answer these questions. Martin's plans were soon formed. Doctor Gurdon was rich, while he, poor devil, as he called himself, was in need of money. By working upon the Doctor's fears he might put money in his purse. And as to Louise herself—but she was an impenetrable mystery! A few weeks after the wedding Martin appeared at the Doctor's house to pay his respects to the bride and bridegroom. To his astonishment (was there no end of wonders?) she did not know him. She seemed to him more beautiful and fascinating seemed to him more beautiful and fascinating than ever in the old time. She was the same, than ever in the cid time. See was too same, yet not the same. Her dress, her air, her whole expression had changed. It was the old flower with a new and different fragrance. While he stood entranced with wonder he was aroused by the touch of the Doctor's hand upon his shoulder,

followed by the request for a private interview in the library. He readily acceded, and a few words from the Doctor explained the situation. "You know, Martin," inquired the Doctor, anxiously—"you know who this woman was?" "Yes, I know something, not much; but the ure of that little is a serious affair

"It may be serious for me too. And meagre as your information may be it is invaluable to me. I would give thousands to know all, even

the worst."

'Oh, it is not so very bad, Doctor. You see, she had been the immate of an insane asylum for a number of years, took the fever, died apparently, and was buried. You know the rest."

This invention of Martin's lulled the Dector's

fears, and his gratitude for relief made him generous. So that this brief interview satisfied Martin's cupidity as well as his curiosity, and he left the house with a valuable check in his porte-mornale, one that would go a great way, spendthrift though he was.

But he could not keep away from the larger prize. If the Doctor could win Louise, why need he despair? Had he not rescued her from the grave? Did she not belong to him? Then, he remembered, she had not shown toward him any of that repugnance which she had formerly ex-hibited. In a short time they even became friends, and the Doctor was compelled to suffer this for fear of offending one whom, in his heart, he despised. Evidently, whatever Louise had gained in her new life, she had lost those spirit-ual intuition which had guided and guarded her in her first exists. in her first estate.

in her first estate.

As Martin's power over Louise increased, so also did his hold upon her husband. He professed to be making a more careful investigation as to Louise's antecedents. Little by little the truth came out—that she had been Heinrich von Wetzlar's wife. At first the Doctor would not believe it. But one day Martin took him to the French cemetery, and showed him the empty tomb. That was done in order to obtain more money; but this time the attempt was vain. The Doctor, amazed and bewildered, hurried home. For hours he pared the floor of his liberry in a franzy of agony. He loved Louise as beary in a francy of agony. He loved Louise as his own soul. He could not give her up; and surely it could not conduce to her happiness to surely it could not conduce to her mapped to be restored to a life as alien to her as if it had never been hers. He went out into the open air.

The sound of voices in the arbor, as he walked The sound of voices in the arbor, as he walked down the garden walk, attracted his attention. As he approached, unseen, he recognized the voices; they were Martin's and Louise's. He listened. It was evidently a leave taking. Were these lovers? He peered through the thick leaves of the vine-clusteers, and saw Martin standing by the side of Louise with his way to be the side of Louise with his way to be the side of Louise with his way to be the side of Louise with his way to be the side of Louise with his way to be the side of Louise with his way to be the side of Louise with his way to be the side of the side of Louise with his way that the side of the side of Louise with his way that the side of the side ing by the side of Louise with his arm about her waist, and heard him ask, as he looked plendingly down upon her innocent, upturned face, "Shall it be to-morrow, descest?"

In a moment Doctor Gurdon stood within the arbor. Before those cool, searching gray eyes Martin winced, released his hold upon Louise,

Martin winced, released his hold upon Louise, and slunk away without one word.

And she—she simply cast upon the recreamt one look of scorn and infinite loathing. The scrpent, that just one moment ago had seemed so bold and beautiful with its shining crest, had resumed its natural habit, and was revealed as a creeping thing. Apollo had turned a coward! and she hated him. Turning to the Doctor she fell powerless into his arms.

And as he sat there, holding her to his bosom, he knew for the first time how deeply and tenderly he loved her. And he did her justice. For he knew her as he had not known before. She had been simply a child in all this—free but guildless. This second life, which she had lived before him and with him, was as pure and holy as that of childhood, but also as undisciplined. It was a life in which all that was beautiful and strong called forth a frank and fearless response, strong called forth a frank and fearless response, but in which experience had furnished no principles for guidance and no test against disguised villainy. His own infinence over her, and all

villainy. His own infinence over her, and all the circumstances with which he had surrounded her, had tended to the development of such a life, and with just that one woeful deficiency.

While he thought thus she lay prostrate and nerveless in his arms. Gradually she began to realize her husband's presence. Then her apathy gave way to convulsive sobbling.

"Oh! take me away, Eugene; take me any where; I can not stay here!" she cried.

"Yes, darling. I will take you away," he said, kindly. "Do not be troubled. It was only a dream. It is all over now." And he carried her to her own room, where he left her in the care of his faithful old housekeeper.

Yes, he must go away—away from Martin,

care of his faithful old housekeeper.

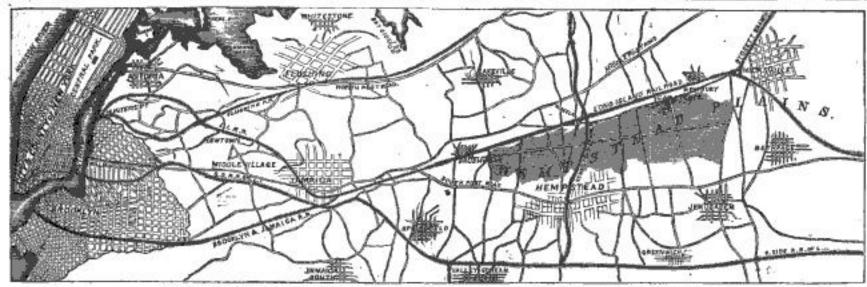
Yes, he must go away—away from Martin, away from that cenotaph in the cemetery, the tablet upon which was photographed in his memory forever. It was now more than a year since his marriage, and a little daughter had been born to him; and here was another reason for flight. In a few days Doctor Gurdon had secretly disposed of his estate; and one evening, with his wife and her infant daughter, accompanied by the housekeeper, now little Gertrude's nurse, he embarked for the North on a Mississippi steamer.

Two evenings later, as he was sitting near the

Two evenings later, as he was sitting near the guard enjoying his cigar and congretulating himwhich had lately beset him, he looked around, and at his side stood Pierre Martin! They were alone. Foiled in his last hope and driven to despair, the Doctor seized his tormentor around the waist and tried to throw him overboard. struggle followed, which resulted fatally for both of the combatants. They went overboard, each grappling the other in a death-struggle. A deafng shriek was heard from Louise's state-room, from the window of which she had witnessed the fatal termination of the conflict. She was found upon the floor of her room apparently lifeless.

Every effort was made to recover Martin and Gurdon, but in vain. Both had evidently drowned.

For hours Louise remained in a trance-like swoon. When she awoke she did not recognize either ber child or its nurse. She did not understand where she was, but murmured, "Hein-rich—oh, Heinrich! where are you?" She was evidently now Louise von Wetnlar again, and in her thoughts was back in Magnolis Cottage. "I have been iil," she murmured. "Who are you? and where is Heinrich?" Gradually the old nurse communicated to her the events of the past two years, so far as she knew them, but Louise comprehended not one word. There was some dreadful mistake; she knew nothing of Doctor Gurdon, or, indeed, of any thing that was told her. Only yesterday, as it seemed to her, she was nursing the sick in New Orleans. It was long before she could believe in a life of which her consciousness gave no testimony. She finally found in Doctor Gurdon's trunk a statement which he had prepared, based upon Martin's story and his own investigations. She learned from this that Von Wetzlar had sold Magnelia Cottage—her parents having fallen victims to the yellow-fever shortly after her own supposed death—and that he had gone to Europe.



MAP OF HEMPSTEAD PLAINS, LONG ISLAND, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY MR. A. T. STEWART.

Him she determined to find if the search consumed all that remained to her of life. For her child's (Gertrude's) sake she retained Doctor Gurdon's property, which was already in her possession, he having converted it all into ready money before his flight; she also kept the old housekeeper as nurse for Gertrude.

We need not follow in detail her search for her husband, which was continued during several years. She went to Vienna, to Rome, and al-most over the entire Continent; to the East, to England; and at last, when she had quite given up in despair, she one day found him almost by accident—or rather is should be said that little Annette von Wetalar found her mother. This child had now grown into a girl of twelve years, and was staying with her father in the English Quarter of Frankfort-on-the-Main. One evening at sunset her attention was attracted by a bright little girl of about six years of ago who was walking by with her old nurse, whom she was teasing by the sauciest gambols. Annette ran up to her and gave her some flowers, reran up to her and gave her some flowers, re-ceiving a kins in return, and an invitation to call and see her at her own home. Amette visited her the next day, and in the little girl found a step-sister. She also found her own mother. They recognized each other at the first, and Amette took her mother home with She spoke to her father at first, that he

might not be entirely unprepared.
"Oh, papa," she cried, as she entered his studio; "I have found mamma, and she is studio;

He dropped his pencil and rose to his feet, and there she was before him—his lost Louise. He had no time for astonishment, for her arms were in a moment clinging about his neck, and

were in a moment chinging about his neck, and ther were langhing and crying all in one breath. The two step-sisters, Gertrude and Amette, still live together at Frankfort. Louise is dead; but Von Wetslar still lives, and is preparing a grand philosophical treatise on the Individual Human Consciousness, in which, as may be easily imagined, he considers that element of life to have been very much overestimated in its importance—at least in its connection with the vaster cycles of existence.

HON. HENRY T. BLOW, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BRAZIL.

The benquet given to Hon. HENRY T. Blow, on the 18th of July, in the magnificent dining-rooms of the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, had more than a local significance. It periook of a national, and even of an international character. The very ornamentation of the hall, the intertwining of the Brazilian and the American flags, the mingling of the flors of the American flags, the Mississippi, but, more than all, the presence of the Brazilian Minister Plenipotentiary, Sefor Magazinass (the Londrellow of South America), and other members of the Legation of Brazil, were significant of harmony and good-will between the first nations of the Western Conti-Among the numerous guests were Senaand Representatives of our National Conon of our land, as well as the very elite of St.

Louis, irrespective of political views.

They met to honor one who (as was well said by one of the speakers) "was to represent, in the great Empire of Brazil, the country which he had so realously and ably served at home; to up-hold her honor, to advance her interests, to increase and develop her commercial relations, and to establish sentiments of concord and good-will between her people and those of that youthful and vigorous Empire, whose future seems scarce-

ly less grand than that of our own republic."

Mr. Brow, the object of these honors, has indeed done the state some service—as a private citizen, eminent for his enterprise and broad views, as a patriot in trying times, as a member of Congress, and as a minister abroad. He is a native of Southampton, Virginia, but moved when quite young to Alabama. In 1831 he went to He early became interested in mining lands of immense value, and by manufac-tures and by mines he has accumulated a large

One would have judged, from his birth and as-sociations with the South (spending many win-ters at New Orleans, etc., etc.), that his sympa-thies would have been with the late rebellion. But he was among the first in Missouri to declare

slavery inconsistent with republican institutions, and evinced his love of liberty and justice in ear ly life, when he became the security of, and advanced the money to, DEED SCOTT, in order that that slave, whose name has become famous by his suit, might test the Constitution of this country in regard to the stoles of the black man. Mr. Brow took a decided stand in the important events of Missouri during the rebellion. He was the friend and counselor of General Lyon, and enjoyed the most confidential relations with Mr. Lancoux. In 1862 he was sent as Minister, with extraordinary powers, to Venezuela, and filled his mission with such satisfaction that Mr. Lrs-COLN desired to give him a European mission; but, believing that he could serve his country but, believing that he could serve an country better at home, Mr. Brow returned to St. Louis, whore, in 1868, he was elected by a large major-ity as Representative to Congress. In 1865 he was re-elected by such overwhelming odds that was re-elected by such overwhelming odds that his opponent received but 1300 votes to Mr. Blow's 13,700. He was placed upon the two most important committees at the same time, viz., those of Ways and Means and of Recon struction, and served on both with assidnity and

Mr. Brow, with his accomplished family, will do much as the representative of the United States to bind our country and Brazil in closer

THE HEMPSTEAD PLAINS.

Tun purchase of Hempstead Plains—a tract of land in the interior of Long Island, consisting of 7000 acres—by Mr. A. T. Stewart was ratified by the citizens of Hempstead July 17. We give on this page a very full map of this region, showing its connection by railroad with Brooklyn and New York. This tract cost Mr. Stewart \$400,000; and we understand that it is his design to geted from six to tee millions of dollars. sign to spend from six to ten millions of dollars in the erection upon it of homes for the working-classes of New York and Brooklyn. This design is so gigantic that it throws into the shade every attempt of the kind hitherto made. The situation of the lands purchased is admirably adapted to the purposes contemplated. They are abundantly supplied with the purest water; the Ridgewood Water works of Brooklyn are fed the Ridgewood Water-works of Brooklyn are fed by the springs of this region. As will be seen by a glance at our map, the Long Island and the Southside railroads (with a branch road connect-ing them, and running across the Plains) afford unusual facilities for communication with the two neighboring cities. With the improvements which Mr. Strawarr will carry out; with a town-ship of beautiful and healthful homes; with parks, gardens, and public buildings for educa-tional purposes and for those of amusement, Hempetsed Plains, hitherto a desert, will be made to blossom as the rose; it will be the most beautiful suburb in the vicinity of New York. God speed the undertaking! God speed the undertaking!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

How shall we keep cool-that is, as cool as it is comibie to doduring the next six weeks? Many solves violently, thus heating the blood ten times more by the exercise than it is cooled by the artificial breeze; then they drink some los-water, or some soda-water; then they say, "How dreadfully hot it is!" and they abandon all idea of doing any thing but to try to keep cook; and it is this persistent effort to keep ery to keep coor; and his time persistent effort to keep cool that makes every body so disagreeably warm. The disconsist from heat is largely the result of a sort of nervous imagination. Not that it is not hot. It is hot; but thinking about it all the time makes it hotter. A few simple rules should be observed during the "bested term." The dist should be light, and chiedy fruits and vegetables. The dress, of course, chically require any vegetation. The dress, or course, should be light, and office changed; nothing wors during the day should be wern at night. Bathe fre-quently, but not to excess. Water will best quench the thirst, and if drank alonely is not injurious. If one will adopt some such simple rules as these, and then quietly and steadily occupy the mind with some topic more interesting than the heat, avoiding excite-ment, and enduring what must be endured with as little fuse as possible, he will find he suffers for less de the whole twenty-four hours in trying to keep cool.

The recent disaster which occurred on the Kan-Pacific Railroad appears to have originated in the ef-fects of the late heavy raise in that section of the con-try. A bridge, only about thirty feet in length, which spanned a ravine from afteen to twenty feet deep, was spanned a ravine from fitteen to twenty feet deep, was the scene of the disaster. The bridge and track were

apparently in good order, but no somer had the en-gine moved upon it than the bridge gave way and the locomotive was precipitated into the ravine, followed by the cars. The smash was terrible, two persons being instantly killed and many severely injured. An examination after the accident showed that the giving way of the bridge was caused by what is known as a "bent" having been wrested from under the treetle-work by the flood caused by the heavy rains, and leavwork by the noos caused by the heavy raths, and seav-ing this portion of the bridge unsupported. This was not perceptible before the accident occurred, and the track and bridge were apparently intact. The disaster is believed to have been purely accidental.

The Centennial Commencement of Dartmouth College was celebrated at Hanover on July 21 with great spirit and enthusiasm. The occasion brought together a multitude of the alumni and others from all parts of the country. A large tent, capable of bolding three thousand persons, was erected on the Common, and was densely packed with the graduates and the friends of the College. Many distinguished men were present, among whom was General Sherman. The morning exercises consisted of an address of welcome by President Smith, an historical address by President Brown, of Hamilton College, and the singing of an original ode by one of the alumni. In the afternoon Chief Justice Chase delivered an address, which was fulone by one of the atomat. In the antermoon Chief Justice Chase delivered an address, which was fullowed by a poem. During the latter exercise Hanover was visited by one of the most vigient storms ever known in that section, which caused an abridgement of the performances.

Race-borses from all parts of the country are now daily arriving at Saratoga. The fishionable world is also turning its face Saratoga-ward. August will bring gayety enough—racing, gambling, and beiting, in addition to the neual programme of drinking, dressing, and dancing.

Buffalo River is to be made longer and dee grand arrer is to be made tonger and deeper, to ac-commodate the increasing commerce of the lakes and canals. The work of excavating the rock has already commenced, and it is proposed to excavate to a suf-ficient depth to allow vessels to load with coal at their

It is comforting during this hot season to be assured that the fifthy streets in many parts of our city are receiving some special attention from the Santaary Superintendent, and trecover have been scattered abroad with a liberal band. It is to be hoped that these cleaning processes will con-tinue to go on ad symitmes.

We learn from an exchange that the famed Ameri-We learn from an exchange that the farned American painter, literatait, has met with great encoses in Paris this year. His sales at the Grand Hotel has been a most interesting place both in a social and in an artistic point of view. Celebrities from all quarters of the globe have gathered there. Among the new paintings of this artist is "The Bridal Vell," a view of the Toesmite Valley—a superb work, which was commenced at Rome and completed in Paris. Another painting of great power is " A Storm on the Prairie." We understand from family friends of Mr. Bierstadt that he is expected to return to America about this time; and that he has work in hand, and about this time; and that he has work in hand, and plauned for the future, sufficient to occupy his time

We may expect that some of our art galleries will open rare attractions in the full. Mr. Knoedler and Mr. Schaus are both in Europe, and have already pur-chased many fine paintings, which are on their way to

A French journal bints that if one desires to write a ocument so as to render attempts at altering impossible, it can be done by steeping paper in a very, eak solution of gallic acid. thus obtained upon which ordinary lak makes a mark that defea decritful erasure or alteration, by render-ing any attempt at such easily detectable.

The great centre of interest at Long Branch last week was President Grant. He and his family were located at the Statson House, but every thing concerning them went on in the most quiet and uncetenta-tions manner. The President was destrous of quiet and rest, and evidently designs to secure it if other people do not interfere. He emokes his inevitable cigar, drives, dines, bathes, and walks on the beach, and with his family joins the social circle in the draw-ing-room occasionally. In short, he does just as any gentleman would do who wishes to refrash himself

The Seltan has decided to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal, on the 17th of November next, and ats will be a matter of intense interest to his movements will be a matter of intense many. The Minister of Finance has receive to place 12,000,000 france at the disposal of the Trees of the Privy Purse, and this sum very likely will be devoted only to preparations for the journey.

Magasine literature is the rage in London. No less than six hundred and sixty-five magazines, including quarterlies, are now published in Great Britain. But while there is frequent announcement of a fresh pewhile there is frequent announcement of a fresh periodical, just as often the record of a deceased magnzine is made. Over thirteen bundred newspapers are at present published in Great Britain. In this cour-

try there are thirty-five hundred, of which five-sevenths are issued in the Northern States.

A Christian bargain or safe is one in which there is neither cheating for profit nor lying for gain. A Christian yard is thirty-six inches, and is not shortened by the bandling of the stick.

A Christian pound weighs sixteen ounces, and is at

least evenly balanced.

A Christian bushel contains 505 cubic inches, and is

A Christian ton is 2000 pounds, and is not foughly

It is currently reported that the Emperor of the French will confer the title of "Dake of Susa" on M. Fredinand de Lesseps at the official opening of the Susa Canal, in commemoration of the successful completion of his great undertaking. M. de Lesseps was born at Versalites on November 19, 1806. Perhaps, if November 19 did not happen to come on a Friday this year, the birthday of the great engineer might have been celebrated by the opening of the Susa Canal, which would have been very pleasant and appropriate. But, doubtless, if the thing was thought propriate. But, doubtiess, if the thing was thou, of, popular prejudice against Priday prevailed—so the 17th of November is the great day of ceremonies.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE movement that was "on foot" has taken a car-

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

An intolerable bors, having talked a friend nearly out of his senses, finally struck out on "the oyster," which he called "one of the most remarkable speci-mens of creative windom extent," when his friend in-terrupted him, and "closed the debata," with the ex-claration: "The cyster! Ab, yes, the cyster is a glorious fellow; he always knows when to shut up!"

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right

SONG OF A HORSE.

SONG OF A HORRE.

A poor old stage-horse, leak and thin, Not much size but house and skin, I log along, week out work in. Ricked and carreed and meanly fed, Jammed in the side and jerked by the head. And the thing I can't at all make out, is what on earth it's all about. Why was I made to toil and tag For this little odd human bug, Two-legged, drupp as a jug, Who sils aloft my ribe to batter—Or why was he made, for that matter? And, if I needs must be creased, why is it that I was not fated. To prance and curret, finely-mated, fillwe-harmessed, sleek and fat, With groom and blanket, and all that? Here I go, day sher day, Pounding and slipping down Broadway, Pounding and slipping down Broadway, Pounding these cardons biped things. With fore-legs gone and yet no wings—Where they all go to I don't know, Nor why in the world they harry so, Nor what good use Heaven puts them to! It wasn't my fash, you see, at all, That my joints grew big and my muscles smal and so I misced a rich man't stall. Fin clumsy, struick, excelled, slow, Yet the meancel horse in a horse, you know, An well as the glossiest nags that go. O Lord: how long will they use me so? And when may the equine spirit go Where glorified horses stand in a row, Switching their bright talks to and fro, Cardess of either wheels or whon? Where cats are always apropos, And fine don't grow? Oh no!

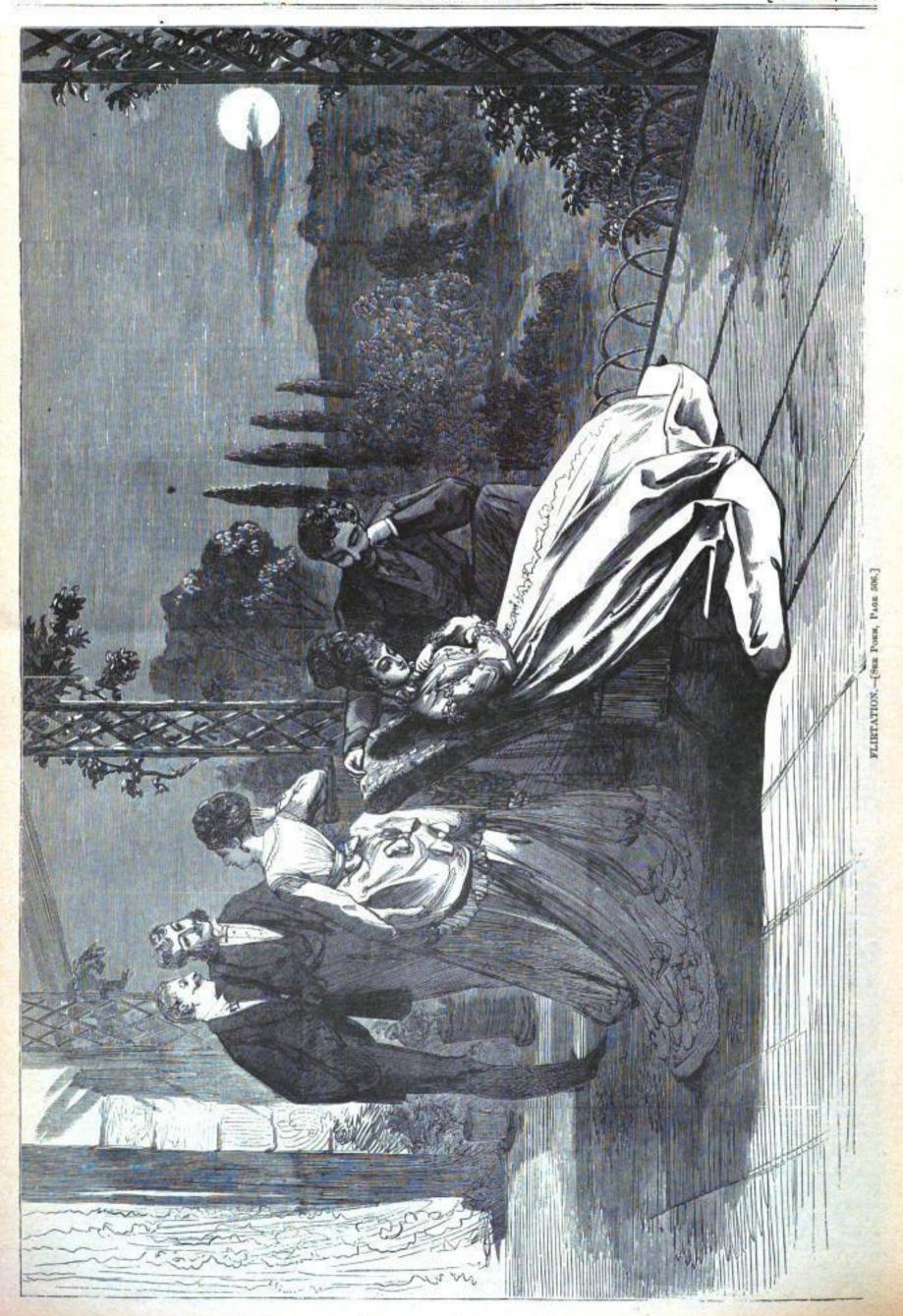
"Why, Sambo, how black you are I" said a pen-tieman the other day to a asgro waiter at a botel. "How in the uame of wouder did you get so black?" "Why, look here, masse, do reason am dis: de day dis chile was born dere was an eclipse."

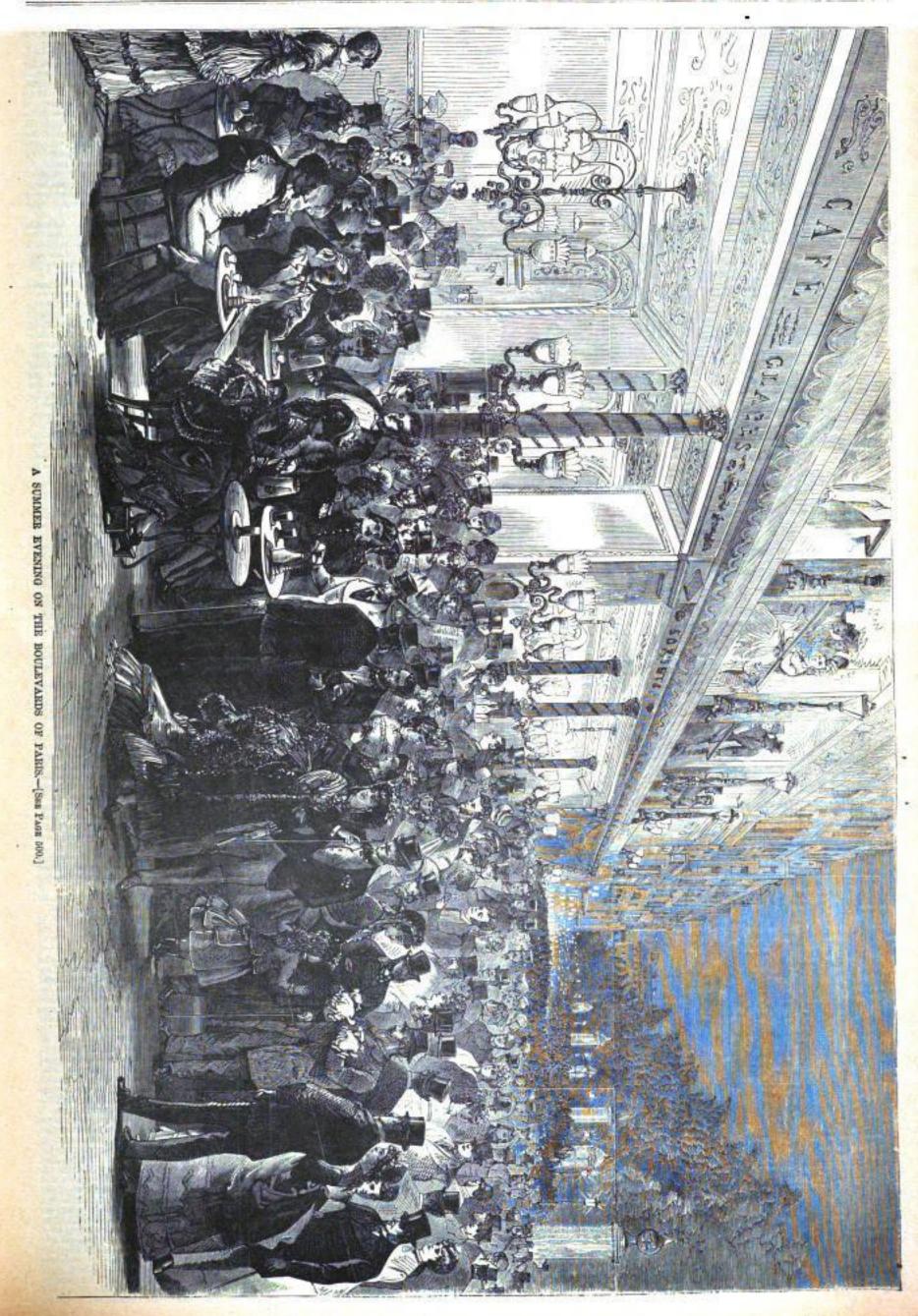
A photographer in Massachusetta was recently vis-lted by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity, asked: "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

A hope missionary was asked the cause of his pov-erty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have presched so much without note."

"Bo you believe in the appearance of spirits, fa-ther !" saked a rather fast young man of his indoi-gent size. "No, Tom, but I believe in their disap-pearance, since I missed my bottle of Bourbon last night," replied the old gentleman.

A Queen loss or Justice.—A blacksmith of a village in Spain neurolecod a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begred the alcales that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. "But," and the alcales, "how can I fulfill justice?" A laborer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang the other."





FLIRTATION. See Illustration on page 504,

FLIRTATION Is a very pretty art: And, on a pleasant summer afternoon, What's nicer than, from others far apart, To utter love's low tune !

Or in a mounlit balcony to talk Delicious nonsense insignificant, While no welrd phantoms of the future stalk,

And amorous bosoms pant? III.

Pleasant but wrong. At least there are some children Whom the delightful, difficult process huris; They find the practice of the art bewildering.... For there are fiirts—and flirts.

Elderly girls there are, and widowe clever, Endowed with every gift save youth's soft charm, Who very willingly would firt forever, Who can not come to harm.

And let us warn the exquisite young creatures, Fresh from their strawberries and cream, and fun, That, when they firt with fools of whiskered features, Often some harm is done.

The innocent child meets with some idlot splendid.
Who makes her warm white bosom paintate—
But with the evening's talk the thing is ended,

And she is left to fate

The empty-headed blockhead finds his victim In shafowy balcony under summer's moon: I wish her brother had been there, and kicked him Into this week's carteon.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HE WOULD AND HE WOULD NOT.

"Wino was that talking to you at the door?" Moore said, with a sudden flash of recollection of some indistinct nurmur which had seemed to come from the porch. "Was it Donglas? why didn't be come in and say good-night?"

The old man's utterance was so confused now that it required a practiced ear to understand his meaning. Azalea's intelligence was aided by her consciousness. "It wasn't Mr. Douglas," she

stammered.

"It should have been Douglas," Moore mann-dered; "who else should walk so late with you?"

"It was Captain Mowbray," she explained;
"you know who he is, daddy, don't you?"

Moore shook his head and looked at her fix-

edly; then his eyes and his thoughts wandered mewhere into the dim realms of imperfect

"What is is? what is vexing you, daddy?" the girl asked, caressing his hand. He touched her hair softly, and said, "It's

like Mary's."

Mary was his dead wife, long since forgotten

by all excepting him, and even he only remem-bered her by fits and starts. Presently his

thoughts reverted to his first question.

"I'm sure I heard some one whispering; why
don't you tell me who it was, Azalea? It's
dreadful to hear things and not know what you're

hearing."
"It was Captain Mowbray and myself," Azalea said, distressed at his manner, which seemed to

be more than usually confused.
"I don't like it—I don't like it—harm will come of it. I shall see him, Azalea; you must ask him to come to me. I shall tell him to go saway." Not observing how blank the girl's face grew at this suggestion, he went on: "I shall be happy then, dear; I'm so afraid he might harm you, and I'm not strong enough to help you." He cried a little as he lifted his hands you." He cried a man feebly in illustration of his weakness.

The next morning Douglas came once more to Auriel. He had kept away two or three days, and Azalea, though she commented on his absence, scarcely regretted it; he had become so stern, almost savage, in his manner, so abrupt and bit-ter that, without seeking to account to herself for his conduct, she shrank from him, and the face of the younger man seemed brighter and more goodly in her sight when contrasted with the other's fierce gray eyes and frowning brow. On this morning Douglas did not linger with Moore, his habit ere seeking Azalea; he inquired for her at once, and hearing fro guired for her at once, and hearing from old Sally that "Miss had gone to the apple-loft," he followed her thither.

"I am come to bid you good-by," he said.

abruptly.

Azalea was indemnifying herself for her pre-vious fast by a raid on her favorite fruit. Wit a half-eaten apple in one hand, with the other upholding an apronful of the apple's compatri-ots, she sat in the doorway of the loft, her feet resting on one of the upper bars of the ladder. her hair blown in the wind and bright with sun-

light.
"I am going away"—he paused—"for some

Such a yearning, wistful face it was that was upturued to here.

"Going away!" she echoed; "and what will poor daddy do without you?" He lowered his face that she might not see his

visible disappointment.

"I shall be back as soon as possible," he said, presently.

"You must tell Moore so, and explain to him the cause of my absence; I have no

time to do so myself. There is a man whom I once knew—a comrade in my old hap-hazard life at the Cape; when I last saw him he was a model of manhood, tall, strong, gay, and com-bative: he is dying in an attic in London. He begged his way to this country to seek a relative, and has found a blank instead. His brother was dead; and now I am the only person in this country to whom he is not an utter stranger." He held out his hand and grasped hers; as he

looked at her the pain of his impending depart-ure seemed intolerable. It was all he could do to restrain himself from taking her in his arms and crying, "Love me; for pity's sake give me back a grain for my all!" As he lingered a foot-step broke the silence, and Azalea, looking up with a vivid flush on her face, withdrew every thought from Douglas, his intended journey, and its object, and was conscious only that the deli-cious new emotion in her life was before her, personified by the handsome, smiling young man, who seemed in such perfect accord with the bright beauty of the morning.

Douglas looked at the pair in silence for a moment; then releasing Azalea's hand and nodding to Mowbray, he turned to go.
"Hallo! where are you off to?" Thurstan

said, pleasantly.

"I am going to town, and am on my way to
the station. Will you come a few steps with
me?" Douglas answered, after a short pause.

"Delighted! Miss Moore, I'll be back direct-

ly, and have a go in at the apples."

The elder man moody and preoccupied, the

younger one cheerful and unconcerned, went a few yards without speaking—Thurstan whistling tew yards without speaking—Thurstan whistling a tune and swinging his cane. When they had arrived at the end of the avenue Douglas stopped. "Mowbray," he said, shruptly, "you were once kind enough to say you'd do any thing for me that lay in your power."
"So I would, old fellow," the other answered,

Douglas hesitated, then, without looking at his companion, said, slowly:

"I wish you would hunt more, and look at books and pictures less; pursuing a fox is a bet-ter day's work than hunting down a soul. Azalea is alone, and unprotected. Hitherto she has known neither evil nor unhappiness. Promise me, Mowbray, that you will not harm a thing so defenseless. There are plenty of women in the modern Babylon, yonder, whom you can scarce-ly injure by your attentions. Honor this one by your neglect,"

"I mean her no harm," Thurstan said, re-

flectively.

"You mean her no harm!" Douglas echoed, hitterly. "I dare say not. People who mean no harm are the accomplices in every crime. What does it matter what the intention was, when the result is a life destroyed or a soul warped? Leave these evil tricks to women, Mowbray. Men should be above treachery. Let this girl be. She and her old father are the only friends I have on earth."

"I wish you wouldn't come down on a fellow so sharp," Captain Mowbray said, uncomforta-bly, "I not only don't mean, but won't do any harm; will that consent you? I am going to town shortly for a few days, and I will take that opportunity of slackening the intimacy a little. Let her down easy, in fact."
"You be d-d," muttered Douglas under his

"Eh, what did you say?" asked his unconscious companion.

"I only wished to know when you were going?"
"Very soon; the fact is, Lady Di is in town,

"What!" cried Douglas, in a tone of mingled

seon and wonder; "do you mean to say that cheat has still any delusion for you?"

"Did not Samson find Delilah lovely even to the third treachery?" the younger man said, smiling. Then, with a change of manner, he took Douglas's hand.

"I will lay to heart what you have said. I confess it won't be easy; but I know it's best for her—and I owe you something. You may be easy in your mind. I give you my word Azalen shall meet no dishoorable treatment at my hands. After I have gone a week she will probably forget my existence. Good-by." How she would hate me," thou

"How she would hate me," thought Douglas, as he turned his steps toward the high-road, "did she know that mine was the hand to break down the web!"

Yet his heart felt lighter than it had done for many days past. Love and selfishness are in-compatible. Reason said, "It is for her sake." His heart confessed, "It is for mine."

Meanwhile Captain Mowbray returned to the apple-house, where Azalea was still perched high up against the ivied wall. For a while he was silent and passive, and stood at the foot of the ladder, meditatively pulling his mustache. Then he looked up at the girl and sighed; much such a sigh as a child might give put on his parole not to touch forbidden dainties. She looked prettier than usual, he thought. But what pleasre does not seem at its sweetest when it must perforce be resigned?

There was a pretty girl who, he felt sure, loved him (men "feel sure" on these subjects much him (men "feel sure" on these subjects much somer than women do, although we are accred-ited with the greater share of Vanity), and he would like very much to take her in his arms, and say how "awfully foud he was of her," and now he had as good as promised he was of now he had as good as promised he would throw her over. How on earth was he to explain his change of manner? It was only yesterday he had said he loved her, and now he was going away, to leave her for good and all—and he had never had that kiss! He went a few steps up the ladder, and asked her to throw him some had said he loved her, and now

She held out a basketful, and the contact of her bare, round arms with his sleeve brought him yet a few steps nearer to her. He had found it difficult to retain his coldness of man-ner when he was at the foot of the ladder; now ner when he was at the foot of the ladder; now the difficulty apparently became impossibility; for when he found himself opposite the lovely face he suddenly flung down the apples, and, forgetting all his resolutions, kissed her. Azalea was struck motionless, and on her was the hush of a great shame; but when her lover lowered his face in her hands (for at the tender touch of her ioneart lies his balders water

touch of her innocent lips his boldness melted into a softer feeling), and craved pardon for his offense—when he said that he loved her—that she must forgive him—that he was a d—d goodfor-nothing scoundrel—that he must leave her, it was best so—but he loved her dearly—and might he kiss once more before he said good by for good and all?—when he poured out all this with a sort of rough eloquence, Azalea only par-tially understood his meaning. She did not com-prehend the vague self-accusation, or the shad-owy allosions to his departure. She heard dis-tinctly, "I love you.—I love you." And then the sense of shame gave place to another feeling impossible to analyze. It was joy—shy like a child's, but intense as a woman's. A joy so in-effably sweet in its mysteriousness, so vivid in its quality, that she would fain have put out her hands and stopped this golden hour in its prog-ress. Why did not the bird stay its flight; the leaf rest on the bough; the insect hang motion-less in mid-air? Why did not all Nature pairse in sympathy with the charm by which she was spell-bound? with a sort of rough eloquence, Azalea only parspell-bound?

What could have been expected of this creatre, who was little better than a dryad, than that she should sit motionless in the autumn haze, and think that all the world should turn to gold like the beech, and hold its big breath with her

Captain Mowbeny took a more practical and ordinary view of what was to him a not uncom-

mon event.
"What a fool I am!" he said to himself, ruefully, as he walked back to Holme that after-noon. "I might have known I shouldn't keep my word. But what a charming little mouth it is! Who could injure such a pretty child? The devil of it is that I've promised to go there

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AZALEA.

WHILE the two in the sunshine outside parleyed with love, George Moore was communing with death. When Azalea left her foster-father in the morning he was lying on his sofs, more than usually well and cheerful, watching with interest the eccentric motions of a kitten, beating time with his fingers when the clock chimed, and mumbling various directions to old Sally, who rejoiced in Master Moore's asperity, taking it as a sign that he I must be feeling better,

The change came suddenly at last, Azalea returned to his presence she said, with

a sudden pang of disquietude:
"I don't think he seems so well as usual,

Sally; do you?"

And Sally, better accustomed to symptoms of

disease, shook her head.
"I have made bold to send the little boy who brought the milk to the doctor's to ask him if he can't step this way presently. According to my thinking, Miss Azales, Maister Moore won't

trouble us long."

The old woman meant no unkindness. She only spoke after the manner of her class. only spoke after the manner of ner class. To the poor, who have to grapple with life as with an enemy, death does not wear so harsh an as-pect as he does to earth's more pampered chil-dren; but her words sounded horrible to Asalea. With a face bleached of all its glow, and an ex-pression of anguish about her quivering mouth, she flung herself down in a heap by the old man's state.

"Are you feeling ill, father?" she cried; "speak to me, just once." And while, with passionate iteration, she bescught for the comfort of a familiar sone which might ease her sick terror, George Moore looked vacantly at the clock

and answered not a word.

The doctor shook his head when he saw his estient's state; and he told them frankly that the old man would not live many hours longer —perhaps not more than twelve. He gave them perhaps not more than twelve. He gave them a few simple directions, the gist of them being at the patient was to be as li possible.

"You can do nothing?"

Azalea repeated the words mechanically, as she sat and stared at the dear face which was so soon to be-What? She scarcely knew. Something which would transfigure the familiar lineaments into awfulness

All through the night George Moore lay motionless, turning upward eyes which seemed to reflect a deeper awe than that of the solemn shadows they gazed on. It was not until dawn that he spoke. Then he muttered, Azalea!

She was at his side in an instant, and was in time to receive the only beritage he could be-quenth her. Even as he looked a blessing on her pale face, the priceless guerdon of endless peace was granted to his own.

Later in the day Captain Mowbray stood in the Auriel conservatory, wondering greatly why Azalea did not meet him as usual. He had come straight to this, their usual trysting-place, and had not heard of the tragedy which had been enacted in one of the chambers of the desolate house. Auriel was ordinarily so silent that even death could not intensify its calm.

Thurstan paced the dull red flags impatiently; but yesterday he had decided to relinquish the temptation of this girl's presence, and now it irked him that his temptation should not fall in his way so soon by ten minutes as he had ex-pected. He had not decided on his plans for the future; he thought he should have to part from her very soon. He intended no evil, he would not act unfairly to her; but it would be brutal to leave her without an explanation and another kiss. Captain Mowbray suffered from the not uncommon delusion that kindness of manner palliates the motive which pains; but who cares how the knife is fashioned that gives the stab which murders? If he vacillated as to what course he should pursue in the future, he was quite certain that he craved her presence now; and he paced the dull red flags impatient-ly, and twitched spitefully at the weltered leaves that trembled with decay on the twisted vineboughs overhead.

When at last Thurstan heard a light step rustle the dead leaves which the rain had clammed together on the threshold his face brightened, and he moved forward quickly, with his hands out-stretched, and then he stopped, checked by the unwented look in the girl's face.

"What is it? what has happened?" Thurstan

said, anxiously.

Then, dombly, like an animal which, by the distress in its eyes, draws its master to the spot where its offspring lies hars, the girl led her lover toward the chamber of death. And when Cap-tain Mowheny learned what had happened, and found himself confronted by the unseeing scrutiny of the dead man's gaze; when he realized that, it the whole wide world, this desolate girl had no one but himself on whom to depend protectic. and love, every latent good quality he possessed cross to champion her cause; he could think no wrong to that helpless creature who, after one look of despair at the motionless form on the bed, came to his arms for comfort in her dire agony—for shelter from the nameless terror which was conversion her. The ways was felt which was oppressing her. The young man felt his own face grow hot with tears as he strove to carees away the misery in hers.

"Hush, my darling, hush; don't cry so. I will take care of you...I will love you all my life. Kiss me, Azalea, and be comforted."

Idle words, but none the less honestly meant at the time. That night, when Captain Mow-bray held his last interview with the dead, the

oray feed his last interview with the dead, the
gentleman made a compact with the peasant
now ennobled forever by the hand of God.
George Moore dead shielded Analea even
more effectually than he could have done living.
The dumb lips pleaded her cause with all the
eloquence of powerlessness. The strangely lustrous eyes reflected Captain Mowbray's conmistree in their light and enterested reserve. science in their light, and entreated mercy for the friendless survivor who had been so dear to

the corpse while it was man.
"I will marry her," Captain Mowbray said,
in answer to the ellent interrogation of the dead.
"Please God, I'll take good care of her and

"Whatever will Miss Analea do," old Sally said, as the young man placed Azalea in her charge ere he left Auriel that night, "and what will become of me? Muster Moore was as good

as five shillings a week to me."

"Take good care of her, and I'll see that you are well paid," Thurstan said, hastily. Then he kissed Azalea's cold cheek and whispered that he would be with her early in the morning.

Thurstan smoked cigarettes with more than usual rapidity in his homeward walk to-night, a symptom with him of mental perturbation.
"Yes," he mused, "I must marry her, I sup-

pose; there is nothing else to be done that I can see; but I must keep it quiet or there'll be a devil of a row with my father and with my cred-

Then he thought of Lady Di, and sighed. The face of an old love is never so vivid in our memory as when its place is about to be usurped

by a new one.
"But, after all, this one is far younger, far prettier, and far fonder of me."

CHAPTER XXXIV. WEDDED.

WHEN George Moore was buried, when that solemn presence had passed away from the house, Captain Mowbray breathed more freely, and moved with a gayer step. When he ap-proached the Auriel portals it was a relief to him to think, when he looked up at the windows, that the little bedchamber was no longer tenanted by that soulless effigy of life. Captain Mowbray would fain have treated death as an ill-bred ac quaintance; he would look another way if he met him, he would cut him when possible, ignore his presence on every occasion, and feel more in-jured than shocked when he saw the clownish fellow seize a gentleman's hand, whether the latter willed it or no, and lead him away into the

shadows among all sorts of queer company.

The village paster, an eccentric and accomplished man, who occasionally addressed eloquent homilies to himself (at least he was, as a rule, the only member of his congregation capa-ble of understanding any part of his sermon ex-cept the concluding blessing), took an unfair adcept the concluding blessing), took an unfair advantage of Captain Mowbray in the funeral sermon, which was preached the Sunday succeeding old Moore's burial. Thurstan had setself for a comfortable nap; he had assumed that air of profound attention which is the preface to somnoient oblivion; he had lowered his eyes from Azalea's tear-stained face, and was his eyes from Analea's tear-stained ince, and was concentrating his gaze on his boots, when the concluding words of the preacher rang from the pulpit with the solemnity of a storm-bell, whose breath is resonant of shipwreck. He besought his hearers not to walk backward toward the dark road which is the halting-place of all the nations-not to be beguiled by a vain security

nations—not to be beguiled by a vain security into forgetting that grim jailer who will, sconer or later, fetter peasant and peer alike in gyves which no mortal hand may unlink.

"Look you, friends, be careful to amend ere the light stiffens in your eyes—ere the poor guilty heart is pulseless, and the lipe vacant forever of their living tenant, the voice—ere you are a carcass for worms to eat and earth to cover as an unsightly object. Make your peace if ye may. Do not barter all for a small part, lest you in the last hour be seized with a pang keener than all life's pleasures were sweet. Infinite hope has been born within us; assuredly infinite mercy will be its reward if we only seek it ere it is too late."

That evening, when Thurstan sought Azalea,

It ere it is too late."

That evening, when Thurstan sought Azalea, he found her writing a letter, on which her tears fell fast. For the first time since this grief had come to her she was constrained to put it into verbal shape. She was telling Robert Douglas that her dear father was dead; and as she traced the letters which recalled to her that nevermore at dawn of sun or shut of eve would she receive greeting from that beloved face—that nevermore, whether in blaze of June or gray of win-ter, would be note with her the full-orbed peonies blush midst the grasses of the lawn, or the rose-trees blacken under the grip of frost—now as she realized all this, the more keenly, perhaps, be-cause the first dumb horror of her anguish was cause one area dome norror of her anguish was passing away, leaving her a prey to vivid mem-ories and tender regrets, Azalea felt that to gain back one blessed hour of her foster-father's com-panionship she would willingly endure the bitterest penance that fate could device. As she sat in the dim shadows of the saloon her wan cheeks and fair hair accorded well with the pale desolation of that faded chamber. Thurstan half started at her waird appearance; in the blur of the half-light she was as undefined as any other

"Don't sit so still," he said, hastily; "yo might as well be one of those creepy ghosts who are supposed to be partial to late hours and dark corners. I should prefer a sunshine myself, if I'd come up from underground. What are you

doing?"
"I am writing to Robert," she said, sadly,
"to tell him—all about it, you know; I ought
to have written before, but I forgot."
Thurstan put his hand caressingly round her

Thurstan put his hand caressingly round her throat; the touch of warm flesh and blood put all spectral horrors out of his head.

"My darling," he whispered, "I want you to tell Douglas something else; I want you to say that you have promised to be mine—that you will be my wife as soon as possible. Will you say this, Azales?—or stop! I had better write it myself."

Keeping one arm still about her he selzed a pen

Keeping one arm still about her he seized a pen with his disengaged hand, and, under the min-gled influence of generosity and passion, wrote

"Mr DEAR OLD MAN,-Azelea has told you of her father's death. I can't make up my mind to leave her; and as the peculiarity of her lonely position makes it unfitting that our intimacy should continue on any other terms, I propose to make her my wife at once. I hope this will should continue on any other terms, I propose to make her my wife at once. I hope this will meet with your approbation. If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon keep my marriage dark for a while, as I shall want a little time to prepare my father and my creditors for this news. I fear they'll be dreadfully cut up. I hope you'll be back soon, so that we may make some plans to the plans they had been a plans. be back soon, so that we may make some plans as to what Azalea had best do when my leave is up; I am awfully fond of her, and I dare say every thing will come square at last. I don't know that I should have made up my mind to settle down so soon, but I remembered your advice when I last saw you, and I also remembered that I owed you a debt of gratitude. If I have in any way repaid it by doing the right thing to your friend, I am satisfed; the more so as it is certainly very joily to have such a receive little. certainly very jolly to have such a pretty little girl so fund of one.

"Yours ever,

Thurstan sealed this letter without showing it to Azalea; he meant to post it at once, but for-got to do so for more than a week; and by the time it arrived at its destination Robert Douglas had departed from London, and was on his road to Auriel again.

He reached his cottage late one night, and let

himself in uncheeved. He went straight to his bedchamber and unpacked with jealous care an alabaster figure of Psyche, which the accumulated savings of weeks had enabled him to pur-chase; to achieve this he had been obliged to himself all but the barest nece saries of life. He felt himself quite repaid now as he looked at its pure loveliness, and pictured to himself Axa-lea's delight when she received this addition to

As his heart beat fast with the great joy of his has nearer beat tast with the great by of his nearer proximity to her he forgot how unutter-ably weary had been the lonely hours he had passed by the sick-bed of his dying friend. He put it away from him—the sick longing, the heavy despair which had seemed to weigh him to the dust in the arid desert of that time of ab-He could have sang with the birds, have laughed with the children he passed on the roadeide. Had the stars of heaven been within his reach he would have plucked them from their cloudy setting, and cast them away in mere wantonness of sport. So like a madman is the wisest of men when he is bewitched by the radiant insanity of love.

As yet he knew neither of Moore's death nor of Axalea's marriage. The former was dumb, deaf, and blind in yonder church-yard. And the girl—the final hope, the final joy, the one late blossom of Douglas's sterile heart—was sleeping with her head pillowed on her young husband's breast, comforted for her sorrow, and believing

that fate could bring her no further woe now that the shield of his love would be evermore about her.

> CHAPTER XXXV. FIRE.

It was night—the night of Douglas's return ome—and Auriel was still as a sepulchre. It was the dumbest, darkest hour of the night,

when a red tongue of fiame made a sudden fiash of light through the dark shadow of the wainscot at the foot of the old oak staircase. A smoul-dering beam which had long been threatening mischief behind the panels broke into glaring

fury.

While death, the death of suffocation or of scorching agony, was rushing toward them, the pair in the bedchamber slept on, all uncon-The girl was the first to awake; sh smoon. The girl was the first to awake; she awake with a horrible feeling of stiffing, as if some one were gagging her; then she stared round with dazed eyes, and realized that death was in the room with her and with her lover.

"Thurstan," she moaned, "oh, Thurstan."

Then her terror found fuller voice, and she

grasped him by the arm, crying:
"Wake up, Thurstan, wake up!"
She did not speak very loudly, but something in the desperate concentration of her tone stirred

What's the row?" He was wide awake now, sitting up like one fearing the sudden attack of a foe, yet uncertain as to what quarter the stroke came from. A hot roll of smoke curling in under the door made him roll of smoke carling in under the door made him-comprehend the nature of the danger. In an in-stant he was at the door, and, opening it cau-tiously, looked outside into a blackened gulf in place of a landing. Then he closed it, shaking his head, and went quickly to the window and threw it open. The ivy leaves which fringed the casement were steeped in dew and moonlight, the sweet cool breath of night poured its halm into the awe-stricken eyes of the pair.

Anales drooped one white arm in the forest of

Azalea dropped one white arm in the forest of leaves, then pulled it back, shaking her head. "You see," she mattered under her breath, as if fearing lest the red, furious enemy without should hear and punish her speech, "it wouldn't hold any thing heavier than a bird."

She held in her hand a crooked stem of ivy,

graced by a trail of foliage. Thurstan looked at it critically. "It won't hold, but it may aid," he said, briefly. "Let us see." He pulled off the blankets and counterpane,

and by his voice and self-possessed manner steadied the girl's trembling hands while she as-

steaded the girl's trembing hands while she as-sisted him to knot them together.

"It is still nearly twenty feet from the ground,"
Thursten said, when the string of blankets had been let down as far as it would go. "What's to be done now?'

to be done now?"

What was to be done? Their eyes began to smart, the girl's face grew more hopeless; there was yet, however, no sign of resignation in Thurstan's face; manhood in its prime of warm blood, an a tace; mannoou in its prime of warm 5500d, fair looks, and eager desires, will not lightly resign the mysterious gift of vitality; he would fight for life inch by inch, he swore in his pride; but when he looked at the girl by his side a softer impulse took possession of him, and, with the reverence of doubt, he added: Please God.

He drew up the blankets again, and folding ne round her, hade her sit quiet on the bed. Then he made another effort at the door; he could see nothing now, not even the shadow of the chasm formed by the falling in of the land-ing-place. The smoke blinded and stifled him. The opposite wall was invisible; so were the mel-low-hued paintings which had adorned its side.

She was conscious that this awful moment might be shadowed by a yet greater despair.
"Together, love, together," she muttered.
"Let us be together, whatever comes."

"It doesn't matter," he said, sadly. "This chance is gone. Look!" The flames had caught hold of the shelf at the opposite end, and were leaping toward them with ferocious gayety. A fresh cloud of smoke made them recoil behind the shelter of the door. Then Thurston cloud. the shelter of the door. Then Thurstan closed it gently, as one who lets fall a coffin lid over a dead face, and bore the girl back to her couch.

Through the open casement came hints of the quiet night. A distant church-bell toiled the hour to its motionless congregation under the turf. Meadows pale gold in the moonlight, long glooms under the elms, sweet dewy airs, the fitful shadow of a bat crossing the moon's face—such was the scene without. Almost all the innocent lives that haunt the air were stilled Almost all in that doep repose; no restless wings fintered the leaves. Only the sleepy crock of a raven answered the preaching of the church-bell.

Captain Mowbray was still too reliant on the vigor of his health and strength to relinquish hope. Die! of course they should not die! True, their best chance was gone; but death was not meant for such as they. He tried the door again, but the outside gulf was wider, the danger imminent than ever.

He palled the rusty wire of the bell violently, in hopes of attracting the attention of the old crone below. He went to the window and shouted until he was hoarse.

He speculated on every possible and impossi-ble mode of escape. He tried to crush in the panels of the wall which divided their room from the saloon; but the tough oak resisted his efforts. He tore up the old carpet into strips and tried to lengthen the ladder of blankets which he had projected. It was not until every effort had ended in frustration that Captain Mowbray began to wonder whether it was of any use repenting of his sins.

He went and eat down by the girl's side, and

for a while they spoke no words. Then he broke the silence.

this death, Azalea?"
"Yes," she said, mechanically, "this

Yes,

death."
"It's very hard," he cried, savagely. "I am none toe good; but oh, my little darling, what have you done to deserve such an end?"
"It might be the harder to bear," she said, in the hushed, awed voice in which she had spoken ever since she had become conscious of their

"I don't see how," he answered, gloomily.
"To be burned away to nothing like two help-less idiotic moths, ugh!"
"We are together," she said, simply; and there and then they clung to each other, and

were again silent,

Then a reckless mood took possession of

Mowbeny.
"What's the use of my playing the saint now, at the last moment, when I've lived as a sinner all my life?" be cried. "What's the use of my all my life?" he cried. "What's the use of my begging pardon now, like a school-boy repenting in sight of the rod? I have lived what men call a 'fast,' and God calls a bad life. I have rarely thought of sacred things except to take their names in vain. My whole life has been for myself. I have given nothing to my God; what should my God give me?"
"Mercy," whispered the girl, clinging tighter to him; "mercy and forgiveness. His forgiveness is not to be measured by man's. It extends to millions, and is infinite. Even at the last moment all that He saks is faith and recentance.

ment all that He asks is faith and repentance.
Oh, my darling! my darling! let us at least pray that we may not be parted for all eternity."

"It's no use, my dear. A man is judged by his life, not by his death. Should I grovel from

fear where I did not kneel for love? After all, 'tis but to go to sleep!" He averted his face from her, and broke into a low song, something about meeting death boldly, and fearing neither

His gay tone sounded more ghastly to Azalea's ar than the saddest wail would have done.

"Don't!" she said, piteously.

Then she clasped her hands on his shoulder,

nd prayed:
"Our Father which art in heaven: "Hark!" interrupted Thurstan; "do you hear that?" It was the sound of a beam falling out-

side.
"Hallowed be thy name," she continued, never relaxing the intentness of her eyes and
"The kingdom come. Thy will be done in tone. "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." Then her voice some-what failed her. A feeling of suffocation choked her accents; but she looked at Thurstan so earnestly that he was fain to finish the prayer for her. It came to his lips mechanically—he had not uttered it since he was a little boy at his nurse's

knee, but the sound of it brought a strange sense
of comfort to him. She echoed his "Amon"
feebly; her head dropped on his shoulder.

"Kiss me, Thurstan; it may be the last, the
very last."
He joined his lips to here, and took her in his arms; they said no more; that kiss was their farewell. And, with calmness born of despair, the two clung together as though each would shield the other from the impending horror.

It was about this time that Douglas walked to the window of his bedroom, to look, with a giance which was a strange mixture of passion and rev-erence, a blessing on Azalea's home. Was that mist rising over the Auriel woods? Surely no mist was ever so concentrated over one particu-lar group of firs? Presently the mist rolled away,

and was succeeded by a red light, which wavered like a vast torch flared by the wind.

In one brief instant the love in his eyes changed to supor; then a spasm of unutterable anguish convulsed his face.

"My love! my love! oh my God! Azslea!"
To fling off his coat, so that he might run dis-temberated to success the inwates of a neigh-

embarrassed to arouse the inmates of a neighboring cottage, and dispatch them to the village

for assistance, was the work of a second.

With a mighty effort he forced his voice into an intelligible order. "Tell them to bring up ladders directly, and send man and horse to ladders directly, and send man and horse to W—— for the engine. Tell them it is life or death. Auriel is on fire!" The astounded cot-tager gaped and queried, but the face, pale as ashes, had flashed past the casement; this ap-parision in the night had pointed its hand toward the red stain in the sky, like a scared spirit indi-cating the awful light of hell, and then had dis-appeared in the miss of distance. appeared in the mist of distance.

Through dewy meadows which seemed heavy with stiffing wind, through thick grass which cumbered the striving feet, over shining roads, through cruel bars made by hedgerows, Robert Douglas ran, his eyes maddened by that terrible light. The mist seemed to cling to him like a winding-sheet; his heart was a burden of stone; yet he did not relax his desperate speed; some-thing within him sustained laboring breath and failing limbs.

more shadowy group of trees left behind On him, and then he leaped rather than ran round the last curve of the path, and Auriel was before him. There was no sign of life about the place where a few half-stupefied birds flew out of the ivy; no symptom of any effort to escape on the part of its inhabitants; either they slept in the part of its inhabitants; either they slept in unconsciousness, or death had deepened sleep. Douglas tried to call, but his lips refused to make any sound; he tried the doors, but they were securely fastened.

He beat his

were securely fastened.

He beat his hand and arms against the panels: but they were oak, made strong with nails, which braised his flesh, and against which he could make no impression; then, with the yell of a wild beast, he fied to where he remembered to have seen a tall ladder lying against the ivied wall.

Around this ladder Douglas twined his arms,

"It's very horrible," he said, shivering. "Is | and with an effort-for his strength was wellnigh spent, and the ladder was heavy—dragged it under the window of Azalea's bedchamber. For one brief second he drooped his face against

the bars, crying in his heart:
"Help me, O God, lest I fail!"
Then he lifted up his brow, on which the swellen veins stood out like heavy wales, thrust out his arms, and ran up the steps, crying, in a hoarse voice:

"Azəles, child, I am coming to you!"

In another moment he stood in the open case-ment, then recied forward toward the bed, then recoiled, and stood dumb and motionless. On the couch before him were two persons—a girl and a man. Their arms were about each other; the girl's head rested on the man's shoulder; her lips were half open, as though she were still com-muning with heaven; her eyes, lifted up in a sort of stapor, neither saw nor heeded Douglas. her arms.

Douglas drew back as though he had been ruck on the face. "Shall she die?" he mutstruck on the face. "Shall she die?" h tered; "shall I leave her where she is?"

Then he looked at the little fact hanging like two snow-flakes over Mowlerny's knees, and pic-tured them as they might be presently, scorched by the cruel flames.

"I will save her!" he panted; "she shall not be touched! she shall live! but as to

He looked at Mowbray with a glance of in-

expressible atersion.
"This smoke will soon kill him," he thought;
"he will be dead—dead "

He repeated the word with vindictive satis-

faction. faction. Meanwhile the roar of fiames grew louder, and a portion of the wall near the door fell in. Then a sadden impulse—an impulse born of something greater than human passion—thrilled the miserable wretch who was the only conscious

spectator of this strange scene.
"Awake!" he thundered. "Fool! are you

going to die like a rat in a hole?" He seized a jug of water and dashed it against the young man's face; then dragged him to the window and left him there, the night-air blowing

Meanwhile the alarm of fire had aroused the sleeping country. From homestead to home-stead, from peaceful hamlets to towns where stead, from peaceful hamiets to towns where vice keeps vigil, the cry of alarm had passed on with the rapidity of a malign rumor. The quiet lanes round Auriel echoed to the gallop of horses, the flower-beds were trampied down by an excited crowd, a roar of voices began to mingle with the roar of fismes, cries of warning and encouragement arose in all directions; presently the crowd, which had surged by to the walls like a disorderly attacking army, paused to

serve a strange spectacle.

They saw a man descending the ladder placed against the north tower with a burden over his shoulder. A fair, helpless, half-dead looking thing, whose hair fell around him in a shower of gold; it had white limbs which drooped heavily by its side, and which afforded no sort of aseistance to this perilous descent.

"It's a woman!" cried those below. "Hurrah! he's saved her!"

No, she's dead."

"Not she—only faint,"
"Seemly the ladder; don't you see it's nearly weer?"

Amidst cheers and exclamations, with a sea Anidst cheers and exclamations, with a senof pale wondering faces turned up toward him
watching his progress with intense excitement,
the man on the ladder came down rapidly and
gave the form he carried into their arms; then,
before question could be asked, he reascended
the steps and disappeared into the cloud of
smoke issuing from the casement.

When he was resided he was blackened.

When he was next visible he was blackened, scorehed, blistered. His hair and eyebrows were singed and his face was undistinguishable. He called out:

"There is a man here; some one of you come and take him. I can not bring him further." Instantly a dozen hands steadied the ladder.

Two men ran up the steps and assisted each other in bringing down the helpless figure of

Thursan Mowbray.

They laid him on the grass and made a space round him. The girl, who had partially recovered her senses, crawled to his side and bent Her first con him, as had been her last.

She trembled violently when she realized what

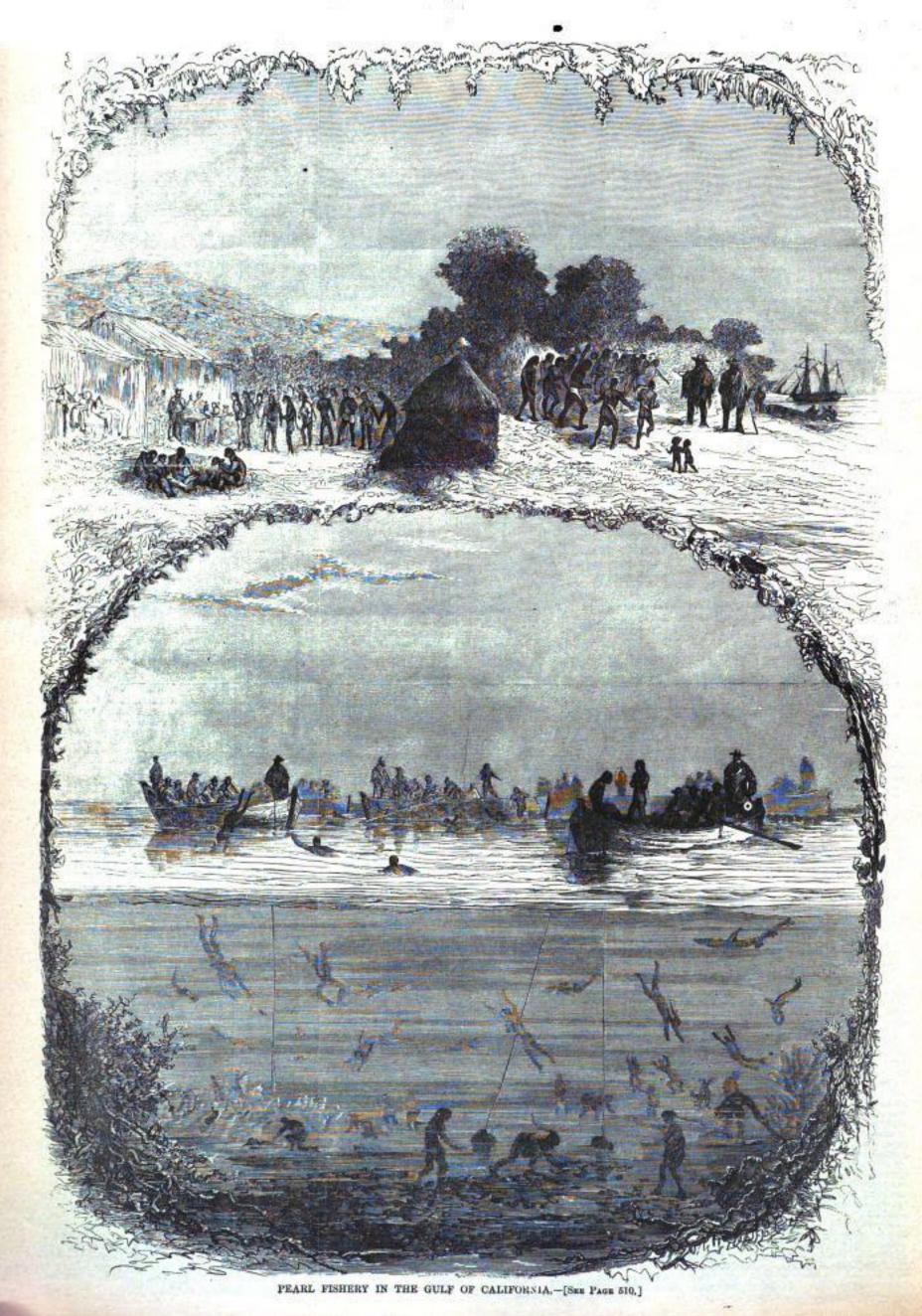
had been his danger.

It was not until be was sufficiently recovered It was not until be was sufficiently recovered to stagger up from his recumbent position that, following has movement with eyes still jenious with fear, she happened to glance at that casement through which they had evaded death. Then a great shriek burst from her white lips. "Look, Thurstan!" she cried, "Douglas is there. O God! what is he doing?"

Douglas had waited until Mowbray was safely assessed to the ground-waited grait the last

conveyed to the ground—waited until the last man was off the ladder—had watched the move-ment made by the girl below as she dragged her-

And then was it by accident that he gave the ladder a push which hurled it to the ground? ladder a pash which harried it to the ground;
Had he anticipated that from its age it was unsound and would enap in its fall? It did so;
and as the people below hurriedly endeavored
to remedy the fracture and shouted to him to
keep a good heart, Robert Douglas turned his
face away from the stars, the fresh air, and the
friendly voices of his kind, and disappeared into
the interior of the chamber.



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M. EUGENE BOUREF.

M. ROUHER.

Excesse Rothern, Senator, late Minister of State, Minister of Finance, Grand Cross of the Legion of Henor, of the Orders of Leopold, the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Oak, St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, etc., is essentially a man of the Second Empire. His Imperialism is purely due to the force of events—family connections or political antecedents have in no way influenced the outset of his career, or determined his high advancement. Indeed, his early political convictions, if he had any—which appears doubtful—seem to have sympathized with Orleanism. Endowed with mental powers of a high order, he sought to enter early upon public life, and, conscious of his aptitude for real work, he resolved, on attaining the first step, to trust to EUGENE ROUMER, Senator, late Minister of solved, on attaining the first step, to trust to circumstances to bear him on to the goal of his

ambition.

EUGENE ROUNER was born at Hiom, November 30, 1814. At the age of fourteen he was admitted a student at the Naval School of Angoulème; but, fortunately for him, the revolution of 1830 occurred, and the monarchy of July having suppressed that institution his prospects of a naval career were abandoned. On concluding his collegiate studies at Clermont he was sent to the great School of Law in Paris,

"pour faire son droit," without which no French-man's education is considered complete. After being called to the bar he returned to Riom, where he soon acquired a good practice and con-siderable repute by defending the democratic cause in press prosecutions.

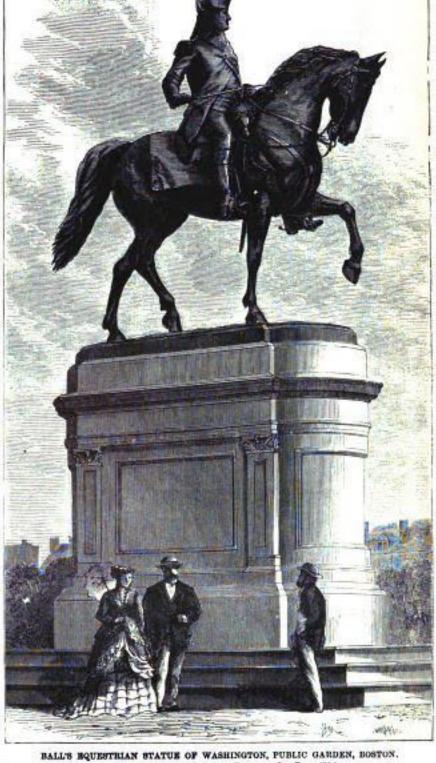
Elected, after the revolution of 1848, a rep-resentative for Le Puy-de-Dome, he favored all measures devised to function the favored all

measures devised to frustrate the policy of the "Party of Action."

"Party of Action.

Louis Napoleon, soon after his election to the Presidency, appointed M. Boursen Minister of Justice. From this period Rousen's sptitudes for parliamentary contention were established. He forced through the Chamber the bill known by the name of "Loi do 31 Mai," restricting universal suffrage. He introduced and carried the law limiting the liberty of the press. His name, however, does not appear once in connection with the events of the cosp of that, January 26, 1852, he was appointed Vice-President of the Council of State, and was charged with the administration of the section of Legislation, Justice, and Foreign Affairs. In this new sphere of action his characteristic talents and capacity for work manifested themselves in a conspicuous manner.

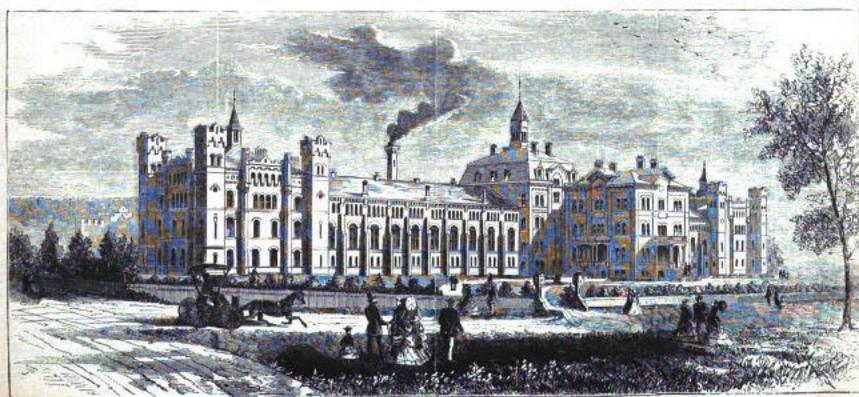
spicuous manner.
M. Rocher was successively President of the Commission of Pensions to aged persons, member



PROTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON,-[SEE PAGE 510.]

of the Commission charged to distribute eight millions of france in execution of the testamentary disposition of the Emperor Navolson, and member of the Commission of the Universal Exposition of 1855. On the 3d of February in that year he accepted the per-folio of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works. Under his administration immense reforms have been ac-

complished, public works and improvements of every kind have been carried out all over the country. By a decree of the 12th of June, 1856, he was raised to the dignity of a Senator. In conjunction with Banocus he negotiated with Mr. Councis the commercial trenty between France and England, which was signed on the 23d of January, 1860. The unexampled im-



ALMS-HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO .- [SEE PAGE 510.]

petus given to French trade by the treaty has opened up prospects of prosperity far beyond the most sanguine expectations. Since 1860 he has negotiated the commercial treation of France with Belgium, Prussia, the Zollverein, and Italy, all based on the same enlightened and liberal principles. On the 24th of June, 1863, ROGIER passed from the Ministry of Commerce to the Presidency of the Council of State, to whose functions was added the duty of explaining and defending in the Legislative Chamber, in rescert with the Minister of State, the projects of law and questions of policy submitted to its deliberations. Toward the close of the year be replaced, ad interim, M. Bounar as Minister of the Interior. On the death of M. BILLAULY, ROUMER succeeded him in the Premiership. ROUMER succeeded him in the Fremershap.

This position he has been recently compelled to resign, owing to the pressure of the Third Party in the Corps Legislatic. He has been called to the Presidency of the French Senste.

M. Roumen may justly be ranked among the great orators who have adorned the deliberative assemblies of France.

THE CINCINNATI ALMS-HOUSE.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, has the largest, the most beautiful, and the most commodious Alms-house in the world. Our engraving on page 509 gives a very fair idea of the architectural beauty of this structure. In this, as in other public buildings recently erected, our Western cities are giving a very suggestive lesson to those in the East,

BALL'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, BOSTON.

Thus statue, recently crected in the Public Garden of Boston, of which we give on page 509 a faithful representation from a photograph by the eminent artist Mr. J. W. BLACK, had its orlgin in a general desire of Bostonians to have a suitable memorial of Washington by their fellow-citizen Thomas Ball, the sculptor. A committee of prominent gentlemen was appointed, and Mr. Baaa's services secured. This was a little more than ten years ago. Hon. Kowent C. Westman took an active interest in the plan, and initiated the public movement by an address in the Music Hall, in which he expressed the belief that none would have occasion to repent having "set the Bill in motion." Soon afterward a fair was held which added twelve thousand dollars to the find. The city government appropriated ten thousand dollars; a generous amount was contributed from the surplus fund of the Everett statue, and the work was soon placed on a satisfactory basis. The model was completed in 1864, and the custing, in broase, was intrusted to the Ames Manufacturing Compuny, at Chicopee, Massachusetts. The extreme length of the statue is 16 feet, height 16 feet, height of Washington 12 feet, height of plinth 134 feet. The pedestal, which is of Quincy gran-ite, was designed by Hannart Bullings, is 15 feet in length, 74 teet in width, and 14 feet in height. The weight of the statue is 10,600 pounds, and the total cost \$42,460. It was un-veiled to the public on the afternoon of July 3, 1869, and was presented to the city by Hon, ALEXASSER H. RICK, Chairman of the Washington Statue Committee, in a brief and appropriate speech, Mayor N. B. SHURTLEFF responding in behalf of the city. It is an orna-ment to the Public Garden, and an honor to

PEARL FISHERY IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

PRARLS are found in the bay of La Paz, around the little islands at its entrance. The best fishing-ground is between the island of Spirito Santo and the port of Pichilingo, if we can thus style a creek surrounded with a few bamboo huts, which is nevertheless the general rendezvous of the men interested in the pearl fishery for three months in the year, being abandoned the rest of the time to jackals and

The pearl-oyster found in the Gulf of Califorers slightly from that of the Gulf of Ormus nia differs slightly from that of the Gulf of Ormus and the Indian Ocean. The shell, once open, presents two beautiful, almost circular, valves, resembling wings, and lined with a thick, daz-zling, and polished mother-of-pearl, which for-merly gave to the Gulf of California the name of the Vermilion Sea. The animal which has built this magnificent abode differs little at first sight from our d may, be eaten with impunity; it is not, however, agreeable to the taste—raw, it is slimy, bitter, and disgusting; while cooked, it is so hard that it is masticated with difficulty. The fleshy part that adheres to the shell, when thinly sliced and cooked with allspice, is very good eating, but extremely indirectible.

cooked with allspice, is very good eating, but extremely indigestible.

Pearl fishing was commenced in the Gulf of California in 1580, forty-six years after the discovery of the country, by the Jesnita, who discovered the placers and taught the Indians how to dive. From 1580 to 1855, or 275 years, the fishery yielded 1,911,800 cwis. of shells, and 2770 pounds of pearls, worth about \$1000 per pound. The average yield during this period has been, therefore, about \$50,000 worth of pearls a year. It is necessary to open about seven hundred cwis, of shells to obtain a pound of

The color of the pearl is very variable, and two are rarely found alike. They range from white to black, including every possible variety of tius, but all marked by the changeable reflec-tions of light found in the mother-of-pearl. The most highly prized are spherical in shape; al-

mond, mut, and pear shaped pearls are also very valuable. The rose pearl, a variety only found in the Gulf of California, is always pear shaped.

The best season for pearl fishing is from the middle of May to the middle of August, when the indispensable conditions, viz., no breeze and a dead calm during part of the day, clear weather and a cloudless sky, are usually found in the morning. At two o'clock in the afternoon the northeast wind springs up, and rain often comes on; the evening, therefore, is spent in opening the morning's harvest. the morning's harvest,

Having obtained permission from the Government, which claims one-tifth of the profits, to fish on a certain space, the contractor repairs to Pichilingo, with a vessel laden with provisions clothing, and trinkets, as bribes wherewith to en gage the best divers. The conditions demanded are simple: board during the fishing season, return to their homes at the end thereof, and half the cysters before they are opened. The first few days are spent by the divers in practicing, by diving a little way below the surface and gradu-ally increasing the time of their stay. After three or four trials the diver is master of himself. The average time of remaining under water is two minutes; some few stay three minutes, but never longer. At first the blood gushes from their nose, ears, and even eyes, on reaching the surface, through the compression of blood in the lungs. They use no other remedy than rest and salt-water. These sanguinary emissions soon cease, and those who do not exceed reasonable limits in their stay never bleed again.

At last all is ready: the women are settled in

At last all is ready; the women are settled in huts on the shore, the huts are provisioned, and the divers are inured to their task. The fishery opens with a solemn ceremony. A sorceress ex-orcises the sea, and reminds the sharks of their past misdeeds, adjuring them to behave them-selves in the future, for the sons of her tribe have lungs of steel, a heart of bronze, and an arm of iron.

The divers work in different ways. have a sort of apron with pockets, which holds the oysters and leaves their hands free; others dive naked, and bring up the oysters under their left arm. On the average, a diver seldom brings up more than five or six oysters, and never me than twelve. Some boats have rowers, and others none. Some are moored with an anchor, and others by a stone tied to a rope. Some of the divers go down with a stone, which is drawn up, but the greater part have nothing, either in plunging or rising; a few have a rope passed round their waist and fastened to the boat. In a sea infested with monsters like this, the safest course seems to be to have perfect freedom of movement.

All the divers are armed with a short stick, or estaca, hardened in the fire and pointed at each end. This is their only tool and weapon; they are allowed nothing with which they could open an oyster under water and hide its contents. each boat there is at least one capataz in the stern to watch the oysters, and amother at the bow to warn the fivers of danger. In many there is a sorcerese, generally old, drunken, real ugly, who shricks and raves, and, on the whole, frightens off the sharks by the moise she makes,

Good crews, where there are no novices, are usually divided into two groups, working half an hour in turn. During this half hour the divers on duty merely rest their hands on the edge of the boat, pass their oysters to the capataz, who throws them on their heap, take breath for a moment, and plungs anew into the sea. The less experienced, or those who still bleed, divided into three groups, and rest longer. They always dive fasting from liquids and solids.

On reaching the bottom the diver rapidly detaches the cysters about him with the aid of his estaca, if need be, then rises to the surface, But the opportunities for fraud are numerous. shell giging be quickly opens it by If he sees a introducing the estaca crosswise, and if he finds nothing, comes up with an oyster or two, saying that they were all that he saw. Some who can stay under water three minutes open a shell every time, for the pearl-oyster is easily opened. They time, for the pearl-oyster is easily opened. They are soon suspected by the capatax, who often detects the fraud by finding the end of the estaca notched or broken. The pearls thus abstracted are either swallowed or introduced into the rectum. The first operation is easy; but the pearls are greatly injured by passing through the digestive canal. The second process leaves the pearl all its brilliancy; but it needs extraordinary skill for a diver to open an evitor, extraor nary skill for a diver to open an oyster, extract the pearl, secrete it, and pick up enough oysters not to rise empty-handed, all in two minutes. About noon they return to land. Each man

divides his pile into two parts, and gives the contractor his choice, keeping the remaining share. Some sell it on the spot to avoid the trouble and risk of opening, setting on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bash. The shells belong to the contractor,

There are two ways of opening the oyster: the first consists in doing it immediately with a knife; this is the course employed by contractors who have time and money. The pearls obtained in this way are much more beautiful. The secin this way are much more beautiful. The sec-ond method, employed by the Indians, who keep their shells, is to let them open of themselves by putrefaction. The mollisaks are then torn out one by one, and thrown into a wooden trough; the shells to which a paarl adheres are laid aside, and the whole family, eagerly bending over the trough, sift the miasmatic mass through their fingers. This process generates grave and often mortal diseases. In the fishing season a blind pilot could find his way to the port of Pichi-lingo by the horrible stench which axhales from it.

The Indians who are fortunate enough to find costly pearle waste their money on the spot, and at the end of the season are generally as poor as before. As to the contractors, their expenses

are heavy and their risks great; what with their els, crew, and at least sixty divers and their families, whom they have to feed, it is impossible to undertake the business with less than ten thousand dollars; and a man with ten thousand dollars in those countries can find much pleasanter means of investing his capital; the competition, therefore, is very limited.

Attempts have been made at cultivating the pearl-oyster; but where they have been made to live, as in Sweden, the shell has lost its brilliancy, proving that the rays of the tropical sun, which ebod by the oyster, are needed to its radiant tints. In the culture of the pearl-oyster a tropical latitude, a calm san, a special ground, and no interposition of shade between the shells and the sun are needed; and then pearls are only found in cysters seven years

We must say a few words about the monsters which infest the seas, and which, at other times seldom seen in the Gulf of La Paz, swarm there at the pearl-diving season. The sharks are little d; being obliged to turn over before they can seize their prey, the divers, warned by the clam-or from their friends on the boat, have time to escape; or, if attacked, they extend their hand, grasping the estaca, which the shark bites violentby; the hardened wood wounds his jaws, which are very tender, and he lets go his victim with a howl of pain. It is a mistake to suppose that sharks scent sickness on board a ship, and follow in its wake in the expectation of devouring a corpse; a body thrown into the sea is always weighted; and so the shark can not dive, and is obliged to turn over in order to bite, the prey is out of his reach before he can attack it.

But if the Indians care little for the shark, it is not so with the tintorera, whose name he never utters without a shudder. There are two kinds of tintoreras; the first is called by the natives prime (or cousin) to the shark, which it resem-bles in general appearance. It is far more dan-gerous, however, for it swims between two waves, and has its mouth at the end of the muzzle in-stend of underneath, so that it is not obliged to turn over in order to bite. The second, or the tintorera proper, belongs to the species of angel-fish (an odd kind of angels!), and is a lange, broad, flat fish, which can be compared to nothing bet-ter than a great blanket. Both, fortunately, swim slower than the shark, which enables the diver to escape them when the boat is not far off.

These monsters are eager for human flesh, and extremely dangerous through their facility for procuring it. They derive their name, his toveru, or dyer, from a dark, viscous fluid which they emit from their bodies, and which seems to have a stupefying effect. The prima eats nohave a stupefring effect. The prima eats no-thing but living flesh, while the timorera feeds only on putrefying bodies. The latter is very phosphorescent, and is easily seen at night. It flattens itself on the sand and waits for its prey. The first unhappy diver who comes near sees the water clouded around him, and feels his limbs paralyzed by a magnetic influence. The monster envelops him and smothers him as if in a blanket, then drugs him away, and covern himself and his prey with sand. The work of patrefaction soon begins, and, ghoul-like, the monster devours his horrible feast. This fearful drama makes a strong impression on the minds of the divers, who see something supernatural in the phosphorescence and magnetic power of the tintorera. The prima is about ten feet in length; the tintorers covers a space from five to thirteen feet long. Both have several rows of teeth, like the shark, planted not in the maxillaries, but on the lips. There are also the avord-fish and the pieuvre, or the famous devil-fish of Victor Hugo. The latter, though sometimes huge in size, inspires the divers with little terror; they sometimes even catch it and use it for food,

SUPERSTITION IN BUSSIA.

WE hear of horrid sects at present in R. wes, practicing human and cannibal sacrifices, will rites almost more devilish than any recorded in history. It is a strange thing how faith may be perverted, and made to minister to the vilest passions. The "Communion of the Flesh of the Lamb" and the "Communion of the Blood of the Lamb" really seem to have been invent by the lowest demons of the bottomless pit. The subject is too revolting to be pursued into detail; it is enough to say, that an infant seven days old is bandaged over the eyes, stretched over a dish, and a silver spoon thrust into the side, so as to pierce the heart. The elect suck the child's blood—that is "the Blood of the Lamb." The body is left to dry up in another dish full of sage, then crushed into powder, and eaten in small cakes. That is "the Flesh of the Lamb." We must really apologize for stating these frightful things, but they are actually occurring in He in 1869.

SUPPRESSION OF GAMBLING IN EUROPE.

IT has long been a vexed question whether the interests of morality would be better served by suppressing or continuing to tolerate the gambling-tables which still exist in a few towns on the European continent; the advocates of suppression taking their stand on the immorality of legalizing what they are pleased to term dens of vice and iniquity, while the partisans of toleration ascert that the less evil is to be apprehended from a system of gambling conducted fairly and under Government surveillance than from the uniformed and chardestine tripots to which players would resort if deprived of the facilities which at present exist for the indesigence of their panetes. The German hells are all doomed to be suppressed at the expiration of

their present leases; a recent vote of the Belgian Chambers has fixed the 31st of October, 1871, as the date on which "Fatal Zero" shall come op for the last time in Spa; and now a petition, signed by 1500 inhabitants of Nice, has been presented to the French Senate praying that body to use its influence to procure the suppres-sion of the great strong-hold of gambling at Monaco. Should their efforts be successful the En-glish settlement in Heligoland will be the last refage of the lovers of rouge-et-noir and roulette.

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

MR. R. H. PATTERSON, in one of the magazines, says that Professor Palmieri, who has so closely studied the phenomena of Vesuvius, declares that there is a perceptible relation between the phases of the moon and the developments of volcanic action. Any one who has lived in the South, or even sailed in the Mediterranean, may have noticed how carefully sleepers in the open guard their head and face against the rays of the moon, to avert ophthalmia and other ills. In India, meat exposed to the moon-rays immediately putrelies. The moon's influence produces tides and currents in the atmosphere just as it does in the ocean. Some of these facts indicate a lu-ner action more subtle than science can yet account for.

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Vol. XIII.—No. 659.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1869.

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MEDAL PRESENTED TO MIDSHIP-MAN MASON.

In our issue for April 24 we gave a portrait of young Midshipman T. Balley Myers Mason, who on the 8th of February saved the lives of two seamen of the Guerriere, off Rio Janeiro. On that day Mr. Mason was sent ashore in charge of the steam launch of the Guerriere, to search for and bring off the men who were on liberty. Five of the men were found and placed in the launch, and being intoxicated and riotous were put in irons. One of them jumped overboard with his irons on, and would have been drowned had not Mr. Mason jumped after him and rescued him, with imminent peril to himself. Scarcecued him, with imminent peril to himself. Scarce-ly had Mr. Mason got aboard with his man than ly had Mr. Mason got aboard with his man than another, also in irons, jumped overboard; and although Mr. Mason was greatly exhausted by his first effort, he jumped after and rescued him. For these two acts of gallantry he was most highly commended by his commanding officer, by the Admiral of the station, and by the Secretary of the Navy; and the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York ordered a gold medal to be struck in his honor, and to be presented to him. Shortly after the arrival of the Guerriere at this port the medal, of which we give an illustration on this page, was presented to Mason by the Rev. Hexar Warm Berchers, who read to him the following letter: following letter:

Lers Saves Secures are Association of New York, Fe T. Barker Myses Masociation has inscribed on on of its gold medials the following testimonial: "Pro-





MEDAL PRESENTED TO MIDSHIPMAN T. B. M. MASON BY THE LIFE SAVING BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

sented to Midshipman T. Bankr Myras Mason, of the United States Navy, who, with generous hereism, twice in succession, hazarding his own life, recovered from drowning two of his shipmates, cullsted menfor the Oserviere, in the harbor of Rio de Janelro, February 8, 1808." The signal acts of unseitist galantity thus sought to be commemorated have their chief reward in the consciousness that, upon the impulse of a humane and noble courage, you delivered from sudden death two human lives. They have also been recognized in the report of your superior officers, and the special commendations of the Secretary of the Navy, and we would not attempt to expected or odd to the high meed of praise thus awarded by the nation through its official representatives. But it is one of the chartered privileges of our Associa-

tion to encourage meritorious conduct in the dis-charge of the sacred duty of saving lives exposed at sea, and by a suitable and enduring record to mark and perpetuate its just appreciation of acts of self-sarrifice and heroism. In obedience to this the Association has caused the medal to be so inscribed, and to be herewith transmitted for your acceptance. Respect-fully, your obedient servant, Royat Paxtre, Secretary.

Mr. Bescher followed with a few appropriate words, to which young Mason made a modest and brief reply. After the presentation of the medal Admirals Strenoman and Davis stepped forward and shook hands with Mason, com-

plimenting him on the honor he had received, The medal is of fine gold, and is worth at least

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1869.

TENNESSEE AND MISSISSIPPI.

But the policy of reconstruction, of which the suffrage of the freedmen is so vital a point, evidently contemplates a rapid political restoration of the whole disaffected population of those States. It was felt that a long disfranchisement of the late dominant class would be impolitic, and yet that their resumption of political privileges would be dangerous. As a matter of high expediency, therefore, as well as of justice, the colored citizens were enfranchised; the loyalty of the new vote being properly expected to nullify the possible peril of the old. The fact has thus far justified the wisdom of the radical system of reconstruction. Nor is it easy to see in what other way the complicated difficulties of the situation could have been so readily adjusted. The happy working of the system was so clearly seen by the Convention that nominated General Graser that it did not hestinate to pronounce, in the words that we have quoted, for the speediest possible removal of disabilities.

It was not, however, surprising that in the States themselves there should have been very warm and serious differences. The bitter lo-cal and personal hostilities of the war, envenomed by many of the events that immediately succeeded, and by the conduct of Axpansw Jonsson, prevented unanimity of sentiment among professed loyal men, so that a division loyal party was probable, and has oc-This division also was determined by curred. the very question we are considering—that of immediate political restoration. In Virginia the late election turned upon the point of entire amnesty, and the result there has undoubt-edly settled the question in the other States where it is not yet formally determined. In-deed, the position of the party at large, and the tendency of public opinion generally, had virtually decided it; and even in Virginia Mr. Wells was understood to have conceded the necessity of amnesty. In the uncertainty, however, enough Republicans voted for Mr. WALKun to elect him, and the Fifteenth Amendment has been secured, with general amnesty.

There is now really no reason for farther di-

vision in the Republican party of the unrecomstructed States; and those who act with its opponents, and thus conspire to weaken the party and the Administration, should be very suspi-ciously watched. Thus, in Tennessee, there is a fierce contest in the party. Neither of the candidates was regularly nominated, and there is apparently very little to choose between them politically, as neither were original Union men. Nor is there any essential difference between the platforms, as both declare for amnesty. Under these circumstances, and at a distance from the scene of the contest, it seems to us that the sympathies of Republicans elsewhere naturally incline to the candidate who is supported by the great body of their friends, as against him who is sustained by all their enemies. If the friends of Mr. STOKES declare for amnesty, and heartily support all the other measures of the party, why should a Republican elsewhere rejoice in the favorable prospects of Mr. SERTER, who also declares for amnesty, but who, if successful, must be elected by the votes of those who as beartily oppose the measure of the party? In other words, why should a Republican wish to see his party succeed in Tunnessee by the votes of its enemies when he knows that their object is not the triumph of Republican principles? Does he fear the Greeks less because they bring gifts? If, in Virginia, Mr. WALKER and Mr. WELLS had represented the same principles and policy as Mr. STOKES and Mr. SERTER do in Tennessee, should we not all have preferred to see Mr. WELLS succeed by the Republican vote rather than Mr. WALKER by that of our opponents?

The question is still more emphatic in Mis-issippi. In that State the Republican party is well organized and harmonious, and it is supported by a larger proportion of native white men than in most of the Southern States. The Republican platform is liberal and wise, declaring against proscription and disfranchisement, and favoring universal suffrage and universal amnesty. There are a very few, and only a very few, Republicans who have withdrawn to ally themselves with the Democrats in a movement called "Conservative" Repub-licanism. This alliance has nominated Judge DENT for Governor, whose claim to be considered a citizen of the State consists, as we understand, in the fact that, in 1866, he occupied an abandoned plantation in Coahoma Coun but, his enterprise proving unsuccessful, he left the State at the close of the year. His nomination, like the alliance, would seem to be a device of the enemy to conquer under other colors than their own. But can any body give any good reason for withdrawing national Repub-lican sympathy from the Mississippi Republican party, which stands firmly upon the national platform? Certainly Judge Dunt's letter of-fers no reason. If he could have truly said that those whom his candidacy opposes advocate a restrictive and vindictive policy, he might have shown the wisdom of supporting his nomination. But he could not do it, and of course he did not attempt it. It was probably supposed that as Judge DEST is a relative of the President, and as WALKER's election in Virginia was called a triumph of the President's policy, his candidacy would be regarded as representing the same principles, and as involving the sympathy and support of the Administra-

The circumstances, however, being absolutely different, we warn our friends in Mississippi that the resemblance must not be assum The President of the United States is not like. ly publicly to declare himself upon the subject, nor should we wish him to do so. His sympathy, however, naturally belongs to those who maintain the principles upon which he was elected, including that generous disposition which the Chicago platform expressly asserts. And who maintain those principles in Mississippi? Those who would have voted for Mr. SETMOUR, and who denounce the whole policy of reconstruction, or those whose votes were sure for GRANT and equal rights? It seems plain that the national Republican press should distinctly sustain by its sympathy the party in Mississippi which has proved its faith in the principles that it professes, which is not nar-row and prescriptive, and which supports equal rights not from compulsion but from convic-tion. Our principles and our policy are cer-tainly safer with our friends than with our ene-

CUBAN AFFAIRS.

In speaking of Senator Summer's opposition to any relaxation of neutrality in the Cuben question, the Tribuse very truly remarks that the Alabama question has nothing to do with Our neutral duties do not depend upon the Alabana claims. The Tribuse also says: "We do not suppose, however, that the Senator de-sires the inference to be drawn that merely for a selfish aim of our own we should sacrifice a struggling cause." We venture to speak in this instance for the Senator, and to answer, certainly not. But if the faithful observance of neutrality sacrifices a struggling cause which ought to succeed, our duty is evident-we ought to recognize the belligerence or the independence of Cuba. The question of Cuban independence, however, is very different from that of the relation of the United States to the Cuban revolution. It does not follow, because the Cubans are justified in asserting their independmce, that the United States authorities would be justified in evading the laws of the country to help them. And this point has been curiously confused throughout the whole Cuban dism; and those who have de President for not privately instructing his deputies to comuive at the violation of honorable laws which he was sworn to execute have certainly a very remarkable conception of official er and of national rectitude.

If, instead of reviling the officers of the United States for enforcing the laws, the Cuban Junta had been advised to confine themselves wholly to securing the recognition of Cuben belligerence, we are not sure that they might not have succeeded. But they have been advised that the sympathy of the people was such that the Neutrality laws could not be enforced. and that they might make war from the United States. It was bad advice, for two reasons. In the first place, the extent and the character of the sympathy have been erroneously repre-sented to the Cubans; and, in the second place, it is a great mistake that any large part of the American people will complacently see their laws openly defied, except, as in the case of the Fugitive Slave law, from a profound conviction of the wickedness of the law and the practical impossibility of its repeal. Nobody believes that the Neutrality laws are wicked; and if their operation is ever likely to sacrifice a just cause, the remedy is immediate.

The dispersion of the RYAN expedition seems to have settled, at least for the present, the question of warlike movements from this port. Meanwhile the news from Cuba is as unsatisfactorily vague as ever. But the situation apparently remains substantially unchanged. The essential reasonableness of the revolution, however, and the prolongation of the struggle, have led to various propositions of a peaceful solution. One of these is, that Cuba shall buy itself, with the United States as inderser—and, we presume, broker. This last is the important point of the proposition.

we presume, a common and present the United States proposes merely to guarantee to Spain the purchase money, upon condition that Spain will sell, the affair is simple enough. But we presume that, as a preliminary, Spain would require that arms should be laid aside, that her new policy for the island should be announced and understood, and that an honest vote should be taken.

But would the United States be content to make the proposition merely, and politely withdraw if Spain should reply that it was not inclined to the bargain? Or would the envoy suggest peculiar reasons for compliance, reasons that are obvious enough? And if he should, what would the whole proceeding be but a more carefully veiled Ostend policy? If the United States say to Spain, "We shall be glad to guarantee the terms that the Cubans may propose"—very well. But if the United States say, "If you don't accept the terms, and us as security, we must really acknowledge the belligerence or the independence of Cuba," it would be a very courteous, but a very unmistakable coercion.

Of course the result is evident. Cuba has no ready money. If the bargain is made the United States would advance the money. Caba would be virtually mortgaged to the United States as security, and on some not distant day Caba would be annexed to satisfy the mortgage. The grandeur and magnanimity of such a scheme are not apparent. It would, indeed, be magnanimous for Spain to concede the independence of Cuba. It would be a magnanimity unprecedented in history. It would also be becoming in the United States to propose such a concession in the interest of justice and peace, provided it carefully refrained from annexation afterward. It would also be a good thing to save bloodshed by the paying of money, and, of course, by guaranteeing its payment. But that the United States should be the broker of a bargain by which they expected to gain is no more a subject of rhetorical congratulation than that they paid sundry millions of dollars for Alaska.

THE ENGLISH TRADES-UNION BILL

The Trades-Union bill, which is favored by Parliament, and which even the London Twees welcomes, is the breaking of another feudal chain. It is simply an assertion of the freedom of bargains for labor. The state, which has renounced the folly of attempting to fix the price of other commodities, now agrees that it will not attempt to regulate that of labor. Combinations of labor are as lawful as these of capital. If, indeed, they become conspiracies to invade the rights of others, they may justly be suppressed, but not before. They may, in certain instances, be huge mistakes. They may react to the injury of the workman. But it is not the business of government to defend him against his blunders in political economy more than to furnish him bread. He must instruct himself by thought and experience, as he must

feed himself by his industry.

By the present common-law of England, if the workmen of a factory agree to work only upon such terms as their body may determine, they are doing what is unlawful. Their agree ment is void, and all that depends upon it. Therefore, if they form a mutual aid society, with sickness and burial funds, and with a fund to support them while waiting for their terms work to be accepted, and the funds are stolen, they can not sue the thief. If those who have agreed not to work, except upon cer-tain terms, attempt to hold their fellows to their engagement without any specific breach of law, they are liable to punishment for a misd meanor. Then comes the statute law which nonishes "intimidation." "molestation," or obstruction," leaving those elastic terms to be interpreted by judicial authority; and that has already decided that the statute covers the following cases: respectful notice to an employer that his workmen will leave at the end of their contract, unless a certain workman is dismissed; to tell a workman that he will be considered "a black;" to shout, "Bas, bas, black sheep!" to workmen going to a shop; to tell a workman that if he goes to work "there will be a row;" coercion not extending to abusive language or gestures; a public notice to workmen not to engage with a particular mester. These are exceptional crimes for workmen only; and it is not surprising that the common-sense of England demands a

· According to Mr. FERDERIC HARRISON, to

whom we owe these facts, the present bill, which was prepared by Mr. Thomas Hughes and Mr. MENDRELA, asks no new law whatever. It meroly proposes the removal of a bad old law. The ordinary law of assault remains untouched; and assault in law means to offer to do any bodily hurt, even by gesture, when the means of hurting are present; and an assent in pursuance of any conspiracy is still punishable by two years' imprisonment. The reform pro-posed, therefore, is twofold; it abolishes the interference of government in matters where it ought not to be felt, and it abolishes one form of class legislation. It is also a recognition of the Trades Unions, as entitled to the rights of all voluntary associations for legitimate purposes; and it is a renunciation of the right of government to regulate the methods by which those purposes shall be furthered, until the rights of others are actually infringed. It is, in fact, another of the measures by which radical changes are being peacefully accomplished

POLITICS MADE EASY.

A Lively gentleman in Buffalo, who signs himself "A Republican Office-bolder," has written a letter upon the relation of office-bolders to politics, which is very comical reading. "It is asking too much," he says, "of private citizens occupied by the cares of complicated business matters to be constantly attending to the details of political machinery. They do their duty when they give their sympathy, their money, and, at the proper time, their vote, and to others must be left the preliminary work." This is truly a labor-saving system. There are those, indeed, who suppose that the business of the custom-house and of the revenue officers is to collect the revenue, and of the United States. But this excellent correspondent corrects their mistake. The persons, he informs us, who are appointed to collect the customs and assess the taxes are also to nominate candidates for office, and we "private citizens" are to vote for them and to pay all expenses.

Nothing could be easier—for the managers. Of course the office-holders would do it all for love. They would have no private axes to grind. They would select all the candidates for their ability and honesty, and without the slightest reference to their friendship for the office-holders. There would be no understandings, no arrangements, no rings. A system in which the "Central Committees" dictated their subordinates to the office-holders, and the office-holders nominated the candidates for the Committees, would be plainly free from every kind of collusion, and the public service in the mean while would be immensely benefited.

The correspondent complains that the city papers ridicule the "energy, organization, and disinterestedness of all who subordinately work to sustain the party in power." But if by these fine words be meant such a system as be proposes, what is ridicule for except to expose it? The "private citizens" attending to their business justly expect the custom-house and revenue officers to attend to theirs. If it is desirable to have a certain number of persons to manage politics, let them be devoted to that business. But the officers of the United States are employed for other duties. "A Republican Office-holder" writes in good faith, and does not seem conscious that he is proposing the most stupendous system of political corruption. He would reduce Mr. Maxor's "spoils" theory to a science.

In one thing, however, we fully agree with him. "A man," he says, "who holds a government office, and faithfully performs its duties, is as honorable as if he were working for any other employer." Undoubtedly; and when he leaves those duties to manage politics for the rest of us, he makes the faithful performance of his duties impossible. He is undoubtedly to take his part with his fellow-citizens in the government. But he may be very sure that the State of New York will never be "redeemed" if the mass of "private citizens" care no more for its welfare than to vote for candidates of whom they know nothing but that they are nominated by those who are selfishly interested in the success of the ticket.

COOLIES.

A cooter is a Chinese slave, bound for a longer or shorter time, and in February, 1862, Congress very properly forbade the importation of coolies from China. This was done because the ceolie trade was already large and increasing; and one firm in California is understood to have imported more than 30,000 during the last eight years. This fact alone would go far to prove their value as laborers, which is, however, otherwise fully attested, the most interesting article upon the subject being one by Mr. Pumpelly in the Galaxy for July. The Chinese laborer, it appears by conclusive testimony, is industrious, docile, faithful, efficient, and works for small wages, as is to be expected of those who can live at home upon two dollars a year. In the Flowery Kingdom of more than 200,000,000 inhabitants, which it is supposed

might be conquered by an army of 50,000 | tary and unofficial, the adoption of a resolution trained European soldiers skillfully led, there is, of course, an exhaustless supply of such laborers : and, as Mr. Anams well says, when we break down the Chinese wall to let ourselves in we let them out.

A person named Koopmanschaar, a Hollander by birth and a coolie contractor, was recently the lion of a day in New York, hav-ing previously been the hero of the Memphis Convention which assembled to devise means of supplying the Southern States with labor. The sentiment of the Convention seems to have been expressed by Mr. J. W. Charr, who remarked that "the South" did not wish European laborers, as they wanted to own while, in his opinion, "the South" preferred labor that could be managed "as of In other words, be thought that "the South" wanted an ignorant, brutish, servile population of laborers, instead of intelligent, industrious, self-respecting workmen. KOOPMANSCHAAP was evidently the right man to gratify such a desire. In reply to the ques-tion of a reporter in New York, the coolie contractor said that in the Southern States "nothing but coerced labor will bring about pros-perity." Mr. KOOPMANSCHAAP had apparently overlooked the law of which we spoke, and which forbids any citizen or foreign resident in this country to prepare any kind of vessel for the purpose of bringing coolies "to be dis-posed of, or sold, or transferred, for any term of years or for any time whatever, as servants or apprentices, or to be held to service or la-Of course the law does not forbid free and voluntary emigration.

The inducements for honest emigration to this country are so palpable and persuasive, the flood is always sure to be so large, and the difficulties incident to a rapid increase of the resident foreign population in the present circumstances of the country are so evident, that nothing is more imperative than the prevention of this illicit emigration. America has an endless welcome for the industrious laborer who comes hither to secure larger opportunities for himself and his children, but no country welcomes an inundation of foreign barbarism. Nothing, indeed, can be more absurd or more characteristic than the resolutions of the Democratic Convention in California virtually denouncing the Chinese laborers who have been brought here; for they are innocent, and the resolutions merely stimulate a local hostility already enough inflamed. Besides, the Chinese movement has begun, and will not be stayed. The wise course is to restrain it within its natural limits by rigidly preventing the opening of a new slave-trade under the name of encouraging emigration.

Meanwhile any artificial and immense increase of a population in the Southern States which, as Mr. Koopmanschaar remarks, must supplant the colored laborers, with the probae annexation of Cuba and a million and a half of Spanish ereoles and slaves, opens a prospect which need dismay no one, but which is not necessarily delightful. It is not the number of the population but its quality that makes a great nation; nor do abundant labor and cheap wages announce an imminent millenni-The power of assimilation of a nation like ours is indeed immense; and all that can be asked is that it be reasonably treated,

FALL TRADE.

Important and jobbers are now removing from the floors their spring goods, and those for the fall are taking their place. The total imports for the month of July of dry-goods amount to nearly eight millions of dollars as against about seven millions for July of last year. Of last month's importation about three-eighths were entered for warehousing and the balance for consumption. The importations of dry-goods for the first seven months of the year amount to about fifty-seven and a half millions as against nearly forty-five millions for 1868. These values are estimated in gold, exclusive of freight and duty, which probably amount to about six-ty-five per cent. It will be seen, therefore, that portion of which is sent here on foreign account -can not be expected.

No deficiency is looked for in the quantity of domestic dry-goods, with the exception, perhaps, of cotton fabrics, which are beld firmly on account of the low stocks of raw cotton both here and abroad. The stock of cloths is increasing again, although some of the manufacturers continue on short time; but as the new croy will begin to come forward in October, it is supposed that work will be generally resumed in the fall. Cotton came forward last year late in September, but crops generally are not as early as they were then.

The cable telegram of July 30 states that the "Cotton Supply Association have adopted a resolution looking to the speedy development of railways in India in order to facilitate the exportation of cotton from that country. This course was taken in consequence of the insufficieucy of the supply from the United States. The stock of American cotton is not large enough to keep the mills of Lencashire fully engaged."

As the Cotton Supply Association is volun-

for the development of railways would amount to no more than a recommendation on the sub-It is the India Board which must act ject. upon the question before any thing effectual can be done. We have from time to time given accounts of the proceedings of the Cotton Supply and other private associations; and although they possess great interest, and perhaps may be relied upon to show a present deficiency in the quantity of raw cotton necessary for the manufacturing establishments of the world, their action does not deserve to be telegraphed over the United States, and may be attributed to cotton

Whether or not the price for our cotton fabrics will be maintained depends upon the time at which the full trade will be active. If activity shall not commence till late in August the market is almost certain to be, as the dealers express it, "soft;" but there are indications of an earlier and a considerable demand. The crops over the United States are tolerably good, and there is no apprehension of any important change in the money market. Money, however, is not abundant among the farmers, and they seem disposed to exercise a corresponding

The reason for this closeness in money is very apparent. The Southern people have taken away a large amount of legal tenders-the erofits of their cotton crop for 1868-69; and as this crop has produced a substantial addition to their wealth, the money will be retained to answer the numerous purposes of their improved situation. They will be the purchasers in our market for the numerous articles required on their plantations; and their strength will contribute to that of the whole country, and will be halled with real satisfaction.

The progress of the English in aiding the cultivation of cotton in India, by providing railroads for its export, can not be effectual for several years; and it may therefore be assumed that the Southern planters will enjoy remunerating prices for raw cotton.

We have endeavored to show that the true policy of the English is to abandon their attempts to add to the quantity in India, and to rely more, if not mainly, upon this country, on the ground that the climate of India is not perfectly adapted to the purpose, while that of the Southern States is exactly what the cultivation requires; and it would be competent for the South, but for the anxiety produced by opposition, to grow enough of the raw material to supply the mills of the world, and, when cultivated to this extent, competition would insure reasonable prices.

The efforts of the English in thus encouraging India, founded as they unquestionably are on a supposed insufficient supply, justify the South in proceeding with this culture to an increased extent, as it is not probable that the time will soon be reached when the quantity will be much above the wants of the world, only with respect to cotton, but also as to grain, the English expect that the producer will meet them in the Liverpool and London markets, and they feel so outraged at having to seek and pay liberally this year for cotton that they see making unusual, but they will be fruitless, ef-forts to produce enough in India to enable them to command the whole market.

The reduction of the rate of interest to 3 per cent, by the Bank of England is an indication that business has not resumed sufficient activity to employ the bulk of the capital at home, and inasmuch as the crops of grain are not promising, and manufacturing industry, particularly in cotton goods, is not profitable, the re-sumption of business on a scale to require an inconvenient amount of gold from this country may not happen in time to interfere with bonds was taken abroad on the last days of July, and the exchange was sold by cable trans-

The movements of Mr. Bourwell have given improved standing to our securities in foreign markets, and they have reached the highest quotations known since the war. But imports made by no abproceeds are applied to what we consume; and the result will be, that, instead of imparting strength, we shall presently be obliged to ship more specie than would otherwise be required. It is exceedingly difficult, so long as we have a much larger amount of paper-money in proportion to the number of our population than any commercial nation permits, or than we had before the war, to have any substantial advantage from the sale of our securities in foreign markets—such is the extravagance which attends excessive issues of paper. But yet a contemporary urges in a mercantile journal that gold and silver shall hereafter be treated merely as articles of commerce; and that paper-money, not re-deemable in the precious metals, but convertible into bonds and the bonds into them, shall constitute the sole money of the United States. No greater delusion than that paper-money not instantly redeemable in coin can be permanently relied upon was ever indulged in, but yet the policy has had its advocates ever since the time of Law and his grand speculations, which in-volved thousands in ruin. There being no probability of the adoption of this monstr

scheme, the trade of the country will not be affected by the proposition.

It would appear, therefore, that we enter upon the fall trade without any serious embar-rassments present or immediate, foreign or domestic, and with the advantage which results from the promise of reasonable crops in all parts of the Union.

NOTES.

THE French cable has been landed at Duxbury, with a modest salvo of speeches, and the President and the Emporor have exchanged con-gratulations. The message of his Majesty, whose other enterprises upon this continent, such as the dissolution of the Union and the Mexican empire, have woefully miscarried, was very formal. The response of the President was cordial and The response of the President was cordial and becoming, containing a courteous allusion to the liberal policy of the United States in permitting the landing. That liberal policy is reciprocity; and we trust that, if the Emperor does not mod-ify the monopoly which he or his legislature has granted to the managers of the cable, this enter-prise also will miscarry. It is very desirable to have another cable to Europe, but it is still more desirable not to have it upon disastrous terms.

SIR CHARLES W. DILKE has presented the petition of 25,000 women to Parliament asking for the franchise. This, however, is not the whole number of Englishwomen, and we presume therefore that it will have no weight with those who are willing to do something whenever "the wo-men themselves" wish it and ask for it. If in the ancient days Mr. Summen had presented the pe-tition of 25,000 slaves asking for their personal freedom the Senate would not have granted its prayer, but the fact would have been very imposing and significant; and if next December Mr. Janekus should present the position of 25,000 citizens asking for a reform in the Civil Service it could not be said that the country de-manded it, but it would be a very decided symptom. Let us hope that those who are waiting for the women to ask will see in the petition of 25,000 women at least the parting of the lips preparatory to the question.

GREAT railway companies will of course continue to roast passengers at their pleasure, but does a citizen lose all rights whatever merely because he pays a round sum for his transportation Are we not only to be mangled and fractured and roasted, but must our families also be deprived of all knowledge of our number? A correspondent of the Times asserts that two dis-patches addressed to Mrs. HALLECK, the widow of one of the victims at the late Mast Hope mesupon the Eric Road, were not even for warded. The Times remarks that it has heard before of similar incidents upon the same road, and adds that it is always difficult to get a telegraphic message sent from any point where an accident has occurred. This is both outrageous and amusing. It is an outrage that a company should try to concoal the accident, but it is even more amusing that the public should submit to it. We shall be surprised and consider it quite unbecoming the enterprise of the direction of the Eric Rond, which Governor HOPPMAN has, with characteristic "Defluerney," continued in office for a term for which they were not elected, if they do not vindicate their independence of com-mon humanity still further. Let them arrange to roast ten passengers a week upon the cele-brated Delaware Division—the ria mair of the beated Delaware Division—the rio mais of the road—and then require the survivors at the end of the journey, under pain of a similar fate, to sign a certificate expressing their admiration of the scrupulous care, intelligence, and honesty with which the road is managed. There is no reason whatever to suppose that it would not be done. A public which patiently submits to the burning of travelers alive will hardly object to exponenting their executioners. exonorating their executioners.

We read with great edification the discussion in the Convention of Christian Young Men at Portland upon the question of the Christianity of Unitarians; and we observed that, after settling that point, the Convention appointed among the chief officers of the Association Mr. Frank W. Ballarn, of New York. It was the next day, we believe, that the sad and surprising an-nouncement of his defalcation was published; and then came the astonishing statement that he had lost the \$68,000 in stock speculations, but had appropriated nothing to his private use, and that he was "at his home in Connecticut, and, it is said, is deeply mortified at the position in which he finds himself." This is too melanoboly which he finds himself." This is too melanoboly for comedy; but we presume the facts have al-ready suggested to the intelligent members of the tion a suspicion that it is hardly worth while to pronounce upon the religious character of strangers when they may be so profoundly mistaken in that of members of their own house-For we shall not accuse them of trusting the old plea that the crimes of the Pope were the s of the man and not of the Holy Fathe They will not have forgotten the trenchs

Twe Board of Education in this city have re-The Board of Education in this city have received and are considering a very important report from Mr. Maowus Gaoss upon the ventilation of the public schools. Mr. Gross is a gentleman who is able to express positive convictions in the most unmistakable language, as
those know who, in the Constitutional Convention, heard his plea for equal suffrage, and his
denunciation of the Metropolitan police when
executing the Excise Law. Mr. Gnoss recently
defended classical studies in the College of the
City of New York against the valuement assult
of Mr. Natharies. Same; and whatever be un-

dertakes he executes with energy, ability, and intelligence. Mr. Gaoss protests against the suf-focation of the children in the public schools, and all honest citizens will sustain him. Most of our halls are pest-houses in this respect, and it is shameful that we should compet children to sit for hours in a poisonous atmosphere. The case needs no argument, and the Board of Education could no more satisfactorily prove its efficiency than by radically reforming this evil. If, how-ever, is should not be reformed, we hope that Mr. Gaoes will report to the public.

How the heart warms to a hero! And al-though, as Mr. White tells us in his "Age of Burlesque," it is the fashion not to express emotion, we defy any one not to exclaim with admiration when he sees, not in famous verse but in the blurred small type of a newspaper, the de-scription of an incident that recently occurred scaption of an increase that recently occurred bear Malone, in New York, upon the Ogdens-burg Bailroad. The train was coming on at full speed when the engineer saw a child of two years' upon the track. He sounded the whis:le for the brakes, and the mother ran screaming to save her child; but the fireman, W. LAYANWAT, see-ing that she would be too late jumped from the locemotive, and running shead, snatched the lit-tle one from the track just as the keomotive was about to crush him.

IN Mr. WHITE'S article, of which we just spoke, he calls the London Saturday Review spoke, he calls the London Saturday Review
"the greatest literary power among Englishspeaking men." His assertion upon such a subject is certainly very weighty; but we doubt if
it would be generally accepted as true by the
best judges in this country. Whether he means
that its criticisms are more stared, in the manmer of the old Blackwood, or more influential,
we should chirch his weights mich. we should think his verdict might be successfully disputed. There is, indeed, a certain sparkling persifinge in the tone of the Saturday Review as well as great knowledge and evident culture in many of its articles; but we are very sure that any really eminent American author would much more dread the censure and enjoy the praise of the Formishily Review, for instance, which speaks to a smaller audience, but expresses the thought that really moulds the England of to-day.

The Pennsylvania Registry law has been sus-tained by the court of last resert, to the great satisfaction of all who honestly wish to do something to secure the purity of the ballot-box. Judge Sitanswoop opposed it upon the ground that it destroyed the freedom and equality of elections, which the State Constitution guarantees. Judge Agraw conclusively disposed of this shallow subtenfuge by asking to whom are the elections free? "They are free only to the qualified electors of the Commonwealth; clearly they are not free to the unqualified..... It is the duty of the Legislature to secure freedom and equality by such regulations as will exclude the unqualified and allow the qualified only to vote." Judge Aonew then adds, in words that have pungent meaning in Pennsylvania and New York, and for which every good citizen in the land will thank him :

"It is true there is a kind of liberty this Registry law will destroy. It is that licenticeness, that adul-terous freedom which surrenders the polls to hirelings and vegsbonds, outcasts from home and honest in dustry, men without citizenship or a stake in the sovernment, men who will commit perjury, violence, or marder licels."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A versure accident occurred on the Memphis and Louisville Esilence at a point eight miles from Clarksville, Tennessee, July 28. In crossing the bridge or treatle over Budd's Creek, the greater part of the structure gave way. The entire train was peccipitated into the bed of the creek from an altitude of about thirty feet. Four persons were killed outright, and from forty to fifty were more or less seriously injured. The train consisted of locomotive, caboose, express and baggage car, two passenger coaches, and one sleeping our, all of which were dashed almost to splitters, and afterward, with the exception of the sleeping-car, suitrely destroyed by fire. The loss of property amounted to \$200,000.

Hos. Issue Toucey died at Hartford on the morning of July 50.

Hos. Issue Toucey died as assessed on the Solid St. O'July 36 a severe earthquake shock was experienced at Meraphia, Tennessee, accompanied by a nectoorie above.

The farms along the entire breadth of the valleys of the Colorado, Brazos, and Guadaloupe Rivers, in Texas, have been entirely swept away by the recent floods. The estimated damage on the Colorado alone is not see.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

We learn from Liverpool that the Cotton Supply Association have adepted a resolution looking to the speady development of railways in India, in order to facilitate the expertation of cotton from that country. This course was taken in consequence of the insufficiency of the supply from the United States. The stock of American cotton is not large enough to keep the mills of Lancashire fully engaged.

James Gordon Bennett, Jun., has been elected a member of the Royal Yacht Cinh.

A man has recently committed encide in England, upon whose body were found securities stolen from the Ocean Hank.

The Irish Church bill has been signed by Queen Victoria, and has thus become a law.

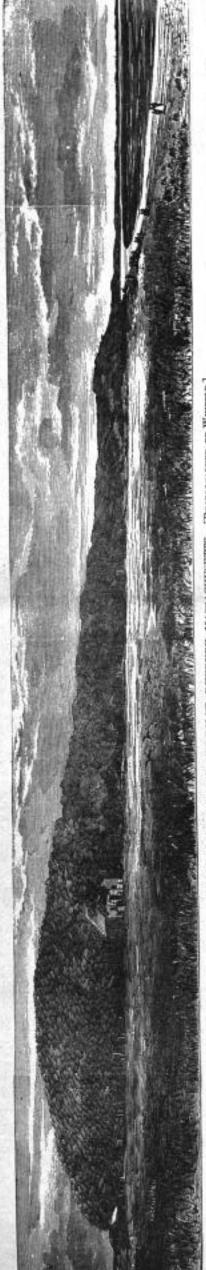
The University of Oxford has conferred upon Henry W. Longfellow the degree of Doctor of Laws.

The British House of Commons has refused to sholish the death-penalty.

All Spaniards between the ages of fifteen and sixty in the jurisdiction of Trinidad, Cuba, have been ordered to duly by the Governor. Those if for active service are to be sent to tap field or placed in the reserve corps, and those unfit are to garrison the towes.

A French paper, the Fatric, state that the political reforms soon to be proposed to the Bernate will be more Remain than the Emperor's message to the Corpe Legislictif intimated. Among other changes, it is thought that the stiftings of the Senate will be made public.

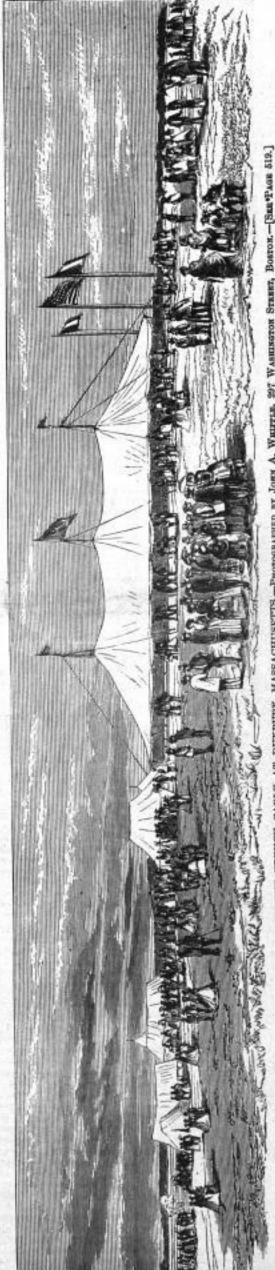
The estimates for the cost of the Spanish Government in Cuba decing the month of August have been fixed at \$5,50,500.

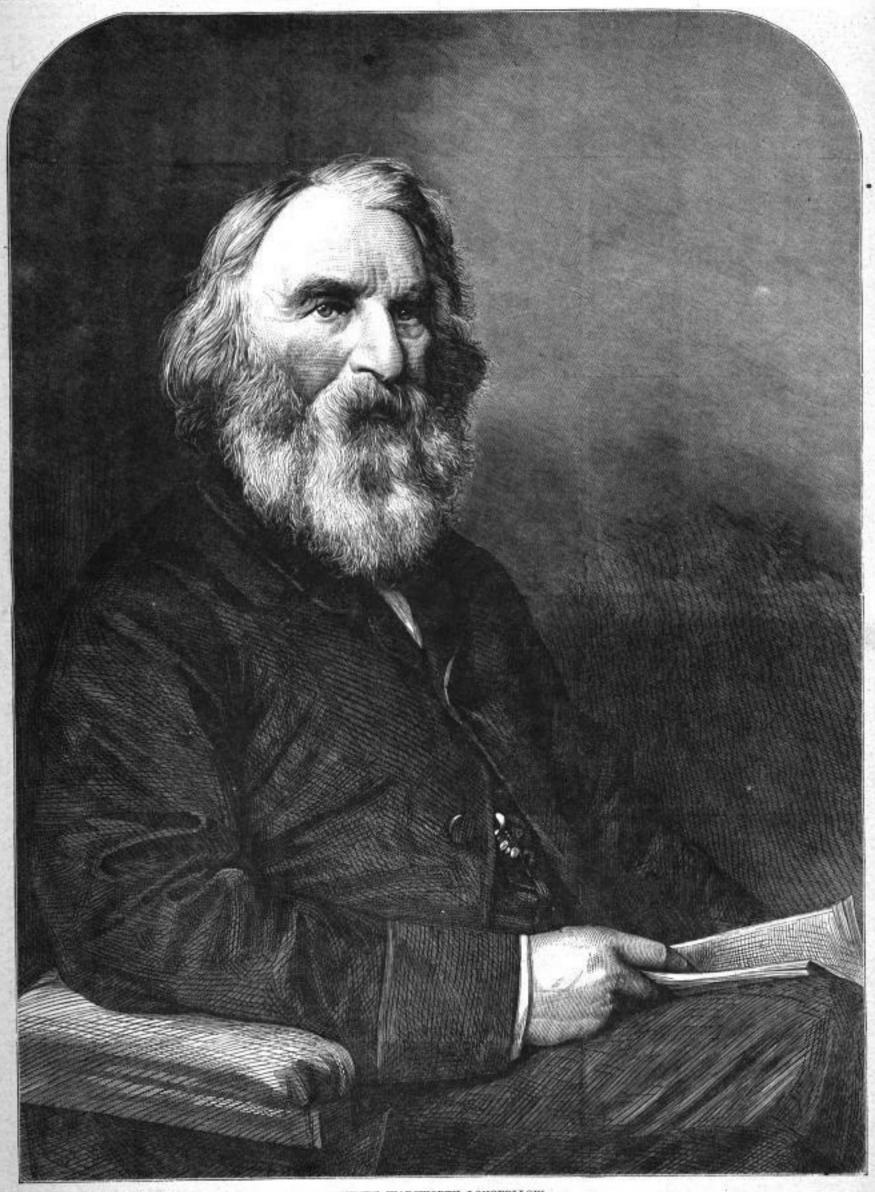






LANDING OF THE FRENCH CABLE AT DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.-[PROTOGRAPHED BY WRIPPLE.]





HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Now that LONGFELLOW—the most popular of American poets—is in England, the question is naturally asked, What do Englishmen think of him? In reply it may be said that LONGFELLOW is, in England, more popular than TENNY-SON. It is also true that TENNY-SON is more popular in this country than LONGFELLOW. This

seems strange at the first glance; but the reason is obvious. Lossawellow's poems are cheaper in England than here; and Tennyson's may be bought here at a nominal price as compared with their cost to the English reader. Is there not here a strong argument against an international copyright, which would exclude both Tennyson and Lossawellow from the poorest classes?

Henry Wadsworth Lossawellow was born

at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He is now, therefore, nearly sixty-three years old. His father, the Hon. Stephens Lossgellow, was an eminent lawyer. He entered Bowdoin College at the early age of fourteen, and during his course he gave evidence of those abilities which have given him such high distinction both as a scholar and a poet. Among his productions at this period may be mentioned his "Hymn of the

Moravian Nuns," "The Spirit of Poetry," "The Woods in Winter," and "Sunrise on the Hills." After his graduation he seems to have had some vague idea of adopting the legal profession. But a more congenial occupation offered. He was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Bowdoin College, with the privilege of residing some years abroad. In 1826 he sailed for Europe, and during that and the two fol-

lowing years he made a tour through France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. He returned home in 1830, and entered upon the duties of his Professorship, which he held for five years, when he accepted a similar position in Harvard College, succeeding Mr. GEURGO TECKNOS. He, in 1835 and 1836, made another European tour through Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. In 1854 he resigned his position, and has since resided at Cambridge.

switzerand. In 1835 he resided at Cambridge.

In 1835 he pethished his "Outre-mer," followed by "Hyperion," in 1839. His "Voices of the Night," published in 1839, first gave him an extended reputation as a poot. These were followed by "Ballads, and Other Poems" (1841); "Poems on Slavery" (1842); "The Spanish Student" (1843); "Poets and Poetry of Europe" (1845); "The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems" (1846); "Evangeline" (1847); "Kavanagh," a novel (1849); "Seaside and Fireside" (1850); "The Golden Legend" (1851); "The Song of Hiawatha" (1855); "The Wayside Inn" (1863); and "The New England Tragedies" (1868). Besides these, a number of poems from his pen were scattered over numerous periodicals.

The tendency of Lossgruzzow's poetry, like that of Gorties, is for the most part objective, dealing with things of real existence, or such as may be conceived to exist outside of the poet's mind; it is therefore healthy and cheerful. We all know "The Village Blischsmith;" and the man who hears it well sung may feel himself a stronger and happier man than before. This is what the genuine poet can do for mankind—to create, and to impress forever upon that memory of the heart, which is called imagination, some true type of our common humanity, in the recognition of which we forget and forgive each private grief, as we feel "the whole world kin." Who can not sympathize with the blacksmith? We see him bravely standing at his forge, "week in, week out, from morn till night;" and, with his heavy hammer, heating on the anvil, in a storm of sound and flame and flying sparks, to shape the work of his life:

"His boow is wet with honest sweat, He earns whate'er he can; And he looks the whole world in the face, For he owes not any man!"

We see him again on the Sunday morning, in the gallery at church, with his boys; "he hears the parson pray and preach," but he also hears his little daughter in the choir, "singing with her mother's voice;" and the blacksmith's hard, rough hand wipes a tear of sweet sorrow from his honest eves:

Has earned the night's repose;"
In his discursive prose essays and romances, "Hyperion" and "Outre-mer," we may observe his ubiquitous scholarship of the different European languages and their legends. The Rhineland and the old cities of Germany; the old provinces of France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy; Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, including Iceland, are made the alternate houses of his traveling Muse. She nevertheless comes faithfully back to Massachusetts, and there sits down to relate some characteristic tale of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans of the old colonial time, or the sturdy patriots of the American Bevolution. The educated New Englander is thus a cosmopolitan, or complete humanist, in his range of intellectual sympathies. Mr. Longuitous is, indeed, as one might say, an omnivorous translator of foreign poetry and adapter of foreign themes. These versatile performances do not much concern our estimate of his merits as an original poet. His versions from the French, German, and Italian are usually both more accurate and more graceful than any versions of the same texts by another hand.

the same texts by another hand.

In that unique mythological epic of the North American Indian heroic age, the romantic poem of "Hiawatha," with its masterly appropriation of a large store of ethnological learning, he has produced a charming poem and an instructive monoment of human life. The first reading is seldom quite satisfactory. One is teased by the amhittude of queer, ordinadish names; the frequent repetition of phrases and epithets, as in Himmer; and the peculiar versification, an unrhymed octosyllabic chant, which resembles, in its lilting strain, the rude metrical compositions of the old Anglo-Saxon form of our language. But we seen become aware, upon a second reading, that the rhythmic cadences of "Hiawatha," whot run lightly and trippingly off the tongue, are perfectly musical; the strange words are explained by their immediate context; while the air of more than rustic, more than boyish aimplicity, given by the artiess mention of so many unessential details, is found at last not more wearisome than in the "Hiad" and "Odyssey" of the immortal Greek. The poet who speaks to us here is not the highly educated Professor of Harvard University, but the unlectured Indian singer NAWADAHA, dwelling in the Vale of Tawarentha, and warbling "his native wood-notes wild" as freely as those he heard from the birds of the forest primeval, or in the moortands and the fetdands, and on the shores of the Great Lakes:

大···

"Whence these legends and traditions, With the odors of the forest, With the dew and damp of meadows, With the curling smoke of wigwams, With the rushing of great rivers, With their wife reverbeations, As of thunder in the mountains?"

In order to enjoy this noble poem we must exert the active faculty of imagination. We must try to feel in ourselves what the poor savage Ojibbeways and Dacotahs must have felt, supposing them to have really been favored by divine appointment with an inspired chief of their race; a

demi-god, a son of the west wind, sent to be their leader and teacher; one accredited by miraculous signs and gifts of power, and enlightened by a special revelation of heavenly wisdom. Such is Hiawatha; the bravest, kindest, strongest, and eleverest of men; the best of friends, the best of lovers and husbands, the darling of Nature; the comrade of all living creatures, talking with every beast and bird; the valiant champion, the author of laws and learning, of arts and manners; yet still a mortal, heir to all human sorrows; and doesned to vanish mysteriously from among his people when he had welcomed the advent of the first Christian civiling mission.

yet still a mortal, heir to all human sorrows; and doomed to vanish mysteriously from among his people when he had welcomed the advent of the first Christian civilizing mission.

The story of "Evangeline," belonging to the history of the French colonists in Nova Scotia, has a gentle pathetic interest, which tends, with the refined purity of sentiment, the grace of innocent maidenhood, and harmless, guileless rural life, the tender affections of the heroine, and the descriptions of American scenery, to make its perusal very agreeable. But it seems ever haunted, like that of "Hiawatha," by an air of mortal sadness, which breathes the spirit of humility and resignation, not the spirit of despair. Listen to the mouraful refinin:

"While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neigh-

"While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wall of the forest."

wall of the borest.

The remembrance of this plaintive note besets us all the way, as we follow the wandering pair of lovers, in their ever-failing pursuit of each other, from north to south, and from east to west, and back again, from the far west, to the city of Penn the apostle, till they find rest in the little Catholic church-yard behind the crowded street. As in a grand diorams of the greatly-diversified scenery of North America, the descriptive passages of this beautiful poem unfold in succession before our eyes the Atlantic shores of a cool and temperate region, between forest and sea, inhabited by farmers, woodsmen, and codfishers; or the broad-spreading Mississippi, in its lower course, beneath a semi-tropical sky, with cotton-trees, or groves of crange and citron, growing on the banks; with cypresses or cedars on the higher ground, and with flocks of pelicans wading in the tepid lagoons; or the pathless, endiess, expanse of the vast Western prairies, with their "billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine," bedeaked with an infinite variety of brilliant flowers, the haunt of buffalo herds, of the elk, the wolf, the wild horse, and the vulture; or the deep ravines and gorges of the Rocky Meantains, which lift their jagged tops above perpetual snows. Mr. Longenthow has certainly done his best to sing the picturesque features of his mighty mative land.

Another good example of his poetical patriotism is "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which

Another good example of his poetical patriotism is "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which is a narrative in the same style and metre as "Evangeline," a stouter, manlier, and livelier tale, if not so delicately sweet. This story, too, is founded on fact, belonging to the early years of the Puritan settlement at Plymouth, in Massachusetts Bay. The character of the brave, honest, headstrong, angry, and sometimes ridiculous Englishman, a soldier of freedom with the experiences of a soldier of fortune, is worthy to have been drawn by Sir Walters Scott. That of the true English maiden Priscilla, with her delightful frankness and archness, her womanly indignation at the clumsy manner of his wooding, and her undisguised liking for John Alden, is worthy of companionship with Mistress Anne Page. Any artist who wants a pretty subject for a charming little picture of figures in a woodland scene may be advised to try his hand at one of John Alden leading the white built, with his bride seated on a crimson cushion and saddle-cloth, homeward on a wodding-day beneath the foliage of an American autumn, colored with the golden hoes of that clime and season.

In these last-mentioned poems Longrettow is characteristically American, both in the subjects selected and in his treatment of thom. His countrymen may well be proud of him.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

THE REV. NEWHAR HALL well illustrates the sentiment of the Wade Hampton class of Southern citizens by the following anecdote:

In Electration of Southern sentiment, I will relate an incident which occurred in a railway car near Richmond. The Governor of Virginia, Mr. Pierpoint, had beepfably entertained me at his official recidence, and was excerting me to view the great hattle-field near Petersburg, where at length Grant broke through Lee's lines, at the distance of fifty miles from the Confederate capital. The Governor introduced me to a Southern planter and ciergyman, who was in the carriage, and who at once addressed me in a very accited manner and with loud tenes, so that he attracted the attention of upward of thirty people who were in the art, and became his audience. He at once plurged into the subject of the war; denouncing the Innkees, their folly in trying to educate the niggers, and the doings of the Freedmen's Aid Society; saying that the Routherners knew best how to treat their own servants, that they would not be interfered with, and that the Yankees should never govern them. He added, "I was a rebel—I've no applicy to make—I'm not sahamed of it—I avow it." I ventured to interpose the remark that at least he must admit that the conquerors ruled very mildly when an avowed rebel was allowed to talk so strongly against the Government in the presence of a promisenous company, and before the Governor braself. At this the planter became furious, and standing up at his atmost height, denothing his fast and shaking it at the Governor Pera as good as any Governor —I'm as gentleman of Virginia I' lie then went on to denounce Engiand, and said he hoped to see the day when the Republican movement would cross the Astantic, beaded by Yankee ginboats, and carrying devastation all round our costs. Buch a creased would make the North and the South one again. I said, "This seems hard. The North searcy with us because we sympathised with you; and you seem to give us no thanks for it, but hair us for our supposed good-will." "Yes, said be, "and it's the fiele of all trimmers. Why didn't you recognise us, and break the blockade? But, life al

AT SEA

Ws sail from the island (he, My love, slept all too sound To come with us to sea From the gardened burial-ground),

We travel the various earth,
We tarry a little while
And go—in his death and birth
He is claimed for her own by the isle.

On its hills he opened his eyes,
And their shapes seemed strange and bright,
Sinking beneath the rise
Of the sudden and ruthless night.

His eyes looked up to these grown Grave faces of ours, the flower Of life that was overblown Grew sweet as a rose in a shower.

Our lives held his like the woods Hold hirds in the summer days, Stirred with their singing moods, Traversed a thousand ways.

But the rain is dried in the rose, And the song has ceased in the trees, And the petals cleave and close, And the forest is ill at ease.

When the noon is flooded with light, One cloud, no more than a hand, Hides half the heaven from sight, And makes a shadowy land.

To our knees in the world's fair walk Bloom flowers, but we pass by them To gather the broken stalk, The snapped and the headless stem.

We look down into the deep Of days as for something lost, We start from the restless sleep Of night by the same dream crossed.

The grasses over his head In a small wave rise and meet, As water under the tread Life gave to his little feet.

He sleeps, we wake for a time; But our sleep shall be as long; Some raining of pleasant rhyme, Some chining of gracious song.

Ah, well! we sail to the east, The day goes down on our track, When your love-soft eyes have ceased From longing and looking back;

Turn round, I am here, be brave!

Nor murmur of happier fates,
Lock over the uncut wave!

Look on to the white-cliffed straits!

Take heart! keep courage! the skies, New ever us day by day, Stoop down their delicate dyes, But the sea is blue as they.

And whether by sea or shore
Two glad good things have we,
One sweet thought, and one more,
Thy love and mine for thee.

MY LOUISE. By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Bur yes! I have suffered much, soi, and have exten the bitter bread of exile, as Dante says it; but now it is not bitter any more, and I am very happy. I have lived nearly twenty long years in New York, and for ten years of that time I was more poor, look you, than one of Mürger's Bohémiens. And, tener, it is not so pleasant to be poor in New York as it is in the pleasant to be poor in New York as it is in the Quartier Latin. I did much complain myself at one time because one can not have the wine seed naire in New York unless he shall pay for one bottle more than would cost for a pleasant dinner near the Pautheon, Church of Sts. Geneviere now, bah! or even in the Palais Royal. I do not love the ale of Philadelphia, nor the lager-beer not the ale of Francuspies, not the Bourbon—that mounts to the head! Never any thing with the rame of Bourbon was to be trusted. We say, in my country, of the Bourbons, that they never learn any thing and never forget any thing. The Bourbon of New York makes people forget ev-ory thing and learn great many things one had better not know. No, the carries is not good here for the poor; and the beverages are—ah, well— detestable. Even a glass of the via blew of the old Quartier would have been a pleasant treat for me here in New York, not so long time ago. But now things are all different, and I can have the good Bordeaux when I will; and my daugh-ter is very happy, and her husband loves her; and I have such a charming little grand-daughter, and a great boy-a grandson. Yes, I am an exile, and I shall never perhaps see Paris any more; but the breed of exile is not bitter now, and I love America, and I am as happy as any worn-out old Republican can be who lives far from his own country and knows that it is under the sceptre of a tyrant.

I am an exile of 1848. I fought for the Ré-

I am an exile of 1848. I fought for the République Sociale et Démocratique; behind the barricades I fought for it; first against the tyranny of kings, then against the treason of egotistic and cellish, false Republicana. I fought for the cause of the proletaire. I am an old man, and I have memories. I have walked with Beranger in the alleys of the Luxembourg, and I have known Lafayette. I can remember to have seen Dumouries in London; and much later than that I have known Armand Cavier, and the great, good Godefrot Cavalgnac. All these were men, look you; though not all thought as

I do, or would have flung up their chapener for the République Sociale at Démocratique and the cause of the proletoire. But Paris now! Grand Dibu, what a descent terrible! Tyranny of the bayonet; despotism of the cotillen! Heign of the gendarms and the cocotte! Nouvelle Babylonne, the brave Eugene Pelletan calls it. No-

lonne, the brave Eugene Pelletan calls it. Nothing free but morals?

Well, pass from that. It is not worth the pain to any much of it. Let me tell my own little history. I left Paris when Louis Blanc and Victor Hugo and the rest found it right to leave it. I was not arrested—no one cared about me. I had my revenge when, from the deck of the steamboat leaving Calais, I waved my hat and cried Vice is Republique Sociale et Démocratique! I went to England—to London—but could not stay there. The heaven was all too dark; one saw not the asure sky nor the sun, but only fog; and my poor wife could not bear the heavy clouds and mists. We voyaged from Liverpool to New York. Par Dies, what a voyage! Seren, eight weeks on the ocean; and we were crowded up, my wife, our little daughter, and myself, with hundreds of strange men and women, emigré like ourselves. I tell you, it did try the souls of people! And we were sick, my wife and I, all the time—all the time. Eight weeks! To us it seemed more like eight years. But the days rull on, and the ocean; and one morning I hear a noise and commotion more than the ordinary on deck, and I mount there, very miserable—that goes without sevine—and I see the

able—that goes without saying—and I see the shore, and I give a sigh, and say to myself, Enfin!

Then we live some time at Hoboken, and then in Brooklyn, and again in New York—in a street that debouches on Bleecker Street, which was then far up town, and did not have its present atmosphere of easpicion over it. I tried to teach French and Italian, and to translate for some of the journals; and my wife would give instruction in the music, and would also wash the chircts of gentlemen, and make the fine lineus and laces of the ladies look good as new. The music lessons did not bring great reward, and I did not for long time have many pupils to instruct in French. Some of the parents were a little, just a little, brutal, you know—no, I don't mean brutal in your some, but rather, perhaps I would say, brusque. Just a little brusque, yes; and when they came to speak of their children learning French from me, they would say they could not comprehend my English! Truly that was long ago. I have caltivated the English tongue since, I tell you. Wherever I go now they always believe that I am native of England—one true-born

John Bull.

Four years passed away, and my poor wife died. Ah, that was a hard proof, a heavy trial! Never had we had a word of quarrel—but once, only once. That is to say, once when we were very poor—ah, nearly to famishing, one might say; and I earned a little money by unexpected fortune one day—only a dellar or two—and brought home some milk and food for the infant, and a small morsel of meat—of tender-loin, you know—to nourish my wife. I made two portions of it, and one was larger, and—ah yes—we almost quarreled over it. For I had made the one portion larger that she might have it, and she would not, and she would put it on my plate, and I demanded had she forgotten her duty as wife, and would she not obey? and she said no, she had not forgotten her duty as wife, and would she not obey? and she said no, she had not doey; and we had a little argument; but after all it was not quite a quarrel, thank God!

I was left alone with my little girl. It was a

I was left alone with my little girl. It was a hard struggle. For years I did every thing for her; then she began to do almost every thing for me. She was a very pretty girl, my Louise—a charming girl, every body said. She is beautiful now—much more beautiful than ever, I think, with her two children at her knees. But it is certain that she was very pretty then, and she had many admirers, whom, however, she did not encourage. She was always sage and gentle, and she loved her father, and cherished always the memory of her mother. I am not what you call a pious man, I am sa pes Voltairean. I have seen so much of priesthoods at home that I am like the brave Swiss who excused himself for not climbing the hill on the hot day by saying he had seen tent des montagnes. But I have always taught my child to love the good God, and to have trust and faith in Him, and to cherish the memory of her mother, who has gone to heaven. For I believe in heaven. Were there no heaven, where now were my wife, after all her hard proofs and sufferances here below?

It seemed strange to me for a long time the liberty accorded to young girls in New York. In France the young girl never promenades alone; never is alone in a chamber for a moment even with her finned; never has any acquaintance except through her parents, and with their approbation, and in their presence. It seemed as if I was in some land of a wild race when I saw all the young girls circulate, without restraint through the promenades, talk with the young messicurs, accept and give invitations, and bear themselves in every way as if they were married women. Form to yourself some idea of my surprise when, one evening, having been invited by a kind pupil to a grand reception in Fifth Avenne, I saw a lady whom I knew to be a fills wearing diamonds! Nanasoins my daughter liked the ways

of freedom very well; and I do not think the American denoteciles are less sage and virtuous than even our French girls, after all. Under this reign of liberty my daughter made many acquaintances, although she kept admirers at a distance, and she was much loved by parents, and had many invitations; and I was happy of it, for I feared that our life at home was colorless and triste for a young girl. Eh bies! it was when she was passing an hour at the house of a lady to whose daughter I gave lessons in French—I was beginning now to have many pupils—that she first saw a handsome young man, Biew-

art Gardner, one of the jewness dords of New

It was not long after this that Stewart Gardner came to me to take lessons in French. My faith! I was a little astonished, for he spoke French so well. He said he desired to have the true Parisian accent. "Mousieur," I said, gravely, "o'est impossible. Only un Parisien can have the true Parisian accent. You will lose your time and your money." He smiled and said he did not hope for perfection absolute, but to approach a little nearer to perfection. I did these graves more to the control to the c then engage myself to do with him all that one could; and for an American his accent was not to despise. Truly, he had lived some years in Paris, and had been there more lately than I. But I engaged myself to improve his accent— and I did.

and I did.

When I told my Louise that evening she was not so glad as I had anticipated. She said, "Oh, papa, why does he come?" And I said, "But it is to acquire the Parisian accent, my child." "Oh, papa, don't!" "Don't what, child." "Oh, papa, don't!" "Don't what, petite!" "Don't have him coming here for lessons; he does not need any." "My dear, which is the better able to judge of his needs—you or "My dear, which he? Have you ever observed his accent in speak-ing French?" "Oh no, paps." "Well, then, what do you know? C'est fini." She only Assessed see speaks, and said no more. So Stewart Gardner came and took lessons;

and I did perfection his accent very much; and be came often in the evening, and I played the violin for him, and told him of the Revolution, and sometimes my daughter would sing, and he would sing with her, and I grew to love him very much, and to be glad always when he came. I found afterward that he did sometimes chance to meet my Louise in the streets, and that they would promenade together; but this I did not then know of. If I had known of it I would have severely reasoned with her; because Scew-art Gardner was the son of rich parents, and would be rich himself, and my poor girl would

have no dot but her virtue.

I was very blind. Perhaps that we are all blind when it acts of seeing our own daughters. I did not see that we petite and this youth were drawing every day closer and closer to each other. As I look back now I marvel where my eyemer for I see weed in memory hundreds of were, for I can recall in memory hundreds of traits and incidents which might have taught me that these two were in love. But then she was so wise and modest, and so loving to her father; and he was so loyal, frank, and honest that I could have suspected nothing. So they became

lovers, and I never knew! One day I went out very much in the morning -very early, I would say. I did not return to my home until night. It was late in summer, and as I came up the street I looked for ms petite at the window, with her bright face among her flowers. She was not there! I entered our room; it was desert! All there seemed desolate! No sight of my daughter! Never, never before had I returned home after my day of la-bor and not found her there to give me a welcome! I was going to rush down stairs and ask the good woman who kept the house whether she knew any thing of my daughter, when my eyes turned to the chemisee, and I saw a letter there in her handwriting, and addressed "To my dear father." Think if I tore it open, and rend:

"Oh, my dear father! we love each other, Stewart and I, and can not live asunder! Forgive me that I leave you for a moment—only a moment. We could not selt your consent, because we feared your high, Parisian sense of honor would compet you to withhold your sanction from a step which to many eyes must seem calpable. But you will forgive us yet, and all will be happy.

Ever your devoted daughter, "Locus."

I dropped the paper on the floor. The cham-er seemed to revolve itself. My daughter had fled with Stewart Gardner-my poor, dear, de-ceived daughter was dishonored! Oh, my wife! Oh, mother of my infant! In the heavens above us, I thought, what canst thou say to the unthink-ing husband, the unwatching, blind father, who has allowed this calamity to fall on thy child?

I had no clew to where the fugitives had gone. I wandered about hopeless and wild for two or three days. I inquired at Stewart's house; I saw his parents. They were angry, hitter, fa-rious; and we only quarreled; and they were as ignorant as myself whither the hapless pair had ignorant as mysen wanner and took down a pair of fied! I went home, and took down a pair of near: I went home, and took down a pair of rapiers I had, and I felt a pleasure all grim and sangulnary as I looked at their points. Par Dieu, I am not yet so old! A vieux nowelacks can even yet do something. I can not save thee, my daughter; but I can avenge thee, or I can

Thus I sat, evening after evening. Behold that one bright summer evening I heard on the stairs a step I knew too well. He has come, that one bright summer evening I heard on the stairs a step I knew too well. He has come, then, this insolent seducer, to defy me, or per-haps to buy me off with money! In New York, perhaps, they think all can be paid with their deested dollars!

-and behold Stewart Gardner The door openssmiling, though looking we peu abashed, and holding out his hand.

"You will forgive me," he said, "whatever others may do.

"Traitor, deceiver, coward, monster!" were my frantic words, and I sprang for my rapiers

He fell back astonished-as I then thought,

" I debe !" I cried.

"But, Monsieur, you surely are not serious?"

You are not so unforgiving for a little deception?"

"Coward, it must that we battle ourselves! We must cut the throats together! Take your

weapon!"

But, good Heaven, Monsieur, will you not 'On guard, coward!"

"What on earth have I done?"

"Betrayed me! deceived me! betrayed and deceived my poor petite, my cherished Louise!"
"But this is madness! You can not believe

it! Why, Monsieur, do you not know—

My rage only grew the more stormy as he spoke. I thrust a weapon into his hand; I struck him with mine across the breast; I cried to him that if he did not defend himself I would traverse him with my sword through There was now something like a the beart. smile on his lips, which truly inflamed me. I rushed at him. Were he not quickly on guard, credit me, he would have had my sword in his breast. But he sprang to defend himself with a celerity all marvelous.

That was a combat! Once I boasted myself to be a master of my weapon; and even still, look you, my arm is not quite weak, and my wrist has not lost its seeplesse. Mos Dies, I

did my utmost possible to kill him! I almost shudder now when I think what in my madness I might have done! If I had killed him-ah, then what would have been left for me, miser-able, but to slay myself? Grace d Dies, I did not kill him, nor even inflict a wound on him. He had learned the use of his weapon in a good Paris school; and he had youth. His arm was supple, and his wrist was steel. He only guarded himself, and the more I grew hot the more did he grow cool. At last he met a wild advance of mine with a parry truly brilliant, and my sword flew out of my hand and dashed against one of

the walls of our chamber.

the walls of our chamber.

He sprang at the weapon and seized it,

"Either kill me," I cried, "or let us still battle ourselves. It is always a combat à ostrance!"

"My good, dear Monsieur," he now asked,
with a calmness all provoking, "what are we
supposed to be battling ourselves for?"

"But, maileareau, do you pretend, then, not
to understand the feelings of a father?"

"My faith. I profess so be all unable to un-

"My faith, I profess to be all unable to un-derstand the feelings of a father who seems to have set his heart on making his daughter a wid-ow before she has half passed through her month of honey.

widow! Have you not betrayed-"A widow! Have you not betrayed—"
"My dear father-in-law, how can you talk in such a way? If our darling Louise only heard you! It would bring the blash to her checks, matron though she be, I assure you."

"Then, Stewart—Stewart, mon goryon, Stew-art, my son—Louise and you are married?"
"Dear, Sir, what did you take us for—her or me? She is indeed Madame Stewart Gardner;

and I only wish it were certain that she would come into better fortune by her marriage. But we trust to time to soften my people and reconcile them; and once they see my darling Louise they will love her just as her father and her husband do For the rest, we love each other, and you love us, and we can be happy, and wait."

"But why did you not tell me all this before

now, my son?"
"Well, Louise wished at first to tell you. But then we know you were scrupulous and punctili-ous in the affairs of honor; and you might fancy that you were bound to withhold your consent, because of the reluctance of my parents; and we thought it better to say nothing, even to you, un-til the knot was tied and could not be untied."

"My Stewart, I am the most happy of men! Ah, if only my dear wife were living! But where is my ...ughter, my mgel Louise?"
"I thought she would have been arrived here

throught are would have, been arrived here before now. She will not be long. What would she have said, my father-in-law, if she had come in a few minutes ago, and seen you charging me, à brake-pourpoint, sword in hand? Eh, wox beanpere f

" Coquin, not a word of that to Louise! How could she ever forgive her father for raising harsen hand against the life of her husband? Of yes, you smile, because you think you were well able to defend yourself; but you must not to too arrogant in your victory, my son-in-law. 1 ad mit you can hold your sword well for at. American; but then you have been trained in the first schools of Faris."

You comprehend that I was not willing to al-

low my beas gargon of a son-in-law any triumph over my country, however he might triumph over myself.

Even while we were thus gayly talking, behold there comes a fron-fron of robes and jupon: up the staircase and into the chamber. And I start and turn round, and my eyes fill, and my limbe tremble, and for a moment I see nothing, but hear a voice that cries, "Oh, my dear father! but I And my Louise flings her arms round my neck; and first we cry, and then we langh, and then we cry again; and Louise embraces her husband and we are all as happy as the birds in the trees. I recover my breath, and look at Louise, and she is dressed like a grande dame! And I think to read her and her husband a lecture on economy, but I delay it for some time more favorable; and we begin to make arrangement for a joyous little souper. Ah, that night—but it was happy.

Many happy evenings followed. The parents of

Stewart (inrefier were not bad persons au fond, but indeed all to the contrary; and they soon for-gave him his little escapade. M. Gardner pers came himself one day to see me in his carriage, and brought Madame his wife with him. They were a little nervous and abashed in manner at first, because they remembered how rude and insolent they had been to me; and the manners of the elder generation of Americans have not a quite Parislan grace. But I received them as a man who remembers not injuries, and we were soon warm friends. Medame Gardner had the grace to say that when she saw Louise she only marveled how her son had not married the dear child long before; and Monsieur Gardner, when parting, said to me :

"You must permit us to make you very happy, Monsieur. We are all happy now." "Monsieur," I reply, "I thank the good God,

and you, and Madame your wife; and I am very happy. Hail Columbia!" happy. Hail Columbia!"
"Thanks," he answer, smiling. "Vive l'Em-

"Pardon, Monsieur," I say, gravely; "Vice ls République Sociale et Démocratique, if you

"Sir," be answer, "Vice any thing you like,

only regard me as your warm friend; and come and dine with us a often as you can. I have dined with him often, and I have always been made welcome. I have seen how he and Madame his wife love and cherish my little Louise. And now Louise—who was a child the other day—has two infants of her own, and they are dearly loved by the parents of her husband. I scarcely feel my exile any more, although I grow old. Louise and her husband have been to Paris, but I think not not there are those and her all ones of the second. to go there any more. After all, one's country is where his child and her children are, and where the ashes of his wife repose, and where he hopes that some day his ashes may mingle themselves with hers.

RESCUED.

A rooms is sweeping a-down the street, With mien all rigid and ireful feet; Its eyes are a-dash with withering scorn, Its lips ourl high in the gray-lit dawn.

The figure is lithesome, the face is fair, And scattering from it is gold-brown hair: But ruffled and strayed are the garments wild, And bared arms are gripping a fear-waked child.

Fierce faming and glistened athwart the sky, And had had rang a passionate cry— "Of all ye base giri-men is there not one Will dare the bisse for the outcast's son?

"On shame! oh shame! when the mother is sped To soothe the mounters of shipwrecked dead? Oh shame on yet shame! shall her tapling die, And all ye cowards shuddering by?

"Will none of ye stir? Must be mine the arm? Mine the danger? Ye rickiese of harm? Oh dastarts "—and brave young footsteps had flows Through blinding fire they would enter alone.

And fleetly the figure holds to its quest, Clutching the babe to its awollen breast; it is heedless of taunt, its head reare high, lin cheeks burn blood-trimson wrathfully.

But lo! a-ment are the quivering eyes! Decoping the head: After it descries
The mother affright; and yielding at last,
When, bosom to bosom, death-chance is pu
The limbs full flexile, the terrs flow fast;
For 'tis a woman this, serving man,

Baring in peril, scoruful of ban; Woo ber! and win her! and wed—if you can!

LANDING OF THE FRENCH CABLE AT DUXBURY, MASS.

THE landing of the French Cable at Duxbury, Massachusetts, was colebrated with great enthu-siann by the citizens of that place, July 27. Sir James Anderson, Mr. Warson, and Mr. Brows were present as the representatives of the French Telegraph Company, and President Brassrow, of the State Senate, and Mayor SHUKTLEFF, of Boston, were among the others of note who took part in the festivities.

There was a battery down from Boston to fire the salutes, and a tent was erected on Abram's Hill, where dinner was served; and after the banquet a number of speeches were made by the most prominent gentlemen present. Duxbury is an old Puritan town, settled originally by the Plymouth colonists, and numbering among the names of its original settlers those of CARVER and BREWSTER, of STANDISH and BRADFORD, of Winslow and Alders. It is near to Ply-Louth Rock, so rich in lofty associations. In ago: 1s Clarke's Island, where the first New Englan's Sabbath hymn was sung-

When the stars heard and the sea,
And the scanding aleles of the dim woods rang
With the anthem of the free."

It is fitting that this spot should have been chosen for the American terminus of the French Cable. A message was received from the Present of Paris, which was replied to by hayor Sauar-Lers, of Boston. Our pictures on page 516 show the inoding of the Cable at Rouse's Hum-mock, and illustrate some features of the grand mock, and illustrate some feat of the grand

THE GRAND BALL AT LONG BRANCH

celebration.

A PASHIONABLE ball at Long Branch is always a great event. There are half a dozen or more hotels filled with the votaries of fashion, who come to the beach not for health, not for relief from the tumult of city life, so much as because there they find a new field for display, a fresh season of excitement. Now a grand ball, under these circumstances, is just the thing. Hotel-keepers enjoy it, for they make money out of it. The ladies enjoy it, because bey have an opportunity to show themselves 'at their prettiest" with their splendid dresses and costly di monds. The gentlemen enjoy it in a lazy sort or way, especially if they are rich, or handsome, or can appear upon the committee list.

The fashionable world has its competitions, and they are not less acrimonious or less inter-esting to those engaged in them than are the strifes of politicians. Many a dandy prides himself as much upon his spotless white vest or his graceful dancing as Mr. SUMBER might upon his most elaborate periods. And do you suppose that the gentlemen upon the "Ball Committee" or the "Floor Committee" would change places, even if they were offered positions on Congressional Reconstruction Committee? abt it.

It can be imagined, then, what excitement

was occasioned by the announcement of a hell at Long Branch, on the evening of July 26, in honor of President GRANT. The event took place at the Stetson House, and the entire es-tablishment was devoted to it. It was a grand affair. The President, of course, was there; and there were ex-Secretary Borne, General Sherman, General Sherman, and other prominent personages. The grounds about the hotel were illuminated with calcium lights, and the stream of fashion powed endlessly on and emp-tied itself out at the doors of the Stetson House.

tied itself out at the doors of the Church Education on page 520 shows the first dance. The President danced with Mrs. Boars, General Sherman with General Sherman's daughter, General Sherman with Mrs. Grant, General Comstock with his wife. After this General Comstock with his wife. After this dance President Grant became a martyr, as he has so often done before, and shook hands with about four hundred of the guests. Then the dance went on again. The President retired to a sofa, but General SHERIDAN took part in every dance. About midnight supper was served on a table 190 feet in length. The most prominent of the guests then retired, but others returned to the festive dance, and kept it up till morning.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Withtam Street, what do you understand by an

eclipso "
"An old race-horse, Sir."
"Silence I Jack, you are a scholar; what is an
eclipse "

clipse I"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon
ets on a bender and runs against the sun; conseinently the sun blacks the moon's face."

Pedagogue looks amazed. Dismisses the class.

Tue Batance or Narras ... It will be found, as a ule, that after "bot words" a coolness springs up.

A FRAGMENT.

Broke! broke! broke!
And "the world" has gone flown to the sea,
And I would that my wallet could furnish
Wherewithal to transport thither ms.

Oh, well for old Spriggins's heir, He can drive with his chesteat and gray; Oh, well for old Robinson's son, He can sall in his yacht on the bay;

White a little only sits there, In his shop at the foot of the hill, And he says that I owe for the cost on my back. Well, I think I shall owe for it still.

Becke! broke! broke! Ob, wouldn't I go down to the sea, If the vanished stamps of a day that's dead Would only come back to me!

"As to being conflicted with the goat," said Mrs.
Fartington, "high living doesn't bring it on. It is
incoherent in some families, and is handed down from
father to som. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been
so long ill with it, disinherits from his wife's grandmother."

A young lady with a "switch" trailing fashionably down her back was somewhat startled, while waiting at a railroad depit the other day, by a kindly old lady who was not "up to the latest styles" approaching her and whispering. In a tone sudible all over the room, "Your back hair is coming down, Miss."

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Unele Van Hayde. "Vall, de first night! I opens store I counts de mosies, and finds him nix right; I count him and dere be tree dollar gone; and vot do you tink I does den!" "I can't say." "V, I did not count him any more, and he come out shoost right ever since."

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR A LOQUA-

"Pray, doctor, give me, if you please, Some medicine for my disease: My health and courses all are gone, And I am weak and feeble grown."

The doctor felt her pulse, and said,
"There is no cause for fear or dread
You've no disease, be not distressed,
You need no medicine but rest."

*I've no disease! why, how you talk? Just see my tougue—it's white as chalk? Look at it, dector—look, indeed— And say in truth, what does it need?" "If you will keep it still and quiet,
"Its all it needs: pray, Madam, try it.
You overtask it at the best,
And, like the body, that needs rest."

Many years ago Rensselser County was dependent upon Vermont for teachers of common schools. A promising young man from that State presented himself to the trustees of a school district, and was examined. He was asked, "How much would nine and three-quarters pounds of wheat flour bring at four-pence-halfpenny a pound?" He considered the question, existivating his head meanwhile with his fingernals, and at last answered that they never relacd wheat where he came from, and therefore he couldn't tell how much it would bring. The situation remained vacant.

TEN TROUSAND HANDS WANTED .- It wasn't such a had notice on the part of a glover who hang up in his shop the following placard: "Ten thousand hands wanted immediately."

Hoursculvenal Max.—The real gardener does not care to witness "the turning over of a new leaf"—when it is done by a caterpillar,

When is a man obliged to keep his word !-- When one will take it.

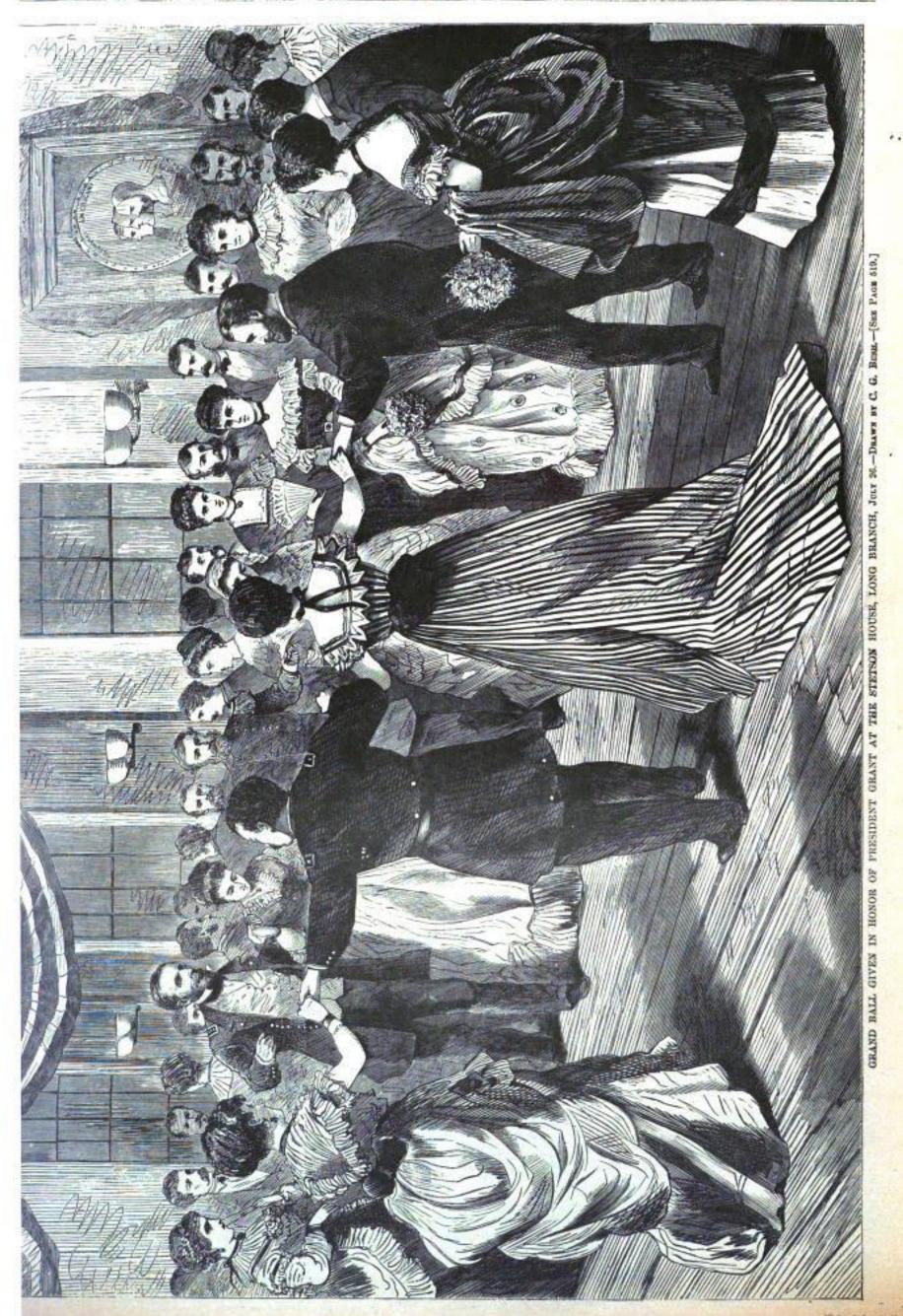
"I don't want mother to marry again," said a little boy one day at breakfast. "Why not?" was asked with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of gatting ac-quainted with another."

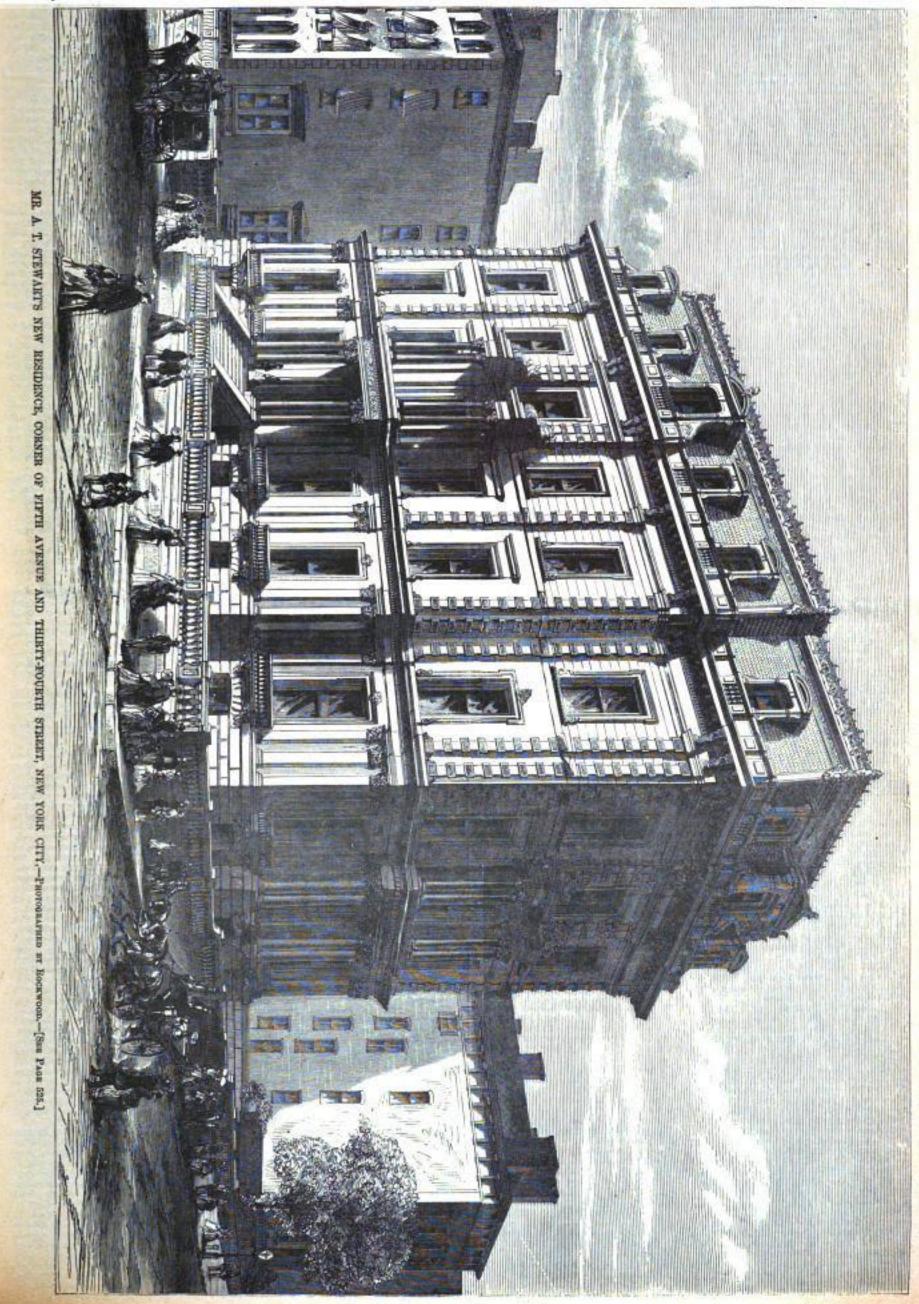
Let woman not for voting stir, But learn the barber's trade instead So shall the Poll be brought to her, To razor o'er her bushand's head.

A wealthy merchant who had become a bankrupt was met, some time after his misfortimes, by a friend, who asked how he was going on. "Pretty well," said be; "I am on my lege again." "How I already?" "Yes, I have been obliged to pers with my carriage and horses, and now must walk."

The young man who stood on his own merits became very much fadgued with the performance.

Josh Billings says: There is lots of folks in this world who, rather than not find any fault at all, wouldn't hesitate to say to an angle-worm that his tall was altogether tow long for his body.





THE RED BREAST OF THE ROBIN. AN IRISH LEGEND.

Or all the merry sintle birds that live up in the tree,
And carol from the sycamore and chestness,
The pretitest little gentleman that dearest is to me
Is the one in cost of brown and scarlet waistcost.
It's cockit little Robin 1

And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.

Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;

For he sings so sweetly still,

Through his tiny steader bill,

With a little patch of red upon his becom.]

When the frost is in the sir, and the snew upon the

when the most as greated, and the process of the pr

When the changing leaves of autumn around to

thickly fail,
And every thing seems sorrowful and eaddening,
Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall
Singing what is soluting and gladdening,
And sure, from what I've heard,
He's God's own little bird,

And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em; But once he sat forlorn

On a cruel Crown of Thorn, And the blood it stained his pretty little boso

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Her eys, her lip, may, her foot speaks." It was about two weeks after the fire at Auriel

that, in the words of the Court Newsman, Lady Diana Merton, Lord Orme, the honorable Orme, and the honorable Amelia and Rosa Orme, joised the distinguished circle enjoying Lord Airdale's hospitality at Holme Park, Lady Diana had arranged with Lord Orme

that she should accompany his party to Holme Park, because she averred it was so dull travel-Park, because she averred it was so dull travel-ing alone; the truth being that, extravagant to profligacy in the matter of lexuries obtained on credit, she yet had a magpie-like regard for small coins, and hated being obliged to disburse them. Traveling in Lord Orme's society implied that a large portion of the expenses of the journey would fall to him. She appropriated the most comfortable seats in express trains and hackney-carriages with an air of unconsciousness which

carriages with an air of unconsciousness which nearly goaded Amelia Orme into rebellion.

"I know she's only coming because Captain Mowbray is to be there," that young lady said to her sister, wrathfully. "I hate such mean underhand ways; and see how she twists pepa and Conrad round with her little finger."

"I indeed Conrad who had moulted short

And, indeed, Conrad, who had moulted short jackets, and was showing first symptoms of longtailed costs, more than once announced to his bosom-friend, young Spenser, Lord Airdale's son, a fellow-Etonian, at whose especial request Conrad had been invited to Holme, that Lady

Di was "quite his style, by Jove!" Mowbray was not present to welcome his friends when they first arrived. Mowbray was out hunting, the ho et said, in answer to a casual inquiry from Lord Orme; doubtless they would meet him at dinner-time, as well as Clairveaux and some other fellows, who had also gone out. But ere Lady Dinna had been a few hours at Holme she was better informed as to the real

cause of Thurstan's absence. What scouts are to a general, so is a quickwitted lady's maid to her mistress. Lady Diana rarely revealed her own plans of operations to rarely revealed her own plans of operations to her subordinate; but she made use of her to ascertain those of the enemy. Every one at Holme was talking of the disaster at Auriel. Captain Mowbray's gallantry was the theme of every tongue. Had be not, when taking a moon-light stroll, and while discussing his nightly ci-gar, been attracted by the sight of the burning house, and entered it at the risk of his own life to save that of the poor girl who was its only to save that of the poor girl who was its only tenant? Something was said about that odd man, the schoolmaster, having given Captain Mowbray material assistance; but then the said schoolmaster lost his with at last, and let the schoolmaster tost his wits at last, and let the means of escape slip out his fingers; and then, did not Captain Mowbray, having pieced a broken ladder with rope, secend the walls of the house, and again impecil his life to save that of the poor fool who had been too stupefied to think of self-preservation? Had not the fire-engines arrived opportunely both must have perished; for it second that Cartie Mowbers with med that Captain Mowbray could not persnade his companion to make any exertion to save himself, and both men were half suffocated, and one much injured, when the firemen extricated them from the burning pile at considera-ble risk to themselves. The whole of the house was not destroyed; the south wing was only partially injured, and the schoolmaster—it was he who had been hurt—was lying there was he who had been hurt—was lying there now, attended by the girl who kept the house. The old woman who ordinarily lived with the girl had gone home to her cottage to see a sick grand-child on the night of the fire; and had it not been for Captain Mowbray's timely interposi-tion the poor solitary inmate of his ancestral home might have become askes, like the family portraits on the staircase, without any one be

All these details were collected by Lady Di-All these details were collected by Lady Di-ana's maid, Letty, and by her repeated to her mistress while the latter underwent the sooth-ing process of having her hair brushed. Lady Diana mused deeply on what she heard; then she lifted up the gray eyes, and asked: "Is the girl pretty whom Captain Mowbray sawd?"

"Well, James" (James was Lord Airdale's valet) "do say she's a niceish seet of looking girl," Letty admitted, reluctantly; "but I don't consides he's no judge. Captain Mowbray rode over there to-day to inquire after her."

"That will do; you may go," Lady Diana said, quietly. Then she clasped a necklace of brilliants round her white throat, and went down stairs to the drawing-room so preoccupied that

stairs to the drawing-room so preoccupied that she never observed that she had pinched her fair skin in the fastening of the necklace, and that a tiny spot of blood was staining the brilliancy both

throat and jewel. Lady Di eneconced herself in one of the old-Lady in ensourced herson in one or are un-ing-room; she was a good judge of effect, and knew how alluring she seemed when the damling whiteness of her bust and arms were brought into relief by the dark crimson settee that supported her; when her half-averted head showed the exquisite contour of her throat, and her hair me mellow glow against the cold shadows of the

She was looking more than usually beautiful to-night she knew, and she did so wish that all her admirers in esse and in posse could witness her leveliness. Few things irked Lady Di more than to find her sweetness wasted in a desert drawing-room, wherein there were no men. She felt on such occasions as a Soyer might feel who had provided an exquisite repeat of which no greets came to partake. Lady Di's attitude would have done equally well for Thurstan or Lord Orme or Clairveaux. As it happened, Captain Mowbray was the first to enter the

Thurstan flushed at the right of her. "By Jove!" he thought, "she is hand

Lady Di on her part greeted him with genu-ine satisfaction; all the languor in her eyes, all the indolence of her movements, gave way be-fore the brightness of her pleasure. As she sat fore the brightness of her pleasure. As she sat there respleadent in her gracious leveliness, bringing to bear on him all the attractions of her wit, beauty, tact, and experience, Thurstan became fairly dazzled.

"I have never forgotten you," he said, in an-wer to one of her half-playful reproaches; and Lady Di smiled a little scornfully to berself, for she knew well that her former lover had entirely forgotten her for a space, and it was only the power of her presence now which made him fancy that her attraction had ever been equally

Suddenly Lady Di asked:

Soddenly Lady Di asked:
"What became of that man—the schoolaster, whose life you saved?"
A deep gloom fell on Thurstan's face as be

"He left Auriel for his own cottage, despite

our earnest entreaties, this morning; he was quite unfit to move, but he persisted in going. Do you know, Lady Diane, that men is one of the noblest fellows on God's earth? He saved my life twice. And yet it is very strange; but when I sought to repay him, by dragging him out of the smoke that night, he struck at me fiercely, and said something which sounded like a curse. I think he must have slightly lost his

"Very likely," Lady Di said, indifferently.

Then, looking keenly at her companion, she added, "And what about that girl?"

Thurstan drew his hand away quickly (it had been resting on the back of her chair, in near proximity with her shoulder), put both hands in his pockets, and walked to the window; his sudden recoil from berself was an answer to Lady Di's suspicions; she had judged so many crim-inals at the bar of her beauty that she was quick to detect the slightest evidences of guilt—she

to detect the slightest evidences of guilt—she perfectly understood that she had recalled another love to Thurssan, and that sudden remorse at his forgetfulness of the duty he owed that love prompted the withdrawal of his hand.

"There is nothing to see out of the window," Lady Di said, dryly; "it is pitch dark. Do you not think you would be better occupied in fastening my necklace? it is unclasped." She lifted up her chin, still dimpled and white as that of a child, as she moke, and he was fain to obey of a child, as she spoke, and he was fain to obey

her reque "You have hurt yourself," he said, suddenly, as his eye fell on the ruddy spot of blood; and as he spoke his voice involuntarily took that in-tonation of tenderness which not uncommonly graces a strong man's lips when he refers to any injury, however slight, done to the beauty of a woman. Lady Di, with half-closed eyes upturned face, had the attitude of a cat sidling up its head to be stroked, and Thurstan Mowbray looked as if he were not far off granting the responding caress, when the door opened, and Amelia Orme estered the room

"Let me do that for you," she said to Lady Diana, in a tone of quiet malice, "men are so stopid about such things; see how clumny Cap-tain Mowbray's fingers are, and what a long while they take to accomplish their task."

"So you found them when he entangled your hair in the clematis!" Lady Di said, giving back the blow with a smile. "Men's fingers are stupider, but so much pleasanter, don't you think?" she added, placidly. "Please go on, Captain

Captain Mowbray hurriedly clasped the neck-lace, and Amelia retired scowling. She had all the will but not the ability to cope with the graceful effrontery of the elder woman.

The rest of the guests now entered the room. Any novice in the art of coquetry might have taken a useful lesson from Lady Di's on such occasions as these. Numbers did not dismay her. With exquisite tact she contrived to make each comer believe himself favored beyond all others; she looked tenderly at one, she murmuranother some apparently trifling words,

which, in fact, had reference to a by-gone mutual flirtation. She contrived in the most masterly manner to make all discussions, whether on lit-erature, politics, or fashion, incorporate some personal reference to berself. Did they speak of a new mode of wearing the bair? Sh aged to remind Chairveaux of a certain day when he had accidentally touched the soft beauty of her own tresses. Did they mention the last new novel? She referred to some passage in it which treated of the desirability of second marriages, and entreated Lord Orme to read it; and when the budget was discussed, and Lord Airdale grew elequent on the subject of naval estimates, Lady Di imperceptibly led the conversation toward our coast defenses. Then she spoke in a low voice to Thurstan of the Sussex coast; hinted voice to Thurstan of the Sussex coast; hinted of a certain hour when she had stood there in the blaze of noon with her heart cold with de-spair; hinted of the tears she had shed when she returned to her solitary home, feeling that life had become a weary blank, that all its brightness had passed away after that moment of sun-glow, his lips pressed her own in the last bitter-caress. She did not allude to the concern sweet careas. she showed at her overdone sweet-bread, or of the useless expedition she made to Italy in pursuit of Lord Orms. Lady Di never talked about her failures.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JEST AND BARNEST.

Twar night when the party was breaking up Lord Orme came up to Thursten, and said, with

"Did you really save that poor girl's life at Auriel?

"On the contrary," Captain Mowbesy explained, "it was a great friend of mine, a fellow called Douglas, who saved us both."

"But you were the first to enter the building with the view of reacuing her," Lord Orme said, eagerly. "It was a noble act, Mowbray; you needn't look so ashamed of it." Lord Orme

eagerly. "It was a noble act, Mowbray; you needn't look so ashamed of it." Lord Orms took the young man's hand and shook it warmly. "God, bless you!" he mutreed, and turned away, somewhat confused at his own enthusiasm. Captain Mowbray stared after him blankly. "What the dence was I to say?" he thought, ruefully; "its very awkward being thanked when you don't deserve it; but how could I explain matters without letting the cat out of the bag. Poor little girl! she must be dull, now Douglas is gone. I will go there early to-moruglas is gone. I will go there early to-mor-

"What shall I give you for your meditations?" Lady Di stood before him with outstretched hand, and the faintest suspicion of a yawn reveal-

ing her pearly teeth.
"What shall I ask?" he said, drawing nearer

She looked at him with an indescribable expression—a delicious combination of shyness and passion—of doubt and confidence. Suddenly the expression found voice.

"You know well that sight you chose to do for me would meet with any requiral you could name. You know that I can not forget, that I have never ceased to represent myself for my fol-ly in letting my happiness slip out of my hands. Can you forgive me, Thurstan?

ry were standing on the landing-place outside the drawing-room door. She herself partly concealed by the heavy curtains of a window near which she leaned; her beautiful shoulders were shadowed by the exotics that were placed on the window-sill; the light of a lamp overhead shed a subdued glow over the fairness of her round a subdued glow over the fairness of her round arms, half extended in supplication. Thurstan looked at her with a vague idea that some evil fascination was dragging him down to hell. He wondered if the air there was thick with the per-fume of flowers; if the light was dim, and re-vealed beautiful women instead of ugly flends; if the music in those lurid glooms resembled rich low tones, full of subtle temptations, such as had just now trembled in his ears. as had just now trembled in his cars.

Then he grasped her wrists, and cried, "You try me too far, Lady Di. You tempt only to disappoint, you inspire hopes only to baf-fie them. Now, I will be honest with you; not that you deserve honesty of me, but because I will not fight you with your own mean weapons. When you first taught me to love you I paid back your lie with truth; I loved you as sincero-ly as ever man loved woman; I would have made you a good husband, although I was, as you said, too young, as you meant too poor, to marry a wo-man of your age and prudence. You threw me man of your age and prudence. You threw me over because I wouldn't be content with the husks of a heart; because, being a chivalrous young fool, I insisted on an honest, substantial proof of the devotion which you had pretended to feel for me. Well, there's no need to talk any more about the past. Only tell what do you want of me now. If you wish to lure me back to the state of semi-madness about you, you are yet beautiful and charming enough to succeed, but I warn you fairly I can not woo you on the same terms, for I am no longer free; and if you tempt me to woo you I swear that I will win you. Do you think that a man is to be tortured, wounded, and goaded like the poor brutes that writhe under the skill of the matadore? and do you think the metadore always escapes without injury? I think it kindest to tell you, without equivocation, that if you persist in giving me en-couragement I shall, whether you like it or no, take any advantage of you circumstances may

put in my way."

All the color had faded from his face. There All the coor had raised from his race. There was a threat in his eyes which she had never seen there before. Lady Di became conscious that she had raised in this man the latent tiger which now and then shows its teeth between human lips, through all the smiles of civilisation. The brute had often showed its face to her before;

she rather liked dealing with this savage phase of a man's nature. She showed a certain cious courage in fighting these iniquitous duels, which would have been worthy of admiration applied to a nobler end. Had she been a man she would have been a great blockward or spend to a noticer cod. Had see been a mass she would have been a great blackguard or a great hero—perhaps both. History has taught us that the combination is not impossible. She did not cower before the storm she evoked;

but when she looked up at this man's face and saw how handsome it looked in its menace, she thought that she had never liked any one so well as she did him. She liked him better in his wrath than ever she had done when he woodd her with smile and entresty. And he said he was not free! Then her suspicions were correct about that girl; and at the thought of her rival Lady Di felt as though a knife were thrust into Lady Di felt as though a anno were many other ber-beart, I should say, if speaking of any other woman; but in this case I ought, perhaps, to substitute the word "vanity" for "heart."

woman; but in this case I count, pernaps, to substitute the word "wanity" for "heart." "Forgive me," she said, beseechingly. "Bah!" he replied, impatiently; "that's what you always say. Women are the most unreasonyou always say. Women are the most unreason-able devils in the world; they seem to think that civil speeches will compensate for any thing. I dare say that the daughter of Herodias thought that an apology would comfort John for the pros-pect of her taking his head as a guerdon for that grim revelry of hers. I do forgive you, Lady Di; but I must punish you; and you may be sure that if you offend again you will not escape so easily.

Without further words he took her in his arms

Another woman might have reddened under that caress, which was almost as menacing as passionate, but this one paled visibly. Lady Di could no longer blush, although she could fear. could no longer blosh, although she could fear. She did not fear Thurstan, but she was appre-hensive of any one of her admirers appearing suddenly on the scene. She could explain away most things, but even she could scarcely have given a satisfactory reason to Lord Orme or to Clairveaux for her being kissed on the stairs by Thurstan Mowbray. The latter caught her quick glance directed toward the drawing-room door, and laughed grimly. and laughed grimly.

"I prefer to bully you here," he said, "because you can not, for your own sake, make a noise. However, I won't be ungenerous, Lady

i. You may go." He released her, and she looked at him wonderingly. "How changed you are!" she mut-

And in truth Captain Mowbray was far more eloquent in the face of opposition than he ever was when lapped in content. The suspicion of intended injury, combined with the recollection of his past suffering, made him speak in a very different strain from what he usually indulged in. The woman who had said him nay had seen a phase of his character utterly unknown to single-hearted girl who had but one word, the ever ready yea of love, for him.

Fortunately—or as Lady Di said piously, prov-

identially—none of her other admirers made their appearance on the scene, and the two parted wishout their interview being detected.

Thurstan thought a good deal of Azalea to-night, not that he felt conscious of having done

her any especial injury in that little matter of the kiss he had given Lady Dians. A man may feel some conscientious scruples when he first goes into debt, but after a certain amount of time and experience insolvency seems a natural and not dishonorable condition. A man when he first goes on the turf may mean to keep on and not disnonorable condition. A man when he first goes on the turf may mean to keep on the square, but he must be a very exceptional character if, after a while, he does not trick his best friend, and think himself a very ciever fellow in so doing. And a man who has come to look on women in the light in which they were regarded by Thurstan Mowbray would scarcely feel much compunction in adding one more to the number he had already distinguished by his osculatory attentions. Do not think that I defend or admire him: I think that he represents a low type of man. I know that he has nothing but a few ordinary virtues, such as courage and good-nature, to recommend him. Compared to his moral stature, Douglas was as a Than. But did not Helen prefer that stopid fair-faced boy, Paris, to the gallant brother of Agamemnon? Was not Menclaus, vulgarly speaking, worth two of that stripling chepherd? All loveer can't be herees, nor does it seem that the greatest heroes have been most tenderly loved by women. Did not Marie Louise, after having been one with Did not Marie Louise, after having bee the greatest hero (in a mundane sense) that ever plucked off other men's crowns to place them on his own head, condescend to her chamberlain? Was Crear as lovable as Antony? Let the spirit-rappers interrogate the chade of Cleopaira, and hear what the screent of old Nile has to say about it. Nevertheless, if ancient scandals are to be credited, our Laureate has no foundation for calling the head of the Julian family dull or cold-blooded. Perhaps these epithets in Cleo-patra's mouth are merely intended as natural exsinine malice uttered in revenge ioms of fe

for the imperial contempt.

One of the most distinct signs of Captain Mowbray's moral obtuseness was his utter in-nocence of the wrong he was doing Azalea in thus renewing his intimacy with Lady Diana. He would not willingly have vexed that dear little girl who was sitting alone in the Auriel shadows, dreaming of him and him only. Had she known, and seemed much cut up at any of his proceedings with regard to other women, very likely, would have altered his ways for her sake; but, as it was, the reflection that the heart doesn't grieve for what the eye doesn't see was an unfailing salve to such trifling wounds as his conscience sustained. He was still very fond of Azalea, and you may be sure he will not kiss her any the less warmly to-morrow because he

her any the less warmly to-morrow because he has been faithless to her lips to-day.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OF SWEET CAME SOUR, OF DAY CAME NIGHT. WHEN Robert Douglas recovered his hurts sufficiently to crawl away to his own home be wrote a few words of farewell to Azalea, in which he entreated her not to break in on his solitude

some little while to com

He avoided seeing her before he went, alleging that he was not strong enough to sustain even the slightest excitement. Since that terrible night, when mental anguish surpassed the animal fear of death, when all life's miseries seemed culminated in the burden of that fathomless despair, Douglas had never spoken to or looked at her, whose very presence was in itself a wound to him; the sound of her voice made him wince. He had come to regard her with ee was in itse somewhat of the shrinking aversion a caged lion feels to the hand which has subjugated it with a burning rod. He turned his face from the light and from her; he would admit of no attendance save what old Sally could render him. He felt that a glance at Azalea's face, insolent in all the radiance of happy love, would madden him be-yond endurance; all he asked for was solitude and silence, and those obtained he sat and watched his pain from dawn to eve, his eyes dull with sathon as those of one who can not turn his gase from the horror of a corpse. When the sun was brightest his lids were closed; when the air was loud with the eestasy of birds he was mute.

A stranded wreck makes no response to the soothing ripple, the whispering kiss of summer-warm waves; the dismanded hull, victim to the brief mad passion of a stormy hour, is merely a t on the golden sands; personify disaster, it seems to brood over its tragedy of the past. The desperate effort—the wail of de-spair—the unhelped supplication; these are its memories, and so it lies between the glows of aky and sand—a darkness in the sunshine—a silence in the murmuring tides. Ever mutable waves play round its despondent sides. The silver frings of the surf sports over it ere rush-ing back to the deep bosom of the parent ses. Gray dawns look coldly on its sombrous shadow; red eves flush it with tawny glory; winds sigh or storm over it; shalls cling to it; fresh scent-ed sea-flowers throw themselves into its lap. Ships come and go; greeting and farewell echo over it; but it retains that calm which succeeds

destruction, that spathy which marks decay.

It is a pause in the midst of life's eloquence. It is a paralytic mocked by the sound of a dance and song; through all the mutable vitality of nature it is dumb, deaf, and immovable. It worse than periabes—it stagnates. Douglas's farewell to Asales ran as follows:

"Mr DRAR CHILD,—I am quite well enough to move now, and I fancy that I shall get well scenest in my own little home, so I leave you; and do not think me unkind if I say that, for a time, I shall prefer utter solitude to any society however agreeable. I am much staken by the terrible events of the last few weeks; and I would fain forget, if possible, some of the horror attached to this place. I do not apologize for leaving you, for a note I received from Captain Mowbray a few days after the fire informed me of the reation which subsists between you—a woman blessed with a young husband who loves her, and whom she loves, does not need to be trou-bled by the light of a weary old face like mine. I shall so far interest my-sif in your future as to try and induce your husband to communicate his marriage at once to his family; and in other his marriage at once to his family; and in other respects I shall try and fill the place of your dead father—but I need not dwell on these things to you: may God bless you more than he has seen fit to pardon me. If ever you are in trouble if you ever need comfort or assistance, write but one word, 'Cone,' and you may command the presence of Yours faithfully, "Romert Douglas."

Azalea wondered and grieved a little over Douglas's absence. Sometimes, when Thurstan was not there to banish the thought, the dreary winds of evening seemed to whisper to her of something which she had lost—something of shelter, of protection and of love, which had away into her foster-father's grave, and into that homely cottage in the Auriel lane. But her lover's voice, her lover's touch were sufficient to woo her back into the beautiful dream, which she, in her ignorance, mistook for reality; and in that dream the melancholy of osolation was not pro could she guess, inexperienced in all hearts but her own, which was as true as her life had been sinless, that Thurstan was already a little uneasy of the prize he had won without a struggle—that his sometimes restless manner and thoughtful eyes harbored treachery to herself; that he did not understand her, and that the enigms which had possessed its charms at first became fatiguing in its unintelligibility? Lady Diana was never hard to understand. She had the art of making her own intellect subservient to that of her lover's. She conveyed ideas to him in such fashion that he was deluded into believing that he himself had engendered them. No one can deny that it is far pleasanter to have a mistress who makes you feel her superior than one whose genius is distinct and the calable as a monolith. Thurstan understood that Andrews Thurstan understood that Azalea was very pret-ty, and that she worshiped him, in considera-tion of which he overlooked her peculiarities of mind; but then Lady Di was also very lovely, and......at this dangerous point of his medita-

you ever suffered the inconvenience of loving two women at the same time? If so, you can sympathize with the perplexity of the ass when trying to make a choice of thisties, or the vacillating of Alexander between his rival queens. The situation is not an uncommon, although it may be an undignified, and not altogether one undecerving of sympathy.

deserving of sympathy.

Meanwhile, when Lady Diana watched Thurstan break away from the toils she was beginning to wind round him with all the gentle tact of an experienced spider making advances to it fly, and leave her for the tenant of that black-ened ruin at Auriel, she bit her pink lips until they bled, and swore that come what might— whatever trouble it entailed on herself—whatever disaster it inflicted on others—she would win back this man to bondage so complete that he should sicken at every hour spent out of her presence, and weary of the cause which thus

You see, one of those misfortunes which overtake the most hardened coquette had fallen on Lady Diana. She was really in love-not for the first, or even the second time, you may be sure, but she felt it none the less keenly for that. After all, she was at this moment more deserving of pity than her younger rival. Love to Assless was Faradise—to Lady Di, Purgatory. Assless believed in all things, more especially in her lover—Lady Di believed in few things, least of all in human faith. The rat which undermines many a stout ship can scarcely have much con-fidence in the stability of timber. Lady D Lady Di would have given much to be able to have a good hearty belief in any man. She would fain forget the inevitable ducline from the heights of a grand passion to the dregs of a spent one. She knew too well how in the most constant breasts the sweet tumult of passion—passion which is like the beautiful storm of the tropics, where strange phantages and colors of unspeakable glory are incorporated with the wild splendor of the tempest—dies to calm, and from calm to -dies to calm, and from Even in victory she tasted defeat; while in defeat she suffered as severely as though its names were unforeseen.

Thurstan's dereliction wounded her vanity more, it wounded her heart-she loved him. The sight of his face was sweet to her; his voice gave a charm to the day; his eyes haunted her like a pleasant dream; she knew that he would be nothing more than a dream in her life altogether for she was in truth too old to marry him had be been free (and he had insinuated to her that he was bound by more than ordinary ties to an-other), and she was too poor to retain him long as a lover; for her pecuniary circumstances were as a lover; for her pecuniary circumstances were becoming desperate, and every time a fresh dun knocked at the door she looked at Lord Owne and thought, "Marry me you must—whether you like it or not." So Thurstan would be no-thing but a phantasm of pleasure; but when a mirage was lovely to her she judiciously avoided looking at it too closely. Experience is a lens through which we see with painful clearness all the defects of the present.

the defects of the present.

Lady Di wisely shut her eyes and opened her mouth to take the bonbon which Fate sent in ber way.

A NAUTCH DANCE.

WHORVER has not seen a Nautch dance has something yet to see. Some three or four sets of Indian dancing-girls had arrived in Zanzibar; and having told our tall, gawky Arab conductor that we wished to see these peculiar beings, he made the necessary arrangements with them. In the creeing we repaired to his house, and were ushered into a long, narrow room, covered with a Persian carpet and cushions, and in the centre a brass lamp with a number of burners.
The spectators scated themselves at the farther end
of the room, leaving the divan for the Nantch girls.
Shortly our tall Arab enters, ushering in some

half a dozen creatures clothed in cloth of gold, followed by half a dozen Indian musicians bearing their instruments, consisting of a peculiar kind of drum, a guitar, and an instrument of the flageolet kind. The ladies divested themselves of their outer scarf of red silk and gold, and lounged on the divan opposite to us—their arms bare, bosoms nearly, and legs quite so. Their heads were ornamented with wreaths of jewels; gold ornaments, studded with precious stones hung from one side of the nostril, pulling down the lobes.

One looked rather old, say twenty-eight; the Hindoo cast of countenance, and very dark under the eyes. They lounged on the cushions in the most fiscinating manner, as they apparently thought, gently puffing the cigars we had given them, every moment casting up their large black eyes to us languishingly, lovingly, enchantingly, and sorrowfully.

The musicians strike up a semi-dismal, senti-mental sound. One of them has a peculiar mall semicircular drum made fast to his waist, mental sound. which he sounds by striking with the palm of hi hand, obtaining the most peculiar but not unmu-sical sounds. The others have instruments more

common.

The girls now begin to cast off their outer garments, and bind round their ankles tinkling chains. This done, they advance, tap the heels, then the toes, tinkling the chains to the time of the musicians. The dance, we think, is doubtless to follow. Wriggling about (there are no other words that describe the motion), throwing out their arms, and peeping beneath their scarfs, they advance and retreat. They then sing lovesomes, containtly with the musicians, who acreech songs, conjointly with the musicians, who screech in their care, gradually increasing the loudness of the music; the girls advancing and receding, their eyes alternasely full of passion and sorrow, and then whirling away, disconsolate, at length

And this actually was the dance, and all there was of it.

During the dancing and singing they frequently lifted the nose ornament to wipe their stream-ing faces. Right glad were we to pay an aggre-gate of eight dollars for the entertainment, to leave the house, and get on board the steamer.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Evzar week or two some luckiess visitor at Niagara. Palls ofters, through the newspapers, a dismal note of warning it, regard to the impositions practiced upon innocent strangers in that vicinity. Doubtless the writers of these warnings here been victimes but, from our own recent experience, we should almost fancy that some of the "Notes from Ningara Falls," artisted narious distinct the profess date of 1868, were made as from the profess date of 1868. printed under date of 1860, were made up from old manuscripts written years ago. Our week's visit at the Palls falled to entangle us in a sing a trick. The hotal charges were in no wise more exorbitant than at other summer resorts; and if all the hotels are as well appointed as the one where we happened to be, there can be no cause of complaint. To be sure, when you linger at the windows of the Indian shops, some pretty girl will pop out of the foor with an urgent in-vitation to enter; but if you pay no attention to her she soon retires. Hackmen, too, as in other places, are fond of informing you how reasonably they will show you the eights; but they are easily ellenced by anow you take signed; but they are easily shenced by quiet disregard. Only in one instance were we perti-nationally followed. Our party, having taken the usu-al drives, resolved one moraling to walk over to the Canada side and only the view on foot. Eaving crossed the New Suspension Brid a, a hackman as-salled us with, "Take you to T hie Bock for fifty results." and notwithstanding both effect and cents;" and, notwithstanding both affent and exed refusale of his offer, he followed in our wake, present reheals of his otter, he sources in our wants, kindly decreasing his price as we resented the dis-lance, until he was ready to sacrifice himself and horses for "ten cents?" At that juncture one rentle-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-man of our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said, in a on-light-ter our party turned round and said turned round ro fully cool tone: "We calculate to walk up to Table Block if it costs us fire dollars!" The backman disap-

Visitors to Nisgara would be better satisfied it they Visitors to Niagara would be better satisfied if they should bear in mind that considerable expense is involved in preparing such places as "Goat Island," "The Three Sisters," and "The Care of the Winds" for safe and comfortable inspection. If bridges, etains, etc., had not been built we should lose glorious views, which are well worth the fee demanded. Nor abould we find it as pleasant if the various arrangements. which facilitate access to points of interest were suf-fered to go to decay. Improvements are made from year to year which increase the attractions of the place; and, under a new and efficient police, there is far less annoyance than formerly from the importuni-ties of hackmen. No lover of the grand in Nature can visit Risgars and not rejoice that an opportuni is so easily obtained for viewing the glorious Palls so many different aspects.

Extensive preparations have been made for observ-ing the solar solipse on the 7th of August. Many dis-tinguished scientific gentlemen have gone to Iowa for this purpose: also a company of government officers, under the direction of Professor William Harkness. A temperary observatory, and all necessary instruments, will enable them to make general observations, as well as to take photographic views.

Another railroad horror! On the New Orleans and Ancest rained a passenger train falls through a treetle bridge, the cars take fire, three persons are burned to death, and many wounded. The bridge had given way before, and the officers of the road are "constrad." Is this all? Are the public altogether hardened to "railroad horrors?

Any one who has contemplated the grand drinking m which is on free exhibition from seven until tanjean which is on free extitution from seven initi-eight o'clock every morning at Congress Spring, Sara-togs, will appreciate what an exchange says: "We this morning saw an advanced female gulp five glasses of Congress-water in quick succession, without any difficulty; and another sutumnal creature absorbed difficulty; and another autumnal creature absorbed four glasses, and then remarked 'she would walk through the park before drinking any more.' A little specimen of crinciline, with most improbable curls, drank four glasses without finching, while an old-school Congress-water fowl, standing at her elbow, soothed himself with five full glasses 'before taking his constitutional walk,' as he said. The pensive young lady, who has been here a month awaiting on offer, drinks only one ulsas of the Compress daily. an offer, drinks only one glass of the Congress daily, not because she likes it, but because it is fashionable."

More than one-half of the entire revenue of the kingdom of Bavaria is from beer, although it is but lightly taxed. Beer is emphatically the national beverage, and its consumption, particularly in Munich, is some thing wonderful. Over a hundred million gallons are every year, and even women and children inbabe freely.

A water-spout near Nashville, Tenne cat up some mischlerous prants. A whirlwind formed on the Cumberland River which was so powerful that a water-spont seven feet high was developed, and swept along the river. A party of a dosen men and buys were bathing in the river, and had hung their clothes upon some evergreens, which formed a screen thing-boat on the landing where they performed their tollets. The water-epout came and unceremoniously whisked away trees, clothes, and all; and away went the raineest of the astonished bathers, sailing high in air, until it disappeared from their anxious gase! All called loadly for clothes, and finally a sufficient number of articles of apparel were

Report says that the Adirondack wilder Report says that the Adirondack wilderness is altogether too fashlomable. Tourists can not get guides, can not get deer, nor fish, nor hotel accommodations. There are so many people about the lakes that one discontented sportsman said that he could not fire at a deer for fear of hitting a man. Whether this melancholy report is wholly true can only be ascertained by those who are willing and able to "rough it," and to go to the lass frequented sections, where still, as Mr. Murray says, "the air is literally full of jumping trout," above the lakes, and game is abundant enough to extisfy the most enger sportsman. isfy the most eager sportsman.

One of the horrors of long railroad journeys in the United States has been the want of proper arrange-ments and sufficient time to partake of meals confortably. The shouted announcement, "Fiftee fortably. The another another than the control of t

ently have an attack of dyspepsia. This style of things ently have an attack of dyspepens. This expect strongs is rapidly being changed. On some Western roads the trains do not stop at al. for meals, a Fullman betal car affording passengers an necessary refreshment. These care are made so steady by a combination of springs that there is no danger of unsetting a dish. Small tables, with shundant space for four persons at each, are nicely lain for those desiring refreshment. The kitchen is in the middle of the car, but so inclosed and wantifacted that one would scarcely essent it use. and ventilated that one would scarcely suspect its use. Yet it is provided with ice-boxes and every thing nee eccary in the way o, edibies to supply a most excel-lent dinner or a sight innch, at the option of the trav-cier. The cost of each article is upon the bill of fare, and is as reasonable as at any good city restaurant.

Noble traits of character sometimes show themselves midst the first confusion and terror of dire ...assec. Hiver train a Jaurence brakeman, hanging - the knob of a car door, said to the brother brakeman who came to his assistance: "Dick, if any one case is burt worse than I am, help him first." On the same day an accident occurred on a Butland (Vermont) train, and the first words of a severely injured engineer were: "Are any of the passengers burs!"

The organization known as the "Woman's Bo-rees," located at No. 47 East Twenty-third Street, is designed, as we understand it, to ferrolah common head-quarters to all those societies which have in view the amelioration of the condition c. wromen. By thus centralizing the whole work it is believed in t each specific work may be prosecuted to better edvantage.

M. Pouchet, in the Arener Estional, relates the fol-M. Poutlet, in the Areas Associations, relates the blowing singular incident: in February Colonel Franks was engaged near the village of Chamba with a bod; of rebols, and many prisoners were taken. One of them, a Bengales, aged about fifty-four, was conducted before the anthorities to undergo interrogations. ed before the anthorities to undergo interrogations. The prisoner for the first time appeared to realize the danger of his situation when he found himself stripped and surrounded with solditors. He trembled violently, terror and despair being deploted on his counternance, and when replying to questions appeared absolutely simpeded by fear. Then, in the space of half an hour, his hals, which had been of a brilliant high, became gray on every part of his head. iant black, became gray on every part of his head. The sergeant who had charge of the prisoner cried out, "He is turning gray," and called attention to the singular phenomenon, which was observed by many one through all its phases.

The New York City Directory for the present year contains 139.463 names—an excess of 36s over last year. The name of Smith occurs 256 times, while there are 808 Browns, 345 Greens, 357 Whites, and a moderate number of Grays, Blacks, and Blues. There are 157 Poures, 81 Wolfs, and only 2 Bears. A sindy of the Directory is a carious anneanment.

The prospect is that there will be an abundant crop of peaches this season. Delaware and Maryland are the great peach-growing States, though New Jersey sends a goodly quantity into the market. Some of the largest peach-orchards contain over 190,000 trees, spread over many acres, the trees being planted in regular rows about twenty-dve feet apart, and yielding often a bushel and a hall apiece.

Accounts of the immense damage caused by the foods in Texas continue to be received. Among the incidents mentioned is that of a lady near Belton, who, with six small children, driven from her house, which was event by the high water, took refuge in a tree with all her little ones. As the food brought along fence-mills and drift-wood she caught them, and constructed a next of year and the tree, so that when constructed a sort of raft around the tree, so that when one of her children slept and fell it was caught by the platform below. Here the herois mother, with all her pectous treasures, remained for twenty-four hours, until a neighbor constructed a boat and took them all safely to shore.

Prince Alamayoo, son of King Theodore of Abys-sinia, is represented to be an intelligent and lovable child, with great quickness of observation, and a somewhat excitable temperament. His tietes, as far as they are yet developed, are on the side of manil-ness and muscularity.

A German chemist recommends that those who find Epsons saits too disgusting should boil ordinary con-free with the sait solution, when all disagreeable tasts is removed, and the mixture becomes actually pleasat removes, and are mixing occases actually pleas-ant. The proportions may be, by weight, one of cof-fee to three of salls, to ten of water. It would not be strange, however, if one, following this recipe, should find coffee specified for them forever afterward.

"Prevention is better than cure." At this season, "Prevention is better than cure." At this season, when the sun's rays pour down with the grentest intensity, all precautions which may save persons from sup-stroke should be understood, and taken by those exposed to intense solar best. It is said, on good anthority, that the man who abstalts from all spirit-uous drinks during exceedively hot weather is vastly loss liable to sun-stroke than one who drinks habitually. Regular hours for sleep and meals, and the avoidance of all irregularities and excesses, are among the other preventives. Bathing or sponging the skin all over in the moraday is a wholesome p antion. Every one employed outdoors, that can possible do it, should wear a light, easy-fitting, broad-brinsmed hat. Bricklayers, carpenters, labours, morta-makers, hodearriers, and all others working in the sun, should have some kind of shed or shade at hand, where they can rest for a few minutes at short intervals. One of the bast acceptable to you dishable a section of the best preventives to sun-stroke the next preventives to sun-stream as said to be a thin plece of sponge loosety sewed in the top of the hat, and occasionally moistened with water in the course of the day. A bandkerchief, dampened and laid in the top of the hat, will answer a very good temporary рагрове.

According to an exchange, it is easy enough to kill quark or twitch grass if you only go to work right. First dig it up with a spade, then rake it out carefully with a succession of tools, beginning with a three-legard stool and ending with a fine-tooth combagliating the soil to the depth of two feet. Take the grass and roots and ran them through a strawculter, ruit them with meal and feed them to your pig, and then immediately sell the pig out of the country. Seed down your garden to clover, and take your neighbor's cow or william-goat to pasters, and you will be hor's cow or william-gost to pasture, and you will be troubled with quark grass no more—that year. This is the only sure cure—all other methods are quarkier

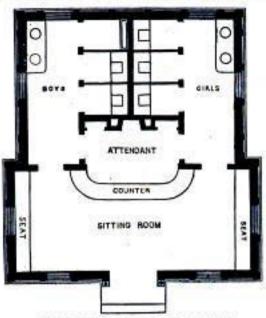
Two Japanese, by the name of Yoshida Hicomara and Chara Reynoske, lately graduated at Muneou Academy, Massachusetts. The first delivered a disof the "Introduction of Christianity Japan," and the other on "Japan as it Was and is,"



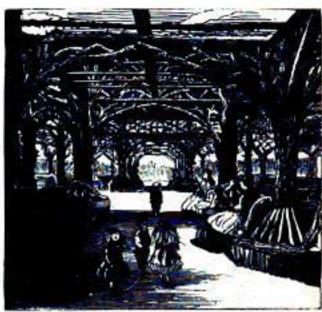
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FLOOR PLAN OF CHILDREN'S COTTAGE.



CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

NEW VIEWS IN CENTRAL PARK.

EVERY year witnesses new improvements in the New York Central Park. This is very evident to the merely occasional visitor, who al-ways finds some novelty that did not meet his eve upon former visits. We give some illustra-tions on this page of the latest novelties intro-

The most interesting of our sketches are those of the Children's Shelter and the Children's Cottage. For several years the children of our schools have been allowed the use of the play-grounds of the Park, Any child attending the public schools of the city may have the privilege of the play-grounds, upon application to the Commissioners of the Park, with a certificate from punctual attendance of the applicant upon the school and of good char-acter. We also give an illustration of the Boys' Play-Ground. By congrounds to school-children the practice of adult clubs of match games, and the objectionable features that have be-come the frequent attendant of these games, have been effectually pre-vented. Croquet - play upon the girls' ground has been initiated, and several swings have been erected for the use of

children. A great variety of an-imals have been added to the zoological collection in the Park-among them a fine specimen of the American buffalo;

the American bullado;
a toucan; an American
black bear; a cinnamon
bear, from India; a
white-lipped peccary; a fine Mexican lion, two
years old, captured on the upper Rio Grande; a
magnificent grizzly bear from the Rocky Mountsins; a Brazilian and two South American cetriches; a pair of Rasse cats from Java; a beautiful Angola leopard; a pair of prairie-dogs, and
a number of Java sparrows and chaffinches.

a number of Java sparrows and chaffinches.

The formation of a Zoological Garden has been included in the plan of the Central Park. A beginning has been made in the collection of ani-

mals, and it is designed in time to develop this feature of the establishment into a completer form. Beyond its use as a never-failing source of interest and pleasurable gratification to the public will be its value as an addition to the edu-

cational resources of our city.

An important branch of Natural History of almost romantic interest is that relating to the forms of life that once existed upon the earth, with reptilian characteristics, twenty-six feet in length and fourteen in height, was found at Had-donfield, New Jersey.

MR. STEWART'S NEW RESIDENCE.

New York is not a picturesque city, like London or Paris, or a dozen other European cities

thousand years?" How few, indeed, are built with any idea of permanency!

But there is one edifice in New York that, if not swallowed up by an earthquake, will stand as long as the city remains, and will ever be pointed to as a monument of individual enterprise, of far-seeing judgment, and of disinterested philanthropy. This is Mr. A. T. Stewar's new and palatial manson on Fifth Avenue, of which we give an illus-

which we give an illus-tration on page 521.

There is nothing like it in the world, not even among the palaces of the European nobility. That is the impression which first strikes us as we enter the building. Thearchitect, Mr. KELrun, had a difficult problem to solve. He was to make an eternal monument which should also be fitted for a temporal habitation. He has admirably succeeded, we must admit; but still every one who looks upon the result must feel that this splendid palace was never designed primarily for a private dwelling. It is a temple rather than a mansion.

The very first glance at the building suggests a fault in architectural design—at lenst, we deem it such. The claborate system of pillars at the two main entrances support nothing. They constitute an architectural conundrum. For, if there is any well established canon of architecture, it is the law that no column should exist without supporting something—some-thing more than an entablature; something port. Then, again, it cems unfortunate that

such an edifice should not be surrounded by spacious grounds. But Mr. STEWART evidently looked forward to the time when the pushing

looked forward to the time when the pushing commerce of the city would make its demands felt even in Thirty-Fourth Street.

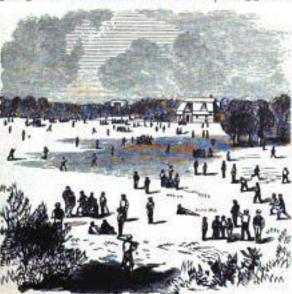
This building is constructed of marble, but of that enduring kind of marble which appears to the eye very much like granite. It rests upon hewn masonry, which in turn lies upon a solid rock-basis. The finishing inside is throughout



PALBONTOLOGICAL STUDIO AT THE CENTRAL PARK MUSEUM.

but are now extinct. Mr. WATERMOUSE HAW-EINS has been selected to attend to the restora-tion of fossils illustrating ancient life upon this continent. We give an illustration of the Pa-leontological Studio at the Central Park Museum, with models of animals of ancient times now being restored from the fossils by Mr. HAWKINS, including the skeleton of the Hadrasonrous Foulkii, which forms the centre of the group. This gigantic and remarkable animal, a creature

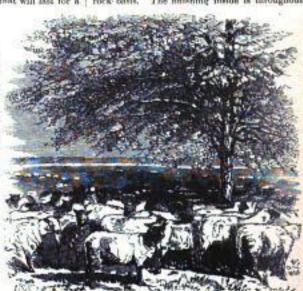
which we might name. It has no great antiquity, and has, therefore, little regard for what is old. In Lendon or in Paris you may see some relics of past centuries; these are reverenced and preserved as long as they endure. But New York is a series of experiments, and every thing which has lived its life and played its port is held to be dead, and is buried, and over it grows a new world. Of how few buildings in this city can it be said, "Here is something that will last for a



BOYS PLAY-GROUND, CENTRAL PARK



THE CASCADE, CENTRAL PARK



SHEEP ON THE GREEN, CENTRAL PARK

of beautiful Italian marble, the work upon which was done in Italy. The style of architecture is purely Corinthian. The building does not strike one as extraordinarily large at the first glance. It is only three stories in height. But it towers above all the surrounding structures. For each story is over twesty feet in height. So the sev-eral apartments do not at first seem to be of more than ordinary size until we know their

The entire structure, external and internal, is destitute of showy ornamentation. The style of beanty adopted is very chaste and severe. It is grand without being heavy; it is fine and elabo-rate without being fanciful. This will appear even more to be the case when the walls are fin-ished and subdued in color, so as to harmonize with the blue-veined marble. The doors are to be of rose, wood be of rose-wood.

The building, with scarcely an alteration in the arrangement of its rooms, could be transformed into a magnificent art-gallery. It almost astonishes us to hear the architect speak of this as a reception room, of that as a breakfast room, and of another as the parlor. The beautiful ward-robe and bath-rooms are the only portions of the house which distinctively suggest the idea of a private residence. The vista of rooms is one of the most remarkable features which strike the eye. From one end of the building one looks through to the other. The grand hall leads to the marble staircase—the most beautiful speci-men of architecture of that kind in the country. Passing become this we care the string of the country. Passing beyond this, we enter the picture-gallery, which is to be adorned with the finest speciment of statuary and painting that Mr. STEWART has been able to obtain during a search of several

The windows throughout the building consist each of a single pane of glass. There is an elec-trical apparatus for lighting the gas. The entire structure in its design reflects great credit apon Mr. STEWART, and as a work of architecture it is equally creditable to Mr. Kellum.

THE DRIVE AT NEWPORT.

Our illustration on page 524 of the Drive at Newport is engraved from a drawing by Mr. C. G. Busst. It is a very full and characteristic representation of one of the most prominent featuses of this fashionable summer resort. The Drive has recently been greatly extended, so as to lead round the Point and back again, making a circuit of about on miles.

ANTIPATHIES.

Wa can readily understand that the olfactory powers of nature in man or woman recoil with outhing from disagreeable or offensive odors; but it is less easy to believe that this objection can in any degree apply to the sweet fragrance of the Queen of Flowers. Yet we have well st-tested instances, and Pope probably had some of these in his mind when he used the expres-

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain!"

According to Sir Kesselm Digby, if the Lady Henengs, of the bedchamber to Quoen Eliza-beth, Isid a rose upon her cheek when she composed herself to rest, that cheek became immedistely blistered. Cardinal Don Enrique de Car-dona west into a swoon upon encountering the smell of A rose, and Laurentius, Bishop of Urat island, was killed by the same cause. During the season of roses Cardinal Caraffa inclosed himself in a chamber in his palace, and suffered no one to approach him who carried one about his person.

"I knew a stout soldier," says Donatus, "who could not endure the smell or sight of the herb rue, but would instantly betake himself to flight

on his first notice of its presence."

Chesne, secretary to Francis the First, King of France, a Parisian, was forced to stop his nostrils with bread when there were any apples at table, and so offensive was the smell of them to him that if one was held near his nose it began to blend almost instantaneously.

to him that it one was held near his nose it began to bleed almost instantaneously.

"I have seen," we are told by Brassavolus, as quoted by Schenck, "the younger daughter of Frederick the First, King of Naples, who could not eat any kind of fish, nor even taste the smallest quantity. As often as she put a bit in her mouth she was seized with vehement fits, and folling to the earth and relling besself these. and falling to the earm and some out. This she upon, would lamentably shrick out. This she would continue to do for the space of half an hour, after which time she would return to herself."

Guarnerius relates that hog's flesh was so disand falling to the earth and rolling herself there-

gusting to him that it produced the effect of poison, although he never used it but in broth or sauces. When his mother, on a particular occasion, gave him a dish of that ment without his previous knowledge, minced into the small-est hits, and he unwittingly are some, within an hour after he was seized with a violent pulpita-tion of the heart, fell into fits, and concluded with a vomiting of blood.

Schenck also says a learned person once told Schenck also says a learned person once told him that he knew one at Antwerp who would immediately swoon as often as pork was set before him upon any table at which he was present. Further, that he was also acquainted with a person of high quality who fainted at the sight of an eel; and even if one were inclosed in paste, or otherwise covered up, he fell down as dend, and was unable to return to himself until the obnoxious dish was removed. Germanicus could noxious dish was removed. Germanicus could not endure the sight or voice of a cock, and the Persian Magi had an intense horror of mice. Henry III. of France could not sit in a room with a cat. The Duke of Schomberg had the same aversion. This is by no means an uncom-mon antipathy. A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose

when hearing a cat mew, no matter how great the distance might be that separated him from the obnoxious animal. Mathiolus tells of a German, who, coming at winter time into an inn to any with him and some other friends, the woman of the house, being acquainted with his temperament in this particular, put a young cat in a chest in the same room where they sat at their meal. But though he had neither seen nor heard of it, after a little time a sudden paleness came over his face, and he cried out that in some corner or another a cat was concealed. A more recent instance may be quoted in the case of the late Mr. Vandenhoff, the celebrated tragedian, which came within the notice of the present writer. Walking with him one day in the Zoo-logical Gardens at Liverpool, and being in close conversation, Vandenhoff suddenly stopped, grasped the arm of his companion almost convulsively, and pointed forward with some nearly inarticulate exclamation. A cut was hobbling toward them, a noet of huma notures, without hind-legs. It was chased away, and after a theet interval the translater reserved his ordinary. short interval the tragedian resumed his ordinary demeanor. On another occasion the writer happened to sit next to him at a dinner-party. Suddenly he turned pale, dropped his knife and fork, fell back in his chair, and said, faintly, "There's a cat under the table!" The brute had brushed by his legs, and the effect was in-stantaneous. Shakspeare, as we all know, says,

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig: Some that are mad if they behold a cat;"

and then he adds, as a commentary, "There is no firm reason" to be rendered for these strange loathings.

Among the records of antipathy we find one of a man who could not endure that an old wo-man should look upon him; of another, that if he met the smallest dog he was seized with con-vulsions in the left hand; of a young girl who swoosed at the sound of a bell, or of a lond voice speaking or inging; of a non-who perspired vio-lently if she saw a beetle; of a nobleman of Mantua who became paralyzed at the sight or contact of a hedgebog, and for two years imag-ined he was grawed internally by such an am-mal; and of a maid-servant in Flanders who had lived entirely on milk, without any other kind of food. She was not able to endure even the smell of bread, and if the smallest partiely of it was put into her busin, even at a distance, abe detected it immediately. Ambrose Pard, the celebrated French surgeon, mentions a gentle-man who never could see a carp without faint-ing. Also a lady on whom a boiled lobster had the same effect. Erasmas, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to all kinds of fish that the smell of it gave him a fever. Jo-seph Scaliger never could driek milk. Cardan was particularly disgreted at the sight of eggs. There are some persons who can not bear to look on spiders; others have been known to eat them as a laxury. John Rol, a gentleman of Aleantara, would swoon on hearing the word days (wool) pronounced, although his clonk was made of that material. M. Vangheim, a great hunts-man in Hanover, would ran away to avoid faint-ing at the sight of a roust pig. M. de Lançre, in his "Tableon de l'inconstance de toutez Choses," gives an account of a very henve officer who never dered to bold et a pour l'inconstance de l'inconstan dared to look at a mouse, it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in his hand. M. de Langre adds that he knew him perfectly well. The great Marshal Saxe looked under his bed every night to see that no animal of any kind was there. The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to be saluted that he fell down if any one paid him that respect. The Duke d'Eperson fainted at the sight of a leveret. Marshal d'Albret turned sick at table if a sucking pig was served up. Tycho Brabe felt his limbs sink under him if he encountered a hare or fox. La Mothe le Vayer could not endure the sound of any musical instrument, yet had exquisite pleas-ure from the noise or thunder. This anecdotes has been fathered on Dr. Gregory, the celebrated Edinburgh physician, who, being asked by a lady if he liked music, replied: "I like it, Madam, as well as thunder or any other noise." Some-thing to the same effect was said by Dr. Johnson to another lady, who observed that a con-certo he had just heard was very difficult. "Med-am," growled the philosopher, "I wish it had been impossible." An Englishman in the last century was near expiring whenever the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was read to him. We could musiciply similar cases of antipathy almost ad infinitum, but enough have been adduced.

LITERARY FRIVOLITIES

UTILITY is not always the chief object of literary labor, and neither is "value received" always its aim and end; for in this kind of work, as in other kinds, difficulty and expectant applause is frequently a great incentive. With many writers, more particularly in former times, various curions styles of composition were much in favor-one, for example, would have a predilection for composing verses with the omission in each stanas of a particular letter; others would write in such a way as to enable their writing to be read from the end to the beginning of the line, or vice versa, as the reader chose; while a third, again, vexed himself in the composition of allisaguin, veces inimises in the composition of allis-crative, or, perhaps, anagrammatic, poetry. An-other class of literary triflers, among others, might be named those who chose to display a microscopic skill by writing so small that their work appeared to the naked eye only a mere wavy line. Laborious ingenuity of these kinds, so far from being discouraged, was rather pleasu-rably indulged in by some of the best critical. urably indulged in by some of the best ancient writers, of whom might have been expected other and better things. Take as an instance of one of shese literary frivolities, for which the author seldom, if ever, receives either fame or emob

ment, many of the works of Lopes de Vega-works now never heard of, and, perhaps, better so, since many of them were of a character un-worthy of their author. The Spanish poet wrote no less than 1800 plays, of which only about a fifth occupy a place in the literature of his country; and among his other writings were five novels, from each of which one of the five vowels were excluded-a conceit which must have cost their author considerable labor. Of this kind of literary work, which has been called Lipogrammatic, there have been many instances

— Tryphiodorus, for example, composed a Greek Hed, from the first book of which the letter α was excluded, the second book excluded b, and so on throughout the alphabet in succession. Pindar, too, wrote an ode from which he omit-ted the letter s; and Fulgentius, a monk, pertest like letter x and x ingenties, a mone, per-formed a similar test to that of Tryphiodorus in the sixth century. It has been recorded also of a Persian poet that he read a poem to the king in which the letter a was altogether excluded; but his royal highness speedily wearisd of hear-ing it, and instead of complimenting the poet more his skill and insecutive blundy recommend. upon his skill and ingenuity, bluntly recommend-ed that all the other letters should be sent to keep company with the exiled a.

In relation to those who have chosen to exert themselves in the way of microscopic writing, the fact that the *Riad* of Homer has been writ-ten in so small a compass as to be wholly in-closed in a nut-shell has been often referred to as one of those things which would require to be seen ere it could be believed. However doubt-ful much a feet way account. ful such a feat may appear, it is certain that one Huet, who at first thought it impossible, demon-strated by experiment that it could be done. A piece of vellum, 10 inches in length and 8 wide. would hold 250 lines, each line containing 30 verses, and thus filling both sides of the vellum 15,000, the whole number of verses in the Isad, could be written upon it; and this piece of vellum, folded compactly, would go easily into the shell of a walnut. It is nothing unusual to find nowadays writing of a still more minute character than this, seeing that the Ten Commandments have been written in a compass small enough to be covered by a sixpence. There is a portrait of Queen Anne in the British Museum, on which appear a number of minute lines and senteches, which, when examined through a microscope, are shown to be the entire contents of a small folio book which the librarian has in his possession. A similar effort in the way of microscopic aslienced was a small folio as the contents of the croscopic caligraphy was some years ago discor-cred in London by a gentleman who had bought at a sale a pen-and-ink portrait of Alexander Pope, surrounded by a design in scroll-work. Examining it through a glass, in order, if possible, to discover the artist's name, he was astun-ished to find that the fine lines in the surrounding scroll was nothing less than a fife of the soot, so minutely transcribed as only to be legible by the sid of a magnificr. This was an evident imitation of a similar effort in the way of portraiture which was at one time in a library at Oxford, where a head of Charles L was drawn in minute characters, so fine as to resemble the lines of an engraving, but which, when closely examined, were found to be the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer,

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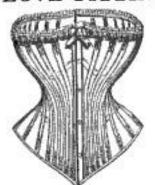
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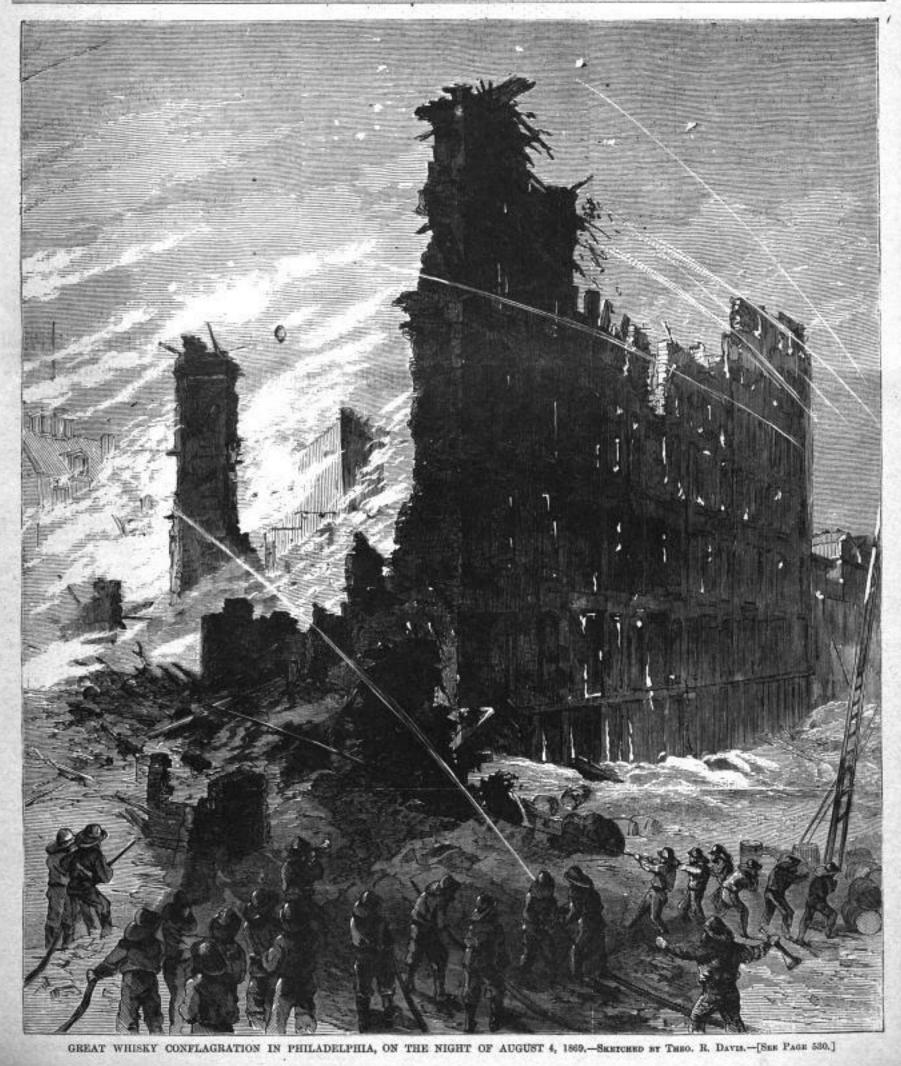
YOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIII.-No. 660.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

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THE FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Turn late fire in Philadelphia was the most destructive that ever occurred in that city. The buildings consumed constituted the largest warehouse in the United States. They possessed an enormous capacity, and were considered by their architects to be so completely proof against fire that they advised the owner to avoid the expense of insurance.

of insurance.

These buildings were erected for Colonel W.C.
PAYMERSON in 1854; they were nine in number, situated on Front Street, extending east to Pann Street, and having also a front on Lombard.
They were of brick, with iron columns on the first story, and with walls eighteen inches in

The fire originated in the section on the corner of Lombard Street. About seven o'clock a large portion of the wall on Lombard Street fell to the pavement with a loud crash, supposed to have been pushed out by the weight upon the floors. The whisky steered went down with the rains, and in a few moments a terrific explosion took place, throwing down every wall of section H, sentering bricks, timbers, etc., in every direction, while the flames shot up in a solid body far above the surrounding buildings, creating a general consternation among the residents of the entire contents of the warehouse on fire, and soon burning whisky ran down the gutters in Swanson Street to Pine, and thence into the sewer leading to the river.

The fiames extended until they involved the entire block. The firemen from all quarters of the city were soon upon the ground. Shortly after midnight their efforts were materially aided by a shower of rain. By daylight the fire, though far from being extinguished, was under control. There were 25,000 barrels of whisky stored upon

There were 26,000 barrels of whisky stored upon the premises. The entire loss of property is estimated at between \$8,000,000 and \$4,000,000, on which there was insurance to the amount of \$2,299,000. The largest loss is suffered by the Imperial of London, namely, \$319,000.

Imperial, of London, namely, \$319,000.

William Albungua, one of the firemen, was so seriously injured by falling from a ladder that he died. A large number of persons suffered injuries.

This fire will lead to an investigation as to the propriety of storing large quantities of whisky in a single warehouse; it will also tend to diminish the confidence hitherto felt in fire-proof buildings—at least in those where combustible matter is stored.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

THE revolution in Cuba has now continued for ten months. The intelligence from the island is always confused and uncertain; but there has been no report of any serious and decisive bettle, and the military operations have been apparently confined to skirmishes and guerrilln warfare. The form of a civil government has been proclaimed in the Cuban camp, but there is no evidence that it falfills any functions. The "Grand Congress" on the 18th of April unanimously declared that the revolutionary party is fighting for independence of Spain and annexation to the United States; and the Jenta in New York from time to time announces that it has very good news, and that decisive events are about to happen.

Meanwhile the wrongs under which Cube suffered from the government which Spain has overthrown are notorious. The island was squeezed to furnish money for the Spanish treasury, and was controlled wholly by foreign interests and influences, so that every kind of progress was hopeless. For many years there has been profound discontent; and if the Cahan revolution had not been simultaneous with that of Spain, and the character of the population had inspired more confidence in the practicability of a wise and liberal political system, the revolt would have commanded the unmin gled sympathy of civilized countries. But the events in Spain promising great reforms naturally suggested waiting to learn whether terms of conciliation might not be offered which would be agreeable to the Cubans, while it was diffiieve that would do more than establish a South American republic upon the island. This last consideration does not, indeed, affect the right of the Cubans to establish their independence of a harsh foreign rule, but it does necessarily affect the feeling with which the effort is regarded.

During the ten months of the revolution Spain has been busy at home remodeling its government, and has finally adopted a liberal Constitution, with general suffrage and freedom of the press—indeed, with the usual asfeguards of liberty, but with a royal head of the system. Unable to agree upon a King, the Assembly appointed a Regent, and the present political situation of the country is therefore temporary. But in a country so long subject to ecclesiastical domination as Spain has been there is an ignorance of the kind that is most difficult to remove or to control. There have been plots and risings, and although order has been generally maintained the country is still disturbed, and its situation is far from satisfactory. The last least for the public expenses was taken at 30 to 40 cents on the dollar, and the deficit

Marking ...

this year must be many millions of dollars. More troops for Cuba can hardly be spared, and those upon the island are evidently unable to subdue the revolutionists. It is reported that a general levy of the Spanish population in Cuba is now to be made for a final effort against the revolution. Should that fail the result would seem to be inevitable.

Under these circumstances it is reported that the United States have proposed to the Spanish Government that Cuba shall be relinquished upon the payment of a certain sum, for which the United States shall be security. And it is added that this proposition is accompanied by the threat that if Spain does not accode, beliggerent rights or the independence of Cuba will be acknowledged by this Government. It would be better, however, for the United States to offer to mediate than to make a distinct proposition of this kind; because if accompanied with the threat named it is virtually an intervention. Recognition of belligerent rights to Cuba would be a preliminary recognition of independence. Such a concession, as Mr. Summan truly says in his speech upon Our Foreign Relatious, "bears the same relation to acknowledged independence as gristle bears to bone."

An offer of mediation in Cuba would proceed with peculiar grace from the United States This country has honestly and trito Spain. umphantly maintained its neutrality in the contest. Its neighborhood to Cube and its old amity with Spain indicate it as a friendly me diator. If Spain declined the offer we should of course reserve to our discretion the acknowledgment of belligerent rights or the recognition of independence; and when either course should be adopted it would appear as the result of the actual situation, and not as a penalty imposed upon Spain for not accepting our advice. It is, indeed, reported that this offer has been made by this Government upon the suggestion of the Spanish Minister, and with the knowledge that it would be accepted. But in that case the threat would be wholly unnecessary. To grant belligerent rights to Cuba when we were satisfied that it was entitled to them would be merely the recognition of the situ tion, and not an unfriendly act to Spain. But to tell Spain that it must accept certain terms that we offer, or we will virtually take Cuba, is merely an insult.

TEMPERANCE IN POLITICS.

Typ Massachusetts Democratic Convention meets on the 24th of August, and will doubtless nominate Mr. Jone Quincy Anama, who will get a much larger vote than he did last year, because of the Temperance complication. A few years since there was virtually a probibitory law in Massachusetts. Then came a reaction; and after some delay a law was passed, like that recommended by the committee of the late Temperance Convention in this State, which authorized each town to determine for itself whether to license or prohibit. That, again, was superseded at the last session of the Legislature by the present law, which is prohibitory of all the ordinary drinks except cider. Even lager beer is forbidden. This, however, was against the advice of Governor CLAPLIE, of Senator Wilson, and of Mr. W. B. SPOONER, the President of the Temperance Alliance, who was in consequence asked to resign,

But the law was no sooner enforced by the seizure of Mr. PPAPP's supplies of lager beer than there was such a protest of public opinion that, after the delay of a day or two, there came a written opinion of the Attorney-General, under which the liquor was restored and the procecution ahandoued; and presently Mr. Spooses: was invited to resume the Presidency of the Temperance Association. Meanwhile Judge PITMAN, the leader of the prohibitory party and late President of the Senate, had been appointed by Governor CLAPLIN to the beach, and a lager er seller at Arlington was convicted bed him, and received the whole sentence of the The feeling of the State is aroused, and the Temperance question will inevitably be an important element in the election.

It is, of course, a question within the Republican party. The liquor interest organizes, subscribes, works, but is much too sensible to nominate a separate ticket. It throws all its votes for the party which is most favorable to its purposes; and that is the Democratic party. The temperance men, whether moderate or thorough, are Republicans. Many of the most ardent are anxious that the Republican party should declare for prohibition; and this year many of the moderates, unwilling that the party should fall under the control of the thorough temperance leaders, will either not vote at all, or will vote for Mr. Adams as a protest and warning. The papers are discussing vigorously the proper policy for the party Convention to pursue. The Commonwealth—a radical Republican but not a radical temperance advocate—thinks that it will be neither possible nor reputable for the Convention to avoid the question, and urges a plain declaration of principle.

Hitherto the party has refused to make pro-

Hitherto the party has refused to make prohibition a test; and it should reflect very carefully before it decides to do so now. Of course no well-informed man, Republican or not, supposes that a majority of the voters in the coun-

try are now, or will be for a long time, in favor of a prohibitory law. The reason of this is by no means that the relation of drunkeaness and crime is not well understood; but it is to be sought in opinions as to the most efficient remedy of the difficulty, and of the rightful function of government. A Republican, therefore, who urges that the party shall make prohibition a party principle, proposes that the party shall re-tire from the control of public affairs; and his course can be justified only by the conviction that the ascendency of the Democratic party will be more serviceable to the country, and directly or indirectly to the cause of temperance That it would be better to call the Democratic party to power in the present situation of the country, although the great debate of the last few years is passing away, no Republican believes. If, however, he would make prohibition a party principle, it can only be because he holds that Democratic dominance, with unre-strained license of drinking, would be a greater blessing than the supremacy of the Republican party with moderate temperance legislation. His policy would be to increase drunkenness in order to stimulate public opinion to its legal prohibition.

The better plan, it seems to us, is to maintain the organization of the great and powerful party whose sympathies are with all humane reforms, to which the temperance legislation hitherto is due, and which will unquestionably advance as public opinion advances upon the subject. Paster than that no party and no law can go. The Committee of the Temperance Convention of New York most truly remark:

"Prohibitory legislation as the fruit of more political organisations, either through pressure upon those already in existence or by the creation of new ones, would prove a failure except as the people gave it efficiency by the force of a popular verdict, and by the enforcement of adequate penalties for violating such a law."

But thus far the advocates of prohibition mistake the point upon which to concentrate their efforts. If their policy is sound they should strike at the root as well as at the branch of the mischief, and prohibit the manufacture and importation as well as the sale of intoxicating liquors.

VIRGINIA REPUBLICANISM.

By the universal consent of the stanchest Republicans in the country the division of the party in Virginia eaght no longer to continue.

If the supporters of Mr. WELLS had persisted in denying the validity of Mr. WALKER's election, and in contesting the result before Congreas, there would have been reason for main taining the two organizations. But the result of the election has been honestly accepted by the late opponents of Mr. WALKER; and as an earnest of their good faith the chairman of the WELLS Committee, representing, as he truly says, a hundred thousand Republican voters, proposes a union with he WALKER organiza tion, remarking that the late division was a question of men rather than of principles. It may be regretted that, if this were so, the union had not been effected before the election; but it was not, and we must therefore deal with the actual situation.

The election, as will be remembered, was carried by the secession of about twenty thousand Republican votes, which were cast for Mr. Walker. The bulk of his vote was not Republican, and when the representative of the unmixed Republican vote proposes a union upon an honorable understanding there should be no hesitation upon the other side. If there be hesitation it is suspicious, and the reply of Mr. Gilmum must therefore be considered unsatisfactory. Mr. Gilmum asserts that the party which he represents is the National Republican party of Virginia; and he asks whether the fact that many who were lately secessionists acted with it makes it less Republican.

The reply to this is, that those who were professedly and notoriously not Republican voted for Mr. WALKER. The bitterest enemies and revilers of the Republican policy were his sup-porters. Such persons as the correspondent of the World, whose remarks we recently quoted, were among the WALKER voters. Does Mr. Republicans? The very number of the World which contains the letter of Mr. GILBER says, derisively: "The Democratic party had no-thing to do with the Virginia election." Certainly not! Mr. O'GORMAN exclaims exultingly to a crowd at Tammany, in whose name Mr. GARVIN nominates JOHN T. HOFFMAN for President, that Virginia has done well. The Republican policy was carried in Virginia mainly by the votes of its opponents. That fact is universally known and acknowledged, and Mr. GILMER has no right to claim that such a body of voters is the Republican party of Virginia merely because from the necessity of the situ-ation they sustained the conditions imposed by Congress. When he says to the hundred the sand undoubted Republicans who voted for Mr. WELLS that he will "gladly welcome" them to a party of twenty thousand Republicans, plus four times as many of their opponents, he may insist that he represents the friends of General GRANT, but he must remember that those friends support Temmany Hall, Mr. O'GORMAN, and Mr. GARYIN in denouncing General GRANT.

The plain duty of Mr. Gillaria was to have accepted immediately and heartily the proposition of Mr. Jaszens, and to have secured the organization of all those who, however previously differing upon the question of amnesty, differ no longer, and who have no difference whatever upon the other great points of Republican policy, equal suffrage, the Fifteenth Amendment, and all that they imply. His refusal prolongs the perplaxing situation. He, indeed, gladly welcomes the most earnest Republicans to the fellowship, among others, of those who remark that "we have had to shut our eyes, hold our nose, and swallow the black dose of negro suffrage." But that is evidently not a promising method of uniting a Republican party.

Is will be necessary for the friends of the Administration and its principles to watch the course of affairs in Virginia with great attention. Governor Walker speaks very fairly. But when he says that equal rights must be maintained, it is for him to consider by whom they are most likely to be honestly maintained; by their proved and professed friends, or by their ancient and open enemies.

GEORGE PLABODY.

Ms. Groups Pranour has been again publicly honored for his generous gifts to the in-terests of labor in England and of education in this country. At the completion of the Pea-body Institute in Danvers a few weeks since there was a meeting of distinguished persons, who said and sang very pleasant things of Mr. PRABODY. At the White Sulphur Springs, whither he had traveled by easy stages, the railroads furnishing him special and comfort-able cars, the guests from the Southern States, through a committee, of which Mr. HESEY A. Wisz was chairman and Mr. James Lyons orator, presented him with congratulatory resolutions and a speech. Meanwhile, in London Mr. STORY's statue of Mr. PRABODY has been erected, and unveiled in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the United States Minister, the sculptor, and other distinguished personages, and with some very friendly speech-making. Mr. PRABODY has the estisfaction of knowing how fully and gratefully appreciated his benevolent purposes are, and of seeing them in course of happy accomplishment.

It is to be regretted, however, that amidst all this deserved congrutulation the formal expression of thanks upon the part of any number of citizens of the Southern States should have fallen to such a gentleman as Mr. James Lyons. It might as well have been Mr. HENRY A. Wish, who was present and approving. Mr. PRABODY gives an immense sum to support schools in the Southern States. Therenpon Mr. James Lyons, lifting his wings, begins to flap and soar: "I take leave to say that down-trodden and oppressed as never a Chris-tian people were before—placed below the ne-gro, and stripped of all their constitutional rights, the Southern men pevertheless retain the lofty instincts which made their soldiers brave, and their women more than Spartan wives and mothers-" and so on. This was peculiarly graceful and tasteful and conciliaory and appropriate. The President of the United States, the chosen representative of the policy which Mr. JANNA LYONS denounced, is one of the managers of the Peabody fund; and these remarks addressed to Mr. PEARODY could only be considered an elaborate insult, if they were not ludicrously childish. Why is it that Americans living in the Southern States must always abandon themselves upon oratorical occasions to this absurd provincial rant about "the Southern people" and "the South?" When the men of the generation of Mr. HENRY A. Wish have passed away their sons will be proud of being citisens of a great and beneficent nation, and we shall hear no more of this sectional gasconade, which always recoils in ridicule upon the speaker.

In London the Prince of Wales spoke in a friendly strain of this country, of Mr. Prancuty, of Mr. Story, and of Mr. Motley. Mr. Motley's little speech was peculiarly felicitous in its allusions to Mr. Prancuty. "Most fortunate as well as most generous of men, he has discovered a secret for which misers might sigh in vain—the art of keeping a great fortune for himself through all time. For I have often thought of a famous epitaph, familiar, no doube, to many who now hear me, 'What I spent I had; what I gave I have; what I kept I lost.' And what a magnificent treasure, according to these noble and touching words, has our friend, and the poor man's friend, preserved for himself till time shall be no more, and

"Tongues to be his bounty shall rehearse, When all the breathers of this world are deed."

A JUNKETING TYRANT.

Is the good old Democratic days which were so piteously bemoaned the other evening at Tammany Hall, and whose return is so ardently desired by the disinterested patriots there assembled, there could be no such grave and withering charges as "junketing" brought against the President of the United States. The innocess recreations of that great and good

man, the penultimate Democratic President, PIRROR, were co-operating with Border Ruffians led by the Democratic Arcutson, and shooting free settlers in Kansas. The relaxations of his successor, and the last blessing in the form of a Democratic President that has been vouchsafed to us, Mr. James Buchanan, were barboring rebels in his Cabinet, and wringing his hands over the beginnings of civil war, with the maundering complaint that nobody had a right to do so, and nobody had a right to stop it. These were the reasonable and humane diver-sions over which Tammany was vocal with

Alas! alas! we have fallen upon evil days! The President of the United States, no longer gayly causing American freemen to be shot. and propagating slavery—no more sirily regret-ting that rebellion can not be stopped—sbandons himself to breathing the ocean air at Long Branch and recoperating at Saratoga. Since Transmitted disported himself at Capri there has been nothing so odious as the "junketing" of the gloomy, imperial GRANT at the sea-side. Such is the emergency that Democratic patriots hasten to the city to denounce the President for going out of town. Leaving the "two-forty" in the wagon, the feed Champagne in the goblet, and the pate untouched until the end of their speeches, they arraign in far-resounding rhetoric this feasting tyrant. What was NERO'S fiddling while Rome was burning to GRANT'S "junketing" while the rights of American citisens are every where despised?

It is notorious, it is flagrant, that since GRANT destroyed the renown of his country in the field he has ruined its influence in the Cabinet, and that no American any where is longer safe. A hundred thousand Americans are wandering around the world, and every body knows that they may all be roasted at slow fires by the effete Despotisms, while the tacitum GRANT, unconcerned, will still twist his scornful heel around in the Lancers, and loll and languish in the lap of Sybaritic delights. Oh, for an hour of the Spartan Prence! of the beroic Buchanan! of the spotless FLOYD! of the incorruptible Cons! of the patriotic J. Davis, of Mississippi! of the liberty-loving Mason! of the honorable Str-DELL! of HENRY A. WISE! of WIGHALL! of VALLANDIGHAM! of H. CLAY DEAN! of all the noble Democratic host whose names and deeds are the national glory !

For farther particulars of our progress to ward soluptuous empire, and of our fatal tend-ency to selfish and corrupt politics, inquire at the office of the Mayor, of the Corporation Attorney, and of the District Attorney. The latter, in the intervals of its public advertisem at Tammany Hall, will be glad to show to all interested an infallible remedy for junketing at Long Branch, which its name is Jonn T. Hopp-MAN, that only junkets at Saratoga.

THE CROTON BOARD.

Thus is one of the few distinct portions of the city government which has the confidence of tax-payers, but yet it is the only one whose salaries are not paid by the tax-enters who control the affairs of the city. The officers of the Board are Thomas Stephens, President; ROBERT L. DARRAGH, Assist. Commissioner; and General GRORGE S. GREEN, Chief Engineer. The latter succeeded Mr. CRAYEN, who is now in Europe, and possesses all the requisites for the station-engineering skill, official integrity, and high personal character - and doubtless exercises the same influence over the action of the Board which was allowed to Mr. CRAVEN. Its duties are of the most important character. A reservoir for storing ter in Putnam County, to maintain during the heats of summer the requisite daily supply of sixty million gallons of water, is now being constructed-work with which General GREEN is perfectly familiar; but the importance of the Board is most felt in the arrangements necessary for the distribution of the water, in which they are brought into contact with every citi-

If this duty were not performed impartially misgovernment with a severity not yet known, as there is the widest opening for favoritism and oppression in fixing the charge upon each citizen, and particularly among those whose supply is special, arising from some industry in which they are engaged. The persons con-stituting the Board are in the constant and diligent performance of their duties, and would unquestionably be paid but for the want of agreement in the distribution of patronage between them and those who pay the salaries. The grounds alleged, however, are the litigation set on foot by John J. BRADLEY to oust Mr. STEPHENS from the office of President, and a supposed illegal construction of the Board, resulting from their refusal to recognize him in that position. The Supreme Court here, after Mr. BRADLEY had abandoned his claim to the office as hopeless, on a renewal of it found no difficulty-such is its construction-in supportlast position; and the case now remains in the Court of Appeals, Mr. STETHENS being the appellant waiting for its decision. Mr. Brantany bases his claim on a supposed ap-pointment by the Board of Aldermen, in December, 1866, made on the nomination of the | Mayor; and Mr. STEPHENS, appointed originally in 1860, holds, on the strength of two successive acts of the Legislature since passed, which leave no doubt of their intent.

By the first of those acts, passed in May, 1866, several months in advance of Mr. Bran LEY'S appointment, it was declared that "the Engineer and Assistant Commissioner of the Croton Aqueduct Department shall continue in office for the term of three years from and after the passage of this act, and any vacancy in their number shall be filled by the members of the Board remaining in office," etc., a provision which divested the Board of Aldermen of the right to appeint Mr. BRADLEY, if the act is valid.

Mr. BRADLEY, immediately after this supsed appointment by the Board of Aldermen took the oath of office and applied for a mandamus against Mr. STEPRESS to remove the latter on the ground of such invalidity; but the case was decided against Mr. BRADLEY, and no appeal was taken. The title of the act re-lated exclusively to the tax levy.

In this state of things, and while Mr. STE-PHESS was actually occupying the position-no one contesting-the Legislature, in 1867, passed a further act that "the term of office of the persons now severally discharging the duties and exercising the powers of President Commissioner, Assistant Commissioner, and Chief Engineer Commissioner of the Croton Aqueduct Department, is hereby fixed for the term of five years, from the first day of January, 1867," etc.

It was not until May, 1868, a year and a half after Mr. BRADLET's supposed appointment, and long after his acquiescence in the decision made against him, and also after be had withdrawn his protest against the payment of Mr. Stremens's salary, and openly consented to its payment, that he commenced new proceedings to remove Mr. STEPHERS from office.

The ground now alleged is the same originally taken-that is to say, that the first act of the Legislature is void because it was a local matter and appeared in what he terms a local bill, the tax levy for 1866; and further, that at the time of the passage of the act of 1867, au-thorizing the Board to hold over, Mr. Sympuses was a usurper illegally occupying the office: that BRADLEY was then its legal incumbent, incapable of vacating it without resigning to the Mayor and Board of Aldermen, and also that the act of 1867 violates the Constitution,

The two provisions of the Constitution relied upon are, first, "that no private or local bills, etc., shall embrace more than one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title;" and, second, that "all county officers, etc., shall be elected by the electors of the respective countics, or opposited by the Boards of Supervisors or other county authorities, as the Legislature shall direct," etc.; but this provision was added, that "all officers whose offices may hereafter (Constitution of 1846) be created by law shall be elected by the people or appointed, as the Legislature may direct."

If both acts are void, then Mr. BRADLEY claims that the former acts creating the Croton Aqueduct Department are unrepealed, and that was appointed pursuant to this authority,

The answer to this ground, if his long acquiescence in the decision against him, which still stands as a complete adjudication, is not fatal, is this, that the Croton Board is not merely confined to the city of New York, and hence is not local. The works extend through Putnam and Westchester counties, where large and important duties are constantly to be performed, and the Board stands on the footing of the Board of Health, which derived its authority from the Legislature, and was sustained by the courts for the reason that its duties extended to adjoining localities. Nor is the tax levy local; on the contrary, it partakes of the character of a public and general law. This has been decided in several cases, though not by the Court of Appeals. To extend the term of an incumbent has also been held not to violate the latter constitutional provision. By the amended charter of 1849 the Croton Board was constructed anew, and, having been created since ovision that t as the Legislature shall direct would seem to apply. On these grounds it would seem to be clear that the Board will be sustained. If one is custed the others must speedily follow.

This attempt to reconstruct the Croton Board, so that it shall be in harmony with the abuse which appertain to the whole city government, is part of the scheme for making the city indedent of the Legislature. The city owes the same allegiance to the State which may be exacted from any county. The government of the State is a unit, and each city is a mere part of its political machinery for earrying into effect its public powers, and it may legislate for the city at its pleasure within the limits which the Constitution prescribes. The tax-payer finds protection nowhere else than in the Legislature, and although it is not ample trembles to think what will be his condition if the court of final resort in this State shall sweep away this weak but only safeguard.

But there can be no doubt that the warrant to pay the salaries of those who perform the duties of the Croton Board would readily be signed if they possessed that happy facility of

disposition, elsewhere so general, which allows the property of tax payers to be consumed with an unappeased appetite by those who now control our local affairs for their own selfish interests.

It is very amusing to observe the kind of criticism which is lavished upon the movement for the extension of political rights to women. They hold a Convention in this country, and they are told that when they wish the suffrage they will have it, but that women ought to speak for themselves. They hold a meeting in London at which Mr. Mr.L., Mr. Monley, Professor Fawgerr, Lord Hougaros, and others speak, and thereupon it is said that the willingness of English women to hold their tongress is the reason of the women to hold their tongues is the reason of the greater diguity of the cause in England. Wheth-er they speak or whether they forbear, they are equally criticised. But it would certainly have been comical if the American Sons of Liberty had been told that if they would only hold their tongues they would serve their cause better.

A DÉMOCRATIC organ of General ROSECRANS for Governor of Ohio says, that "it will be a glorious day for Catholics when, under the blows of justice and morality, our common-school sys-tem will be shattered to pieces." Massimo D'AZEGLIO, always a Roman Catholic, who was for some time Prime Minister of Victor Eman-uel, says, in his memoirs: "My education was governed by the Jesuit system, and the problem it has always so admirably solved is this—to keep a young man till he is twenty constantly employed in studies which are of little or no value in forming his character, his intelligence, and his jndgment.

Two Government of the United States recently forbade the departure of thirty gun-boats now building for the Spanish Government with the supposed intention of making war upon Peru. Those who are resolved not to be satisfied that the Administration is either vigorous, sensible, or honorable, thereupon shouted that they were not meant for Peru at all, but for Cuba; and that, wishing to help Cuba indirectly, the Gov-ernment professed what it did not believe. If the Cabinet of General GRANT wishes to recognize Cuba as a belligerent, it will do so, and do it openly. If it does not, it will continue to regard its neutral duties as honestly as heretofore. It certainly will not resort to such an elaborate and clumsy expedient, which could be instantly exposed. Those who hall the arrest upon this theory as an indication of a laudable intention to assist the Cuban revolutionists must entertain very remarkable ideas of honorable national and official conduct.

THE Free-Trade League has opened a most vigorous attack in "Notes on Fallacies peculiar to American Protectionists," by Dr. Francis Lieber. Dr. Lieber is one of our profoundest students of political and economical science; and his brief and pointed pamphlet is a magazine of hand grenades. The most popular arguments in favor of protection are skillfully refuted and with force and knowledge. The wide circula-tion of the pamphlet can not fail to be of great service to the cause of Free Trade, and the friends of Protection will find it necessary to oppose this brisk and telling volley by something equally trenchant and striking,

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Tus public debt statement shows a reduction of the Government indebtedness caring the month of July amounting to \$7,430,744.29.

The Chicago City Government have ordered the building of a second tunnel under the river, similar to that at Washington Street. The new tunnel is to be made at La Saile Street.

In the election which took place in Tennessee August 6 Mr. Senter, the Conservative candidate, was chosen Governor by a majority of about \$0,000.

General Researans wheely declines the nomination of the Oho Democratic Convention for the Governorship of that State.

General Rosscraus wheely declines the nonmation of the Othe Democratic Convention for the Governorship of that State.

It never rains but it pours. The success of the French cable has led to a shower of projects for new cosm rable lines. An "American" line is projected, for communication with some friendly European power, probably Pressia. Another line is proposed to connect Scotland with Quebec. The Fortuguese Chambers have adopted a resolution granting concessions to companies destring to lay schmarize cables to or from the shores of Fortugal. Then, again, a Weet ladia and Panama Telegraph Company has been organized to connect South America with Europe and this country by means of a cable from Cohe to Central America. Less directly connected with American interests than these projected lines is the line that will be laid early next year between Falmouth (England), Gibraliar, and Malia-which latter point is already in telegraphic communication with Egypt, from which a cable will be laid to Bombay next April.

FOREIGN NEWS.

As international exhibition is to be held at Turin in 1875, to commemorate the completion of the Mont Conis Tunnet.

A terrible socident occurred near Dreeden, in Saxony, Angust 2, in the coal mines of the mountain districts. Over three hundred persens were killed.

The preliminary serveys for a ship cannot through Schleswig-Hebistein, to connect the Baltic and the North Seas, have been completed. It is thought the Prussian Government will undertake the work.

At the opening of the session of the French Senate, Angust 2, M. Rouber made an address. He referred to the duty devolved upon that body of examining the proposed reforms, and said they should inquire whether they were popular enough to go hand in hand with liberty, and at the same time strong enough to resist anarchy. He was confident the Senate would enter upon this discussion with the firm intention of interpreting the will of the country, and that by the combined efforts of the Government and the Senate a more genuine harmony would be established between the powers of the State and the Institutions of the Empire, and both would acquire renewed strength, hastes, and popularity.

A slight fire in the Cathedral of Trani, Stelly, re-

cently, during the celebration of a great feetival, caused a panic in the congregation, and sixteen peo-ple were trampled to death and others were badly in-

The British Government has refused to recognise Mr. James Haggerty, the new United States Consulto Glasgow, on the ground that he is in sympathy with the Fenisms.

On August 6, during the session of the British Parliament much commotion was caused by a lond explosion, and the discovery of a canister which had contained powder.

plosion, and the discovery of a contained powder.

The Calana have lately received reinforcements, and appear to take a bogeful view of the situation. They have taken Rolgain, and propose to make it their seat of government. The order of Secretary Fish relating to the settings of Spanish vessels non-inally intended for operations against Fero, and the recall of Rear-Admiral Hoff from his post in Cuban waters will do much to encourage the revolutionists. Admiral Hoff was suspected of active sympathy with Soain.

Assimal from was enspected of active sympathy with Spain.

M. Lessey's Succ Canal seems to have a little upset the Egyptian Viceroy. His prophetic eye catches a gillupee of the Egyptian suppre to be, and he is impatient of the Turkish Sultan's supremary. He has had a quasel independence for many years, but this not satisfactory. His pretensions, displayed during his hite European tour, displayed the fallan, and the fet the intervention of the great Powers war might have followed. This intervention, and the poverty of both the Egyptian and Turkish exchequers will undoubtedly secure peace.

THE ECLIPSE.

The eclipse of August T was a complete success. The weather was maintainly anaptelous for scientific observations, particularly along the line of total obscuration, extending from Alaska to Scott Carolina. At Des Moines, Iowa, Springfield, Illinois, Louisville and Shelbrytlike, Kentucky, Cincinnati, Guio, Terre Hante, Indiana, and Wilmington, North Carolina, the rose-colored protuberances were observed. Mercury and Venus were visible to the naked eye. The result of these scientific observations will probably be soon given to the world in a compact form.

We give below four cuts showing the appearance of the actipes at New York city during the several stages of obscuration. Our diagrams are from photographs furnished by Rocawoon, of this city.

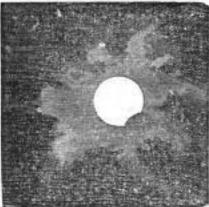


Fig. 1.—Solan Ectorus, New York.



Fig. 1.-Sonan Benress, New York.



Fig. L.—Solan Bolives, New York.





THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE—MEDALLION PRESENTED TO MRS. GENERAL GRANT BY EX-SECRETARY BORIE.

THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE.

THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE.

A MEDALLION has been recently published by MILLION & CO., Artists, of Philadelphia, give in a single view the heads of Wassenworow, Nedella, and Grant. The idea of combining see three heads in a single piece of art reflects sopular concuption. Wassenworow, Lancoux, d Grant were made Presidents at the three sat critical cras of our history. Wassenworow the Virginian gentleman—is the characteristic presentative of our colonial period. Lescound Grant belong to that new era in which the gantic West plays so important a part. Histy will record that General Grant was the ardian of our liberties even before he was lied to the seat of Executive power. Truly assensorow will ever stand upon record as the other of his country, Lancoux as its Savior, d Grant as its Preserver.

d Gillary as its Preserver.

This medallion is of brouze, the heads being life-size. It was privately presented to Mrs. meral Gillary at Long Branch by ex-Scoretary sairs. Mesars. Millary & Co. are executing number of artistic pieces of this character, sich are of great beauty and value.

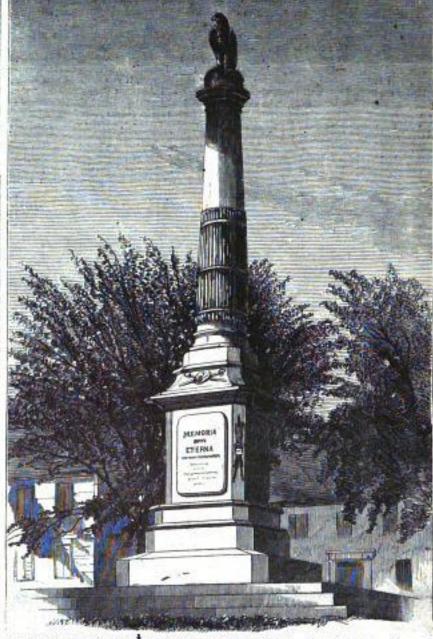
SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT PLY-MOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

On Monday, August 9, the Soldiers' Monu-ment at Plymouth, Massachusetts, was dedicated. The location of a monument commemorative of The location of a monument commemorative of the heroes of the war for the Union upon a spot which was nearly two hundred and fifty years ago rendered sacrod by the landing of the Pil-grims makes this dedication an occasion of great popular interest; and we have, therefore, given an illustration of the monument on this page.

HARVESTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BULL RUN.

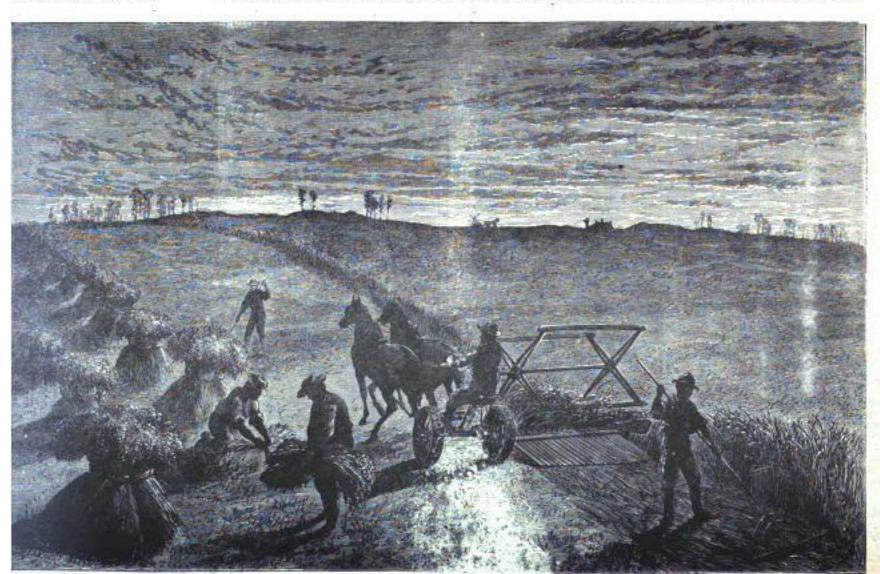
How rapidly the wounds of war are healed! Half a million of men are swept from the earth by a civil war; but before a grateful people have done writing their epitaphs their places are more than filled, and the census scarcely notes the increase of mortality on their account.

Eight years have passed since the battle of Bull Run, and to-day there is left scarcely a trace of



THE SOLDIERS MONUMENT AT PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS .- (PHOT. BY LOCKE AND ROSSINS.)

this early conflict of the war. Where the youth of the North and of the South met in array of battle eight years ago, there to-day the farmers are harvesting the cereals of August. The field



HARVESTING ON THE BATTLE TELL WILL RUN.



FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

INTO CLOUDLAND BY CARS.

Was started (six of us, including our driver), after an early breakfast at Littleton, hoping to reach the foot of Mount Washington in time for an afternoon train to the summit.

an afternoon train to the summit.

Our twenty-mile ride—with the grand mountains rising before us, changing in form with every turn of the winding road, swelling and substiting like gigantic sen-waves, as the varying cloud-shadows mored across them—had intensified all our previous desires, and the ladies vowed with great rehemence that to the top they would go, though they should do it upon their hands and knees. And so it seemed they must, for when we reached the toll-gate at the commencement

our eyes: piles of lumber, new-ly-erected sheds, workmen going and coming and plying the hamer and the saw, but, alas! no cars. We went into the log-cabin, where the ladies were amused to find telegraph - office, store-room, par-lor, and sleepingroom in a curious state of admixture, where we informed меге that the Super-intendent of the road, Mr. J. J. SANBORN, Would soon be down with the train from the sum-We found mit. here Mr. MARSH, the projector of the road, and

the road, and from him gained some idea of what an under-taking it had been. When, twelve years ago, he applied for a charter from the New Hampshire Legislature, a worthy member proposed to amend Mr. Marsu's petition by substituting "the moon" for "the top of Mount Washing-ton." Where is that member, and those who laughed with him?

Mr. Mansa obtained his charter, purchased 17,000 acres of land from the base to the summit, broke ground, and built a mile of the road before railroad men could be convinced of its

Then a company was formed, and under Mr. J. J. Sansonn, the present Superintendent, the work slowly but surely progressed. Driven

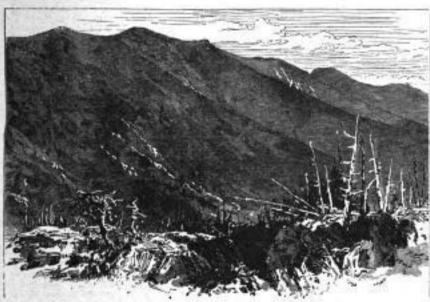
differs from the Mount Holyoke Railway, where a stationary engine pulls you up by a long rope, and from the Mount Cenis Railway, where two little wheels, griping the third rail, propel you by means of friction only. Looking up the track, and realizing that it is really as steep in some places as an ordinary flight of stairs, we al-most doubted our courage, and we listened eagerly to Mr. Mansu's kind and detailed explanations of the means which are used to secure the safety of the trains. Morethan once the ladies MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILROAD.

shook their heads and turned away from the track, made almost dizzy with looking at it from below. Hark! a whistle! We run to see a black dot smoking a very minute cigar. It comes nearer, and, as we see men and women there, we hold our breath, and when they safely there, we hold our uream, and water feel like reach us, strangers though they are, we feel like congratulating them that they have safely passed through such an awful experience. We are through such an awful experience. We are somewhat rebuffed by seeing them step calmly out upon the platform as if from an ordinary carriage. We are not willing to be outdone, so we think of the atmospheric brakes, of the friction-brakes, of the rachet-wheel, and the cogs, and look very brave. Mr. Sannonn, in spite of some difficulties in the way, most kindly

ness inspires us with courage, and we dare to look off, and then-we forget all fears. We are

look off, and then—we forget all fears. We are ascending so precipitately that unless we look directly behind us up the track, we seem to go up from the middle of a great valley. Hills and valleys, streams and lakes and distant villages, spread out before us with a wonder of beauty that beguiles us of all fear.

Suddenly we become conscious that there are no more black flies. The sun seems not quite so bot. Our wraspings are not quite so oppessive. The trees are not so large. We are still creeping up, up. There are no level places. When we stop to water the engine, it is on a steep grade, and we wonder whether we shall not go whizzing down. But no! We start



ON THE WAY UP.

of the turnpike, near the old Fabyan stand, the of the turnpike, near the old ranyan stane, one good-natured gate-keeper, with many sympathizing regrets, said the cars had gone up. A glance at our disappointed faces induced a doubtful "perhaps they may go up again this afternoon." This, with a tin cup of delicious mountain strawberries which he had just gathered cave us some mecouragement. On we ered, gave us some encouragement. On we went by the beautiful Ammonoosue, calculating our chances, and watching the thread on the mountain, searcely believing it possible any thing more than Queen Mab's fairy coach could descend upon it, but each moment hoping to see the smoke, which would show us the train was descending, and might therefore be ready

to take us up.
Arriving at the dépôt (we speak prophetically)

away from their work early in the fall, and not able to recommence until another summer was almost at hand, there were very few weeks of each year in which any work could be done. Last October the laborers were interrupted by a sudden snow-storm without having time to gather up their tools. Under the snow they laid all winter, and not until June could the men go up to lay the remaining five hundred feet of track. In less than a month it was com-pleted; and by the opening of another season there will be a comfortable depôt and small hotel at the foot.

We took our lunch, sheltered from the sun, and partially protected from the numerous black flies, in one of the rough buildings put up for the workmen. We availed ourselves of the opportunity to study a little the con-

a little the construction of the cars and track, and carried off of KILBURY Ввотикия' ndmirable stereopictures, transferseopie which, red by the artist to these pages, our investigations better than we can do in words. A third track, laid between the other two, is fitted with cogs. A third wheel, both in the engine and the cars, is nished in like manner. The teeth of the one fitting into those of the other pro-pel both car and engine steadily up the steepest grades. It thus



JACOB'S LADDER.

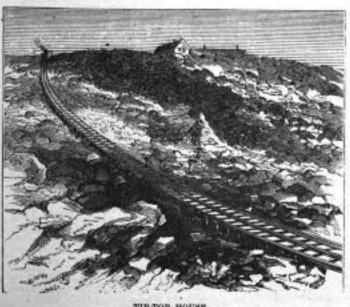
made up a special train. The old and smaller engine, and a common platform-car, with a rough tier of seats upon it, were soon ready. The seats were arranged to be level on an as-cent of one foot in five, and when the car is on cent of one loot in five, and when the car is on level ground the seats present that angle. While we were arranging ourselves upon them our pre-decessors on the road stood by giving us the benefit of their recent experience—counseling sundry tyings on of hats, cost-battonings, and extra wrappings. But the sun is so hot! Never mind; wait and see how long it will be so. We start. There are no word—seels looks

We start. There are no words—only looks, one at another, and underhand graspings of the seat; and up, up we go, as if pushed from the earth into the air. No place to step off upon. On a treatle-work, sometimes more than twenty

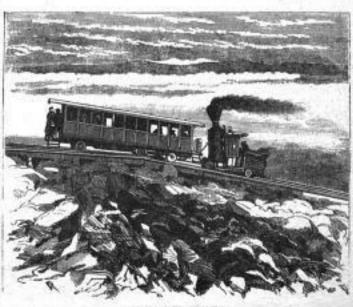
feet high, we seem entirely severed from the earth, The stoutest of the party looks a little pale; but we feel the firm grip of cog upon cog; we remember that the wheel is so clamped upon the pin-rigged middle mil that neither the engine nor the car can be lifted or thrown off; that the pawl dropped into the rachet-wheel would hold us in the steepest place; that the shutting of a valve the atmospheric brakes effectually stops the wheels from moving; we look at our Superintendent, who stands composed-ly watching the

engine; his calm-

again, and still up we go. The horizon extends. The trees appear smaller. The flowers are such as bloomed with us two months ago. Admiraas doomed with its two montas ago. Admire-tion gives place to awe. There is no room in our bearts for fear. We care not if the wind is chilly—we drink in the wonder. Another stop for water. There is some consultation between Superintendent and workman. Water is short. Why? Frozen up. Frozen up in July? Sure enough soon we come to a laborer with red, cold hands, who reports frozen ground only a foot hands, who reports frozen ground only a foot below the surface. Think of it, you who were sweltering in the city. But look off: Youder are distant lakes, lifted up by the sunlight. The mountains about us shrink into small hills, and still we are not at the top. It begins to feel damp. We come to a cloud. What is it like?



TIP-TOP HOUSE.



AMONG THE CLOUDS.

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Like rain? No. Like fog? No. We are saturated, permoated with moisture. It seems almost to drive through us. But now it lifts, and how gloriously the sun lights up the valleys? There are no trees about us, only dwarfed tempts at trees. Now only moss covered rocks, in bare rocks. Just beside us winds the carrge-road. Now we pass poor Lizzuz Bounna's ric but most appropriate monument. Now we are at the top. Cloud-wrapped, we see nothing we the rocks just about us. Steeping off the we are almost thrown down by the wind. ightly drawing our wraps about us, shutting indriving water out of our eyes, we acramble to the Tip-Top House, and by the blazing fire we have time to consider what we have done.

In an hour and a half we have climbed by cam a ladder nearly three miles long. We have escended in that time over 3600 feet. We are more than 6000 feet above the level of the sea. We have passed from the atmosphere of July to that of January. The stanted vegeta-tion just below is not that of New England. It is the vegetation of Labrador. Shall we dare to go down again, to drop, in some long grades, at the rate of one foot in three? The Superintendent tells us that a car set free would make the descent in less than three minutes. We shudder at the bare thought. He tells us that he can load that car with stone, adjust the brakes, and leave it without a man to operate them, and it will make the descent in safety. We are re-assured. There are the atmospheric brakes—if one gives way there are three more to hold; there is an ordinary friction brake with which the engincer tells us he can stop the train in four inches; there is the ratchet-wheel that stops it instantly; and there is the steam in the engine, never used in the descent, but always ready as an additional protection; and, finally, the mach-nnism is so adjusted that it seems as though not even carriesaness in the engineer could well be faral. It is only the novelty of the situation which inspires fear. That novelty is already And after a good breakfast we descen the mountain-tide, exchanging the piercing winds and yet more penetrating clouds for sunlight, throwing off our wintry wrappings, coming from the region of barren rocks to that of stunted vegetation, and from that of stanted vegetation to that of noble forest trees, with less tremos than we often have experienced on the top of an old-fushioned stage among the precipitous hills of Major.

THREE THREADS.

WHAT would be do? Mattie watched him in a secret tremble. Of what was he thinking as he swung in the hammeck? She had taken up her position, and she would stand by it. But supposing he should do something final and desperate? What was it all about? Nothing! a trifle in

the beginning. Mattie was sometimes unreasonable, and had taken upon herself to be jealous.

"You are your own master," she had said to him. "You can do as you like. If you act-ually prefer Miss Grierson I have nothing more to sny-only, you can not wear her colors and

mine, you know!"
"Wear her colors!" repeated Tom. "I was
rivil to the girl. What would you have me do?
Conduct myself like a Hottentot to every woman

This was provisely, I am afraid, what would have saited Mattie; but of course abe answered,

briskly,
"Conduct yourself as you choose! I am not directing to you. I only propose to regulate my behavior by yours."

"I think you are trying to make me angry."

4: Not at all."

"But what have I done? Is it because I played a game of croquet with her when she "She asked you! But I dare sny; the is bold

"She is a very nice girl;" and Tom's eyes began to sparkle.

"She has fine taste. She admires you."

"As I do her."
"Oh, very well! I have no wish to inter-fere," retorted Mattic, bravely forcing back a tear or two; and just at this most unsatisfactory stage somebody interruped them, and Tom walked away not a little augry. He vowed to himself that Matrie was a fool, and he would never have believed it of her! at the same time he was inclined to humor her in a sulky way. He would take his horses and drive ever the country for a day or two. Mattie could hardly te came back she might be civil. But where there is gunpowder the spork is sure to full. At any other time he would have met old Mrs. Simpson; but then and there, Matrie looking on from the pinaza, he en-

countered Miss Grierson going to croque Miss Grierson was a coquette, and she hated Matrie. Quick as thought she handed him her

"I sm so glad I met yon, Mr. Musgrore. I was looking for a champion to fight my battles. Edna and Major Willis have challenged me, and declare they will bent me and any partner I may find out of the field. You will belp me, won't you? I have wagered Edna a box of gioves on

As Tom said, what could a man do? He would rather not have gone with her under Mattie's very eyes, and he did determine to treat her with polite indifference. But Miss Grierson made the most of her opportunities, and after all Tom was not the man to bear too heavy a hand on the curb. When she poised her little arched on the carts. When she poised her little arched foot on the ball was he not to admire? When she laughed at him with merry malice, and followed him about the field with playful taunts, and tensed and badgered him as every stroke,

Bright State Control

making all the time the prettiest little picture herself, his grim look softened in spite of him-self; and how could be help it? Where one pretty girl frowns the next who smiles looks so e sweeter, you know.

Or, at least, Tom thought so. These are the arguments from his side of the question, you understand. Mattie's view was different. When he shouldered Miss Grierson's mallet she took it as a defiance, and was strongly tempted to go away and cry; but pride told her to stay and lool away and cry; but pride told her to stay and look on, and pride proved an unwise counselor. Ev-ery pretty art in the Grierson was a fresh stab. Every gesture of "Rom's a fresh proclamation that he cared nothing about her. He had nev-or looked better in Mattie's eves, but she told herself that "this was the end." She did not really believe that it was the end. Somewhere looked a belief that Tom would humble himself and make his peace. But she was careful not to and make his peace. But she was careful not to put this belief in words, and only to say to her-self over and over that all was done between them; and when Tom came in, very nearly restored to good-humor, and began to pull over her speeds, she took them away from him and rose at once.

"I told you," she said, in a low, steady voice,
"that you could not wear both colors, but must
choose. I understand that you have chosen,
and I withdraw my claims." And with that
she slipped a certain ring from her finger and dropped it into his hand.

or a moment Tom sat looking from the ring to her, in a sort of stupid surprise, and Mattie's heart beat high. Now would be seen how much be loved her; and I suspect that something like triumph showed, after all, in her face, pale and quivering as it was, for his smouldering wrath uddenly blazed. He rose also, and with a look in his eyes that she had never seen before.

"It shall be exactly as you please," he said.
"I disdain to justify myself. But if, at any time, you should repent of your present injustice, you will find me, as you have always done,

at your command."
Then he made her a low bow and walked away, Then he made her a low bow and walked away, leaving her very much as if the earth had suddenly swallowed every one who belonged to her. Miss Grierson called to him, but he passed her without answer, and flung himself into the hammock swinging between the two maples; and Mattie stood looking after him, as we found her at the beginning of our story. What would he do? beginning of our story. What would be do? Should she go to him? No, never! It was be who had offered the offense. Meantime, if she could but have known it, these were precious moments, for as Tom lay suikily swinging to and fro a cheery voice hailed him.

"Good-by, Tom; I'm off in an hour."

"Off!" echoed Tom; and then, struck by a

"' ecnoed rom; and then, struck by a sudden thought, "How will you get off?"
"'Why, in the stage, to be sure. You must be dreaming to ask that question."
"' An hour, you say?" and Tom came out, on his feet. "I will go with you."
Woodford's jolly face put on a look of intense.

Are you sure you are serious? How about

"Never mind that," cut in Tom, sharply.
"They are all slike. Give me a house and a
bost, and the girls may take care of themselves.
I have had enough of them."
And with that is translated off to make

And with that he marched off to pack his trunk. When Mattie came down to dinner abe found an empty chair beside her.

found an empty chair beside her.

"Mr. Musgrove and Mr. Woodford are both gone, dear," said Miss Grierson. "They left regards for you." And the spiteful little coquette was half consoled for the loss of their two best men by Mattie's look of blank dismay. Poer Mattie! the blue in her sky had turned gray in-

Now, one would hardly have supposed that these threads, snapped abort at Shorespoint, could have altered in any way the pattern of Kate Blodgett's life at Fern Cliffe. It was Kitty's first season. The world was all before her, to be tried: a world in which, as she knew by dint of much reading, were numberless good-looking young men, ready to fall in love, and to pursue, through no matter what difficulties, damests bis.—well—say Kitty Blodgett. Hanny sels like—well—say Kitty Blodgett. Happy Kitty! only seventeen, her trunks full of fresh tollets, and no doubts or fears assailing her. She came so sirily through the halls, she was so fresh and sparkling, she looked at every thing with such pleased eyes, she was so self-conscious, yet so unconscious, that even Toes, lounging on the piazza, looked after her with something like interest, and asked Woodford to introduce him.

Woodford caught eagerly at the request. In ent humor Tom was a nuise the first day or so he had been in rather extrav-agent spirits, booyed by the consciousness that he had asserted his rights like a man; but reaction had set in, and Tom was so surly that Woodford felt he should not be sorry to make Miss Blodgett bear-leader, and took Tom up at once.

Kitty, dear little thing! saw the and knew they were coming to her. She did her best to look unconscious, like the other girls; but that requires practice to be well done, and Kitty failed utterly. She blushed before they reached her, and was very nervous on being in-troduced; and because of her nervousness her tongue ran all the faster. "Did he like Fern Cliffe? She did. And the hotel? It was splen-did! She liked traveling; that is, she liked traveling now. Last summer she traveled with ness; and Miss Frowse was always say-

her governess; and Miss Frowse was always say-ing, 'You must not do this, it is not proper!'

Kitty pursed up her mouth at the "proper,"
and gave herself a little jerk, a la Frowse, and Tom, to his astonishment, found himself laugh-ing. This fresh little girl amused him. Every thing also had freeted him. The next morning found him writing to take her in to breakfast, and she allowed him to see that she had expected

him. He monopolised her on the same princi-ple that he would have tried for the monopoly of any thing else that pleased him, and without thinking very much about it; and she was quite satisfied. There was every reason why he should please her. He was the best-looking man at Fern Cliffe. His natural easy composure, weight-ed by his constant regret, became an Indifference that excited her respect. She thought he was superior to herself, became he only smiled at what stirred her. Above all, the dear little soul had discovered that Tom had his religious doubts. what surred ner. Above all, the dear little soul had discovered that Tom had his religious doubts. Need I say more? Is it not already known the ardor with which young ladies take up missionary work when the convert to be made is a good-looking young man? When she first touched on this subject Tom was inclined to be bored and

"To tell the truth," he said, carelessly, "I doubt if I know very much about such things. Why should I?"

Why! oh!" Words failed the little preacher before such enormous confessions. because it is wicked, you know, not to care;" and catching just then the shadow of a smile on

and catching just then the shadow of a smile on Tom's face as he lay on the ground looking up at her, her brown eyes brimmed with tears.

"I don't know how to argue," she said, sim-ply, "but I am so sorry. I would give a great deal to make you good;" and here the little mouth began to quiver in sympathy with the eyes, making Tom vow, in secret, that he was a brute. And if this pretty, innocent little creat-ure chose to interest herself in him—well, why not? Was there any thing better for him now? not? Was there any thing better for him now?
"And— If I were always near you," he said,
softly, "I might be a better man."
And then the foolish little heart thrilled with

sudden hope. What if she could convert him? And the two were at once on a more familiar and friendly footing than they could have reached in

a month of flirtation.

So the days slipped into weeks, the weeks into a month. A year was rolled up in that month for Mattie. Now that she had lost him she found how much Tom had to do with her life. Under this tree they had quarreled. Near those rocks he had told her "that no other woman could have said such things and been forgiven, and—forgiven her. Over every walk was written remember! The very empty chair beside her caused her a throb of pain. He had ant there! caused her a throb of pain. He had an there i All her songs—be used to sing them with her. She sang them now with Charlie Grierson. In fact, she firsted with that misguided young man, and then, when he presumed, sent him over without remores. She was quite determined to make no sign; but all the time she failed in health and looks, and when her elder sister, Mrs. Hesperia, came down she found Mattie in rather a pitiable case.

Mrs. Hesperia was emphatically a woman of tnet. Finding something wrong with her favor-ite sister she asked no questions, but used her eyes and ears. Of course it did not need quite eyes and ears. Of course it did not need quite half a day to discover that Miss Grierson hated Mattie. She could never leave her alone.

"You could hardly believe, Mrs. Peri, how Mattie has ffirted," said Miss Grierson, on the pixzzs. "Now you need not look at me, dear. You know you did, though I admit you have behaved much better lately. Indeed, we have all been dull enough since Mr. Musgrore went

all been dull enough since Mr. Musgrove went away. He was our nicest young man. We used to call him the Inimitable; slyly, you know." Mattie cast a quick glance at her sister. She felt that she winced and blushed under the Grier-son's stab; but Hesperia, wisest of women, un-derstood nothing. None so blind as those who will not see. She remembered that Mr. Musgrove had been Nellie's pet partner last winter. The hotel books told her when he had gone away, and while she was waiting for further rev-elations somebody wrote her a letter from Fern Cliffe, and that Tom Musgrore was stopping at Fern Cliffe. "He is at our petits soins with a protty little Miss Blodgett," wrote the fair gossip, "but in a melancholy way. It is the common belief here that your sister Mattie threw him over. If she did I wonder at her. He is the

best young man I have seen this season."

And now Mrs. Hesperia had the whole story. That was a cool season; and in August they had fires at Shorespoint. So one evening found the two sisters sitting in the twilight before a flicker of flame on the hearth while the rain beat

"What a weary world!" murmured Mattie,

dolefully, wondering where Tom was now.
"What weary people, rather!" snewered Hesperia, lightly.
"Depend on it, Matzie, half our peria, lightly. Depend on it, Mattie, half our weariness is of our own seeking and boying. I have just had a letter from Maria Hunter, bewailing herself. You remember she quarreled with her flance, Arthur Slade; and now they are both miserable, because both are too proud to make advances

to make advances."

"And quite right!" cut in Mattie. "I mean she is right. It is the man's place to make them."

"Are you sure of that?" returned Herperia, quietly. "Suppose it is the woman who is in the quietly. "Suppose it is the woman who is in the wrong? But granting it, for the sake of argument, do you really think it worth while to pay over the whole happiness of a life to make good woman's place? Maria knows that Arthur loves her. One word from her would end it all. If she refuses to speak that word, is it not because she loves her pride better than her love? If so, let her go. There will be no heart-break in the case. But if it were my case, if I thought a man worth lov-ing, and believed that he loved me, I should not be turned out of Paradise so easily. Nothing should stand between us—not even my own self-

Mattie started, and looked curiously at her sister, for Hesperia had spoken with rather re-markable energy. But Hesperia went on in her ordinary manner:

"I was reminded of Maria's case by getting a letter from her, about which I wished to consult you. She is at a place called Fern Cliffs, and is anxious that we should join her. What do you say? It seems to me dell enough here."

Again Mattie looked hard at her sister, but she could read nothing in that artiess woman's face. Three days later they were at Fern Cliffs. Mattie's pride rebelled sorely. The move looked so much like following Tom. But Hesperia's words rang in her ears: "Nothing should stand between us—not even my own self-love."

Are there brain telegraphs, more subtle than those worked by electricity? All that day Tom's thoughts had been busy with Mattie. Kirty was pretty and fresh, but he was a little tired of being listened to and admired. Mattie kept him on his mettle. With her he must prove himself what she wished him to be. Kitty and he were what she wished him to be. Kitty and he were not betrethed, spite of the gossips of Fern Cliffe, but they were close on it. He knew all the few possibilities of her child's nature, and what answer she would give if he should sak her; but how could he ask her, when it made him catch his breath only to think of the romance that he and Mattie had lived together? Something of this sort he was thinking, Kitty on one arm, her pink and white shawl on the other, as they came up from the beach, when he caught a glimpse from the piazza that made him start. A dainty little figure, marked by a certain saacy selfwhat she wished him to be. Kitty and he were from the planta that made him start. A dainty little figure, marked by a certain saucy self-assertion in every gesture; a mass of blonde hair, a brilliant face, not altogether regular in ure, nor with set color, but a face that bloomed like a pink-tinged leaf; and a peculiar, distinct, deliberate intonation—a little dash of affectation about it (but such a pretty affectation!), as she stood talking with a very handsome woman, also a stranger; in brief, Mattie and Mrs. Hesperia. There was just one course for Tom. He seat-

of Kitty, went up to the two ledies, and took off his hat. The muscles about his mouth did quiver a little, and Mattie did turn pale, but both acquitted themselves very well. You could hardly have said that they were pledged to each other, much less that each was on the rack. Tom was introduced to Mrs. Hesperia, and then

he went back to Kitty.
"Your new friend is not pretty," remarked

Kitty, unskillfully; "or is she an old friend?"
"Pretty! No! She is beautiful," retorte "Prenty! No! She is beautiful," retorted Tom, dryly; and then Kitty felt that she hated the new-comers, and she went past them with rather a showy unconsciousness, and with an air of having absolute possession of Tom. "What an underbred person!" and Mattie, looking after the little figure, and as if in echo of her thoughts.

"That will be a match," said Maria Hunter's ice close in her ear. "I never saw such a voice close in her ear. "I never saw such a flirtation. They are hardly a moment apart." "And I came to Fern Cliffe!" thought Mattle,

bitterly, darting in spite of herself a look full of reproach at Hesperis, who, on her side, if it had been lady-like, would have been pleased to box the unconscious mischief-maker's ears. The quiver in Tom's face had told her a most convincing story, but it would be useless to repeat it. Mattie pow had the bit between her teeth, it. Martie it. Mantis now had the bit between her teeth, and her only endeavor, as Hesperia foreaus, was to prove herself indifferent. She could not even be persuaded to treat Tom civilly. He asked her to drive. She was engaged. "Tomorrow, then." "That is promised too." Then she turned her back on him to pin a bouquet in Mr. Duncan's button-hole; and a very pretty picture it was; for she had the smallest hands, and could make the most bewitching face, of our civil in Nam Cliffe. but Tom was furnish. and could make the most bewitching face, of any girl in Fern Cliffe; but Tom was turning away, with something like an oath, when he met Hespetia's friendly eyes, and some irresist-ible impulse made him go up to her with, "I beg your pardon, but did Mattie—I mean did Miss Mattie receive a letter from me just

"I seg your pareon, but did matthe—I mean did Miss Mattie receive a letter from me just before you came to Fern Cliffe?"

Then Mrs. Hesperia was triumphant. That night's mail took out a letter to the postmaster at Shorespoint, and a day or two after Mattie found a note on her table, bearing a double postmark, and indorsed as "forwarded from Shorespoint." Something in the handwriting reads. Something in the handwriting made Mattie start and change color. It was only a copy of some verses from the "Lovers' Quarrel:"

"Woman, and will you cast,
For a word, quite off at last
Ma, your own, your you...
Since, as Truth is true,
I was you, all the happy past...
Mc do you leave aghast,
With the memories we amassed?

"Love, if you knew the light
That your soul casts in my sight—
How I look to you
For the pure and true, For the pure and true, And the beauteous and the right— Bear with a moment's spite, When a mere more threatens the white."

And at the foot of the page, "Remember your

But then, months before, Tom and Mattie had read those lines together, and been forced by them into a sudden seriousness.

What if we should quarrel?" he asked.

"But we can not," she answered, lightly.

"But we may," he persisted. "You are teasing and capricious. We are both obstinate. Let us make a compact. If such a time should come I will send you these verses. If I send them, promise you will come to me. Not to forgive me—only to come to me."

And Mattie had promised, premising, of course, that it was abourd; but she had promised. She would never have made the first advance—but ber promise. It is astonishing what an iron shackle a promise is in some cases. Really, you see, she had no free-will in the matter. And so Tow, standing gloomily and alone at a little window, felt a hand on his arm, and turning quickly, saw Mattie holding out a letter, half aby, half hangity. - --- - - seller mi

"It only came to-night," she said; "and-

"It only came to-digit, and takin; "and you see I keep my promise."

Tom's arms were around her in a moment.

"Thank God!" he said, haskily. "I was going away to-morrow. Your indifference drove me med, my darling."

"But I was not indifferent," whispered Mattie; "and I am very sorry, Tom. I believe I was quice wrong, after all."

The two were more in love and happier than ever. Nothing is quite so sweet as love's young dream, except perhaps love's young quarrel. It was not to be marred even by Miss Grierson's charitable comment, that "It would be strange

charitable comment, that "It would be strange if Mattie had not caught Mr. Musgrove, when she went after him, with her eister to help her."

And Kitty—Kitty was hard hit, no doubt; but in the merciful ordering of events she had been endowed with an excellent appetite and a perfect digestion, and nobody can accuse. been endowed with an excellent appetite and a perfect digestion, and nobody can actually pine on a series of good dinners. Nobody without a reliable dyspepsia is capable of a three-volume romance. And, after all, these little affairs are romance. And, after all, these little affairs are to a belle what measles and hooping-cough are to one's childhood. So, by degrees, Kitty ral-lied, and is, I hear, the reigning belle at the Sea-shore House this summer.

THE MONEY-DIGGERS.

Tur moon just emerged from behind a cloud, and the shadow of the blasted tree stood boldly right across the stone.
"Time!" cried the leader.

The three men stooped down and picked up

They stood on the edge of a deep hole—so deep that three men must have spent many days in working at it. A ladder projected days in working at it. A ladder projected above it. Trees grew around. It was the hush of midnight. It was a lonely cliff projecting far into the sea, whose waters washed it, and now, in dashing against it, made the only andible sound. Over their beads was the blasted trunk of a venerable tree, with one black-need breech projection contact. ened branch projecting outward.

These three men stood in the moonlight and prepared to descend. They were about as ugly a collection of human beings as it was possible

to find.
"We ought to reach it to-night," said one, as

"We ought to reach it to-night," said one, as he began to descend.
"Well, Dick," said the last one, "when we get it we won't think of our labor."
"Out of the way, Bill," cried the third.
"There's no time to lose. Let me down."
"Are you coming, Sam!" cried the first man, his voice sounding deep down in the pit.
"All right!" cried Sam; and in a few minutes

the two men were at the bottom.

The third man, called Bill, stood at the top.

He was watchman for the night. He lighted his pipe and walked about, looking around in every direction. It was a glorious night. His eye wandered every where. All around him, ex-cept on one side, spread the ocean, calm and still, sleeping in the moonlight. From the pit below the incessant noise of the falling pickaxes came up, and the scraping of shovels. The men came up, and the scraping of shovels. The men were working busily. Tired of walking about, were working busily. Tired of walking the watcher sat on the edge of the ho-looked down. It was wide and deep. At the bottom the men were digging by the light of a lantern. They were making a narrower exca-vation, and throwing the earth out into the wide loor of the pit.

Any signs yet?" cried Bill,

"Not a sign." Silence followed, and the men continued to dig: again the dull sound of the pickaxes alo broke the silence

"Dull work this," at length exclaimed one of the men, resting on his spade. Nucldenly the other uttered a wild cry, and in-

stantly checked himself.
"What?" cried both the others.
"Look!" cried the first.

He pointed to a brass rod projecting from the

"It's the bracen rod, by all the saints! Dig!

dig! dig!" dig! dig!".

The two men turned from the hole, and tore away with their picks into the side where the rod projected. In their anxious labor not a word escaped them. The watcher above clung to the edge of the pit and looked down. His heart best fast. Strange thoughts rushed tumiltuously through his mind.

The men's axes flow like light. The earth was uncovered more and more.

At last the pick of Sam struck something, which gave forth a metallic sound.

The two men trembled. They dropped their axes and looked at one another

Go on ! go on !" roared Bill from the top of

the pit.

The men sprang to work. The earth was thrown out in great masses. Soon an iron place appeared. Beyond a doubt it was the side of

"Go on! go on!" cried the watcher above them, impatiently.

A few minutes more and the iron chest sank down, and seizing it with a violent jerk the two men drew it out into the large floor of the pit. "There's treasure there, any how!" cried Dick,

sinking down upon the ground. The two men, evercome with fatigue, lay on the earth for many

tes, panting. Come—there's no time to lose!" eried the "Come—there's no time to lose!" eried the strcher. "Hurry up—hurry up!" The two men jumped up. "How are we to get it up?" cried they. "The tree!" cried Sam. "The tree!" cried Sam.

"What shall we do, then?"

"Why, I suppose we'll have to dig a sluice and pull the box up."
"Nonsense!" cried Bill. "That will take us

forever. This is the way;" and, seizing the lador, no pulled it up by a sudden exertion of Her-culean strength. While the others looked on si-lently he slid the ladder over the top of the pit so that it came out altogether. Then raising it up he placed it across the pit against the trunk of the tree.

"There, boys!" he cried; "I'll fix the tackle-block now, and we'll pull it up."

He ran up the ladder, tied a block firmly to it, through which he passed a rope, and let it fall down into the pit.

"Have you got the rope?"
"Yes—all right!"

"Yes—all right!"
"Then fasten it to the box and pull it up."
The men did as they were bid. Soon the ponderous chest began to ascend. In a few minutes it hung in the air at the top of the pit. Bill reached forward and caught it.
"Lower!" he shouted.

The men let go.

In a moment the heavy mass descended on the ground, and as it fall the rope was jerked up out of the pit and pulled upon the ground.

The two men below looked at one another.

Some time clapsed. They beard a noise above as Bill penied and tugged at the chest. "Make haste there!" cried Sam at last.

There was no answer.

The hearts of these two men throbbed violently; a terrible suspicion darted through their minds. They were not long in suspense.

Suddenly an enormous granite rock fell over the edge of the pit. Had not Sam violently pulled Dick aside he would have been killed. As it was, his elbow and foot were fearfully in-

"In there, for your life!" cried Sam, as he pushed his greening companion into the side ex-cavation where the box had been.

The two men crawled in, and barely in time.

m came the rush of falling rocks beams. A moment later, and they would have

Buried alive-but what else were they? Down into the pit fell immense quantities of earth,

closing them in forever.

The lantern was not yet extinguished. By its light the men looked at one another with pallid

faces and staring eyes.

"He's played us foul. He is going to bury
us alive!" cried Dick, with a groan. um was silent.

Sam was ellent. "Good Heavens! what a just punishment!

cried Dick again.
"Yes," growled Sam; "we drowned young Cooledge, and now we're catching it in turn."
"Better to have let young Cooledge come and taken all he wanted than this."

The voices of the men ceased. Both were lost in gloomy reflections. Still the stones fell. but after about an hour there was silence. By the flickering light of their lantern they

could see that the mouth of the place where they sat was nearly filled up. They could breathe, however, even though they could not escape. In the deep silence of the night they could hear the noise made by Bill above them as he tugged at

"He's getting the box down to the boat," said

"Yes," grouned the other.
The sounds grew fainter and fainter. The long weary hours of the night rolled slowly along. The men sat as though paralyzed. Sam still held his pick in his hand, having picked it up preparatory to his expected ascent.

At last the sounds, to which they had listened

like men in a dream, ceased utterly.
"Come!" at length cried Sam; "what shall

we do? I'm not going to sit here and starve, or

"It's morning. Look!" eried Dick.
Sure enough, looking through the small opening still left, they could see faint daylight in the

"Hush!" exclaimed Sam, clutching Dick's arm and listening.

To their strained ears a low meaning sound

was plainly audible.
"What's that?" cried Dick.

"What's that?" cred Dick.
Sam clasped his hands and looked up.
"It's the surf!" he cried.
Seizing his pick in both hands he struck at the end of the passage. For half an hour he dug vigorously. At last, with a tremendous blow, he struck his pick against the passage. The earth yielded, it loosened, and with a mighty fall caved. In a huge mass it all fell down before them, and there appeared the glorious light of day, the blue vault of heaven, and the mirror-like sea. "Now for vengeance!" cried Sam.

wly and stealthily the men crept out. The pit had been dug in the middle of a lofty tongue of land. They had dug down for sixty feet, and then on one side altogether for as much as thirty feet. This had brought them out on the steep side of the cliff. The shore lay at their feet.
A little distance upward they saw the boat. Bill was in it. He had just put the iron chest on board, and now, panting from the tremendous exertion, he sat on the bottom of the boat. Holding his pick in his hand. Sam came on

followed by Dick. Bill did not perceive them. They came nearer. They were close to him.
A splash which they made on the water aroused him. Suddenly turning he saw the burn the him. Suddenly turning he saw the huge twm of Sam standing erect before him with the rick

with a loud scream of terror Bill seized and fined with a load scream of serror Ball sensed a brace of pistols, one in each hand, and fired. At the same moment Sam's arm descended. The pick fell and pierced Bill's shoulder. He tumbled out of the boat on the beach, and lay writhing in agony. Sam, too, fell at the same moment mortally wounded. Dick was struck

by the second bullet in the arm. Faint from

the loss of blood, he too sank down.

There were the three men, each wounded in a different degree, writhing in pain, from which two at least would never recover.

A loud cry from behind them made them all

start. A young man came leaping down the steep cliff and rushing toward them. The sight arrested Sam's dying gaze, made Bill utter a cry, and Dick rise to his feet in terror.

"Young Cooledge!" cried Dick.
"Wretched men!" cried the youth, coming "what have you done?"

up; "what have you done?"
"Are you from the grave?" gasped Dick.
"No. Heaven delivered me. I floated on a
"No. Heaven delivered me. I floated on a board to this island. Here I have been witness of your strocities. You have all mot a just retri-

He moved to the boat. "Save me! Oh, save me!" cried Dick. The others had sunk down with a groun. "No," said the youth. "It was I who told you of this others man some units and the points and the youth. "It was I who told you of this treasure. Wishing to have it all for yourselves, you tried to murder me. Heaven has put it in my way, and I will take it. As for you, wretch that you are, hope for no mercy from me, but be thankful that you are not as these lying dead at

And the boat sailed away, leaving the wounded man alone with the dead.

PREPARATION OF PRECIOUS STONES.

ALL the black and white onyxes of the shope are colored artificially by being boiled with sugar or oil, and then with sulphuric soid; orange so-paxes are "pinked" by heating them red-bot; bad turquoises are improved by a solution of copper; chrysoprases are boiled in sulphate of nickel; and blemished diamonds even may be sometimes improved by treatment with chlorine; opals, too, may be warmed before being shown, by which means their fire is often notably inby which creased; and poor stones may be much paint, or foll, or colored glass. But there is another trick, which, though rarely practiced, is very ingenious. A murky greenish gem from India and Ceylon, called the zircon, or jargoon, the color-white decolor-white decoloris the subject of the experiment. These stones are occasionally found capable of being decolorized by heat. A suitable cut specimen is selected and placed in a crucible full of sand; then it is heated to full redness for some time. The stone when cold is found to have lost its color and its cloudiness, and then approaches in lastre, hardness, and play of colors, or "fire," to the diamond itself. It is set in a massive ring of good gold and pawned for several times the value of the metal. The ignorant pawnbroker has mis-taken the stone for an inferior but large diamond. Of course, as the jargoon has little commercial value, though of high scientific interest, the ring is never redeemed.

THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

DUBING the debates on the Constitution in the Spanish Cortes an event occurred which stirred deeply the national feeling. When leveling the ground for the large new square of the Dos de ground for the large new square of the Dos de Mayo the workmen came upon the old Quema-dero de la Cruz, the "Smithfield" of Madrid, where the bodies of heretics used to be burned, the victims of the Inquisition. Layers of black dust, with remnants of bones and other relies, turned up at every stroke of the spade. People crowded to the spot, and the grim Quemade with its ghastly diggings, became the wonder and talk of the capital. A speaker in the Cortes took up the theme, and dwelt upon it with a vivid power and painful minuteness galling to the Ecclesiastical party, but cheered to the echo by the Liberals. As the assassination of the Prefect in the Cathedral of Burgos helped to rouse popu-lar feeling at the beginning of the debates, so this lacky, or let us call it providential, discovery gave new force to the enemies of despecism and gave new force to the enemies of despection and intolerance. All Spaniards who can read know that multisudes perished by fire in the outes do for at Madrid, Seville, Valladolid, and elsewhere; but now there was visible evidence of the fact. Besides, many Spaniards can not read, and the traditions of the old cruelties of Rome had grown

faint. The history of the past will now help the progress of the future.

The Inquisition was first founded by a Spanisted Dominic of Carella for the state of iard, Dominic, of Castile, for the suppression of the Albigonsian heresy. The poor Albigonses were persecuted every where by the Dominicans, like sheep by wolves. The formal establishment of the secret tribunal took place after Dominic's death, in 1229, at the Council of Toulouse. It took root as a permanent institution in Spain and Italy more than in France. Its second founders were Spaniards, Torquemada and Ximenes, the former being the first Grand Inquisitor. He had earnestly labored, in Isabella's early days, to infuse into her mind the same spirit of relig-ions intolerance which possessed his own. He strove to obtain from her, while yet a girl, a pledge that, "should she ever come to the throne, she would devote herself to the extirpation of heresy, for the glory of God, and the exaltation of the Catholic faith." When Issbells ascended the throne of Castile, Torque-mada urged her to fulfill this promise, and was seconded by Ferdinand. Long did Isabella's womanly heart resist the fiendish instigation of Torquemada; but at length she was passive in his hand. A bull of Pope Sextus VI, author-ized Ferdinard and Isabella to appoint "inquisitors for the detection and suppression of heresy in their dominions." In 1480 two Dominicans were appointed, with vast and irresponsible powers.

The story of the Inquisition in Spain is too well known to need to be repeated here. In

Protestant countries more is known than in Spain itself. But there will be publicity enough now, and it will be well to recall the dark records

of Rome's crucity.

Liorente, who himself had been secretary to the Inquisition in Spain, and who, in that expected the Inquisition in Spain, and who, in that expected the Inquisition in Spain, and who, in that expected the Inquisition is the Inquisition of th ity, had enjoyed access to its records, gives, in his history, a statement of the number of the victims whose punishments are therein registered. The details are too large to be inserted here, but the general results are as follows:

oument 971,490

"The Inquisition," continues Llorente, "ruin-ed and branded with infamy more than three hundred and forty thousand persons, whose dis-grace was reflected on their families, and who bequeathed only opprobrium and misery to their children. Add to these more than one hundred thousand families who emigrated in order to escape from this blood-thirsty tribunal, and it will be seen that the Inquisition has been the most active instrument of the ruin of Spain. But the most disastrous of all the acts which it occasion-ed was the expulsion of the Moors. If we add to those who were banished from Spain the counts numbers who perished in the insurrections of the sixteenth century, and the eight hundred thousand Jews who left the kingdom, it will be seen that the country lost, in the course hundred and twenty years, about three millions of its most industrious inhabitants."

It is well, therefore, to revive in Spain this history of the past, so that the ashes of the martyrs may, as it were, be "sown o'er all the fields where still doth sway the triple tyrant." Let the young especially be taught the story of the mar-tyrs, that they, having learned the way of truth,

"Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BOOK ALL TITLS PAGES... The Peerage.

Morro von a Harn-nunsum..." Parting is such sweet

normoover (from Sait Lake). "Give me through use for fifteen grown persons and thirty-nine chilren." New Trouse Clean (from Massachusetts), "If it's a shool or an asylum we can make them cheeper to

you." Excessioner (indignately). "Sir 1 It's my own pri-vate family, Sir t"

LONG BRANCH.

Long Branch has the misfortune to be in New

Long Branch has the measurement to be a factorized by the said against it.

Any body can go to Long Branch who has a mind to.

And has got pleasty of money.

Before starting it is advisable to draw all your capital out of the bank.

Raise all you can on mortgage on your property.

Collect all the money that is owing to you.

Borrow all you can of your friends.

Tog will find no difficulty in spending it all at Long Branch.

From the number of the period of the strategram of the strategram of the hotels.

It is botche run along the beach, and the beach runs in front of the hotels.

If you want a map of Long Branch, just draw a chalk line as long as you like, and suppose the betch are on one side, the beach on the other.

The broad Atlantic rolls along the beach, and makes rollers into which the festive betters plunge.

The beach at Long Branch is quite a philosophic study at bathing-time.

You see wonderful sights.

The gorgeous batterfiles have changed into shabby-looking gruts.

And where, oh where, have those lovely figures gone?

one?
There is no delusion about the hotels.
They take you in, in the most hospitable manner.
They are wonderful hotels, some of them.
Thece seems to be no end to them.
The length of the buildings is to be compared to nohing, unless it be the length of their bills.

THE GIRL FOR ME. Just fair enough to be pretty, Just gentle enough to be sweet, Just sancy enough to be witty, Just dainty enough to be near.

Just tall enough to be graceful, Just slight enough for a fay, Just dressy enough to be tasteful, Just merry enough to be gay.

Just teers enough to be tender, Just sighs enough to be sad, Tones soft enough to remember Your heart through their cadence made glad.

Just mock enough for submission, Just bold enough to be brave, Just pride enough for ambition, Just thoughtful enough to be grave. A tongue that can talk without harming, Just mischief enough to tease, Manners pleasant soongh to be charming. That put you at come at your sase.

Disdain to put down presumption, Sarcasm to answer a fool, Contempt enough shown to assumption, Proper dignity always the rule.

Plicate of fair fancy ethereal Devotion to actence full paid, Staff or the sort of material That really good bousewives are made.

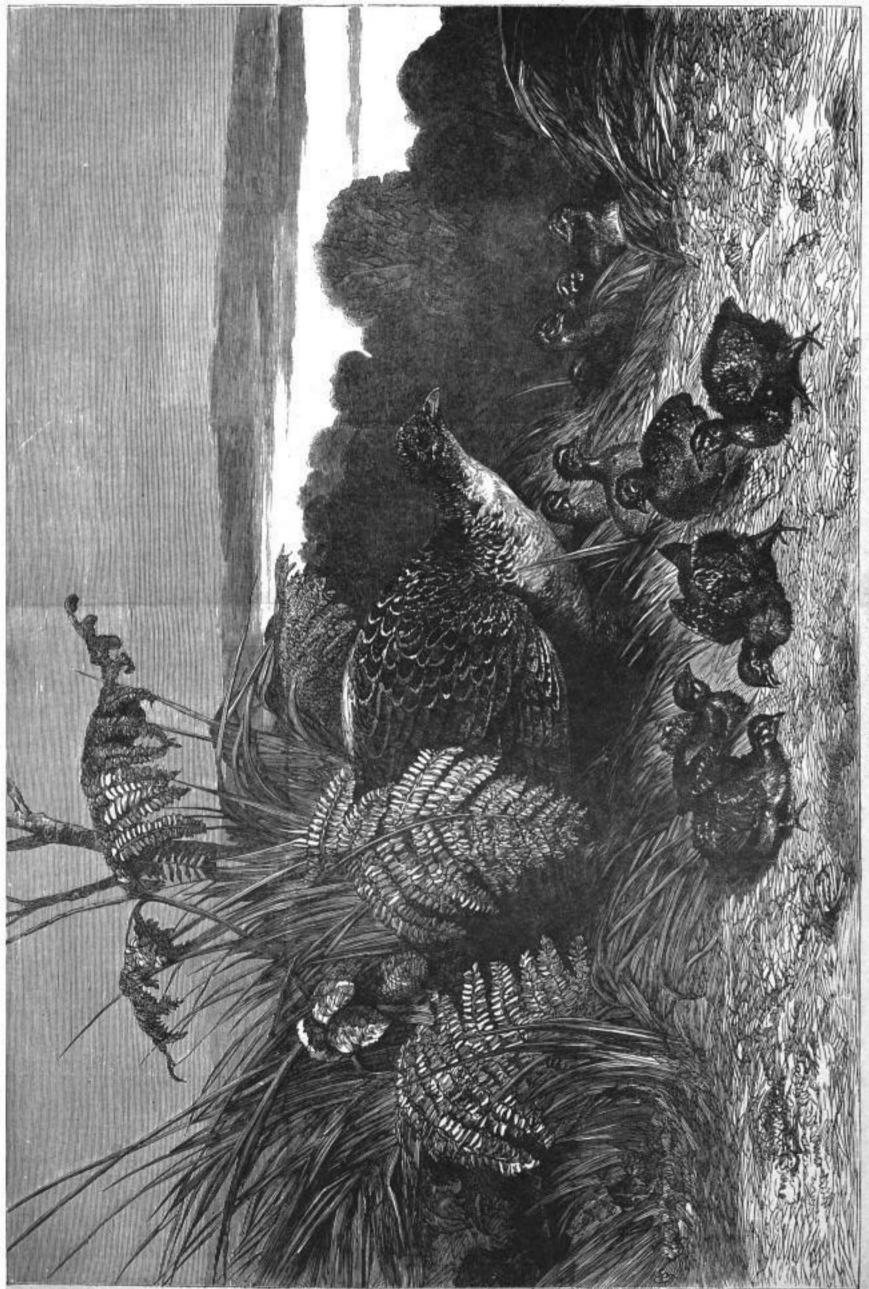
Generous enough to be kind-hearied, Pure as the angels above— Oh! from her may I never be parted, For such is the maiden I love.

A writer saks, through the Farmer's Department of contemporary, if any one can inform a pose men the set way to start a little nursery. Get morried!

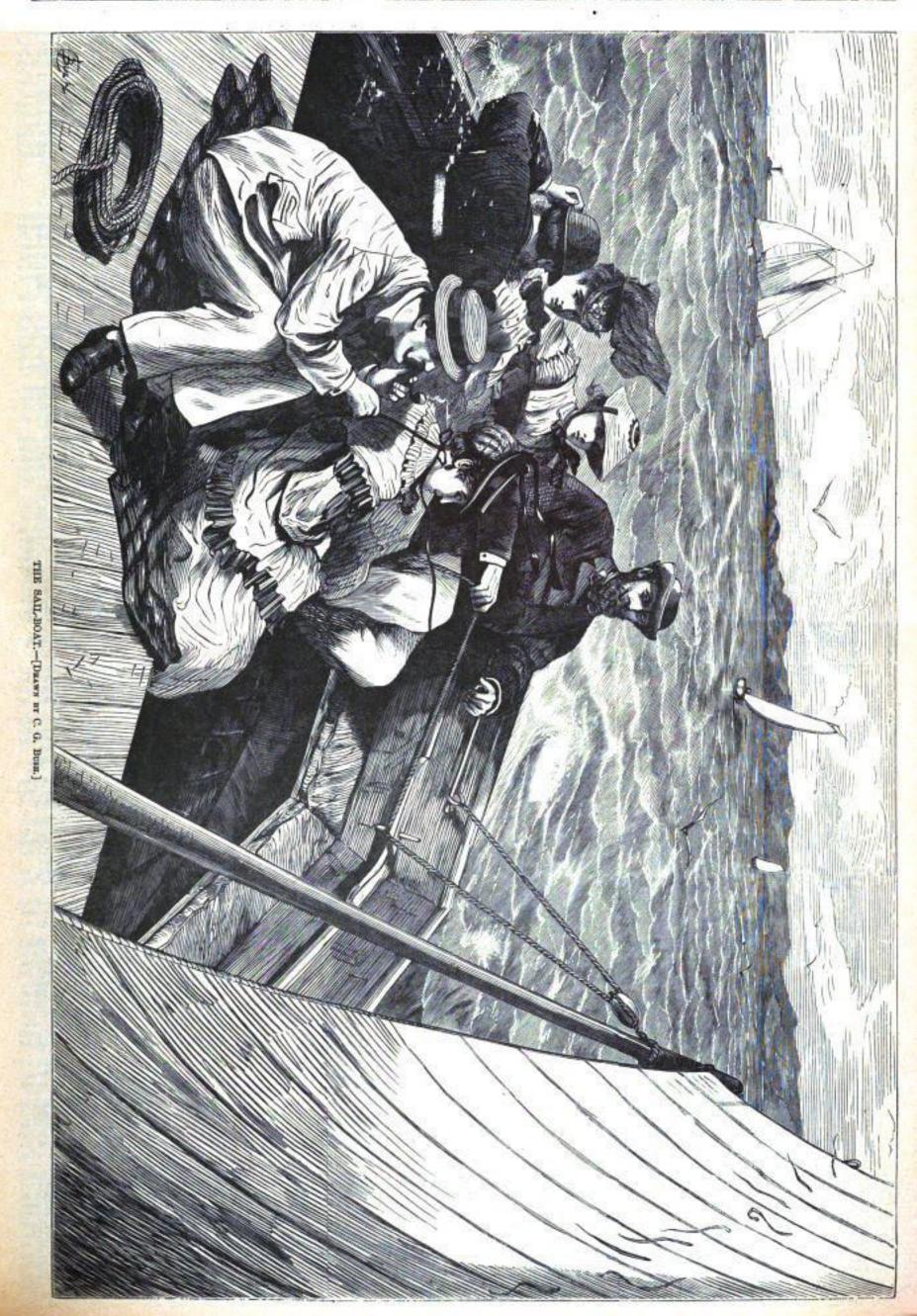
Ladies wear occuets from instinct—a natural love or being squeezed.

There is a story of a little girl who was affected to team on being shown the picture of Daniel in the den of flons. On being told that she need not cry, for the prophet was not devoured, it inrued out that she was distressed for fear that one little flon in the corner would not get any thing to eat, Daniel evidently being too small to go round.

Why is a cantle-maker the worst and most hope-less of men f.—Because all his works are wisked, and all his wicked works are brought to light.



IEN PHEASANT AND YOUNG.-[SEE PAGE 540.]



- New All Stewarts of the

THE MINER.

Inyo the ground be plunges his pick, And well to knows the artful trick Of sliding the prong between the rocks, To sear it away in p nderous blocks.

Among the rocks his clear voice rings, As over his work he mercily sings: "What care I for wealth or power, When the giant rocks before me cower, And quiver and quake in dread alarm At the powerful blows from my stalwart arm?"

Deeper and deeper down he goes, As crumbles the rock before his blows; For little heeds he the darkness and col As he delves away for the precious gold.

The sun on the earth its bright rays sheds, And Nature her glocious beauties outspreads, Yet down in the ground he burrows away, While the trembling rock-elves cease their play, And gaze with surprise at the mortal bold Delving away for the precious gold.

And Hope alone with its feeble ray Cheering him up from day to day, Whispers again the tale oft told, "To-morrow may bring the precious gold."

The months and years roll slowly along, And still be labors steady and strong, With pick and gad, hammer and drill, Making the iron-veined mountain thrill; All alone save that voice of old Whispering still of the precious gold.

In his lonely cabin at dead of night He dreams of that fairy form so bright, In the church-yard lying still and cold, By his lust for finding the precious gold.

With steady strokes, and iron nerves, He never once from his labor swerves, Till some giant rock upon him falls, Or crumbling earth from mouldy walls Entombs him living in its grave-like fold, And ends forever his search for gold.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XXXIX. THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.

"I sometimes wish that I were somebody else, that I might have the pleasure of finding myself out," said Lady Di, softe voce, the morn-ing after that brief interview with Thurstan on the stairs. She was looking pensively at Amelia Orme, and thinking how very obtuse and slow-witted that young lady was not to detect in Capwatted that young may was not to select an Cap-tain Mowbray's preoccupied manner, and in the smallby glances he cast toward the object of his thoughts, the real state of affairs. Amelia, hap-pily unconscious of the events of the previous evening, was airing her prettiest allurements to attract Cuptain Mowbray's attention. She drank her tea with a stratagem, she sighed over her dry toast, played with her butter, and repressed a naturally good appetite in a manner that moved

naturally good appetite in a manner that moved Lady Di's pity.

"My dear child," thought the latter, as she composedly made an excellent meal. "It is of no use giving up one's little comforts on the off chance of attracting a lover. I don't believe that a man likes you the better for your abstinence, and if you fail in your designs on his heart his a painful aggravation to your sufferings to feel physically as well as mentally an internal blank."

Lady I'd did not allow her appreciation of her breakfast to interfere with her keen observation of Thurstan's movements. She noticed that he

of Thurstan's movements. She noticed that he looked moody and troubled, and that the trouble was not entirely of a nature personal to herself.

With a little pang of jealousy which all but neutralized her enjoyment of a delicious morsel of pace, she recognized the probability of his thinking of that other one.

Laser in the forenoon she scandalized Miss

Laser in the forenoon she scandalized Miss Orme by the deliberate manner in which she strolled out on the terrace with the evident intention of joining Captain Mowbray, who was talking over his perplexities with Nis cigar, "Shall I go over to Auriel this morning, or shall I stay here, with—with—her?" Such was the burden of his thoughts. He had half promised he would be with Arales early to-day, but then he knew he should feel sorry for himself when he found himself walking away from Holme. He knew now that if he sought Aralea's society he should still be yearning after that of Lady II. "He could see Aralea any time," and herein lay some of the secret of Araand herein lay some of the secret of Azatime," and bettern lay some or use secret or Anales's failure. With petty natures, security in possession is an antidote to passion; the more be thought he ought to go to Auriel, the stronger grew his inclination to remain at Molme. Nevertheless, so much do men resemble cass, he no sooner caught sight of Lady Di than he prepared to the cought stage to an opposite dispection; but he time, to walk away in an opposite direction; but he moved at a slow pace, and that wily factitian saw through and smiled inly at his feint of re-

"Thurstan!" He turned and bowed gravely, and seemed

about to pass on.
"Men's affects "Men's affectations are very clumsy," Lady Di thought; "he wishes to go through the form of staying at my persuasion. Well, we can af-ford to save their dignity in trifles, when in essentials we grind their pride to powder beneath our heels. I have never yet known a man whom Love could not make a blackguard of."

Unconscious of the self-condemnation implied in this cynical reflection, she proceeded gently with her work of demorphisation.

"Look here," Thurstan said, abruptly, after the had urged various pleas to induce him to

stay at Holme to-day; "I will stay, but on one

"You are very peremptory."
"No master so brutal as the rebel who has been a slave," be said, with a short length. "Come in here; it is raining:" be pointed to a summer-house close by, and his companion obeyed his gesture, partly because heavy raindrops were beginning to splash her hair and shoulders, partly because she was awed into subjection by his imperiousness. If men and houses were but conscious of their own power, and knew how to use it, it would be a bad time for women and equestrians. The summer-houses at Holme were not the ordinary combinations of mouldy walls, sticky seats, green slime, and ear-wigs. As a rule English arbors seem built for the express accommodation of centipedal hermits—spiders sulk in the corners, wood-lice lurk under the stones in a perpetual state of squash, and toads meditate "You are very peremptory.
"No master so brutal as a perpetual state of squash, and toads meditate in the shadows. But this garden-house had more in the shadows. But this garden-house had more of the house than the garden in it. The floor and walls were dry; there was a comfortable cushioned lounge near the fire-place, and in the grate a low clear fire was burning; a vase of bot-house flowers stood on a centre-table.

Captain Mowbray was silent for a space, and stood at the window strving moodily at the equalid landscape, and pulsar, his mustache.

"I think," said Lady Di, placidly, as she settled herself on the sofa near the fire, " that there is a storm coming up.

Then she unloosened her hair and shook it down over her shoulders, with the ostensible purpose of drying it.

purpose of drying it.

He made no snawer to her observation, but turned and looked at her long and steadfastly. Silence is sometimes full of a mighty eloquent Passion deepens in its still breath; hate smoo ders and love grows mad in that full of verbal expression.

Presently Thurstan walked up to his compan-ion, and, taking both her hands, looked into her eyes. Lady Di drooped her own unessily. She never could hear to meet an honest gaze; no one since the days of her childhood had ever encountered any but slant glances from those deep

gray orbs.
"Di," Thurstan began, and his voice was husky with agitation, "do you see those woods youder?" she nodded acquiescence; "there lives a girl who loves me dearly, and to whom I'm bound by every tie of bonor and affection. She is young" (Lady Di winced) "and beautiful; but—" "But what?"

"But what?"

"But I'm med shout you again, and so mad that I'd give up every thing if I could only think you really loved me! Di, my darling, I have passed the age of visions. I can no longer woo a shadow. Are you still to be a cheat, or a reality, a glorious veritable joy? Do not madden me by these pretty trickenies of yours if they mean nothing. Will you come away with me, Di? Will you come away to the Continent? I can not be away more than a few weeks, though," can not be away more than a few weeks, though," he added, with a sudden relapse into the prosaic,

"unless, indeed, I sell out."

Lady Di meditated an instant—she could not quite decide what to do—a few moments since and she had caught herself feeling weary of her renewed triumph. But still she liked him—she liked his dark, handsome face; she liked it the better for the strong emotion which was now convulsing it—emotion which she had raised, and she only had the power of allaying. She looked at his yearning face, at his pleading hands held out toward her, and she besitated—besitated so long that he turned abruntly away, saving "unless, indeed, I sell out." so long that he turned abruptly away, saying,
"I will go then;" and without looking at her
he walked toward the door.
In another instant she stood before him bar-

ring his exit, with extended arms half veiled by her soft tresses, her eyes shining like stars dimmed by gray vapors, her whole face radiant with an expression which he had never before seen there. It was the expression of veracity—for a brief moment the true triumphed over the false, and, in its broader light, her besuty seemed trans-cendent. Lady Di had never looked so lovely as now, when, the genuineness of her womanhood asserting itself, she dropped her hands into those of her lover, and whispered, "Do not go, Thur-stan, for I love you."

stan, for I love you."

Then she disengaged herself hurriedly from his grasp, thrust aside his reluctant arms, and resumed her ordinary domesnor, twisting up the while, with expert fingers, the loces treases of her

Her sudden movement was explained by the approach of footsteps. Presently Lord Orme, with face innocent and serene, stood at the docway, placid as a mounteam playing on a confia-

"Will you point me out the way to Auriel?" he asked. "I should like to see how far your father's house has suffered; also, I should like to ascertain if any thing can be done for the poor girl you saved. She must be very desciate

Captain Mowbray flushed a little, and hastily indicated the direction Lord Orme was to take He deliberated for an instant as to whether h

would not accompany him.

His good angel, as represented by a medicum of conscience, said "go," and for a moment he half yielded to the mandate. Then his bad angel, sitting on the couch by the fire, looked askance at him from under her deep lids, and said, with write and easture. "stay." with voice and gesture, "stay."
So he staid, and Lord Orme went alone to

meet the child who all her life had been orphan-ed, and was now widowed by her husband's faith-

"Poor little dear," Captain Mowbray thought, as he sat at the feet of the lady in the summer-house. "It's lucky she does not know! For myself I am of opinion that ignorance is the basis of nearly all the bliss which we poor mortals enlow." tals enjoy."

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Meanwhile Lady Di smiled at her lover, and

then stifled a yawn.

"To what are you listening?" he asked, anxiously, after one of those paness which were now no longer tragedies but delicious interludes.

"I thought I heard the luncheon bell," she said. "Shall we go in?"

CHAPTER XL.

ARALEA READS SOME OLD LETTERS.

Tun dull, gray day was passing heavily enough with Asales among the grim rains of Aurici. During the early morning hours her heart was blishe with the hope of seeing Thurstan. She hummed little wordless songs as she attended to

bithe with the hope of seeing Thurstan. See hummed little wordless songs as she attended to her birds, and made such arrangements in the sitting-room as she thought would tend to Captain Mowbray's comfort; his easy-chair and footstool were placed ready for him. One or two books which he had imported to Aurisi—an army list, the last published volume of the stud book, and the current number of Baily's Magazine—were placed in order on his writing-table.

The true woman is maternal even in her love affairs; she delights in exercising little cares for her lover's benefit. Nothing pleases her better than to spend her time in removing the rose leaves that may ruffic her lord's repose. I do not think that her lord adequately returns her civilities; he would fight for her, no doubt, if it were necessary, but he would scarcely resign his easy-chair to her, or omit to clatter the fire-irons because she had a headache. Azalea, having completed her arrangements, sat and looked drearily out of window, watching the avenue until her eyes grew pained by the intensity of her gaze, and her heart felt cold and sick with disappointment.

"Lac" Miss Acon't take on an "old Sally said.

game, and her heart fest cost and sock with de-appointment.

"Lor', Miss, don't take on so," old Sally said, philosophically. "What does a man matter when you've got a bit of meat for dinner, and a warm fire to sit by? Oh, there's nothing like the pinch of an empty stomach for driving the men folks out of your head."

"But you see I never have here so haven

"But, you see, I never have been so hangry as all that," Asalea objected.

"Then until you have been don't go and fancy you've got all the world's sorrow on your shoulders."

Azalea paid little heed to the old crone, but Azalea paid little heed to the old crone, but sat and watched until she grew very weary of her vigil, weary of those copper-colored leaves that whirled round in the puddles, weary of the wind's ever-recurring sigh, weary of the robin who tried to sing down the noise of falling rain, weariest of all of that long path down which he did not come.

She wendered what had taleach him a line

did not come.

She wondered what had delayed him so long; she thought of business, of illness, of every thing

Lady Di would have suspected inconstancy in delay, but distrust is an attribute of age and experience. And we are apt to gange the faults of others by our own. Sally broke in case more

"Here's a box of papers and all sorts of rub-bish I found when cleaning out Master Moore's room; won't you amuse yourself in looking them over, Miss Azales, and in burning what you don't like to keep? Maybe you'll find some little thing that might be of use—to me," the old woman

and might be of use—to me," the old woman added, with a longing glance at the corner of a faded shawl which lay at the top of the box.

And Azalea, glad of any occupation which would require no mental exertion, sat down beside the craxy-looking chest, and commenced emptying it of its contents.

She removed the shawl with reverent hands,

removed the shawl with reverent hands for to it was attached a scrap of paper, on which was written, "My dear Mary's wedding sheet." There were one or two other articles of woman's dress—a neutral-sinted ribbon which had once been blue, and a pair of mittens. There was a bunch of dead flowers, too, which crumbled into dust when it was moved. "The posy she gave me when we made up our quarrel" was inscribed in the property which crumbles are the property which are the property which are the property the angles staller. me when we made up our quarrel" was inscribed on the paper which enveloped the sapless stalks; then came a tiny shoe, emblem of a bitter pang, the pang which is most grievous of all to endure, the pang which seems to wrench heart from body when the parent sees the fiesh of his flesh, and the blood of his blood, wither and pale in death, and his anguish turns to blasphemy, and he re-bels against the Providence which seems to him to sin against nature.

to sin against nature.

"I won't look at these any more," she said;

"they make me miserable;" but as she prepared

"they make me miserable; but as she prepared to close the lid, her eye fell on a packet which was labeled, "Azalea's mother." Her mother! ther whom she never ren seen, of whom Moore would rarely speak, and who had left no trace behind her which her child who had left no trace beamd her which her child might cherish. Was it possible that, after all these years of estrangement, she had at last found some link which might bring her nearer to that sacred presence? She forgot Moore, Thurstan, every thing in the surprise which made her thrill with strange delight, the awed delight of one who, after long years, meets with a dear face he had deemed to be sleeping in death. She unfolded a small square paper which held a lock of soft, pale hair, and this she kissed gen-tle and not in her become. Of course it was her tly, and put in her bosom. Of course it was her mother's hair; it was very like her own, only that it was dull, and hers had all the sheen of vitality. Then she read the letters; they were few in number, but they were the keys of the past, and they revealed to her secrets which it had been well perhaps that she had never known. In searching for memories of her dead mother she discovered the existence of a living father. These letters had been written by Lord Orme to the love of his youth in years long past, and they not only afforded unmistakable evidence that he was the father of the girl who bore the name of Azalea Moore, but they also seemed to indicate that the young undergraduate had been bound by lawful ties to the yeoman's daughter whom

he had loved so hotly in the days when he had neither wealth nor title. As the truth dawned on Azales through the confusion of her surprise her heart grew hot with excitement. She had ber heart grew hot with excitement. She had sought manna, and she had plucked rue; the first blight of age fell on her in this blitter hour of mortification. She had a father, then; not that dear old man who had supplied the place of one, and who lay in the church-yard yonder, but one who living was yet dead to her. It was not death but unkindness which had orphaned her. She had no love, no reverence, to yield to this new-found tie; the parent had ordained that he should be a stranger to his child, and should they meet, it was possible that neither would recognize the other's face.

CHAPTER XLL PATHER AND CHILD.

AZAZMA rose from the perusal of these letters AZAZMA rose from the perusal of these letters—her eyes dark with wrath. She was angered to her soul's depths. She revolted against the father who had done her the injury of renouncing her, and she felt shamed by the humiliation of his long neglect. As her eyes grew darker and her face paler with the pain of her thoughts, old Sally broke in once more on her solitude.

"Hare's a gentleman wants to see you. Not Master Mowbray; an older man."

Lord Orme followed close behind her, and Asales. looking up, saw a man bestrating on

Azalea, looking up, saw a man besitating on the threshold. It is possible that even then she might have fallen at his feet and craved his bleasing and his love, but his first words fell like lumps of ice on the sever of her emo-

"I am glad to find you in," he said, snavely.
"I hope I do not disturb you, but I so wished to have a little talk with you about your father. He was a very old friend of mine. May I sit

down?"

And Asalea, bowing, pointed to a chair, and said, with composure and dignity equal to his own, that she was happy to see him, and would listen to any thing he had to say. She seated herself opposite to him, and thus father and daughter met, after an absence of five years.

For a moment there was a pause. For a moment human nature held civilization by the throat, and choked down the glib courtesy of Lord Orme's tongue. He could see even in this dim light how fair the girl was—how like ber mother in her beauty, how akin to himself in the refinement of her air and manner. Had he followed the prompting of that brief impulse he would have held out his arms to her, and called her to him. Then he remembered himself in time—remembered that such a revelation was not a part of his scheme, and that he was not prepared to lay bare to the world the scandal of

his youth.

"I was so grieved to hear of your father's death," he begwn.

"Thank you!"

Was it his fancy, or did her voice convey an expression of scorn? It was a hard voice, he thought, compared to her mother's; that had were sounded gently in his cars. He felt re-buffed; he scaruely knew why.

"I knew him so well," he continued, apologetically. "You must allow me to feel an interest in you in his behalf. He was one of my worthiest friends."

"He was my only friend," she said, quietly.

Her companion winced,
"You do not forget that I would have been a friend to you had you permitted it. For your mother's—I mean for your father's—sake, I would have undertaken your education." "You proposed that which was a sin against

nature, my lord. You proposed to separate fa-ther and child. No advantage can compensate for such a disruption of fisch and blood; no child would willingly consent to such alienation. I had no mother, and so I was less willing to resign the only human love and protection God had youtheafed me."

Was this stern, beautiful woman the child who, when he last saw her, had craved a fare-well kiss, blushing and trembling at her own au-

dacity?

He guessed nothing of the tie which linked her with Thurstan Mowbray, nor of the discovery she had just made with regard to his self. Love had made a woman of the girl, and the sense of injury had infused something of macouline power into the profundity of her indignation.

"A perent is not always able to be all that he would wish to his child," Lord Orme said, with a flash of self-vindication. He added, more gently, "I desired to benefit both yourself and Moore by that suggestion. Had you consented

Moore by that suggestion. Had you consented to it

"Had I consented to it," she interrupted, "I should have been a heartless wretch.

should have been a nearness wretch. Surely, Lord Orme, you, who are yourself a father, can not forget all that the name means?"

He looked down uneasily. He feared to meet har eyes, even though their brightness showed dimly through the shadows. Involuntarily he held out his hand toward hers, and as she felt that contact with kindred flesh and blood the intenstion of harshness melted from her voice. and she spoke earnestly :

"To be a father means, does it not, that a man is responsible for the birth of an immortal soul? Something lives and breathes, suffers or rejoices, is damped or is saved, which, but for him, need never have existed. His blood runs in the veins of this something; this duplicate of himself owns his trick of eyes, of voice, of gesture; his heart his trick of eyes, of voice, of gestire; his heart beats in its bosom; his evil passions are echoed in its vices; or, happily, his virtues are psalmed in its well-doing. Can a father plack this thing from his bosom? Can he cast it forth while yet it is helpless and conscienceless? Can he, who should be its prop and its safeguard, leave it, a chance waif, to be blown about by the great breath of the world? As I was watching at the window just now I saw a laboring man going work. He was tired and stiff with the strain of hours of weariness; he could scarce-ly crawl to where food and rest were awaiting him; but when a child, a few years did, who him; but when a child, a few years did, who toddled by his side, cried out that its foot was hort against a stone, and put up its arms to "daddy," daddy shouldered it, with a look which almost seemed to make ill-favored poverty divine, so lovely was the love with which he forgot the sore distress of fatigue when he carried the add-ed burden as though it were a blessing. I think that had I known such love as that, it would have pleased me better than all the advantages of the education your lordship was so good as to offer

He sat muie, overpowered by shame and won-er. Shame at the keen reproach her words implied, and wonder at the fervor and power of her

anguage. "It is a pity you were not a man," he mut-tered at last. Perhaps the thought crossed his mind that it would have been well had foolish, hird-witted Courad possessed the powers of mind

which were so wasted on a woman "Forgive me if I have expressed myself too strongly," she said, finshing. "I have only had men to teach n e how to think and speak. Is there any thing more you wish to say to me?"
"Can I say any thing which will give you

pleasure? He had risen from his chair, but he still held

her by the hand.

She bent down her head meckly on his wrist and wetted it with her tears. There was nothing

defant or stern in her manner now. She was the woman, and filial in every gesture. "There is one word," she faltered, "which might yet atome for all." Perhaps he did not hear her, for her voice was

Perhaps he did not near her, for her voce was very low. She felt sby of asking for what had been withheld from her so long.

"I am intruding on your time," he continued, harriedly. "I will leave you; but if you would allow me, I should be so glad to assist you by any means in my power. For your dead father's sake, will you not let me be your banker?"

She recoiled from him with face ashy pale, sick with the pane of this last incult.

She recoiled from him with face any poor, sick with the pang of this last insult.

"O God, hearken to him!" she murmured.

"I prayed him for bread, and he has given me a stone!" Then, with a desperate effort, she regained sufficient composure to speak calmly.

"My requirements are not many," she said; "My requirements are not many," she said "the poor and the solitary have few expenses. Circumstances have occurred which make me independent of your lordship's bounty. I will

now hid you good-by."

He hesitated. How much did she guess or thou? Should be confess all, and case his conscience of its burden? He thought be would, if be could see his way to such a course—but not jet; he would wait a few weeks. Besides, how reald he go back to Holme and announce to his daughters and his friends that the girl who kept the house at Auriel was his eldest and legitimate daughter, and, failing male succession, the heir-ess to his title? His error had never seemed so black to him as now, when he was most tempted to expose it to the world. He shrank from the to expose it to the world. He shrank from the idea of such exposure. He could not face it yet, he thought, but he would do it eventually. When he got back to Brighton she should come and stay with him. Rose and Amelia would become familiarized to her, and better able to bear the shock in store for them; and she, on her side, might learn to love him, and forget in that love the neglect that she had sustained at his hands.

Meanwhile her coldness of manner repressed

Meanwhile her coldness of manner represed any further demonstration of interest. He held out his liand, but she did not seem to perceive it.

"You will hear from me again," he said; but she answered not a word. He was too confused and troubled to pay much attention to her man-ner; but he walked slowly from the house, feeling very much as if he had suffered a severe moral

flagellation.

He bowed with mechanical courtesy as he pass ed the window at which she was standing, and then he went out toward the avenue. He passed once, fancying he heard a cry which sounded like "Oh, fasher! father!" but he reasoned himself out of the delusion. It was probably a trick of his imagination, or the wall of a bird. He de-cided that it was a bird, and pursued his way toward the misty gloom of the avenue. He moved vard the gate, and in another moment would have passed it, when she suddenly darted to his side, and clasping his arm with her hands, cried, in an agony of cotreaty:

"Father—if you be my father—own me as

or child! You have offered me alms when wanted your love. Can not you give me a little love? Do you not owe it to me as a secred

right ?"
He besitated 'Oh, speak !" she urged. "Tell me the truth, Lord Orme; am I an orphan? Will you not own your own fissh and blood? Are you not, in truth,

my father?"

CHAPTER XLII.

A PAPER DAGGER.

When the day came for Thurstan Mowbray to rejoin his regiment his faith in Ledy Di was re-established, his admiration of her beauty increased tenfold; and she, while she could not but seem him for his folly, was yet sufficiently enamored of her triumph to wish to retain it a little longer. She left Essex some few days be-fore he did, and, after she and the Orme party had made their adjust as their her triumphing. fore he did, and, after see and the Orme party had made their adioux to their bost, a parting took place in a secluded nook of the back draw-ing-room, of which no one was cognitant cure the two people concerned.

"You will come and see me next week!"

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"How can you doubt it; but may I not come

"No," Lady Di said, she should not be free to see him alone until then. "Amelia and Rosa Orme are to stay with me;" which was true, Lady Di having inflicted herself with the company of the Misses Orme for policy's sake. She wished to keep them out of their father's way for the present; she wished him to feel as lovely as possible for the first two or three days after parting with he

"I shall write to you," Thurstan said; and then he kissed her, whispering, "The joy of my life has come back to me with you; you are the only woman I ever loved."

She disengaged herself from his embrace and hurried away. Aloud she said to him,

"Good-by, my darling." In her heart she whisper "What fools men are!"

"What fools men are!"
Captain Mowbray wrote his letter, and, as illlinck would have it, he wrote it at Anriel, and
then he dropped it, and, having some other letters in his pocket, he went off to the post-office,
and never missed the most important epistle of
the lot. Truly, as Lady Di said, "Men ore
such fools!" As he rode off, old Sally, standing
in the doorway, saw the white envelope flutter
into a puddle of black mud. She picked it up,
and, in her vigorous efforts to cleanse it, she
rubbed off nearly all the sodden outside. Having
done what mischief she could she placidly placed
it on the table in Azalea's little sitting-room, and it on the table in Apalea's little sitting-room, and

it on the table in Asalea's little sitting-room, and retired without waiting to see her young mistress and explain how it came in her possession.

Thus it happened that when Azalea came in from a romp with her dogs, blooming and fresh as any rose that gets brighter and more perfect every day in the sunshine, she saw only a smudged-locking paper, on which was a good deal of Thurstan's handwriting.

It was a long letter, full of adoration to his absent love; alightly tinged by depreciation of the poor little girl, "of whom you needn't be jealous, Di, for I swear to you that I never loved any woman as I do you;" it touched on the repentance he felt at having so shackled himself before he knew that he might yet be happy enough to win the one he most loved; it deliberated as to whether it would ever be possible for erated as to whether it would ever be possible for him to get free from this poor child, whom he would endeavor to make happy in some other way—any way, in fact, but that which necessita-ted his being severed "from you, who are all in all to me;" and it ended with saying:

"To-morrow, oh my darling! I shall see you again.

A brutal letter-could be have dreamed of A brutal letter—could be have dreamed of whose eyes would have seen it; but he did not —and, moreover, he probably did not mean half of what he said;—the morbid fascination this woman had for him had warped his better nature, but surely he would never have written thus, could he have seen his young wife's face as she read his words and realized what they

Drifts of purple-gray clouds ficating over the see of a yellow wan say, a blaze of crimson beface of a yellow wan say, a blaze of crimson be-hind the moving shadow of the mill, spectre-like groups of trees, under which were strewn gaunt branches, broken off by the wind's fury; a throng branches, broken on by the wine stury; a survey, of rooks blackening the shadowy summits of the elms, and waving slowly to and fro with the movement of their frail homesteads; all these Azales saw without heeding. Neither mind nor eye seemed to take note of surrounding objects; yet for days after she sickened at the glow of sunset, and was haunted in her dreams by the movement of the wind-mill.

Now as the gray clouds deepened to purple, and the sun passed away forever from this day, Azalea was only conscious that the night was coming, and that the increased gloom accorded

with the darkness of her soul.

Rage, the quick flash of passion which fires a us beart when it first leaps with angu at the stroke of unlooked for injury, had died away in her breast, and dull anger smouldered in its place; to pierce its density came such wild of anguis h that she prayed for unconsciousness, for death, that she might lose the knowledge of her pain; she loathed the quiet pictures on the wall, that stared with changeless expression at her hot living agony. She could have besten the air with her hands, to force it away from her mouth; she pressed her face against the window-pane, looking with blank face at the duli sky, and cursed in her thoughts all the past happiness; all the sweet days of her lost youth. She laughed at their remembrance with a bitter scorn; the sunshine, the love, the happiness, all had been one vast cheat; the thought of those old hours might never make her cheek glow, her eyes shine with tenderness again. She had bartered all, all, for them, and credulity.

The touch of the letter in her hand seemed to wither her heart, as a green leaf is shriveled by fire. Hours seemed to have passed since she read those few careless words which had changed so those few carsiess words which had changed so her face. Tired out by excess of mental suffer-ing, she laid her head down on the faded cofa, which stood in the window recess, and fell into a sort of stupor. She remained motionless for some little while, listening to the surging in the air, and looking mechanically at the last wan streak in the watern sky, when a distant accordstreak in the western sky, when a distant sound of clattering hoof-treads and the barking of dogs brought back vivid consciousness of her pain.

"How shall I meet him?" she thought; "how leok at his face, knowing all I know?"

Her soul rebelled against him, as she heard the cheerful whistle, the quick, light step, that heralded his approach through the long corri-

She withdraw further into the shadow of the alcors, and watched the door through which he must enter.

He came in speaking bright and cheerful.
"I thought I never should get back!" he bein; "the mare lost a aboe, and—oh, Azales! gan; oh, Azalea!

where are you, Azalea?"

His voice fell at his disappointment at not finding her there. At any previous time she would have felt her heart bound with pleasure at such a tone, and would have rushed to meet him, with arms clasping round his neck, with lipe pressing soft quick touches on his brow, cheeks, and mouth—now she sat crouched in bere are you, Asales?" cheeks, and mouth—now she sat crouched in that far off shadow, her hands stiff, her eyes fixed and bright; and in her mind nourishing an evil and beignt; and in her mind noursing an evi-thought against the unconscious man who was basking in the kindly light of the fire. Hisherto she had been like one under the spell of a night-mare. In the dark hours of dreams she had often felt her feet and arms paralysed in the face of some awfal peril, from which they would fain fly. She had wept and prayed in vain for power to move her helpless limbs, and had only been to move her helpless limbs, and had only been released from the oppression of her position by waking to the brightness of the morning sun. But this was pain no happy dawn could ever clear away. And when the full consciousness of her position burst on her soul, when the sound of his soft voice broke on the amazed silence of her sorrow, when she knew that for evermore she must loathe that voice once so dear to her, must shrink from that face—for the sight of which she had longed with inexpressible tenderness when absent—had kissed with kisses that took her whole heart with them to his cheek when present; then indeed she felt as if the earth had suddenly turned to hell; that unseen powers were scourging her with pain sharper

than she could bear.
"Oh!" she mouned, "let me die, let me

Her hands fell by her side, and the slight rustle of her dress attracted Mowbray's atten-tion. He moved from the hearth-rug still whisa snatch of the air which had han all day; it was a song Lady Diana had taught him, and the thought of how soon he should meet her had involuntarily brought this rem brance of her to his lips.

"Azalea!" once more he called; but Azalea fied by him as he spoke, and although he made a snatch at her dress, he could not succeed in

stopping her.
"The listle cat!" he said, half amused, half indignant; "does she think I am going to hunt after her all over the house?" Then, with a smile of satisfaction, he added, "She will soon come back again;" he settled himself comfortable in a small comfortable in a small can be settled himself. ably in an arm-chair, and as he watched the leap-ing flames with tired, sleepy eyes, his thoughts traveled pleasantly away in the direction of Lon-don. In a delicious reverie he fancied himself sitting near Lady Diana's chair, his arm creeping round her waist, his lips hovering near her own; then he would start suddenly, fancying he felt Asales's arms round his neck, and her hand

holding his; but it was only the curtain flapping near his head, and when he looked at his hands they were empty. So he dozed again, and at last settled into sleep with the happy conviction that both women were heaping careases on him, and that yet he was sorely puzzled, thinking "What a rage they'll both be in when I wake up!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Mechanics' Institute of Buffalo is making arrangements for holding an International Industrial Exhibition in that city, commencing early in October, and to continue a month. The Skatting Risk, a fre-proof building covering an area of \$8,000 equare feet, has been selected as an appropriate place for the exhibition. It is the deelign to inaugurate, by this undertaking, a series of annual exhibitions, in which the mechanical art of the United States and Canada was be shown under directmiances favorable for may be shown under circumstances favorable for studying it, and for subjecting the productions to competent criticism. Articles are to be classified in even departments: fine arts and education; the dwelling; dress and handicraft; chemistry and min-eralogy; engines and mechanics; intercommunica-tion; agriculture and horticulture. By special ar-rangement, railroad, risamboat, and express companies will return free of charge all articles exhibited on which freight shall have been paid to Buffalo, provided they are returned before the middle of Novem ber, and have not meanwhile changed ownership. Such an exhibition must tend to encourage inventive penius, and to arouse an enthusiasm which will lead to many valuable new inventions and improvement

"Avisor" is the name of an air-ship which has lately been subjected to a public trial in San Fran-cisco. The machine is a balloon inflated with hydrocisco gen gas, about 40 feet long and 12 in diameter, with a light frame-work of bamboo and pine, and muslin planes on each side. A ribbed propeller of bamboo and muslin is on each side of the centre, and the power is an alcohol steam-engine, made of brase. The machine has also a rudder. At the second trial The maction has also a redder. At the second trial of the "Avitor" it was propelled at a rapid speed around the large building in which it was exhibited. A larger air-ship is now in process of construction, 126 feet long, and its engineers are confident that it will be a recommend. will be a success.

The Saratoga races have brought together a motley crowd, who do no trouble themselves about the et-quette of a fishion. le watering-place, but gratify their own tastes in emoking, drinking — otherwise than at the springs—gambling, betting, and talking "horse." Undoubtedly the "season" at Saratoga is at its height, for botels are genuinely growded; but people who really care for comfort will choose some other time to patronise the Springs than in mid-An

The financial editor of an exchange reports marriages, dull: engagements, depressed: courtships, good and prime: scandal, overstocked; belles, plenty: beanx, scarce and of poor quality.

"Cancerine" is a new fertilizing compost of dead crabs. The shores of Delaware Ray abound with a species of erastaceans known as the king crab, or the horse-foot crab. The eggs cover the sand so thickly that they are showeled up by the wagon-load, and car-

ried away to feed chickens. The young fish are taken to fatten hogs; the old ones are gathered into pens, where they soon die, and then they are dried, ground down, and packed up in bags to be sold at the rate of about twenty-dre dollars per ten for manure. The fartilizing power of "Cancerine" is reported to be double that of guano.

The invitation cards used on the occasio cent wedding in Atlantic City, Wyoming Twritory, were rather novel, but the best the market afforded. They were a very superior style of playing-cards. On the ace of hearts was written the bour of the ceremony and reception. On the king of hearts was written the name of the bridegroom, and on the queen of hearts the name of the bride. The wedding was the first which has taken place in Atlantic City.

Relic vendors do not bestiate to multiply valuable articles in their line to an indefinite extent, as is well known. It is said that the "original" hammer that drove the last spike of the Pacific Railway is now in seion of assenteen different cities

On many of the city railroad lines clean sad comfortable wooden seats have been introduced into the cars. It is next to impossible—certainly is not gre-erally done—to keep qualioned seats in a public car erally done—to keep cusmined seats in a public car in a cleanly condition. Vermin secrets themselves in the hidden crevices, and the danger of contracting malignant diseases is manifest. The health and com-fort of the public would be increased by banishing all cushioned seats from public vehicles.

Raymond, a town in Minnesota, has been the scene of a terrible tornado, which to one family at least proved most disastrone. About midnight a farmer, in whose house twelve persons were spending the night, awoke and perceived indications of a severe storm. awoke and perceived indications of a severe storm. Almost immediately the tornado burst upon them Almost immediately the formato burst upon them with such fury as to tear in pieces and scatter to the distance of a quarter of a mile the entire bones and its contents. Several persons were killed, and others seriously injured. The night being dark and stormy seriously injuried. I as ingut being mark and stormy added to the horror of the exteriorphs. The house was a block or log house, 16 by \$6, one and a half storice high, well dovetailed at the corners and planed with two-inch oak plan.

It has been computed that there are \$48803000001189 SCANNOTANDED PROPERTY SERVICES TO SERVICE STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PR ascent, the excess of flee this year is 842 quinquete-cillions, 267 quatrordecillions, 868 triodecillions, 648 duodecillions, 269 undecillions, 864 decillions, 828 noconsecutions, 250 undecilions, 854 decilions, 255 no-nillians, 375 octilions, 455 septimon, 455 sertiflons, 395 quintillians, 186 quadrillians, 184 trillians, 184 bill-ions, 250 millions, 131 thousands, and 250. An ex-change, which must have spent most of the season in 400 millions are septimined. change, which must have spent most of the season in difficult computations, easy that it would require just 60 triodecillions, 423 duodecillions, 572 undecillions, 133 decillions, 707 nonllions, 859 octifitions, 184 quin-tillions, 199 quadrillions, 734 trillions, 807 billions, 809 millions, 451 thousands, and 991 years for one person, working at the rate of ten bours per day, to count these files; and that if they were all gathered together in one mass, would make a pile 41; times as large as the New York Custom-house!

Magara is to experience another sensation. It is said that "Professor" Andrew Jenkins, who is sometimes called the Canadian Blondin, intends to cross the chasm of Niagara Biver, below the Falls, about the 50th of Angust, by means of a velocipede ribden over a tight-rope. The place of crossing will be a short distance below the old Suspension Bridge, where the length of the spanning cable will be about one thousand fact. The vehicle to be used is of peculiar construction. The whoels are grooved, and it is preconstruction. The wheels are grooved, and it is pro-pelled by the hands, a balance-pole being carried on the feet. By this means Professor Jenkius says he the feet. By this means Professor Jenkine says he can surmount a considerable grade. Nothing of the nort has ever been attempted in public, and the novelty and danger of the feet will doubtless attract a great crowd to witness the trial.

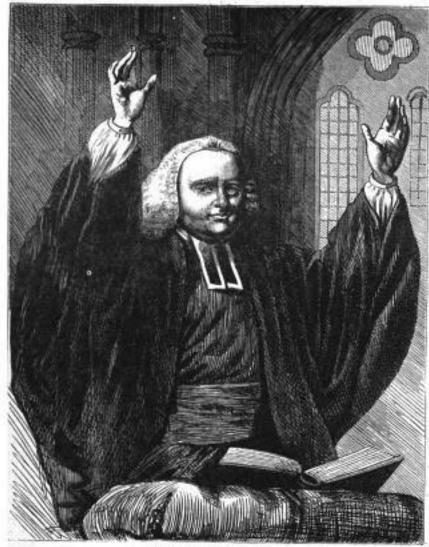
A singular and serious socident befoll a young waman in New Haven the other day. She had placed a bottle of ammonia in warm water for the purpose of loosening the cork. Suddenly the liquid, by the exom the heat, forced the cork and the amneals from the bottle full into her face. The pungent nonia from the source init into her face. The purgent i quid penetrated her eyes, cataling intense pain; and though skillful surgery saved one oye, she has suffered the total loss of the other.

The far-famed Parisian artist of fashion, Mr. Worth, is very summary in his dealings with his customers, even though they be ever so high-born and wealthy. Before he devises a costume for a lady he examines her as he would a horse he was going to purchase. He makes her turn round, stand up, sit down, and trot around until he finally issues his flat. Then the customeround units which the dress at the price he indicates. Before the lady exhibits her new attire to the world, after it is entirely finished, she must appear in it before the great man, and see if it does not require a touch of his magic hand.

Folion Market is not an elegant structure, nor are Folion Market is not an degrat structure, nor are some of its precipcts always spotlessly clean; never-thrices a walk through it of a morning at this season is not unaitractive. The quantity of rich, ripe fruit displayed is marvelous, and the variety charming. Luccious blackberries, huckleberries, malons of various kinds, grapes, plums, pears, apples and, prominent above all, peaches. Hage; volvet-skinned fruit loom up on every a Huge piles of this ranged and carefully sorted, according to size and quality. Peaches promise to be very abundant this year, therefore we may hope that they will be corre-spondingly cheap, though that does not always follow spondingly cheap, though that does not always follow so naturally as one might suppose. The patent re-frigerator cars are of wooderful service in transport-ing periabable fruits from the far West to our markets, and California luxuries have already begun to come hither as freth as if raised in our own State.

In 1860 a sugar-planter at the Hawaiian Islands adopted a singular method of providing water for his plantation. He had a large quantity of arid land, stimte of streams of water. So he planted 50,000 forest trees, which grew rapidly under his care. Boos clouds hung over the new forest, and rain fell abundantly. Claterns were built, the planter insured against droughts, and now he has a very fourishing sugar-plantation. A group of forest trees may thus answer

Obsets can be conquered. The famous "haunted house" in Waterfows, Massachusetts, which has been such a mystery and terror to the credulous far and near, is now reported to have been transformed into a quiet, pleasant home; a guitteman not afraid of spirits having purchased it at a burgain, and improved its surroundings.



REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

WE publish on this page several illustrations lating to the conclusion of the Rev. GRORGE HITERIKED'S career in America. September), 1870, will be the centennial anniversary of e death of this eminent pulpit orator.

The Church of England in the early part of The Church of Engiand in the early part of e eighteenth century had sunk into a state of oral and spiritual lethargy. A converted minior of the Gospel was looked upon as an exptional wonder. The doctrine of the divine that of kings to implicit obedience on the part that subjects the principle of setsuite conth of kings to implicit obedience on the part their subjects; the principle of priestly con-dover the minds of men in all religious mat-es; and cherical influence, sustained by royal thority, thrown upon the side of immorality, d produced their natural results. The expul-m from their pulpits by the "Act of Uniform-"of two thousand of the most able and useful the English clergy had led to great ignorance d neglect of religion; and though men like sourrow and Owen, Fiaves, and Baxten, th Bonyan and a bost of others, had contin-d, in spite of osposing laws, to preach when d, in spite of opposing laws, to preach when by were not shut up in prison, and to write oir immortal practical works, yet these men d been called to their reward, leaving very few like spirit behind them. Thus infidelity, prof-ncy, and formalism almost universally pre-iled. Bishop Buttars, within six months of MUTRERED's ordination, were about 15 to MITEFIELD's ordination, wrote thus: "It is me, I know not how, to be taken for granted many persons that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at ugth discovered to be fictilious. And accord-ply they treat it as if in the present age this are an agreed point among all people of dis-cament, and nothing remained but to set it up a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it we by way of recrisal for its hadron so loss is re by way of reprisal for its having so long in-

terrupted the pleasures of the world." Bishop WARRICKTON, who commenced his ministry a few years before WHITEFIELD, says: "I have lived

years below were first, says: "I have lived to see that fatal crisis, when religion hath lost its hold on the minds of the people."

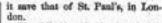
GEORGE WELTEFIELD was born December 16, 1714, in Gloucester, England. It was here that ROBERT RAINES, the founder of Sunday-schools, was buried, and here that Bishop Hoopen was burned in Many's reign. The father of White-FIELD died when the son was only two years of age. The latter entered Oxford University in his eighteenth year. Here he became acquaint-ed with a little brotherhood of Methodists, among whom were John and Charles Wesley. He was ordained at the Cathedral in Gloucester, June 20, 1736. Soon we find him preaching in London to vast crowds, and exciting an unusual degree of attention among persons of all ranks. About this time his attention was drawn to the colony of Georgia, in America, whither the WESLEYS had gone. He soon made his first voyage to America. In 1738 he returned to Europe, and instituted open air preaching in England and Wales, where he had remarkable Esgiand and Wales, where he had remarkable success. In 1789 he made a second voyage to America. Warson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," speaking of White work is that city, tells us that he preached to a crowd of 15,000 persons on Society Hill. In that city his settnons exercised a wonderful influence. "The change to religion here," says a gazette of the day, "is altogether surprising, through the inday, "is altogether surprising, through the influence of WHITEFIELD; no books sell but re-

Historic of Whitheritz (E.); no books sell but religious, and such is the general conversation."

His wife, whom he married in England in 1741, died August 9, 1768. He made, in all, seven voyages to America, and both in New England and in the South his ministerial labors were attended with almost miraculous results. His last visit was made in 1769. His health was failing that he are a for Court of the conference of the con

failing; but he came from Georgia to New England, preaching every where by the way. His last ser-mon was delivered in Exeter, New Hampshire, September 29, 1770, He had engaged to preach at Newburyport, Massachusetts, morning of the 30th; but that very morning he died at the house of the Rev. JONATHAN PARSONS,

It was owing to the labors of Mr. WHITHFIELD that the first Presbyterian church in Newburyport was formed, and, whatever may be thought of the peculiar opinions of Mr. WHITEFIELD, certain it is that his eloquence as a preacher was unrivaled, and his seal for the cause he taught of the highest character. The fruits of his ministration here were great and striking; and the establishment of the society under consideration afforded proof of the permanency of its effects. He was baried beneath the pulpit in the church in Federal Street, in which a cenotaph was erected to his memcey, in 1829, by the munificence of WILLIAM BARTLETT, Esq. In this house of worship is also a remarkably fine whispering gallery. We know of none which compares with



The following is the inscription upon Whitefield's cenotaph:

upon Whitehello's cenotaph;

"This cenotaph is crected, with affectionate veneration, to the Her. Georges Warrarias, born at Gloroceter, England, December 16, 1714. Educated at Oxford University; cedained 1756. In a ministry of thirty-four years be crossed the Atlantic thirty-four years have considered the second thirty-four years have years have years have years have years of his because where we powerful on the bearts of his heavers. He died of sathems, September 36, 1176, suddenly exchanging his life of imparatished labors for his eternal rest."

The house where WHITEFIELD died, now known as the Whitefield House, is situated on the lower side of School Street, in an ancient portion of Newburyport, The sketches from which our in-

teresting engravings on this page have been made were furnished by Mr. HARRY



In these days of erudite research it would form a very interesting theme for an antiquarian naturalist to trace the pheasant from the period alloded to by the great Spanish epigrammatist—

Argivă primum sum transportata carină; Anto mibi notum nii nisi Phasis erat"...

down to the present time. He could describe how these birds were abducted from the borders of the celebrated Asiatic river to the classic land of Greece, and how they have spread nearly over the whole globe. From Colchis, Mingrelia, and the waste globe. From Colchis, Mingrelia, and other countries bordering on the Caspian, they have proceeded westward through Greece, from the shores of the Balie to the Cape of Good Hope and the island of Madagascar. Eastward, they have extended through Media to the most remote parts of China, Japan, and Tartary. In Africa they are known on the West Cass. In Europea tru, they have calculated State International State Inter Europe, too, they have colonized Spain, Italy, the islands in the Gulf of Naples, Germany, Silesia, Bohemia, France, and England. The ancient writers give us a vivid sketch of how the pheasant formed are of writers give us a vivid sketch of how the pheasant formed one of those gastronomic victims which were sacrificed to the whim of the depraved and gormsodizing Hellogaralties as a boune-bouche for his pet and pampered lions. We may remember the anecdote of the King of Lydia, who, when seated on his throne, adorned with royal magnificence and all the pomp of Eastern splendor, asked Solon if he had ever beheld any thing so fine. The Greek philosopher, unmoved by the objects before him, replied "that, after having seen the beautiful plumage of the pheasant, he could be astonished at no other finery."



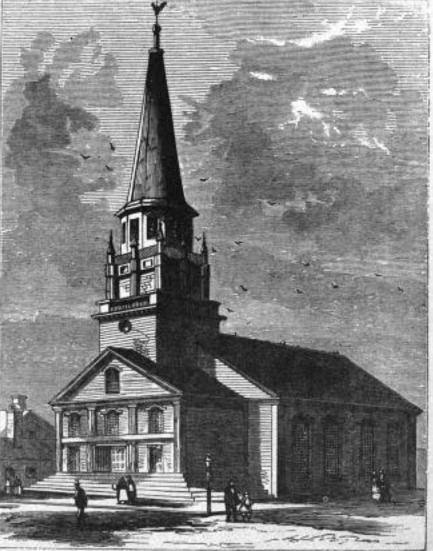
OLD WHITEFIELD HOUSE, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

The common pheasant is almost as well known as the barn-door fowl; and, without entering into any details respecting this bird, it may not be out of place to know when it was first introduced into Europe. It is said, as we have al-ready remarked, that the pheasant came origin-ally from the banks of the Phasis, in Colchis, a ally from the banks of the Phasis, in Colchis, a country of Asia, extending along the eastern shore of the Euxine Sea. According to fabulous history, the first phensant was brought into Greece by Jason, on his return from the Argonautic expedition. Amsrophanes, who lived 400 years before the Christian era, mentions the hird in his play called "Nubes," where Strepsiades says, "Not if you would present me with the phensants fed by Leogorus"—Leogorus being an Athenian rose and epicure of the first class. Axistoria, Martiat, and Plinx frequently allude to the phensant; and Martiat, who, in one of his epigrams, calls it "Phasiana Colchorum," thus writes: thus writes:

'Si Libyce nobis volucres et Phasides essent, Acciperes: et nunc accipe sortis aves."

The modern Italians call it "Fasiano," the French "Falsan," the Germans "Fasan," in old English "Fesaunt." It seems more than prob-able that the pheasant was first introduced into England by the Norman followers of William THE CONQUEROR, although we can only trace it to the time of EDWARD I. (a.n. 1300). In the days of RICHARD II. this bird was esteemed a princely delicacy; and when Giforgus Neville was created Archbishop of York, in Edward THE FOURTH'S reign, "two hundred pheesants appeared on the table as one item in that good-ly banquet."

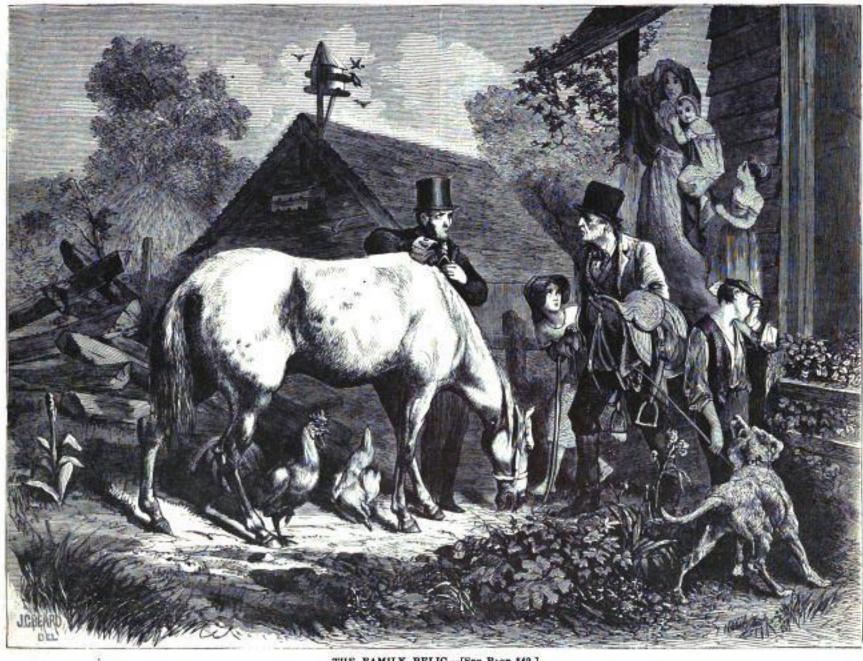
The hen pheasant is smaller, and does not exhibit that brilliancy of plumage which distinguishes the male; the colors, instead of being a glossy purple, green, blue, and reddish chestnut,



OLD SOUTH CHURCH, NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.



WHITEFIELDS MONUMENT



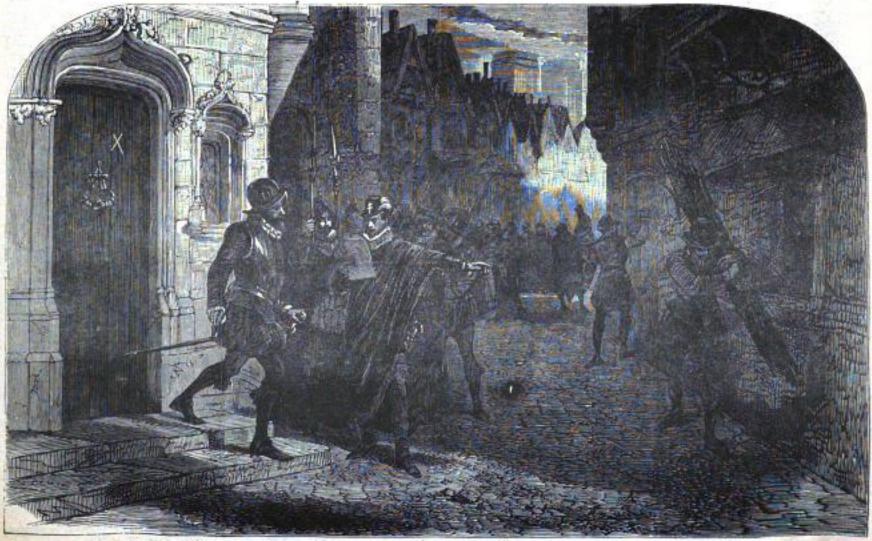
THE FAMILY RELIC.-[SEE PAGE 542.]

variegated with black and white, and mixed with deep orange, are light and dark brown, mixed with black, the breast being finely freekled with small black spots on a light ground, while the space round the eye is covered with feathers, free from that mark, in appearance like scarlet cloth

finely spotted with black, which the male bird presences. The ben makes her nest on the ground, like the partridge, and lays from twelve to fifteen olive-colored e.gs, which are smaller than those of the domestic hea. The young follow the mother as soon as they are freed from the shell.

In her natural state the female makes her nest of dry grass and leaves. The young birds are very difficult to rear, and they must be supplied with ants' eggs, which is the food the old one leads them to gather when wild in the woods. In our illustration some of the brood may be seen

indulging their appetites in insect luxury, while the mother is evidently listening to the sound of an approaching footstep. Should it be that of a poacher, armed with a net, she will realize that grief Macduff describes: "What, all my pretty chickens and their dam, at one fell swoop?"



"THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 24, 1572," THE EVE OF THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW .- [SEE PAGE 542.]

THE FAMILY RELIC.

This scene rendered by Mr. Brand in our illustration on page 541 is full of pathon. The cld farmer is reduced to an extremity, and is compelled to sell the old white horse. The bargain is being concluded, but the family stands around in dismay at its loss. One of the girls urges the father not to let the dear old relic go; some of the children are weeping; and even the baby seems to put in its protest against the sale. The picture is very suggestive and full of feeling.

THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

The subject of the picture from which our en-graving is taken having over and over again been adopted by artists who sought a scene in which intense human interest might be expressed, great credit is due to any one who may succeed in treating it from an original point of view. In this M. Econom Figure has displayed genuine shility by the adoption of a method of treatment which may be described as realistic and historical. The whole scene—the marking of the doors, the reading of the list of victims, the treacherous conference in the streets so soon to be made hu-man shambles—every thing is depicted with an appreciative power which at once appeals to our sense of truthfulness. As one looks at the picsense of truthrainess. As one tooks as the pre-ture the figures seem to move. We listen for the tolling of the bell of St. Germain L'Auxer-rois, which is to give the signal for the massacre to begin. A page of history is presented to us in a form inexpressibly attractive, and we can not forbear congratulating the pupil of PAUL DELANGERS on the vigor of drawing and ex-cellence of composition which he has so success-fully acquired from his eminent master. SANUEL SMILES in his "Huguenoes" thus de-

scribes the events of this memorable night:
"Between two and three o'clock in the more

ing of the 24th of August, 1572, as the king sat in his chamber with his mother and the Dunn or Anno, the great bell of the church of St. Auxervois rang to early prayer. It was the ar-ranged signal for the massacre to begin! Al-most immediately after, the first pistoi-shot was most immediately after, the first pistoi-shot was heard. Three hundred of the royal guard, who had been held in readiness during the night, rushed out into the streets, shouting 'For God and the King.' To distinguish themselves in the darkness, they were a white such on their left arm, and a white cross in their hats.

"Before leaving the palace, a party of the geard murdered the retinue of the young King of Navarre, then the guests of Charles IX. in the Louvre. They had come in the train of their chief, to be present at the celebration of his mar-riage with the sister of the King of France. One by one they were called from their rooms, marched down unarmed into the quadrangle, where they were bewed down before the very eyes of their royal kest. A more perfidious butchery is probably not to be found recorded in history.

the same time, mischief was afoot out Paris. La Chargon, provest of the throughout Paris. merchants, and MARGEL, his ancient colleague, merchants, and Markett, his ancient colleague, to had mustered a large number of desperadoes, to whom respective quarters had been previously assigned, and they now hastened to enter upon their frightful morning's work. The Duke or Gussa determined to anticipate all others in the murder of Coutony. Hastening to his hotel, the duke's party burst in the cuter door, and the ad-nited was recently from his advantage by the short miral was roused from his slumber by the shots fired at his followers in the court-yard belo He rose from his couch, and though scarce able to stand, fied to an upper chamber. There he was tracked by his assassins, who stabbed him to death as he stood leaning against the wall. His body was then thrown out of the window into the court-yard. The DUKE OF GUISE, who had the court-yard. The DERK of Griss, who had been waiting impatiently below, hurried up to the corpse, and wiping the blood from the ad-miral's face, said, 'I know him—it is be;' then, sparning the body with his foot, he called out to his followers, 'Courage, comrades, we have be-gun well; now for the rest; the king commands it.' Then they rushed out again into the street.

"Firing was now beard in every quarter throughout Paris. The houses of the Huguenots, which had long been marked, were broken into, and men, women, and children were sabred or shot down. It was of no use trying to fly. The fugitives were slaughtered in the streets. The king himself seized his arquebuse, and securely fired upon his subjects from the windows of the For three days the massacre continued. Corpses blocked the doorways; mutilated bodies lay in every lane and passage; and thousands were cast into the Seine, then swellen by a flood. At length, on the fourth day, when the fury of the assassins had become satisted, and the Huguenots were for the most part slain, a dead si-lence fell upon the streets of Paris.

"These dreadful events at the capital were al-most immediately followed by similar deeds all-over France. From fifteen to eighteen hundred persons were killed at Landsele. persons were killed at Lyons, and the dwellers on the Rhone below that city were horrified by the sight of the dead bodies floating down the river. Six hundred were killed at Ronen, and many more at Dieppe and Havre. The num-bers killed during the massacre throughout France have been variously estimated. SULLY timate the victims at 100,000.

"CATHARINE DE MEDICIS Wrote in triumph to ALVA, to PHILLY II., and to the Pope, of the results of the three days' dreadful work in Paris. When PHILIP heard of the massecre, he is said to have laughed for the first and only time in his infe. Rome was thrown into a delirium of joy at the news. The cannon were fired at St. Angelo; Gamoowy Alli. and his cardinals went in proowy XIII. and his cardinals went in pro-n from sanctuary to sanctuary to give God s for the massacrs. The subject was orthanks for the mass

dered to be painted, and a medal was struck, with the Pope's image on one side, and the destroying angel on the other immolating the Huguenota. Cardinal Owsers was dispatched on a special mission to Paris to congratulate the king; and on his passage through Lyons, the assauins of the Huguenots there, the blood on their hands scarce dry, knelt before the holy man in the esthedral and received his blessing. At Paris, the triumphant clergy celebrated the massacre by a mablic procession: they determined to consecrate public procession; they determined to consecrate to it an annual jubilee on the day of St. Barthel-omew; and they too had a medal struck in com-memoration of the event, bearing the legend, 'Piety has awakened justice!'

SINGULARITIES.

That man sprang originally from the dust of the earth, through the creative power of the Al-mighty, is a certain and unquestionable truth. Yet as out of that dust was also produced an endless variety of trees, plants, and flowers, with different forms, colors, and virtues, so, though all human bodies are formed of the same materials, yet some have possessed abnormal and peculiar properties and qualities so removed from the constitution of others that every man may, in fact, be pronounced in a greater or less de gree a moving miracle. Records of these exceptional cases go back to a very early period. Pliny, in his natural history, and also Platarth, mention some families or generations of such marvelous constitution that no venomous serpent would hurt them, but, on the contrary, shun all contact. The spittle of these man, or their sucking the place, was medicinal to all who had been bitten or stung. Of this race were the Psylli and Marsi; also those of the Island of Cyprus, who were called Ophiogenes. A certain Exagon, embassedor from that island, was, by command of a Roman consul, put into a huge barrel or pipe, wherein were many sespents, on purpose to make experiment and trial of the truth of this asserted property. The issue was, the serpents licked his body in all parts gently with their tongues, as if they had been puppy dogs, while he sustained no injury, to the great wooder of all who were looking on. Avicenna writes of another that when he pleased he could put himself into a pelsy, and also provoke venomous creatures to tite him, of which they died, while he remained unhurt. Saint Augustine (De Civitate Dei) says he knew a man who could perspire intensely, of his own accord, as often as he of a Roman consul, put into a huge barrel or spire intensely, of his own accord, as often as he pleased. In Lloyd's "State Worthies" we find it written of Lord Bacon that he had one poonliar temper of body, which was that be always fainted at an eclipse of the moon, though he had no previous knowledge that such an event was

about to happen.

Puntanus tells a story of one Colano, of Catania, in Sielly, surnamed the Fish, who was even more than amphibious, and lived longer in the water than on land. He was constrained every day to pass many hours in the sea, and said that if he was much absent thence he could scarcely breathe or live, and that it would be his death to forbear. He was such a prodigious swimmer that he preferred storms and tempests, and could swim twenty or thirty miles on a stretch. At last, in the Straits of Messina, diving for a valuable silver gobiet which the king had caused to be cast in as a prize to him who could fetch it from the bottom, he there perished, for he never rose to the surface again, being either pierced by a huge sword-fish (percia spada), or entangled in the cavities of a rock,

On the 14th of March, 1729, was born Charles, the son of Richard Charlesworth, a carrier at Longnor, in the county of Stafford. At his birth he was under the common size, but he grew so amazingly fast that by the time he was four years old he was near four feet high, and in four years old he was near four feet high, and in strength, agility, and bulk equal to a fine boy of ten. At five he measured four feet seven inches, weighed eighty-seven pounds, could with ease carry a man of fourteen stone weight, had evearly a man or rotarous score weight, had ev-ery sign of puberty, and worked as an adult at his father's business. This was the time of his full vigor, from whence he begin gradually to fall away in strength and bulk, like a men in the fall away in strength and bulk, like a man in the decline of life. At the age of seven his strength was gone, his body totally emaciated, his eyes sunk, and his head pulsiod. He died with all the right of extreme old age, and as if the months he had lived had been years. The above is extracted from an account published by Mr. Smith, a surgeon at Longnor, by whom it was transmitted to the Royal Society. It is also confirmed in the Gentleman's Mayasine for December 1734. ber, 1734.

Dr. George Cheyne, a celebrated physician, who died in 1748 at the age of eighty-two, wrote a celebrated work called "The English Malady: a Treatise on Various Diseases." In it we find a Criedrated work caused "In any analysis a Treatise on Various Diseases." In it we find the following singular recital: "Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of honor and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a nephritic complaint. His illness increasing and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a lit-ter, in autumn, and lay at the Bell Inn. Dr. Baynard and I" (Dr. Cheyne) "were called in to him, and attended him twice a day, but his vomitings continuing incessant and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While

he was in this condition he sent for us one morn-ing. We waited on him, with Mr. Skrine, his apothecary. We found his senses clear and his mind calm; his nurse and several servants were about him. He said he wanted us to give him some explanation of an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt, which was that he could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again, which he had several times tried before he asked our opinion. We heard this with sur-prise; but as it was not to be accounted for

on ordinary principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any ac-count of it, unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest in his weak condition he might carry it too far.. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly for above a quarter of an hour respecting this surprising sensation, and inhour respecting this surprising sensation, and in-sisted so much on our seeing the trial made that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though not strong, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time. While I grasped his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his on his beart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not find any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard was unable to dis-tinguish the least motion in his heart, or Mr. Skrine the allghtest soil of breath on the bright Skrine the slightest soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his lipe. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not by the closest scratiny discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a could not by the closest acreainy discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time on this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us, judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in the same condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied that he was actually dead and necessarise to here him. This dead, and were preparing to leave him. This continued about half an hour. As we were going away we observed some movement body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change; and, after some further conversation with him and among ourseives, went away fully satisfied as to the par-ticulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it."—Cardan believed, or pretended to believe, that he possessed this same faculty; and Celsus, in the reign of Tiberius, names a priest of Apollo who, he says, was similarly endowed.

ANIMAL MECHANISM.

STUDENTS of natural history have a perpetual feast in the contemplation of the economy they discover in the structure and lodgment of the various organs which give perfection to the body. The packing of the liver, to have it occupy the least room, but, above all, the manner of stowing the brain so as to have it exactly fill the skull, excites the highest admiration of those most familiar with this system of economizing room in Nature's handiwork. The human brain, for example, is supposed to be made up of dis-tinct cords, lying side by side, too numerous and too delicately small to ever be clearly displayed, but rolled up in balls, under the name of gangia, lobes, and hemispheres, occupying the least possible space consistent with their appropriate functions. If each cord were carried out in a straight line they might be from fifty to a hun-dred feet in length! There is one important characteristic gland in a man which is scarcely larger than a nutmeg, wholly made up of parallel tubes exceeding thirty feet in length. In the pasal cavities of carnivorous animals which hunt their prey by the sense of smell, the olfactory nerves, occupying apartments hardly the size of the little finger, if they could be unrolled and unfolded would present a broad sheet of nerv-ous surface several feet square. These are but a few examples of the curious arrangements dis-coverable in animal organization, where important and complicated machinery is put into the smallest imaginable space, so as to insure com-pactness, security, and symmetry by economy in packing. Birds present very marked examples of this kind of animal perfection, but especially in an additional contrivance by which the weight of their bodies when at roost acts upon a pound lever, the arrangement of their legs being such that their toes cling to a limb while they are unconscious or asleep.

THE SHOCK-PEDDLER.

My favorite patterer is a man with a face of sickly sallow brown, an immense comforter round his neck, and a long-tailed—I may say many-tailed—coat, for it is regged. He is attended always by a fat, baggy woman in a cloak. The man's voice is solemn and down the woman's is solumn and deep, the wor man's voice is solemn and deep, the weman's harsh and creaking, especially when she means it to be most persuasive to the public. They go about with a traveling galvanic battery, and ad-minister artificial "pius and needles" to the street public. The man mouths the long words with infinite relish as he describes, in a kind of

dence, the benefits he offers for a penny.
"This powerful little machine," says he, "en-"This powerful little machine," says he, "entirely free from shock, is a sure cure for toothache, shortness of breath, gout, ague, rheumatism, nervous ability" (sic), "and diseases of
the digestive organs." Then, much quicker:
"Relieve the ed, clear the eyes, cause the blood
t' circ'late in prop' manner. Is there any other
party would like to try the slow, mild, and pleas-

ng sensation at won penny?"

When a patient is on the rack he dilates on his sufferings and enlarges on his agonies, by way
of encouragement to the rest of the public. It is
also to be noticed that if the patient is a boy of
ten years old he describes him to the public as
it the average man, but if a how of fourteen he

ten years old he describes him to the public as
"the young man;" but if a boy of fourteen he
refers to him as "the gentleman."

"The gentleman will take notice" (or "the
young man," as it may be) "that the signal for
stopping the power of this beautiful little machine
is given by the word "Woe!" The gentleman

will remember that at the word 'Woel' the wole will be immediately stopped." (Aside to boy): "Now, you young stoopid, don't you go a letting go the handles when you've had enough of it, but just say 'Woe!" Do you understand? Very well, then; lay hold." (Aloud to the public): "The slow, mild, and pleasing sensation is now passing through the gentleman's system at a pressure of ten degrees, giving the greatest of satisfaction" (turns the button). "The gentle-man is now enjoying the electric fluid at a power of twenty degrees—now of THERT" (the gentle-man is holding his breath with the "cnjoyment," his toeth clenched, and his eyes staring wildly)— "now of FORTY" (the gentleman's hands clutch "now of FURLY" (the gentlemen's hands cluten the handles very tight, and tremble up and down with the slow, mild, and pleasing sensation, while his feet dance under him). "The gentlemen is now going to enjoy the full power of this invigorative little machine. —Remember the word "Woe!" Sir." But with wee unuterable depicted on his face-with "Woe!" screeched from a

ad on his face—with "Woe!" screeched from a
mouth formerly paralyzed by pain, and now suddenly opened in panic, the boy drops the handles, and the "wole" of it is immediately stopped.

Very often two "gentlemen" or "young men"
partake together of the "slow, mild, and pleusing sensation," under agreement that the one
who first cries "Woe!" is to pay for the woes of
both.

The last time I saw the traveling shock-merchant he was assuring a poor, drabbled woman, in answer to her inquiry, that his machine was invaluable as a curative for headaches "when people had been out on the loose." So she fetched her husband and treated him to a pennyworth. He here it meekly, with a resigned and somewhat acclude arrest. When it was over he said what sodden aspect. When it was over he said he thought it had done him good; and he went and had twopenny-worth of gin.

Tax American Agriculturist for July contained an acticle classing the well-known firm of Huwans & Co., of Hinsdale, N. H., with swindlers, and charging them with dealing in counterfeit money. This is the charge for which Huwans & Co. have brought a said for libel against the shove-maned journal, laying damages at \$40,000. It seems evident that combody is reletaken. Huwans & Co. have been known for many years as extensive booksellors and publishers, and can bring plentiful testimony that they are reliable and homeship have certainly much better grounds for damages than is the case in most nerwepaper libel suits. — Spring-feld Republican, July 31, 1869.

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SOLAR ECLIPSE, 1869.

TOTAL eclipses of the sun are very rare. Hat-LKY computed in 1715 that up to that date not one had occurred in London for a period of 575 years. And since that date London has not been favored with this singular phenomenon. In this country since 1834 no total eclipse of the sun, until the recent one, has occurred, and there will not be another during this century.

The total eclipse of this year was visible along a track about 140 miles wide, and more than 6600 miles long. When this track is laid down on a map, throughout its whole extent, it looks like a narrow ribbon, stretching across North America and a portion of Asia. It be-gins in Siberia, where it takes a northeasterly course, till it crosses a little south of Bering Straits, after which it turns its course southcasterly, traversing portions of the Territory
of Alaska, thence into
British America, and
through Montana, Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa,
Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina.
It ends in the Atlantic Ocean, off the coast of
the last mentioned State. On the central line
of this track the total obscuration of the sun lasted for a period of from two and one-half to nearly four minutes.

round of from two and one-nail to hearly four minutes.

To various points along the line of total eclipse scientific parties went to make observations—some sent by the Government, and some by private enterprises. But the principal point to which the attention of these parties was directed was the corona, observed in previous

Contract --THE SOLAR ECLIPSE, AUGUST 7, 1909-HARVARD ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION MAKING OBSERVATIONS AT SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. A. WEIFFLE.]

eclipses, and about which there is much curi-osity among astronomers. We now know that the sun is surrounded by an atmosphere of flaming gas, which is the principal source of the light he sends us. This incandescent atmos-phere is called by astronomers the sun's photo-sphere. During a total eclipse of the sun, his whole sphere, including the photosphere, is cov-ered and hid from view by the interposed body of the moon. Nevertheless, at the very crisis of of the moon. Nevertheless, at the very crisis of the central eclipse, there is seen a brilliant white

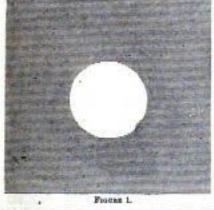
corona or halo around the moon's dark body, like that which painters place around the heads of saints. In this corona, moreover, are frequently seen red or rose-colored projections, of irregular form and position, around the disk. The explanation usually given of the white corona is, that it betokens a transparent, non-luminous atmosphere, extending beyond the photosphere or luminous atmosphere, analogous to our own atmosphere. The white light of the corona is accounted for by the reflection of that

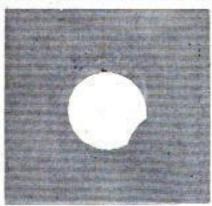
of the photosphere, very much as our own even-ing and morning twilight is produced by the re-flection of the solar rays in our atmosphere. The irregular red masses seen projected into the white corona may prove to be immense volumes of thin clondy smoke, or sol-id vaporous particles precipitated from the hot gaseous atmosphere which forms the corona.

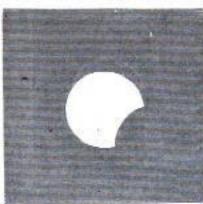
Another question to be settled, if possible, was whether there is a planet between Mercury and the sun, as La Ven-nun supposed there was, on account of extraor-dinary perturbations of Mercury not otherwise explained.

The corona, or luminous ring around the moon in a total celipse, was observed at Montpellier, in France, 1706, and at London, by HALLEY, in 1715. In the latter case the red protuberances were also observed. In 1724, MARALDI ob-served, for the first time, that the luminous corona was not concentric with the moon. At the beginning of the eclipse it appeared larger on the eastern than on the western side ; at the end, on the contrary, it was lar-ger on the west than on the east. The northern

border was also somewhat larger than the opposite. The importance of these observations was that they proved the corona to be concentric with the sun instead of with the moon; that it is a phenominstead of with the moon; that it is a paenom-enon closely connected with the sun's physical constitution. Important additions were made to these observations during the total eclipses of 1778, 1806, and particularly in 1842. On the 8th of July in the latter year, Anago and other astronomers observed the luminous corona in all its splendor. The distinguished French astrono-

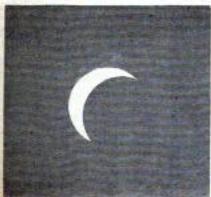


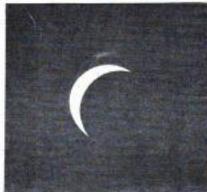


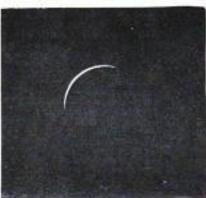


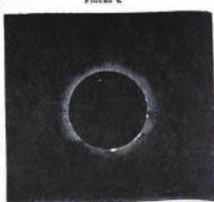


Fracus 4.









SOLAR ECLIPSE, AUGUST 7, 1869-PHASES OF THE ECLIPSE, AS SEEN AT SHELBYVILLE, KENTUCKY, FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE POINT OF TOTALITY. [PROTOGRAPHED BY J. A. WHIPPLE.] Digitized by Goo mer describes it as composed first of a circular zone contiguous to the dark border of the moon, and of a second fainter zone contiguous to the first. The light of the second zone continually diminished from its interior to its exterior limit. That of the first was nearly uniform throughout. In the direction of the line which joined the points of the solar disk where the eclipse would begin and end, there were two large wings, which might be considered as expansions of the second luminous corons. The sides of these wings were terminated by curves that were concare outward, and which seemed to be parabolas, whose vertices would be tangent to the moon's disk. Anago saw this correst had been seen as disk. Anago saw this corons both with his telescope and with his naked eye.

Next to the corons, the phenomena demanding particular attention are the prominences, protuberances, flames, or red projections, which are usually seen in the lower portion of the white ring, near the edge of the moon. These curious appearances were particularly studied by the Engish and other astronomers who went to the coasts of Sweden and Norway to observe them in 1851. Mr. Atter, the Astronomer Royal of England, observed the protuberances on the western side of the sun to increase, while those on the eastern side diminished in extent and disappeared before the end of the total phase. Just before the western limb of the sun reappeared he saw a long series of small protuberances of a very red color, touching the edge of the moon, and embracing an arc of its circumference thirty degrees in extent. They are generally of a red or rose tint, and are sometimes large enough to be e by the naked eye.

The eminent English astronomers who so carefully observed in Sweden the great eclipse of July 28, 1851, and Professor BOND, of Harvard Uni-28, 1851, and Protessor Bosh, of Harris Chi-versity, saw the wonderful corons, and also the red prominences or flames upon different points of the moon's disk. During the memorable eclipse in India last August, which was total for nearly seven minutes, the numerous French, German, and English astronomical observers attracted thither observed these promineness with great care, by the aid of the spectroscope, and came the conclusion that these phenomena were due to the presence of an incandescent or highly heat-ed hydrogen gas surrounding the sun's disk, and extending outs and apparently a distance of 50,000 or 60,000 miles.

An article in the Angust Number of Macmil-lan's Magazine, written by J. Norman Lookynn, F.R.S., contains some important results hither-to reached as regards the physical constitution of the sun. The spectroscope has thrown light upon the spects of the sun. This is an instrument whose special function it is to deal with radiation and absorption. It tells us that the light radiated from different hodies gives us spectra of different kinds, according to the nature of the radiation. ating body—continuous spectra, such as we see in a rainbow, without bright lines, in the case of solids and liquids; and bright lines with or without continuous spectra in the case of gases and suppore. It tells us also that absorption dims the spectrum throughout its length when the absorption is general, and dims it here and there only when the absorption is selective. The Fraunhofer lines in the sun's spectrum furnish an instance of the latter kind. So that we have general and selective radiation, and general and selective absorption.

The observations made in 1866 showed that there was abundant evidence of absorption in the sun's spots, and no indication of gaseous radiation. The light which came from the spots was like all the rest, but it was dimmed, as the sun's light is dimmed in a fog. This seems to prove that the solar spots are dark because the solar light is absorbed—stopped—by a cool, non-luminous, absorbing atmosphere pouring down

on the sun's photosphere.

The spectroscope has also in some measure determined the nature of the rose-colored protherances. These are not observed every day by means of the telescope, because they are put out by the tremendous brightness of our atmos-phere near the sun. There is, as it were, a bat-tle between the light proceeding from the prominences and the light reflected by this atmosphere, and, except in orlipses, the victory always remains with the atmosuhere.

The lines as seen in the spectroscope vary in height but never disappear, showing that for some 5000 miles in height all round the sun there is an envelope of which the prominences are but the waves. This envelope Mr. LOCKYER calls osphere, which all the variously-rolored effects are seen in total eclipses. The decision from the spectro-scope in regard to the proteberances seems to be

that they are due to hydrogen.
It is hoped, and not without reason, that the observations made by our most prominent scien-tific men during the late eclipse will prove of great value in perfecting the knowledge already gained concerning the physical constitution of

Our illustrations are from observations made at Shelbyville, Kentucky. The photographs were taken by J. A. Whipplu, of Hoston.

The Courier Journal of Louisville contains the following account of the observations at Shelby-

The observations here to day were very satisfactory, and as many respects gratifying. The following persons comprised the Joint Board of Observation for Shelbyville: Professor Joann Wintons, of Harvard Calverdity, in charge of observations of phenomena, assisted by Anvar G. Calax, Professor of Cambridge; Assisted Gross W. Drax, of the Coast Survey, in charge of observations of precision, assisted by T. Balax, Jun., of the Coast Survey, in Charge of observations of precision, assisted by T. Balax, Jun., of the Coast Survey; J. A. Wurrun, of Section, assisted by George Clark and J. Preparament, had charge of the photographs: Professor G. M. Stanz, of New York, devoted himself to observations of general phenomena, and during the total phase was to search for inter-mercural phases. Sub-Assistant T. H. Assaw also devoted himself to observations of general phenomena, and had charge of the

Observatory arrangements, being assisted by R. E. Saaranon, of Louisville. The meteorological observations were made by Professor Burnova, of Louisville, and Romart Lawa, of Sheibyville. Among the amateurs present was Mr. Bowneren, of Boston, son of the celebrated astronomer.

One of the most important discoveries made by Professor Wintows, at the spectroscope, was eleven bright lines in the spectrum of the peculierance of the sun, only five having heretofore been determined. The Professor also observed a shower of meteors between the earth and moon. The party are jubiliant over the success. Photographs of the sun were taken at different times during the partial obscuration. The beautiful red finnes, or solar protuberances, were visible to the naked eye. "Bally's Beads," as well as the dark and dismai shadows of the moon, salling away through the alt, were noted by a party of amateurs stationed on the top of Shelby College. The sky was perfectly clear, and every thing seemed to propiliate the success of the observations. There were ten or twelve mounted instruments in use on the occasion, the principal one of which was the Shelbyville College telescope, which was handled by Professor Wintows, sastiated by Axwa G. Chang, of Cembridge, Massachusetts. This is a fine instrument, costing \$4000. It once ranked taked in the United States. Arcturus, Vega, Yeuns, and Mercury were visible to the naked eye during the total phase. Mr. Nanza, whose duty it was to search for inter-mercarial planets, did not succeed its floding any, reporting nothing failater than Hegulian near the sun. When the smilight commenced to become dim a large number of citizens readed to the College grounds, the head-quarters of the observers. Some minutes before the total phase the own phase near the sun. When the smilight appeared again a shoot of emitation went up from the great crowd in the College grounds, and when the smilight appeared again a shoot of emitation went up from the great crowd in the College grounds.

The telescope used for photographing was one from Cambridge. The glass was 6 inches diameter with 7½ feet focal length. It was ar-ranged for photography, giving an image of the sun about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The exposure during totality was for 40 seconds. Professor Wixlock devised a plan by which the same motion that exposed the plate to the sun's rays made an electrical connection with a chronograph; and thus the exact instant was recorded.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1869.

THE SOUTHERN POLITICAL SITUATION.

T is very important to estimate correctly the political condition of the Southern States and the late elections in Virginia and Tennes see show at least one fact upon which all will agree. It is that those who are not Republicans control the balance of power. Upon all other points there is no agreement of opinion whatever. The New York Tribuse says that the lesson in Tennessee is that universal amnesty must be conceded. But it does not deny that the election was carried in that State by those who have been always hostile to the Republican party, and who are not friendly to the Administration. An election which apparently returns ANDREW JOHNSON to the Senate, whether it secure amnesty or not, is as decisive a defeat of Republicanism as the election of Mr. PACKER would be in Pennsylvania. The talk about "old Whige" is meaningless. hopeless "hunkers" are old Whigs. Meanwhile the World says that, although WALKER and SENTER were elected as "Conservative Republicans," yet that "Democrats supported, elected, and will advise them;" and, in fact, the World halls the result as an old-fashioned Democratic victory, such as the election of VALLAN-DIGHAM AS Governor of Ohio would be, or of WADE HAMPTON OF JAMES M. MASON OF JEFpurson Davis as United States Senators.

But the Richmond Whip retorts that "it is nonsense to suppose that the election in Tennessee was a Democratic victory. The ticket was not Democratic, and the policy which it repre-sented was liberal Republicanism." This as-This assection is certainly favored by the address of Mr. SENTER, issued just before the election, in which he said that he wished to see the political equality and rights of the colored population as American citizens recognized by the organic law of the land, and that he stood "fully and frankly" upon the Chicago Republican platform of May, 1868. But that his election can not be regarded as an adoption and approval of these opinions is evident from the fact that he was warmly supported by Ax-DERW JOHNSON, and by every enemy of the Fifteenth Amendment and of the Republican platform. As in Virginia, where those who despise and hate the negro voted for Mr. WALKER, who favors their political equality, so in Tennessee they voted for Mr. SENTER, who declares himself their friend. In the general uncertainty the Savannah Republican advises the Southern States to avoid the Bourbon stupidity of the Northern Democrats, while a Virginia Repub-lican writes to the Tribune that the result of the election foreshows the extinction of Republicanism in that State.

It is plain, therefore, that the situation is emplicated. Republican Governors have been elected, and Republican principles have been apparently sustained by the bitter opponents of the Republican party, allied with some un-doubted Republicans. The explanation offered doubted Republicans. by the New York Times is, that the majority of the Democratic voters in the Southern States have renounced the old Democratic party without entering the Republican lines, and are seeking "new non-partisan" alliances in the hope

of forming a new political organization. It is a combination, the Times thinks, which "stands squarely upon a Republican foundation," and which should be kindly regarded by Northern Republicans. But however desirable and promising such a situation might be, the Times fails to produce the least proof of its existence. Democrats did undoubtedly vote for Mr. WALK-ER and Mr. SERTER; but in so doing they voted for their own enfranchisement, with a tolerable certainty of obtaining at the same time the political control of their States. Such a vote was merely the blustest horn of the dilemma. A majority of such Democrats, neither in Virginia nor in Tennessee, advocated the Republican doctrines of the candidates for whom they voted. They merely denounced tyranny and domanded enfranchisement. As one of them wrote to the World, they were compelled "to swallow the black dose of negro suffrage" as the condition of obtaining their own. When the Times asserts that "in respect of principle this new born alliance is identical with the out and out Republican party," it is certainly looking at events through its rosy hopes. If what it says be true, the new Virginia and Tennessee Legislatures will send out and out Republican Sens. tors to Congress.

The more probable explanation of the Southern elections is, that the late rebels and Democrats, persuaded that they could do nothing whatever until they were restored to political rights, decided to accept the situation so far as to do what was necessary to obtain that resto-ration. But that the majority of them, or any very large number, have relinquished their old convictions and animosities, or would refuse to combine again with their old allies in the Northern States, upon a fair prospect of success, we do not believe. As we remarked two or three weeks since, the great Democratic dogma of a white man's government can in-deed no longer be maintained; for the condition of the vote of the restored States is a renunciation of that folly. In this respect the Democratic party has been necessarily demoralized by the success of reconstruction. But that the equal rights of the citizens of Virginia or of Tennessee will be practically respected, or the administration cordially sustained, by such an alliance as that which has succeeded in the Southern States, is painfully problematical. We should be very sorry if all the friends of Republican principles and of General GRANT's administration were of the same kind.

We have no wish, however, to repel truly friendly advances; and we are very far from undervaluing what has been gained. The suffrage is legally equalized; colored citizens are declared eligible to office; and colored children are entitled to education. These concessions are great; but they have been wrung from those chiefly who are sollenly opposed to them. This could not be truly said if the new alliance were so wholly Republican as the Times believes If its assumption were correct, this equality would be as sure in Tennessee as it is in Massachusetts. But political and humane regeneration is not so rapid. The gains are indeed nominally great, but their reality depends upon a change in sentiment which must be very slow. If the alliance be really as the Times supposes, "on a Republican platform," we shall rejoice. But this is altogether too much to assume, and can be proved only by developments which it is certainly the duty of Republicans to await in no hostile, if also in no sanguine, spirit.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

Is the most forcible objection that could be made to the administration of Governor Horr-MAN were, that he goes to Saratoga and dances quadrilles, and if this appalling fact were reeated day after day in every form, is would be tolerably clear that nothing serious could be urged against his conduct of affairs. The incessant twaddle in the Democratic journals about the President's summer excursions shows in the same way the absence of any serious complaint. If one such significant and fatal act could be truly alleged of the President as the signing of the Erie bill by Governor Horr-MAN, he would be allowed, as the Governor is, to dance, if he were so inclined, in peace. By the veto power, says Mr. C. F. Adams, Jun., in the last North American Resiew, Governor Horr-MAN won and lost his reputation. It is well said, and the fact will not be forgotten. He used it to stop a drop, and he refused to use it against a torrent. But of the administration of General GRANT no grave accusation has yet been made by the Opposition. The key-hole gossip of the papers that record the hour when the President rises and the number of cigars he smokes, is the characteristic effort of Jankins in polities. He should confine himself to describing Miss A's ribbons and Mrs. B's slip-

Mr. WENDELL PRILLIPS, indeed, holds the President responsible for the result of the Southern elections, and for the injustice which is still shown to the colored population; and Mr. PHILLIPS so early and so clearly foresaw the dereliction of ANDREW JOHNSON that be has carned a peculiar right of speaking upon the subject. The men whose example he

quotes would unquestionably have carried the elections; but they would have carried them by the sword—and GRANT is a constitutional President. If he had given every office in those States, as Mr. PHILLIPS had advised, if he had written the strongest letters, could he have cajoled the votes of those who hate the negro? Could he give or withhold the suffrage? If Mr. BOUTWELL had been President does Mr. PHILLIPS think that Mr. STOKES would have been elected in Tennessee? system of government upon which Mr. PHIL-LIVE latterly insists is the absencest Casarism. He is impatient of the necessary frictions and delays of a free, popular government. He names RICHELIEU, BONAPARTE, WALPOLS. He might as wisely name GHENGIS KHAN and TIMOUR THE TARTAR. If, as Mr. PHILLIPS says, Northern property is nowhere safe at the South, if Texas reeks with outrages, if Southern loyalis's declare that there must be a change at Washington or they must fly, is it his duty to tell us what RICHELLER would have done or what President GRANT can do? Mr. PHILLIPS seems to us to overestimate the Executive power in this country, and to underestimate the element of time in producing changes of public opinion.

Those who supposed, as certainly Mr. PHIL-LIPS took care to tell us in advance that he did not suppose, that fraternity and good-will were instantly to prevail in the South, the public debt to be paid, the West Indies to be annexed, and taxation to be abolished by General GRANT'S election, have been naturally disappointed. He became President when there was a deplorable social condition in the Southern States, a heavy debt and taxasion, and perplexing foreign ques-tions. Toward the end of the first half year of his administration the debt is materially reduced, and the national credit improved; the principles of radical Republican Reconstruction and the Fifteenth Amendment have been formally, if not from conviction, approved in the Southern States that have voted; the English question, if not settled, is not embittered; the neutrality laws of the United States have been most firmly and successfully enforced; and the efficiency and honesty of the public service have been promoted. On the other hand, there are some mistakes to record. General SICKLES should not have been appointed Minister to Spain, and a proclamation reminding the country of its neutrality in the Cuben revolution should have been issued. As we write, nothing is certainly known of any negotiation with Spain in regard to Cuba. If the Administration made an offer with a menace, it has done what the character of the President and of the Sec-retary of State forbid us to believe to be pos-

The American people see in the conduct of the Administration thus far a steady regard to honesty and economy, a firm maintenance of the honor and best traditions of the country in its foreign relations, and strict fidelity to the principles which elected the President, Comtrasted with all the later Democratic administrations, it is free both from crime and from "Buncombe;" while in what condition at home and abroad the country would now have been if Honatio SEYMOUR and FRANCIS P. BLAIR had been elected, with WADE HAMPTON and his allies controlling affairs in the Southern States, is plain enough to every thinking man. The foolish abuse of the President by those who could not find words contemptuous enough for him when he was a candidate, is appropriately expressed by the pen of JENEINS and the tongue of Mr. A. OAKET HALL. But when Mr. PHIL-LIPS accuses the Administration of "disloyal spathy or honest incapacity" he ought certainly to give some proof of his charges.

EUROPE IN AMERICA.

THE Spanish Cortes will reassemble in October and elect a king. Meanwhile the Carlist demonstrations continue, and the Government has summoned the priests to explain their connection with the disorders. The situ the country naturally excites great attention in Europe, and it is undoubtedly felt that the Spanish hold upon her American colonies must soon be relaxed. Indeed, after a contest like that in Cuba, the most sagacious Spaniards most anticipate no other result. If Great Britain had repressed the revolution in this country in 1776 the independence of the colonies would have been only delayed; and if Spain should resume an apparent ascendency in Cuba it could only be for a brief time, and the next movement upon the island would angrily shake off her hand. England is evidently learning the lesson which the wiscet of Englishmen have been long urging. In his introductory lecture upon History at Oxford a dozen years ago, Professor GOLDWIN SEITH most truly said that nothing could ever atone to England for having lost the opportunity of parting friends with her American colonies. The late speech of Sir Joun Young in Canada shows that the mother country does not intend to alienate another colony by struggling to retain it against its will,

It is harder for Spain to learn the lesson; harder both because of her political backwardness and because of the greater profit of her colonies. Indeed, it seems almost hopeless to expect in the policy of the most advanced nations the simple good sense that marks private affairs; and, since it is hardly to be expected that England and the United States will treat the Alobama question as such a difference would be treated by two honorable men, it is useless to wish that Spain might have submitted the question of separation to the Cubans when the revolution began. If it be impossible for a European state to hold its American possessions forever, it might certainly provide for the parting without such anarchy as now prevails in Cuba. Points of pride and supposed honor are always in the way. Louis Naroleon, for instance, finds an insurrection in the streets. He declares that he will not treat with insurgents in arms. The reply is right if they demand in-justice, but foolish if their claims are fair. He suppresses the insurrection, restores what be calls his authority, and then yields what was demanded. Does he suppose that it has not been gained by the baffled insurrection, and that every insurgent does not know it? Spain is traditionally haughty, and will of course not treat with rebels. But is there no Spanish statesman shrewd enough to see that Spain must soon yield what her rebels demand?

Undoubtedly some kind of proposition has been made to the Spanish Government by the United States, and made unsuccessfully. That it was a wholly honorable proposition there can be no doubt. If, as is reported, the proposition has failed, the United States reserve every right, and it will be for them to decide when circumstances and the general welfare require positive action. Spain will not doubt, as she certainly has had no reason to question, that whatever may be done will be done in no spirit of hostility to a country which is bravely attempting to pass peacefully from the most degraded monarchical system to the most enlightened and

liberal popular government.

THE PRESIDENT AND MISSISSIPPL

Tun President has declared himself very emhatically in favor of the Republican party in Mississippi. This, we hope, will satisfy those who have imagined that he was neutral, or who suppose that in a system like ours the President will cease to sympathize with his party until, like Trues and Jourson, he has decided to was the Opposition. But as we have never suspected any such intention upon the part of General GRANT, we did not expect nor desire that he should expressly declare himself. Will our friends insist, also, that it is necessary for him to proclaim his sentiments in regard to the election of Mr. PACKER in Pennsylvania, and of Mr. PENDLETON in Ohio? May it not be presumed that he sympathizes with the principles that brought him into his present position? But there is no more doubt who represents those principles in Mississippi than there is in Ohio. The term "Conservative Republican" is merely a new Southern phrase for Democrat, as we have elsewhere suggested. If there is a new party proposed, what are its principles?

In his interview with Mr. TARRELL, the Republican representative from Mississippi, the President very properly said that he preferred his administration should speak by acts rather than by words. But it was perhaps natural that, under all the circumstances, he should be willing, in this instance, to state verbally what no Mississippi Republican ought ever to have doubted. General GRANT, indeed, has not been the kind of partisan that General Jackson was, who would certainly never have been asked to declare in what direction his sympathies in any election lay. But he has never swerved from his fidelity to the principles and policy of the party that gladly and proudly elected him, and the immensurable abuse of the Opposition should alone be sufficient to show how faithful to those principles he appears. If his political focs had suspected him of party infidelity their tone would have modulated as it has with ANDREW JOHNSON. Five years ago that gentleman was, in the opinion of the World, for instance, more bestial than the Roman Consul's horse. He was then a Republican by profession. From that time, in the degree that his real political sympathics reappeared, the tone of that discriminating and independent journal softened, until, having betrayed the party that elected him and justly become upon the whole the least respectable of American politicians, the same anthority declares him to be "a true man."

Our friends in the Southern States ought to see that if there is any doubt whatever of the President's position and sympathics there is If it is really necessary that he should state his preference for the success of his friends, the statement would be suspicious, But no man believes now, more than a year ago, that General GRANT could possibly imitate Ax-DRIW JOHNSON. He is necessarily more a Republican to-day than ever; and it is as superfluous to ask him to say so as to ask Mr. Courax to say it. With all other Republicans in the country he understands that the "Con-servative" party in the South is the party which

hopes to hear that Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. PACKER are elected, and whose success at home will be heartily hailed by Mr. VALLAN-DIGHAM and by Tammany Hall. To satisfy overanxious friends the President has consented to speak. But we protest against an importunity which necessarily throws a doubt upon his position.

REMEDIES FOR DISABLED HONOR.

A raw weeks ago in Paris a gentlemen, conceiving himself insulted by another, challenged him to a duel, and one of them was wounded, but will recover. At about the same time, in Boston, a gentleman under a similar impression seized the nose of another and "turned it moderately and quietly," for which he was sentenced to two months in the common jail, but has appealed. Now if there were really an offense of honor in both cases the remedy was obviously unfair, and therefore dishonorable. It is very true that there is a class of serious offenses-those that are described as mortal insults-for which the law furnishes no redress. When Dr. JOHNSON told the Billingsgate dame that she was an interjection and a vulgar fraction, her sense of outrage might have been a thousandfold more intolerable than if he had stolen a sole from before her, but no action for libel or slander was possible. She had but two practicable remedies: one was to strike him; the other to "sarce" back; unless indeed she were of the true Christian temper, and could offer the other check.

It is for the satisfaction of these suits which no court will entertain that the duello has been maintained. But its extreme absurdity is gradually abolishing it. In really civilized places like Boston it is already ridiculous, and it will be so in Paris as the French city advances in civilization. Yet where the formal duello has disappeared a substitute is still retained in the system of corporal correction upon the supposed offender, of which the moderate and quiet turning of the culprit's nose is the latest and certainly the most pleasing illustration, as conveying the impression of a higher civilization than is afforded by the hot and furious wrenching of that feature. But the duello in every form, even in this, is essentially unfair, as we have remarked, and therefore dishonorable,

The combatants in Paris were Guerave FLOWRENS and PAUL CASSAGNAC. Let us suppose that M. FLOWKERS is an accomplished swordsman or shot, and that he knows M. Cassagnac to be neither. Thereupon, in the most public place, in the opera, in the bois, M. Prownens turns the nose of M. Cassagnac in the most immederate and boisterous manner. In the civilization of Paris the duello, under such circumstances, is imperative. The challenged must choose swords or pistols. But obviously he has no remedy for an insult. He has only the choice of methods for his own murder. The consequence of such a system is, that every body's honor or life is at the mercy of a bully. Nor is it essentially different in the other case, except that hot blood may be an excuse; although whether hot blood can excuse a moderate and quiet turning of the nose is questionable. But here again a stalwart fellow, in the cars or elsewhere, may put as many imaginary chips upon his shoulder as he pleases, and when he fancies any of them gone, may quietly turn his small neighbor's nose ad libitum. What is a small neighbor to do? If he tries the counterturn he is soundly thrushed. Clearly he, also, has no remedy, and is equally at a bully's mercy. So that really if there are no better remedies for insulted honor than small swords and moderate and other turnings of the nose, isn't it perhaps better not to suffer your

A PUBLIC DISGRACE AND DANGER.

Is the late proceedings at Albany and along the line of the Susquehanna Railroad the people of this State and of the country have he ortunity of seeing the conseque growing power of enormous corporations. The courts of law, which are theoretically the last and passionless resort, and whose rigid impartiality is the sole hope of peaceful solutions of ng questions, are already subordinated to these bodies. They retain judges, and the gravest functions of law are as much merchandise as fruit in the market. There are judges in this State in whose probity there is no more confidence than in that of Reddy the Blacksmith; who belong to certain corporations and interests as the rolling stock of a railroad belongs to the Company. Of course, under such circumstances, private rights and public convenience are totally disregarded. And now it is not enough that there should be the most shameless prostitution of the forms of law, but the corporations proceed to open war upon the soil of the State, and the Governor issues a proclamation threatening to call out the entire military force at his disposal to restore order.

It is not the least suggestive fact that one of the belligerents in these hostilities represents the enormous power to whose dictation the same Governor yielded under the universal

suspicion in the public mind that the political Ring with which he is connected needed money that the corporation could furnish. In the present case, however, of the most flagrant and inexcusable breach of the peace, it was impossible that the Governor should so far outrage public sentiment as not to assume the attitude of a rigorous enforcer of the law. He has done what he ought to have done; but the of-ficial action of Governor HOFFMAN since his proclamation as Mayor, virtually favoring fraud at the polls, and his signing the Erie bill, inspires no confidence either in his principle or

The State of New York will soon fall, if it has not already fallen, under the absolute control of these great moneyed powers. One rail-road has for years paralyzed New Jersey, and there are at least two vast and unscrupulous corporations in New York. Whether they fight or whether they combine, the people suffer. Their purposes are their own aggrandizement and advantage. They rule by an iron will, and they are masters who can inspire fear only. The noblest incentive of action which a despot can offer, personal faith and loyalty, are un-known to them. Their sway is a gross, sordid, material influence. But, however this may be, every reflecting man sees the signs of the swift advance to political supremacy of great corporations in this country. They threaten Con-gress; they would bribe the press. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars has the Pacific Railroad spent for advertising? and how much does the country really know of the inner history of the Pacific Railroad? A newspaper naturally no more wishes to alienate immense and liberal advertisers than a clergyman wisher to send a wealthy parishioner out of church.

Mr. Panton informs us that corruption in Congress is an illusion. We hope it is so. May we believe the same of the New York Legislature and of New York Judges? And yet the same system that elects the indges elects the representatives to Albany and Washington. Is there no Indian Ring? and is every member of Congress selected for his power of resisting "infinence?" The member is virtually elected by the cancus. Does corruption never attend primary meetings? What explanation can possibly be made of a letter like that of Mr. ASHLEY to Mr. CASE? Mr. ASHLEY'S letter to the Times certainly did not account for it satisfactorily; and are we to suppose that Mr. Assess was the only member who sophisticated himself?

The power of these vast moneyed organizations can not be overestimated, nor can that of the evil of that power. Their conduct is the business of every citizen, and he has by no means done his part when be has read with incredulity and wonder the reports in the papers of their pocketing judges and marshaling their retainers for battle. It is not an amusing spectacle; it is a menacing demonstration. It should warn us to do what we can to correct public opinion, and to promote honesty in legislation by selecting honorable men for legislators. For many a year we shall pay the penalty of having so long forgotten that our government begins in the primary meeting, and that the condition of its purity and permanence is care and conscience upon the part of every citizen.

NOTES.

Ir was to be expected that the eclipse would produce fine writing, but we hardly expected any thing so good as that of a correspondent from a certain Western city. "The city re-joiced," says this admirable chronicier, "for al-most every man, woman, and child was provided during the day with smoked and colored glass-". But it was not the outward ever only that But it was not the outward eye only that was to be gratified.

"Business was deferred for this day, and every uind's eye became entirely fixed on the anticipated wonderful celestial phenomenon. If all along the cen-tral line of totality were pitts fortunate with as in parity of atmosphere, science will to-day have made much advancement in shiftly to convey to the human mind a more satisfactory idea of the physical consti-tution of the orb of day.

The course of events is faithfully followed in the description until

"At 8.16 o'glock there came a sudden flash, as from a star, far more brighter than one of the first magnitude, and vastly more instrum, and the luminary disappeared. At the same instant there spraing into vision the corona, encircling the opaque moon, and Venus and Mercury came sweetly into view, when an erclamation of joyfu admiration benst involuntarily from the lips of a group of by standers—ladice, gentlemen, and children.

"At eighteen minutes and sixteen seconds past five o'clock, with the same splendid star-like flash that it had shown at the commencement, the totality dissp-

The climax of this glowing author is incom-

"Cows continued to grave in the fields, and horses tood unmoved during the eclipse; but chickens crow-d, fluttered, and went to roost. Mrs. Loress Dav, & Philadelphia, on a visit to her son Gasess Dav, log, has winessed three total eclipses, and thinks his the finest of them all."

THE new Republican City Committee, of which we spoke last week, opens its campaign by a most vigorous exposure of what must be called the rescality of other similar organizations in the city. It will undoubtedly claim recognition at the State Convention; and whether successful or not, it should be regarded as a protest too

powerful to be disregarded, against the present bodies that assume to represent the party in this city, and to dictate to the responsible officers of the United States Government whom they shall select as assistants. Every such officer, under our present system, will naturally listen with respect to the respectful suggestions of his party associates, as he will instantly repel any as-sumption of such dictation as was attempted with Marshal Barnow. The Republican ma-jority out of the city is tired of the endless city rangles which are transferred to every State Convention, and will now undoubtedly insist the wishes of all honorable and candid members of the party in this neighborhood shall be sustained and a new organization effected. If the formation of the new Committee does not attain that result, we trust that others and still others will be formed until the present organiza-tion is wholly destroyed. The Tribuse suggests that the Committee appointed by the last State Convention to arrange the troubles in the city should arrange them. It is a very good sugges-tion; and we beg to add to it that the root of the difficulty is, that the city Committees have become mere office brokerages, and the business of a Republican Committee is not to procure offices for its members.

"Tun Seven Curses of London," lished by HARPER & BROTHERS, is by JAMES GREENWOOD, so well known as the "amateur castal." It is a thorough exposure, by a master hand, of the evils of great cities like London and New York. It treats of neglected children, professional thieves, professional beggars, fallen wo-men, drunkenness, gambling, and indiscriminate alms-giving. While it investigates these evils, it also suggests methods of reform. The Messrs. Harren have issued this book at the low price of twenty-five cents.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Tux Ohlo Democratic State Convention, on August 11, nominated the Blon. George H. Pendleton for Gov-ernor of that State, General Rosecrats having declined the nomination. Pendleton has accepted. Governor Senter's majority in Tennessee was over

Governor Senter's anajority in Tennessee was over 60,000.

On his return to San Francisco-from Alaska Ex-Secretary Seward is to be presented with a case valued at \$1000 by the Society of California Pionees. The head of the case is composed of forty-are triangular pieces of gold-bearing quarts from the leading mines of California, set in gold.

There is no end of railway accidents. On the Pennsylvania Northern Central Road a passenger train was threat the miles west of Harrishung, and the engineer killed and several presengers wounded. On the Milwarker and St. Paul Bailroad wounded. On the Milwarker and St. Paul Bailroad a train ran off the track on the evening of the lith, near St. Paul; the from a was killed, and the engineer and baggage-master were injured.

killed, and the engineer and baggage-master were injured.

The famous Artesian well at the St. Louis Insane Asylem has at length been abundaned as a failure. It has reached a dopth of St45 fact, and was costing the city \$18 30 per day, with a progress of only four and a half inches daily. The water found is bitter and brackish, though cold and sparkling, and rises to within 120 feet of the mouth of the well. At the depth of 1200 feet of the mouth of the well. At the depth of 1200 feet pere wence water was found, and measures will be taken to "ping off" the well at that point, by which means the brackish water will be excluded and the fresh water secared for the use of the asylum. The work has been in progress for a number of years, and has cost the city heavily.

The boilers of the packet Camberland, for Evanstille to Cairo, exploided near a piace called Shawnestown, in Illinois, on August 14, and eighteen or twenty lives were lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FOREIGN NEWS,

The British Parliament was prorogued August 11. The Queen, in her closing message, announced that she continued to receive from foreign Powers the strungest assurances of their friendly disposition. In regard to the suspension of the seguintions with this country on the Aisberss claims, she said she hoped this delay would tend to maintain relations between the two countries on a durable basis of friendship. She noticed the several important acts of the session; trasted the disestablishment of the Irish Church would promote the work of peace in Irish of the greaton; trasted the disestablishment of the Irish Church would promote the work of peace in Irish of the removal of the duty on corn as a step in the right direction; and beport the measure for the purchase and management of the telegraph by the government night facilitate the great commercial and social object of rapid, easy, and certain communication, and prove no unworthy sequel to the excellent system of cheap postage.

We have a report from Spain that a reinforcement of 20,000 men is to be sent to Cuba in September. The Spanish Cortes will assemble in October.

The international boat-race between the Orderd and Harrard crows has been fixed for August 27.

The international boat-race between the Orderd and Harrard crows has been fixed for August 28.

Manhal Nell, of France, died on the 14th of August. The one-hundredth smulversary of the birth of Napoleon I. was celebrated in France August 15; and coulse day a general anneaty was graved to press and political offenders, and to army and navy deserters.

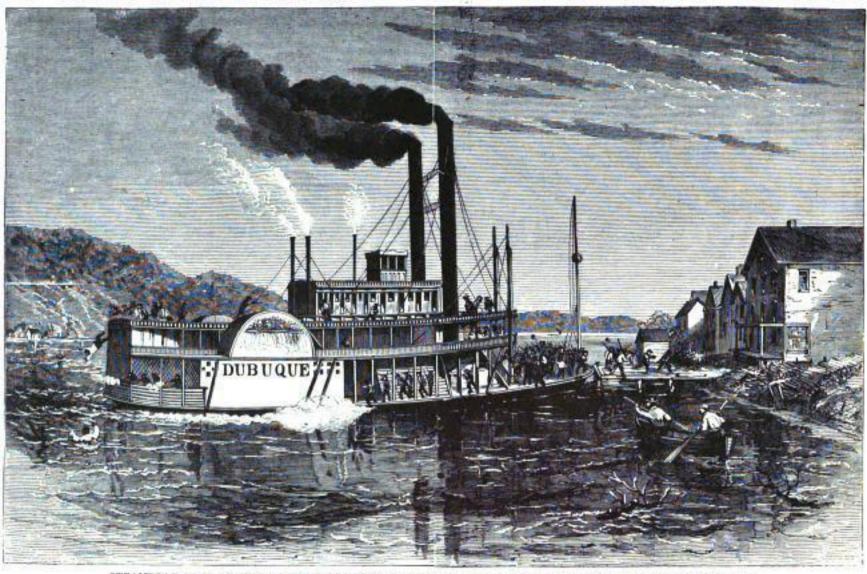
The news from Cuba is conflicting. Spanish reports indicate that General Jordan has been driven to the monntains, while the Cuban advices are to the effect that that General has given the Spanishra a severe transbing.

The hordible cruelies practiced upon the unfertures Carrestinanum at Crascow, with the stear of which

ports indicate that General Jordan has been driven to the mountains, while the Cohan advices are to the effect that that General has given the Spaniards a severe threshing.

The horrible cruckies practiced upon the unfortunate Carnellies and at Cracow, with the story of which Europe has been singing ever store their disclosure, have specifily produced their natural result. A Commission has already been appointed by the Austrian Government to prepare a bill for placing monastic institutions, like all other coporate associations, under strict Government supervision and control.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, after having connected two seas, is now proposing to create a new one. It appears that some enterprising explorers of Cautral Africa have put forward the opinion that the Schara is the bed of an old sea displaced by a convalion of nature. On the faith of that assertion M. de Lesseps allitte time ago sent some engineers to examine the configuration of the soit, and from the result of their above has become convinced that the desert in question was at its nearest limit eighty-right feet below the level of the Ried Bea, and that the despression went on increasing toward the interior. He is, therefore, of opinion that a canal seventy-dive miles the night would enfine to put the Ried Bea and the Schara is communication, seager to the latter its original destination and create an every method of intercourse with Cautral America by means of these artificial oceans. Should such an operation be scriously taken in band it is to be beped that due notice will be given to all points from which the various crawmas taxt, or the consequences to the traveling public in Africa might prove highly disastrons.



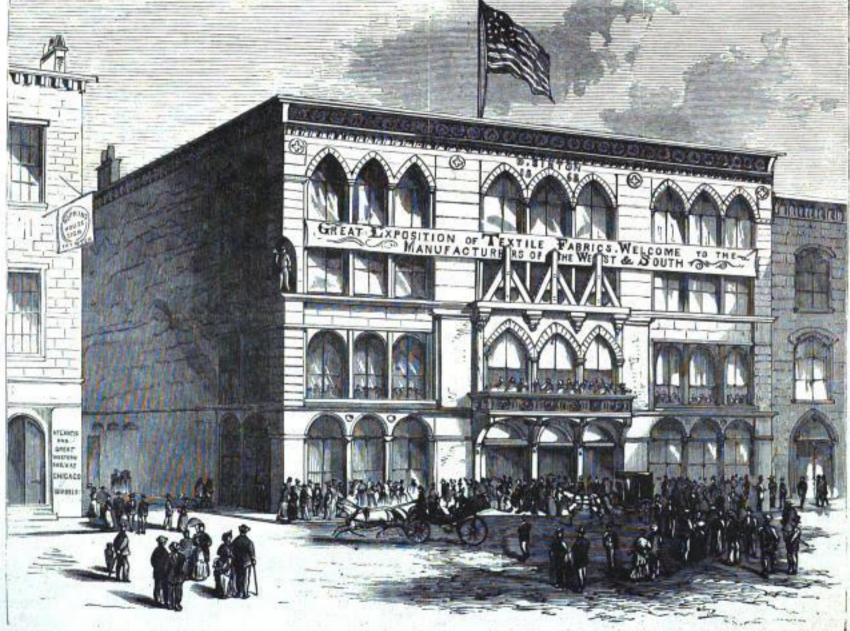
STEAMBOAT RIOT ON THE "DUBUQUE," ABOVE DAVENPORT, IOWA, JULY 29, 1869.—[Seetched by H. H. Henderson.]

STEAMBOAT RIOT ON THE MISSISSIPPL

STEAMBOAT RIOT ON THE
MISSISSIPPI.

Our illustration on this page represents a scene of inhuman butchery scarcely ever par-

to restrain their movements. The crew consisted of about thirty negroes, and, as it devolved upon them to repress the tumult, they became the victims of the rioters. Six of them were killed, and on their attempt to escape on their arrival



EXPOSITION OF TEXTILE FABRICS AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, AUGUST 3-7, 1869.—SKETCHED ST J. AMBELM.—[SEE PAGE 550.]

PRABODY STATUE, LONDON.

THE ceremony of pub-licly unveiling the bronze statue of Mr. GEORGE PRABODY, the American benefactor of the London poor, was per-formed by the Parson or Walks on July 23; and the Lord Mayor and other civic dignitaries, with the new American Minister and many of the leading citizens, took part in the

proceedings.
The Parson WALES, before unveiling the statue, honored the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress with his company at lunchwith much splendor in the great saloon of the Mansion House. A se-lect company had been invited to meet the Parson, among whom were Mr. MOTLEY, Miss BURDETT COUTTS, and Mr. W. W. Stony, the American sculptor.

The ceremony of unveiling the statue took place at the Royal Exchange, the PRINCE OF WALES officiating. Sir BENJAMIN PHILLIPS, as chairman of the Peabody Memorial Com-mittee, addressed the PRINCE, stating that it

was designed by this statue to commemorate an act almost without parallel in English history, and to express the gratitude of the English peo-ple for Mr. Prancor's gifts to the poor of Lon-don. "It will tell," said he, "to future genera-tions, and, for all time, to our children and our children's children, how a plain and earnest man, born in another country, settled among us, and by a long, prosperous, and honorable career, became one of our merchant princes, and, having realized a kingly fortune, conceived the desire of distributing it in his life, not with the object of self-aggrandizement, but for the Godlike purpose of ameliorating the miseries, assuaging the woes, and elevating the social and moral condition of his fellow-creatures." He further stated that the committee had chosen Mr. Sroay for the sculptor of this statue, as a distinguished countryman of Mr. Prancov, in order to show their regard for the United States of America. They hoped it would be symbolical of the peace and friend-ship that should always exist between the two countries, inhabited by people of the same race, speaking the same language, and inspired with the same love of freedom.



WHICH OF THE THREE?-(SEE POEM, PAGE 180.)

In reply to this address the Princip of Walks aid: "Among the many duties which I have the privilege of performing none could have given me greater pleasure than to assist and take part in the unveiling of this statue on this occasion. The name of George Pranon't is so well known to all of you that really I feel some difficulty in saying any thing new of that remarkable man; but, at the same time, it affords me the deepest gratification to join in paying a mark of tribute and respect to the name of that great American citizen and philanthropist-I may say that citizen of the world. England can never adequately pay the debt of gratitude which she owes to him, London especially, where his wonderful charity has been so liberally distributed. For a man not born in this country to give a sum, I believe, of more than a quarter of a million of pounds sterling for purposes of benevolence is a fact unexampled. His name will go down to posterity as one who, as Sir Benjamin Phillips so justly remarked, has tried to ameliorate the position of his poorer fellow-citizens, and especially to benefit their moral and social character. I have not yet had the opportunity

of seeing the statue which is about to be un-veiled; but, having had the privilege of knowing the sculptor, Mr. Stoux, for a space of now about ten years, I feel sure it will be one worthy of his reputation, and worthy also of the man to whom it is dedicated. Before concluding the few imperfect remarks which I have ventured to address to you, let me thank Mr. Mottay, the American Minister, for his presence on this occasion, and assure him what pleasure it gives me to take part in this great, and, I might almost say, national ceremonial of paying a tribute to the name of his great and distinguished country-Be assured that the feelings which I per sonally entertain toward America are the same as ever they were. I can never forget the recep-tion which I had there nine years ago, and my earnest wish and hope is that England and Americs may go hand in hand in peace and prosper-

Mr. Morrary afterward spoke, and in the course of his remarks said that the name of Mr. Pra-nonr needed no enlogy. "Most fortunate as well as most generous of men, he has discovered a secret for which misers might sigh in vain-

the art of he great fortune for hims through all time. I I have often thought this connection of a fa-mous epitaph, familiar, no doubt, to many who now hear me: 'What I spent I had; what I gave I have; what I kept I lost.' And what a mag-nificent treasure, accord-ing to these noble and touching words, has our friend and the poor man's friend preserved for him-self till time shall be no

"And tongues to be his bounty shall rehearse When all the breathers of this world are dead?"

Of all men in the world he least needs a monu-ment." Mr. MOTLEY ment." Mr. Morear went on to speak of the statue, which he had seen in Mr. Srory's studio at Rome, and which he praised as a faithful likeness, having once seen Mr. Peanony and his statue sented side by side.

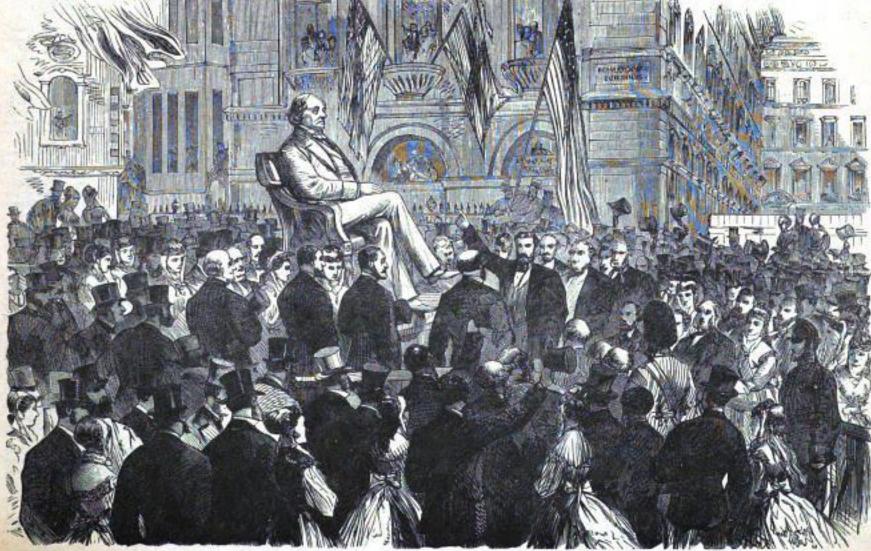
Mr. Storr, the sculp-tor, having been called on, said, jocosely, he had no speech to make. He added, significantly, pointing to the statue, "That is my speech," a remark which occasion-

ed much merriment.

The ceremony was then brought to a close, and the Princer took his leave. His Royal High-

ness, as he did so, was repeatedly cheered.

A letter which QUEEN VICTORIA wrote to Mr. A letter which Quark Victoria wrote to Mr. Pranody on his leaving England is published by the Boston Post. Her Majesty wrote: "The Quarks is very sorry that Mr. Pranody's sudden departure has made it impossible for her to see him before he left England, and she is concerned to hear that he is gone in bad bealth. She now writes him a line to express her hope that he may return to this country quite recovered, and that she may then have the opportunity, of which she has now been deprived, of seeing him and offering him her personal thanks for all of which she has now been deprived, of seeing him and offering him her personal thanks for all he has done for the people." The note was transmitted by Mr. ARTRUR HELTR, the Clerk of the Privy Council, who adds that the Queen also commanded him "to be sure and charge Mr. PEARODT to report himself on his return to England." The design, inaugurated by Mr. PEARODT and Mr. A. T. STEWART, to become during their lives the executors of their own estates for rabilizathronic surmoses will we have be incifor philanthropic purposes, will, we hope, be imi-tated by others who, like them, have been so fornate as to accumulate vast wealth.



THE PRINCE OF WALES UNVEILING THE STATUE OF MR. GEORGE PEABODY AT THE BOYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.

WHICH OF THE THREE! Res Illustration on Page 549.

WHICH of the three so sweet, I wonder, Which of the three so sweet, I wonder,
Do sensible bachelors long to woo,
By wavelets' wash and ripple, and under
The haze of a sky which is blue—so blue!
A magnet thrill at the heart should beckon
The passionate boys to the rocks to see
Such deep-sea treasures, and pause to reckon,
Their chance and choice of the maidens three.

Which of the three? 'tis weary choosing, A tale which l'aris of old begins, two must bitterly hate for losing, And only one can adore who wins. A golden apple, the swain on Ida Bestowed on the fairest maid, but he Would please how few did he dare decide a Reward for the best of my maidens three.

Which of the three? their faces surely Are best of books for a man to read; When Millicent's eyes look down demurely, My hutterfly gentlemen, pray take heed! For eyes of blue, though the dark lash hide them, Deceive like songs which a siren sings; But blue or black let us sit beside them, And, like the butterflies, burn our wings.

Which of the three? the long wave bushes Its voice in pleasure about their feet;
The sea-guil stoops, and his white wing brushes
Their golden hair; on the rocks, their seat,
The sea anemones bloom; their dresses The impudent breezes love to toss In sweet disorder, and toy with tresses Which tell too truly a ribbon's loss.

Which of the three? the query's idle, Twixt dark and fair, or short and tall, Would any one choose if he dured to sidle, And sit a monarch amidst them all? A Mormonite tone the ozone instilleth To those who are happily surnamed " young;" For there on the sand, to the man who willeth, Is a throne three beautiful maids among.

Which of the three? if I needs must choose one. To rank all maids in the world above, I'd take, nor care if the world above one, That maid whose attitude whiteers love And then, when summer returned, I'd wander No more alone by the dear old sen; But all that was best in the world I'd squander On her-the best of the maidens three.

EXPOSITION OF TEXTILE FAB-RICS, CINCINNATI.

Ar this time, when ocean caldes and internaficeal canals and interoceanic rallways occupy so large a share of the public attention, there is great danger lest in our absorption by these more general aspects of commerce we should forget those interests by which the great sections of our common country are bound together. The recent exposition of textile fabrics at Cincinnati, Ohio, was a brilliant conception. It was an in-vitation of the South to unite with the West in the opening of a new era, which promises un-paralleled prosperity to both those sections.

This exposition revealed the weakness of Southern and Western manufactories as to the

extent of their operations; but it also clearly proved that in the quality of the articles pro-duced they need not shrink from a comparison with their Eastern rivals.

It seems stronge that in a city like Cincinnati,

numbering 200,000 souls, there should be but a single weekening. But such is the fact.

The rooms in which the expession was held were specious, extending back from Vine Street. 150 feet; and with their great width, high reilings, and good light, they famished ample for littles for the display of goods. In the rear of the first room, confrosting the visitors as they arrived, were the words, "Welcome to the Massufacturers of the West and South."

Looms of the best kind were on exhibition.

There were jeans that would compare with any manufactured in the world; ensimores superior to much that is manufactured in New England; and long shawls from the prairies of the West and Northwest that were equal to any produced

on this continent.
This is the second exposition of textile fabrics in the Northwest. The peculiar characteristic of this second convention is the invitation to cooperation accorded to the South. In this mat-ter of manufactures the West and the South are natural allies. And why should they not excel in manufactures? The just history of both these sections answers the question. The West must, from the necessities of the case, be, in the first instance, occupied in interests purely agricul-tural; and as for the South, so long as slavery existed only agricultural pursuits were possible. But why should the past be repeated in the fu-ture? Governor HAYES, of Ohio, put this affair in the right light when he said, at the opening of this exposition :

of this exposition:

"Where fact, and food, and land, and building materials, and minerals are abundant and cherp; where the climate is healthful and friendly to labor; where the firm to be produced without limit; where the consumption of the manufactured article is large; where the best facilities are afferded for transporting both new material and the fabric, by lead and by water, to and from the great markets of the world—it would seem that the only remaining elements essential to the accessful establishment of any desired manufacture are capital and labor; and that, with the conditions here supposed, both capital and labor are bound to appear at the command of intelligence, enterprise, and with. Now I seed not pame to marshal facts and figures to prove that in the Busine represented by the gentlemen whom we are glad to welcome to day are land, and fiel, and food, and materials for building, and minoral westat; a climate healthful, and in which it is good for man to work; roads, canale, rivers, lakes, railways, for easy and rapid transportation to and from all the earth. All of these things, if we would see them, we have but to open our eyes

State Thomas and a private of the

and look around us. The wise farmer, traveling intrough a new country looking for good land, knows when he has reached it by the forest which covers it. The soil is known by its trees. Judge this favored region, which we still call the Northwest, by the farmer's rule. Behold what has grown up on this land during the few years since duffused men ferst began to possess it! Louisville, Memphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwankee, Detroit, Pittaburg, Cheveland, Chicago, Milwankee, Detroit, Pittaburg, Cheveland, Chicago, Milwankee, Detroit, Pittaburg, Chevaland, Chicago, Milwankee, Detroit, Pittaburg, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwankee, Detroit, Pittaburg, Chicago, Milwankee, Detroit, Pittaburg, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwankee, Detroit, Pittaburg, Chicago, Pittaburg, Chi

This exposition is a more important affair than at first it would seem. It suggests the con-first of the future. The great questions which are to agitate the nation will relate to finance and commerce. And upon these questions the West and South are to be for the most part

Twenty thousand persons visited the exposition on the second day. One characteristic event of that day was the arrival of an invoice of goods from the mills of Bescham Youwe, Salt Lake City, Utah. These were principally cassimeres. On the evening of August 5 there was a sumptions banquet at the Burnet House. A trade-sale was inaugurated on the 6th, at which the goods on exhibition were disposed of.

THE BAR OF GOLD. By ANNIE TROMAS.

GERALD ADAIR had lived a very useless, careless, selfish life for many years; but until after he had met with Violet Leigh he had never com-mitted any thing that could be stigmatized as a crime, either by the best or the most censorious of men. After that meeting it would have been hard for the most lenient or the most lax to pronounce him inoffensive any more.

The meeting took place in this wise: Down

in the luxuriant, ferny depths of South Devon a richly wooded and watered gorge, between two boldly rising lines of hills, had been made the scene of a picnic that had been organized on a colossal scale by a couple of the best known and best liked people in the neighborhood. when Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot filled their house with worn-out fashionable people at the end of the London season, it (the place) naturally occurred to them as one that might be set as the stars for the enactment of one of these stage for the enactment of one of those diversions which were absolutely necessary for the diverting of the already sated pleasure-seckers.

"We must have a picnic at Ivy Bridge among other things," Mrs. Arbuthnot had said while stretching out a programme that was ordained to be "clastic" from the first. She made this suggestion in the presence of Mr. Adair the morning after that gentleman's arrival at Glade, and some-how or other he made his silent disapprobation

manifest to her.
"Why don't you cordially indorse instead of mutely scorning my plan, wretched man?" the young hostess asked, laughingly. "Briefly, because I abhor picnics," he an-

"The girls pursue their flirtations too remorea-lessly at them; the food suffers from the transit and gets fetid; the wine is hot; the attitude in which these unpromising things are consumed is

Those are all silly, groundless complaints that have been leveled against the time-honored institution a thousand times, and refuted. I ex-pected something more original from you," Mrs. Arbuthnot said.

Arbuthnot said.

"Refute them now. I will be easily convinced since you wish it."

"Well," she said, laughing, "the majority of the girls who will be at our picnic are too pretty and to pursue firstation. Your wine shall to need to pursue firitation. Your wine shall be as well iced as if you were dining at home; and the hampers shall not disgrace Gunter or Fortnum and Mason. Don't be absurd—go and enjoy it, and confess to me afterward that Violet Leigh would have made all the evils even you sketched out neceptable."
"Who is Violet Leigh?" he asked.

"She is the most perfectly lovely girl it has ever been my lot to meet," Mrs. Arbuthnot— who was by way of being a beauty herself—said,

warmly.
"Ah!" he said, with his most insufferable air, "I don't like your country beaut

Mrs. Arbuthnot suppressed her impatience. "I will tell you who she is," she said. shall then say what you imagine her to be. She is the only daughter of the late Sir Aymott Leigh -a careless, improvident man, as you know; for even you may own to having heard of Sir Aymott without loss of caste. He left Violet penniless, but she has been adopted by the Vincents, old friends of her father's; and rumor says at the richest beiress in the county. You needn't turn up your nose at her; she is the belle of every place at which she appears; she caused a sensation in Paris last year.

"So she tells you, I suppose," he said, laugh-

ing.
"So she doesn't tell me, scoffer, but so I hap-

pen to know. Now picture her."
"Thanks; but the remuneration of being right would be too slight a one," he said, care lessly. "However, I will go to your picnic, not to be charmed with Miss Violet Leigh, but because you desire me to do so."

Kate Arbuthnot laughed. It was a well-un-derstood thing among them all that Mr. Adair's speaken fighteries and open adoration of her meant nothing. Her husband liked the man. "Not that I knew any good of him," Mr. Arbuthnet would say; "but, on the other hand, I don't

know any harm of him, you see; and he likes Kate, and Kate can keep any fellow from liking her too much." This being the state of the case, Mr. Adair was willing enough to bury himself in the solitudes of Glade much more frequently than in any other of his numerous country haunts. He was even willing to go the length of attending that which most London men who have passed their "saled days" would most sedulously eachew— namely, a country pienic—for the sake of pleas-ing his fair pleasant hostess. The lady smiled a smile of gratified acquiescence now. "After all, why should you feign to be above most things, and weary of the rest?" she said. "I don't believe you to be either, remember; but the great majority accept your own estimate of yourself, and think that you are sated with pleasure and saddened with thought."

"Decidedly I am not sated with pleasure," be

said.
"Are you saddened with thought? No, I

"I do think sometimes, though you think me incapable of the effort, I know

"But you're on the top of the tide; you're well off, and you will be better off when your uncle dies. You're young and good looking (you know the latter fact so well that I needn't

scruple to mention it to you). You're tolerably clever, and you have no wife to worry you."

"Yot a wife is the very thing you are always advising me to take. What other motive, for instance, have you in putting Miss Leigh in my

"Yes, I should like you to take her," Mrs.
Arbuthnot said. "A wife like Violet, but not
any wife."
"What day do you say your picnic is to be?"

he said, sudde

said, suddenly. "Next Wednesday."

"Next Wednesday."

"Ah! a thousand pities that business should call me away on Toesday," he said.

"Now, Mr. Adair, you are trying to trifle with me; and I won't have it. Ivy Bridge is a charming place. If you don't like the actors, you will approve of the stage and the scenery. I won't say another word about Violet Leigh to you. I won't even introduce her to you. You shall be free as air to neafect my hearity hat shall be free as air to neglect my beauty; but

you shall go to my picnic."

So it came to be an understood thing (during the interval that clapsed between this conversation and the picnic) among all Mrs. Arbuthnot's intimates that Mr. Adair was staying for the picnic as a favor, and that the favor was a very great one. Violet Leigh heard of it from a mutual friend of hers and Mrs. Arbuthnot's, and Vi-olet Leigh derided the idea.

A favor; why should it be a favor? What is there in the man that Kate makes herself absurd about him?

"Katé, and her husband too, think him brilliant and clever, and an acquisition to any set,

iant and cieves, and the friend replied.

"Do they? I never do like the Admirable Crichtons that are discovered by my friends; I hope Kate won't expect me to go into similar ecetasies over him, and to regard his dancing with me as a great favor."

Thus it appeared almost as if the two whom Mrs. Arbuthnot had designed the picnic for, in the hope that each would be as much struck with the other as she was with them both respectively, were prejudiced against each other from the

werr first.

Wednesday, the day of the picnic, dawned brolling, bright, and beautiful as it is possible for a July day in South Devon to be. The trysting-place was a well-known inn in the heart of the country town, just opposite to the ivy-cov-ered bridge which gives its name to the place. Here the guests who had been assembled by Mrs. Arbuthnot met, and held a consultation as to where they should wander and when they should dies. When this last important matter was definitely fixed upon, that ardent search after the picturesque which characterizes most picnics commenced—a search which apparently can only be properly conducted in pairs.

The picturesque does not render the search after itself difficult in the region round about Ivy Bridge. In the first place there is the river Erme, which comes rolling down from Dartmoor, over boulders that are like polished marble when looked at through the crystal water-rolling down over boulders and between high banks, fringed with trees and shrubs and ferns in match-less profusion and endless variety. No sweeter place for a stroll than the banks of this shaded stream can be found in the whole of this nature-favored district. And if the quiet, secluded beauty palls upon one, a short, tough ascent brings one to the broad, hold, breezy border of Dartmoor, which civilization has left untouched and untainted as yet.

One of the last to arrive was Violet Leigh. Che or the next to serve of handsome small chestnut cobs, driving fast and cleverly, for she was to be chaperoned by her hostess, and she feared being lane. Mr. Adair was standing by feared being lane. Mr. Adair was standing by Mrs. Arbuthnot's side as the young lady checked her cobs, and leaned forward to excuse herself for the delay she fancied she had coused. "I was afraid you would have started for the woods, she said, "and that I should have enacted the part of unprotected young lady all day."

Why were you not more punctual?" asked Mrs. Arbuthnot

"You know I am not mistress of my own time, nor yet of my own actions," the girl an-swored, hastily, and Gerald Adair looked at her with interest for the first time.

She was worth looking at. longed to openly confess that she was—utterly different to his precenceived notions of the country beauty and heiress. A graceful, elegant, thorough-bred looking girl, with a world of quiet, courtly self-possession in her air. Slender in figure, exquisitely dressed, pale and fair complex-

ioned, with soft masses of wavy brown hair dressed far forward, nearly on to her wide brow in front of her chignon. A delicate, slightly aquiline-featured face, with dark violet eyes fringed with silky, curly black lashes. A very lovely young lady, "but something better than lovely, too," he told himself. "She might be a lovely, too," he told himself. "She might be a peeress in her own right, indeed, to judge by her looks."

True to her promise, Mrs. Arbuthnot made no attempt to her promise, are. Aroutanot made no attempt to introduce Mr. Adair to Miss Leigh; and he felt half annoyed with his favorite friend on account of that strict observance of her word on which she was secretly priding herself. "They are the two best adapted to each other in all the party," she thought; "and it serves them both right that I treat them according to the letter of their recones." This was the thought that flashed their request." This was the thought that flashed through her mind before they started for the ante-dinner stroll. By the time the post-dinner was imminent Mr. Adair lowered his flag.

"I wish you would make me known to Miss Leigh," he said, quietly.
"You're not asking this to please me?" the

"You're not asking this to please me?" the gratified listle matron asked.

"No, indeed; entirely to please myself," he answered. "She shines like a star amidst all these people you have collected. What wonder that I desire to have her shine upon me alone?"

"I wish I had the strength of mind to punish such selfish conosit by refusing your request; as I haven't—Violet, allow me to introduce our friend, Mr. Adair, to you; I want you to make him comprehend this truth—that my picnic was worth waiting for."

Miss Leigh smiled rather languidly; rather too languidly, Mr. Adair thought, as their hostess moved away.

moved away.
"A man convinced against his will, etc.," she A man convinced against his will, etc., "and quoted presently. "Why should I attempt, moreover, to upset what is perhaps a pet theory of yours? You like to imagine yourself superior to this sort of thing; why should I try to prove

to you that you are not? You have proved it to me already," he said, adroitly guiding her into a path that none of the others had taken. And Mrs. Arbuthnot, keenly glancing after them, felt happy when she saw them disappear round a corner together, alone.

them disappear round a corner together, alone.

A formight after this they were alone with each other once more. By this time, though, being wish each other had become the one thing in the whole world to them. During this formight Mr. Adair had pursued Violet incessantly, "madly" even, Mrs. Arbothnot called it in joke—"madly," the man felt it to be in reality. He was born to attract women. His normal insoucience and frequent carnestness won upon, flattered, bothered, and beguiled them. He was handsome, accomplished, well-bred. The graceful beauty, the Queen of Calm, as she had been called, surrendered to him after a brief struggle. She could dered to him after a brief struggle. She could not suppress the slight flush which would rise to her cheeks, and the slight throbbing which would affect her heart, when he approached her. And, as for him, there seemed to be nothing of exag-geration in the impassioned words which he was addressing to her now as she sat embowered in flowers in a deep bay-window in Mrs. Arbuthnot's drawing-room:

""Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green lale in the sea, love,
A focutain and a shrine,
All wreathed about with fowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

"Are all the flowers mine?" he continued, passionately. "Tell me! No other man has forced such roses as these into bloom?" and he lightly touched her cheek with a sprig of myrtle as he spoke.

"No other man has ever said such words to me. I should never have listened to them, she said, softly. He was going to leave Glade on the morning of the next day, and Violet was feeling so sure in her love and happiness; so sure that he would not go without asking her to be

Suddenly, to her surprise, he half knelt at her side. Suddenly, to her horror, he breathed an anotherna against that fatal picnic party.

"What is it, Gerald?" she said, in a whisper. It was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name. At the same time she put her hand down and touched his hand.

"Violes," he said, grasping hers fiercely and firmly; "how will your dear eyes look at me after this day? How will your dear voice ever name me?"
"Always kindly," she said, trembling a listle.

"No, no; you will despise and disown me, as I deserve. I know what you, what any woman must expect-would be wrong and manly not to expect, in fact. I ought to ask you to be my wife to-day. I would give my life to be able to do it, and I dare not!"

Oh, Gerald! why?' All her pride and stately sweet grace were as she rang out the pitsous entreaty. She felt so sure of his love. There must be some hideous mistake in all this!

"There is a bar between us, darling," he said, looking up, miserably.
"A bar! What bar? No bar strong enough

to keep us asunder," she said, impetuously.
"A little har of gold—a wedding-ring. I have a wife already!"

"For all that my eyes will never look, or my voice never name you loss kindly than they have already done," she said, recovering her sweet,

outward calm, but feeling her heart to be wounded, broken, bloeding.
"You do not reproach me, Miss Leigh," he

eid, rising to his feet.

We must not represch each

We hefore

other, say rather. Tell me of your wife before I go; and I go, must go soon."

Then he told her how he had been inveigled into marrying a woman older than himself while

with the best of the control of the

he was still a mere boy. "She was beautiful then," he said; "but she was not a woman I may dare to talk to you shout. I never respected her. I never loved her after the first few days of mad passion were over. I have disliked her for years; but I never so loathed her as I do now that she stands between me and you, the brightest vision of my life.

brightest vision of my lite.

"Why do you not live with her?" Violet asked,
with more of sternness than he had ever heard
in her tones before. "Why do you neglect her,
and go about under false colors, feigning to be a
free man, when you are..."

free man, when you are—"
"A very bond slave," he interrupted. "Why do I do it? This is why; I have it in me (so you have told me more than once) to be a good and great and useful man. She does not know

and great and useful man. She does not know
my heart—she does not care for it."

"Have you any children?" Violet said, shortly.

"One child only, thank Heaven."

"What is it—boy or girl?"

"A girl; she's about ten years old, by-the-way."

"You have a daughter, and you can treat her
mother as you do; I told you just now that I
forgave you freely all I had to forgive you," she
said, blushing. "I can not now, while I think
you have no beart for your daughter. What is
her name, and where is she?"

"Her name is Beatrix; she is at school at St.
Leonard's. Don't look harshly at me, Violet;

Leonard's. Don't look harshly at me, Violet; if it ever comes out that I have a wife—such a wife as I have, and a child—I shall cease to be my uncle's heir."

"And that is your whole fear," she said. "I can't bear to think it. Do you not dread that work child may grow an expless of you, that she

can't bear to think it. Do you not dread that your child may grow up careless of you; that she may turn out badly from sheer parental neglect? You eaght to be her guide, her friend, her protector. Think of it; she is your own fiesh and blood, Gerald." And as she pleaded for his child Violet Leigh burst into tears.

An hour after, when Mrs. Arbuthnot came home

from her drive to dress for dinner, she found a note from Violet Leigh, instead of seeing the hap py face of the girl whose love-dream had seemed

be so near realization.

"Duar Karr"—Violet wrote—"I have gone home instead of staying to dise, as I rashly promised you I would do; don't ask any questions of Mr. Adah, or make any jokes about me: we have had an explana-tion, and it has ended in our saying good-by, and wish-ing each God-speed. Your affectionals

"My affectionate Violet might have been a "My affectionate Violet might have been a little more explicit with me, I think," Mrs. Ar-buthnot said, musingly. "I should like to ask him what it all means; but she asks me not to do so." Still, though her loyalty to ber friend forbade her saking any questions that that friend had forbidden, her curiosity was sorely taxed. Nor was it set at rest by Gerald Adair's telling

her that evening that his farewell on the morro would be a long one. "I am going abroad,"

** For how long?"

"For an indefinite period: before I go I ask
this one favor of you. Here is the address of
my agent in town: he will always know where or about I am. If Miss Leigh marries, write through him and tell me. Will you?" to me through him and tell me. tling with her curiosity, Mrs. Arbuth-

not promised.

"Afid give this note to Miss Leigh when I am gone," he said; "it contains an address she wants. I shall say good-by to you to-night," he added, holding out his hand.

"Me significant fitted to you hoth," she white.

"My picnic was fatal to you both," she whis-pered; and he bowed his head and went out of

For the next eight years Violet Leigh alternately possiled and annoyed all her best friends by refusing to marry. She had many brilliant offers -a woman is only at her best until eight or nine and twenty, and her beauty was unimpaired. Her and twenty, and fer beauty was unimpaired. Her self-elected guardian grew morose and gloomy with her. "Dou't call me his heiress," she would say sometimes to Mrs. Arbethnot; "if I were only sure of being that I should act very differently. I would fulfill the object of my life then—now I can not do it."

At last, when Violet was a splendid woman of thirty, she married. The man she married was a rich, honorable gentleman of ancient family, a

a rich, honorable gentleman of ancient family, a man many years older than herself. Mrs. Ar-leuthnot, true to her promise, wrote to Gerald Adair, who was away on his travels again, al-though he had been in England many times since he had asked her to do it. Soon afterward Violet, now Mrs. Fanshawe, came back to her own home with her own he band, accompanied by s young lady whom she introduced to the neigh-borhood as the daughter of her old friend Mr.

Gradually the whole story coxed out. Mrs. Adair was dead long ago, and for years Violet Leigh had played the part of mother and guardian to the child of her old love. She had always refused to marry, because objections had always been raised on the part of her guardian and her lovers to any permanent settlement being made on the daughter of her heart. At last, in wrath, her gnardian vowed that, unless she gave up this "mad fancy," as he called it, he would leave the money he had intended for her to some one else. She could not give up that which she had won hardly from Gerald Adair—the right to protect and watch over his child. Even while she was debating what it was best to do Mr. Fanshawe proposed to her, and she told him her trouble.

proposed to her, and she too man nor secure.

"Marry me, and she shall be in all respects gater of our own," he said; and his ac-of Violet's "mad fancy" made her guardian look more leniently upon it. So the end of it was that Beatrix Adair was well-dowered and well-received when, some ten yours after that fatal picnic, her father came once again to

He louged to see her—not to see his child, but to see the woman who was to her as a mother.

forgotten her graceful beauty. But she struck | him afresh with a strong sense of her superiority when he did see her after these long years. She was a splendid woman, and his eyes flashed and his heart beat at the sight of beauty as warmly now as in his younger days. Her husband was old; she could not love him, Gerald Adair felt sure. He saw her ence, twice thrice approachold; she coust not love nim, terraid Adair sensure. He saw her conce, twice, thrice, approaching her, as it were, more nearly each time. He could not understand why, having loved him once so well, she had made no sign when his wife died. A few words would have brought him to her side then, though in his careless way he had not deemed it worth his while to com without them. Above all, why had she married an old man like Fanshawe? He determined to ask her these questions as soon as possible.

One morning he rode over to the Fanshawes, and found the beautiful châtelaine alone in her morning-room. She was looking more splendid than ever, he thought—the sort of woman who would never grow old and wearisome. For a time she talked to him of Beatrix; but the subject of Beatrix did not interest him now-he wanted to speak of Violet and himself.

"Did you know that I was in England when Beatrix's mother died?" he asked.

"Yes; I heard of you from Mrs. Arbuthnot when your wife died."

"Yet you never wrote to me," he said, re-proachfully. "It would have been a mockery for me to

write condolences," she said.
"I did not mean condolences," he said, impatiently; "there were other words that you might have written then-words of hope and

For his daughter's sake she-the married wowas patient with him, though her pride

and her anger were rising,
"Those words could not have gone from me

to you," she said, calmly.

"Mrs. Fanshawe—Violet, tell me why you kept true to me so long only to marry at last," he said, passionately.

e up and gravely faced him. "I was true to my self-imposed charge, your child," she said, earnestly. "I would not marry till I could make her independent of the neglect and scorn and contumely to which her father's neglect subjected her. 'This' (holding up her wedding-ring) "was put upon my hand by the same one that dowered your daughter; it tells me that all intercourse must cease between us, if I am to go on trying to teach Beatrix to love and respec on trying to teach Beatrix to love and respect her father; it is a her of gold between me and such questioning as you have forced upon me. You shall not come to my husband's house now that you have disregarded my husband's claims."

"You are harsher to me than when I nearly broke your heart," he muttered.

"And I promised never to look less kindly or speak less kindly to you than I did then," she said.

"You have forced me to break that promise; but this bar of gold will prevent your

promise; but this bar of gold will prevent your ever doing it again." Then she said good-by to him, and went away feeling that he had been a hero to her once, and that this was a hard truth which had come home to her—namely, that each time be had wrung her heart and hurt her, it had been through idleness and selfishness.

REVELATIONS OF A CONVENT.

THE Press of Vienna publishes the following profibe details of the incarceration of a nun:

"On Tuesday, the 20th instant, an anonymous notice reached the Criminal Court at Cracow to the effect that in the Convent of the Carmelite barefooted name one of the order, named Bar-bara Ubryk, had been forcibly kept in close con-finement in a dark cell for a long number of years. The Vice-President of the Criminal years. The Vice-Fresident of the Criminal Court, Bitter von Antohiewicz, immediately laid his information before a judge of inquiry, who, in company with the public prosecutor, repaired to the Bishop, Von Gelecki, with the request to permit them to entare the convent. Herr von Gelecki suggested to the judge that the notice might have arisen out of a false report; but when the officer of justice urged him to give him an ecclesiastical assistant, he declared that he would creat the request in his capacity as Panal delegrant the request in his capacity as Papal dele-gate, and subdelegated the Papal Prelate Spital, a very intelligent and worthy priest. In his com-pany and that of his actuary, Kwialkowski, the judicial witnesses, Stanislans Gralewski and Theophil Parvi, the judge drove to the convent. The latter, which is one of the strictest fer orders, is situated in one of the most beautiful suburbs of Crucow. Thousands of people passed sombre cloister walls without even suspecting the fearful tragedy that was being enacted within for twenty-one years. The convent was first entered by Father Spital, and the commis-sion went to the upper corridor, followed by the nuns, one of whom showed the judge she cell of Sister Barbara. This cell, between the pantries, close to the dung-hole, had a walled-up window and a double wooden door, in which there was a movable grating, through which, very proba-bly, food was handed in. The cell, seven paces bly, food was handed in. The cell, seven paces long by six paces wide, was opened, but it is al-most impossible to describe the view this piece most impossible to describe the view this piece of inquisition of the nineteenth century present-ed. In a dark, infected hole adjoining the sewer sat, or rather cowered, on a heap of straw, an entirely naked, totally neglected, half insene woman, who, at the unaccustomed view of light, the outer world, and human beings, folded her hands and pitfully implored: 'I am hungry: have pity on me; give me meat, and I shall be obedient......' This hole for it could be potatoes, was deficient of the slightest decent accommodation. There was nothing—no stove, no bed, no table, no chair—it was neither warmed

the inhuman Sisters, who call themselves women, spiritual wives, the brides of heaven, had select-ed as a habitation for one of their own sex, and kept her therein in close confinement for twentykept her therein in close confinement for twentyone years—since 1848. For twenty-one years
the Gray Sisters daily passed this cell, and not
one of them ever thought of taking compassion
on this poor outcast prisoner. Half human being, half animal, with a filthy body, with thin
knock-knoed legs, hollow cheeks, closely shorn
dirty head, unwashed for years, came a borriblelooking being forward, such as Dante in his wildest imagination was unable to picture. With
her decely sunk eyes marine on one snot knell her deeply sunk eyes staring on one spot knelt this wretched virtim in her cell in the Convent of the Carmelites. The judge instantly ordered the nun to be clothed, and went himself for Bishop Galecki. The Bishop was deeply moved, Sistop Galecki. The Bishop was deeply moved, and, turning to the assembled nons, he vehemently reproached them for their inhumanity.

'Is this,' he said, 'what you call love of your
neighbor? Furies, not women, that you are, is
it thus that you purpose to enter the kingdom
of heaven?' The nons ventured to excuse their or newen? The nuns ventured to excuse their conduct, but the Bishop would not hear them.
'Silence, you wretches!' he exclaimed; 'away, out of my sight, you who disgrace religion!' The Bishop and Prelate at once suspended the Father Confessor, and also the Superioress, who is descended from an old honorable Polish noble family. The Bishop ordered Nun Barbara Ubryk ily. The Bishop ordered Nun Barbara Ubryk to be brought into a clean cell, and there to be dressed and nursed. When the unhappy nun was led away, she asked anxiously whether she was led away, she asked anxiously whether she would be brought back to her grave; and when asked why she had been imprisoned, she an-swered: 'I have broken the vow of chastity, but,' pointing with a fearfully wild gesture and in great excitement to the Sisters, 'they are not angels.' The investigation has commenced. The Lady Superior declared that Barbara Ubryk was here in class seedimentary size. 14th he was kept in close confinement since 1848 by order of the physician, because of her unsound mind. But this physician died in 1848, and the present physician, Dr. Babraynski, who has been pracphysician, 197, Baneryman, who has been practicing in the convent for the last seven years, has never seen Barbara Ubryk. Such treatment, in the opinion of the doctors, is sufficient to drive a person mad. On account of the importance of the case, the Attorney-General has taken the matter in hand. The exasperation of the people knows no bounds. It is stated that the Bishop intends to dissolve the convent."

IMPORTANCE OF HYGIENE.

A LITTLE brochers, entitled "Hygiene in its relations to Therapeusis," by Alfred L. Car-roll, M.D. (published by Tunner & Michael, New York), will certainly command the atten-tion of thoughtful readers. This paper was read before the New York Medical Association, June The author shows that the best physicians of ancient and modern times have relied more upon hygienic measures than on the administration of drugs. "Many maladies," he says, "formerly supposed to demand the most en-ergetic interference of medical art, are now known to be self-limiting, with a natural tendency to termination in health, and not capable of being shortened or materially modified by the admin-istration of Grags; and it seems probable that all so-called acute diseases may be classed in this category."

this entegory."

Dr. Carroll goes on to classify morbid conditions under three beads, and to specify the hy-gienic agents adapted to the treatment of disease. The following is his classification of diseases:

The following is his classification of diseases:

1st.—Those (very few in number) which may be treated exclusively by drugs having a specific (toxit, physicogical, or chemical) action, independently of hygienic induceses. To these belong certain local diseases: cases of poteoning, whether animal, regetable, or mineral: of mechanical obstruction; etc.

3d.—Those (a large majority, perhaps, in the present state of our knowledge) which must be treated with drugs and hygienic agents combined, either of which would be insufficient without the other. Among them will be found many chronic organic diseases, especially those of the dignetive and circulatory systems; some of the neuroses; etc.

3d.—A class (much larger than is commonly supposed), including not only the self-limiting diseases, but nearly all functional difficulties not dependent on lesions of structure; the various deviations from the moral appropriately treated by hygienic means alone, to the exclusion of medicaments.

The hygienic agents which may be adapted to

The hygienic agents which may be adapted to be treatment of disease are, chiefly:

1st.—Alimentation; including food, drink, so-called accessory food, and the employment of those min-

accessory food, and the employment of those mineral waters, or other substances, which supply elements deficient in the organism.

2d.—Air; including ventilation, hygrometric condition, density or rarefaction, artificial increase of
the percentage of oxyges, etc.

2d.—Temperature; including climate, clothing, heating of rooms, etc.

2d.—Exercise; including its antithesis, rest; passtre exercise; friction; etc.

2d.—Ehalling, general or local.

2d.—Electrical influences.

7th.—Healight.

2d.—Agenta, not included under any of the above
heads, which affect one or more of the secretions
or exercisos.

or excretions.

Other influence of decidedly remedial nature exist in sleep, relaxation, mental and moral conditions; but these are less within our control, and although we may frequently recognize, and urge upon the patient their importance, neither we nor our clients can commonly enforce their operation.

In the demonstration which follows, showing the importance of these hygienic agents as con pared with drugs, Dr. Carroll is very clear, and his arguments are conclusive. Indeed, we are convinced by a perusal of this paper that every man has within his reach the best remedy for most human ailments, and that his ignorance as to their application is all that compels him to resort to the doctor and to the doctor The best physicians of the day are those who use the fewest drugs. Our readers will hear more from Dr. Carroll in the columns of this journal, through communications from his own

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

As enterpeling aspirant for the bonors of "mine host," located in one of the new but thriving railroad towns of lows, issues a business-card, by means of which be discourses to would be patrons thusly: "Clean Beds, Square Masis, no Brown Sugar, and Good Sample Room. No Live or Dead Seate wanted. Barber Shop connected with this Hones." On being asked what was meant by "square meals" the good man replied: "Dried apples for breakfast, milk for dinner, and let 'sm seelf for supper."

A PURE HOME FOR MICE. Nibble-o's.

Good Place for a Numeray-The Rocky Mountains.

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES. Three things to women hind belong.
This universe of ours all over;
and from their use, or right or wrong,
Not all the universe may more her.
The first to bease her faithful lover;
The sacond to cogue; the third—
And that which off nest we discover—
To argue points the most abound,
And, right or wrong, to have the latest w

"What makes you so girm, Tom?" "Ob, I have had to endure a ead trial to my feelings." "What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on."

What goes most against a farmer's grain !-- His reap-

Some of the deacons "down East" seem to have a bad practice of anoring loadly while askep in charch, which appears to disturb some folks there, as a Maire paper recently had the following polite notice for one of them:

"Deacon —— is requested not to commence snoring

"Descen — is requested not to commence snoring tomorrow until the sermon has begun, as some per-sons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to bear the text."

A couple of follows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whisky got into the guizer. After floundering about for a few minutes, one of them said; "Jim, let's go to another house—this hotel leaks."

Two physicians at the bedside of a patient disputed as to the nature of the disease. At last one of them ended the disease by saying: "Very week, have it your own way now, but the post-meries will show that I am right." The patient was not much encouraged.

A physician stopped at the shop of a country spoth-ecary and asked for a pharmacopota. "Sir," said the apothecary, "I know of no such farmer living about these parts."

Jenkins lost his almanae yesterday, and did not know whether to wear an over-coat or a lines duster. His wife told him it was summer, so he started out with the duster, but soon came back, saying: "I don't care a continental what time of year it is, I want my winter clothes." He was sensible.

A volume of water can not be called dry reading.

On the occasion of an eclipse, a colored individual in Norfolk, Virginia, became greatly clated. "Bress de Leed," said be, "niggers' time hab come at last, and now we gwine to hab a black sun."

ware use use israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea F asked a superintendent of a Sunday-er book "They dried themselves F said a shrill-voiced little girl. "What did the Israelites do after they cross

Two Yankees strolling in the woods, without any arms in their possession, observed a bear climbing a tree, with its pawe clasped around the trunk. One of them can forward and caught the bear's paws, one in each band. He then called out to his comrade, "Jonathan, run home and bring me something in kill this varmint; and mind you don't star, for I'm in a fix."

Jonathan ran off, but staid a long time. During the interval the bear made several desperate altempts be bits the hand of him who held R. At length Jonathan came back.

"Hallo! what kept you so long!"

"Well, I'll tell you. When I got home breakfast was ready, an I staid to est it.

"Well which his comrade, "come now, and hold the criter till I kill it."

Jonathan selsed the bear's paws, and held the animal.

"Well, have you hold of him?"
"I guess I have." "I guess I have."
"Very well, then. Hold fast, for I'm off for dis-

The pastor of a popular church at a Sunday-school concert said: "Hoys, when I heard your beautiful songs to-sight I had to work hard to keep my feet still; what do you suppose is the trouble with them?" "Chilbiaina, Sir!" shouted a little six-year-old.

How perfectly satisfactory was the conduct of that bears old Parlian who rode up to the door of the house of the girl of his choice, and having desired her as be called out to him, said, without determinoustion, "Rachel, the Lord hith sent me to marry thee!" when the girl answered, with equal promptisess and devoutness, "The Lord's will be done?"

Torsu Lapt, "Oh! I am so glad you like birds; which kind do you admire most?" Our Squan, "Well, I think the goose, with plenty of stuffing, is about as good as any."

A Pribuse correspondent dired at a bonse in California, when the hosiose expressed a desire to see a greenback specimen. He produced a crampled twenty-five cent postal currency. She turned it over and over with keen curiosity. "It seems very strange to me that this should be money," she said. "It don't look like money." "What does it look like it " "Well" (hestiatingly, and with the utmest sincerity), "it—looks—like—a label for an opster can."

A New Hampshire editor, who has been keeping a record of big bests, announces at last that "the best that heat the best that beat the other best is now beaten by a best that beats all the bests, whether the original best, the best that best the best, or the best that best the best that beat the other best."

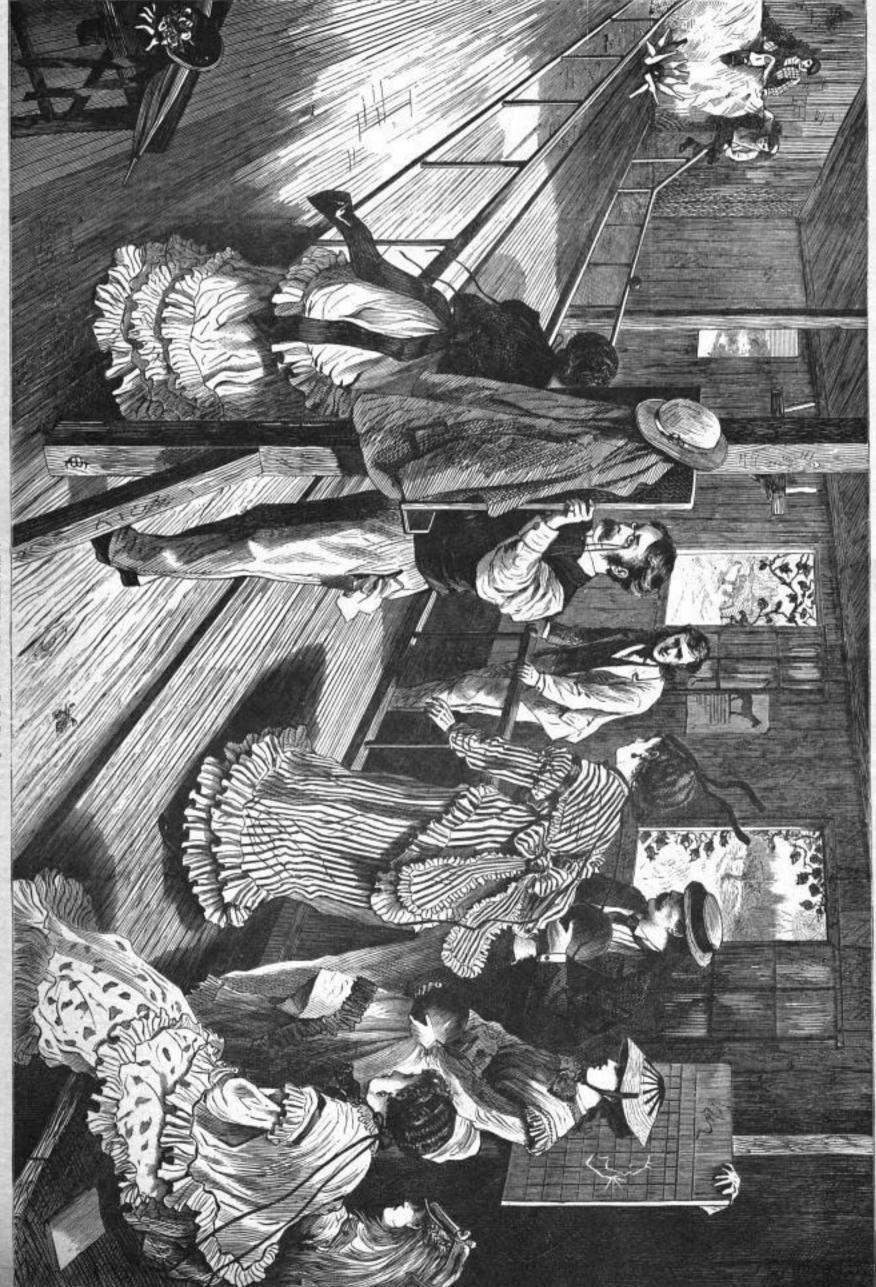
A young lady having asked a gentleman the size of his neck, he sent the following:

or me next, he sent the solutions:
"The class of my neck! That's remarkably strange,
And admits of a very eignificant range;
A neck-tie, a collar, nore threat, a halter,
And others, enough to make a man faller;
Let this tender reply anxiety check,
The length of your arm will just go round my

"My son," said an anxious father, "why do you use that nexty tobacco?" The boy, decilning to con-sider the question in the spirit in which it was asked, replied: "To got the juice."

A musician, whose nose had become distinctly colored with the red wine he was wont to imbibe, said one day to his little son at the table; " You must eat hread, boy; bread makes your cheeks red." The little boy replied, " Father, what lots of bread you must have snuded up?"





A TEN-STRIKE,-[Duaws at C. G. Boss.]

General

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LOVE TERMED TO TRARS AND TRARS TO FIRE.

Azarra passed, with stumbling feet and bent head, through the dark passages that led from the room where Mowbray basked by the fire, to the back-door of the house; habit, that trick of castom which asserts its supremacy even during those periods when human souls are sustaining the keenest agony they are capable of expe-riencing—habit made her put out her hands be-fore her to guard her head from concussion with

any unseen object.

She reached the back-door at last, and pulling back the heavy bolts, passed on the threshold, awed for an instant by the calm beauty of the scene before her. The moonlight was shining scene before her. The mooningst was annually brightly down the court-yard; the deer's head, the antiers of which stood in shadowy abruptness over the old-fushioned clock, was steeped in the cold brightness; the sombrous groups of trees that rose up behind the old-fushioned gables; the distant has of a sheep distarbed in the fold—all spoke of secretary peace.

distant has of a sheep disturbed in the fold—all spoke of serenest peace.

A heart less bitter would have been calmed by the solemn leveliness of the scene. But Analea was suffering an agony keener than death. It may be cruelly hard for one who yearns to live to yield up the last breath that divides the living day and awesome darkness of the night which "knows no morning." But when death is in your heart; when the last throb of faith is sobbed out, and the warmth of a great love turns to ashes; when passion, trencherous and subtle, still linguist to sting the old wound into agony, is not lingers to sting the old wound into agony, is not that harder to endure than a mere sighing out that harder to endure than a mere sighing out of failing breath, a simple surrender of all physical sensation? Anales walked quickly through the court-yard. She dreaded observation or comment on her movements. She need not have feared either, aller lover was still doaing by the fire. Old Sally was peering over her needlework in the kitchen chimney corner. The watchdog borked as she passed. The cold worm on the path writhed under her hasty feet—but these wars the cells king things affected by her more. were the only living things affected by her move-ments. She walked quickly through the dewwet glooms of the avenue, and only paused when she came to a shadow more dense, a spot more secluded than any which she had yet penetrated, and there she flung herself down on the grass, she clerebed her hot hands in the cool herbage, and turned the agony of her eyes toward the stars; their serene indifference exasperated her. She asked herself, fiercely, why all should be so calm when her heart was in torment. She moaned aloud in her pain, and then she cast her face to the earth and cried, "Oh, my love, my

The adjuration was addressed to a memory rather than a reality. The words had no sooner past her lips than she knew them to be a lie. She had no love now. All was frustration and

barrenness.
"Oh," she said, "is there no end to this?
Can not I die and cease to feel?"

Can not I die and cease to feet?"

Looking up she eaught sight of the light that glimmored in the library window; her eyes softened for an instant as she involuntarily pictured to herself the graceful head of her lover, thrown back on the cushioned chair, the eres closed in sleep, the full lips half opened under the shad-ow of the drooping mustache. She was seized with an irresistible longing to go and look in at the window. Her love was outraged, her heart bruised, but she was a woman, and she could not keep away from the hand that had dealt her

mortal agony.

Thurstan was still sleeping when Azalea reached the house. She leaned back in the framework of magnelia leaves which fringed the casement, and looked at him long and steadfastly. Presently he stirred and called her name.

"Are you not coming?" she heard him say.

A strange smile played round her pallid lips
as she passed round the house and re-entered the portal.
"Yes, I am coming," she said, softly, to her-

Thurstan was in high spirits to-night. He hummed snatches of song as he loiled on the old damask sofs, his arm folded round Azalea's waist,

his head pillowed on her breast.

The fire blazed cheerily on the hearth. The revolving shadow of the mill, the darkening through its cloudy gloom, were shut out by the

ruddy sheen of high crimson satin curtains.

A faint smell of dead flowers came from a vase that stood on a small table near Axeles.
"You have not put fresh ones in to-night,"
Thurston said, referring to the shriveled leaves

Thurstan said, reterring to the man and hand, be was crumbling in his disengaged hand.

"You" the answered, quietly. "I did not "No," she answered, quietly, pick any flowers to-night."

What have you been doing, sweet?" he

what have you been doing, sweet? he asked, yawning slightly. He was so good-tem-pered, he could afford to feign an interest he did not feel in her proceedings; but he might have spared himself this little effort of polite-ness, for Axalea did not hear, or, if she heard, did not heed his question.

Could any lorn wayfarer have peeped in at the easement his heart would have throbbed with envy at the apparent luxuriousness of the scene

within.

Dusky grapes were piled up in an old china dish near Thurstan's hand; in the exuberance of his content he dangled the misty berries before Azalea's face, rubbing off the bloom against the red lips which refused to open and receive them and then confined them himself has them, and then swallowing them himself, be-tween the passes of his song.

The room seemed o'erbrimming with comfort.

Even Thurstan was dimly affected by the sensu-ous repose of the hour.

"I almost wish that I were not going to-mor-

row," he sighed.
"Stay, then," Analea said. They were the first words she had spoken this evening, but Thursten had been too preoccupied to observe

her silence.
"Do you wish me to stay?" He looked into her face with a sudden access of passion thrill-ing his heart and brightening his eyes. He would have drawn her toward him, but she averted her head, and quietly disengaged his arms

from her waist.
"I do not know," she said; and this time he was struck by the faintness of her tones.

was struck by the faintness of her tones.

"You are tired," he said, kindly. "It is bedtime. Shall I carry you up stairs?"

She shook her head; so he passed before her
and bounded lightly up the dark oak steps, singing and smiling as he went.

His heart was holding festival that night,
while hers was black with storm.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW THEY PARTED.

Tun night was far advanced, and Thurstan slept soundly, happily unconscious of all the tragedy in the wakeful face bent over his. She had watched him thus for some hours; he had drawn her head to his shoulder and hade

her lie there, and she obeyed at first, but as soon as he slept she sat up again, feeling as if she were suffocated by his touch. The blank dullwere sufficiented by his touch. The blank dullness of her pain was passing away. She no
longer stared at his face without meaning. She
no longer asked herself "Is it so?" In those
dark hours the doubt had strengthened into terrible distinctness. She looked at his hand still
warm with the clasp of her own, at his lips which
had lately sought hers with a sleepy good-night
kias; in her heart she repelled the treathery of
his caresses, and loathed the cheat he put on her.
"You are false—false—false," she said.
"Your face is hateful to me."

He turned his head into the line of a moon-

He turned his head into the line of a moon-beam, that streamed across his pillow, and a wild thought came into ber mind.

wild thought came into ber mind.

"Supposing that moonbeam could kill you. Supposing that you were to die to-night, that you could not move again. Suppose, Thurstan, that I were to make you so that she could never hear your footstep, or blush at your voice, or roturn your kisses excepting in memory. I should grudge her the memory, though, and should have to kill her so that she might not think of you." think of you."

How handsome he looked as he slumbered thus—the moonlight shining on his close curled head, round throat, and noble outline of chest, the somewhat stern character of his beauty soft-ened by the pathetic helplessness of sleep !

"He was not meant to die yet," she mused, as she leaned her chin on her hand and watched

him with white face and burning eyes. He was not meant to die yet, she thought, not until he had worn out all that strength, until his full voice was cracked and thin, his bright eyes dull, and his firm steps feeble; but if he died now he would tell no more lies, would die in the bloom of manhood, in her arms, hers would be the last kiss he felt—he should never rise from that bed to meet another woman's welcome!

The dark thought was standing out clear in her mind now; that which her heart foreboded when she heard his careless laugh by the fire-place down stairs, was now fashioned into a

determination.
"He must die, he must die!" she repeated to herself, and the clock that chimed on the stairs, and the branch that beat against the window and the branch that beat against the wholey-pane, seemed to echo her words. She started when she heard a faint chirrup and stir in the elm-tree outside. "It will soon be morning," she thought. She unclasped his hand gently from her arm, and laid it by his side; then she slid away from the bed, and felt her way to the

and away from the bed, and felt her way to the pistol-case that stood on the drawers near Mowbray's head,

"I always said it was dangerous, keeping loaded pistols in the room; but Thurstan liked to have some protection in this lonely old house—he did not think who would use them against him—but then he should not have murdered me first."

She stole back noiselessly, her delicate little hand overborne by the weight of the deadly in-strument is carried, and then she crept into bed

looked again at the sleep Why should he not die?

This man had been the only human thing she had ever cherished. No mother's hand had ever blessed her head; no sister had laughed and wept by her side during youth's April season of blithe joy and impulsive sorrow. But she did not feel that she had missed any thing from her life after that she had missed any thing from her life after she knew Thursten Mowbray. She reverenced his slightest word; her vivid sympathies had made his wishes her own. She lowered her fine intellect by striving to bring it to the level of his narrow capabilities. She cared not for heights he could not ascend. She took no pleasure in perceiving a poetical when he could only see the

practical aspects.
So far from feeling discomfort at being misunderstood, it was the constant endeavor of her heart to restrain the soarings of a mind that was apt to range above the scope of her lover's men tal vision.

Some women had loved Thurstan Mowbray for the benefits they had reaped from his hands; others had fed his vanity with ephemeral devo-tion, born of lust and idleness; many had given him love-tokens worth gold and silver; but this feet. woman had trampled down her mind at his feet, and every faculty of her being rejoiced in the sacrifice—if sacrifice it could be called; for her whole heart gloried in its consummation. He

only because it pleased him; she exulted in life only when the day was brightened by his pres-ence. She would not have cared if all the hours of his absence had been struck out of her total
of existence; without him, her heart ached with
beaviness; with him, she was as a bird mad with
joy because spring has come.

All the divine fervor with which a southern

worshiper lays her best and purest thoughts at the feet of some imaged deity; all the intense half-savage tenderness with which a wild animal cherishes its young, this desolate woman had lavished on him who was the one life of her life, lavished on him who was the one life of her life, the alpha and omega of her existence. And now she was watching him there, while the dark hours slipped into gray, and asking her heart why her hand should not murder all the heantiful part of her life, since it had turned into treachery, foulness, and falsehood. Why should those dark eyes open again to look a lie into her own? Why should he ever know light or speech again, since he had made light loathsome, and sound intolerable to her?

Between his face and here kent rising the elit-

Between his face and hers kept rising the glit-ter of two sentences. She could even see the shape of the letters, and recognize his handwriting; but they quivered perpetually, so that they made her eyes ache. So she hid her face in her hands, and when she next looked up they were gone; but she heard them singing in her ears, "I never loved any but you:" "so-morrow I shell king you are?"

shall kiss you again,"
"To-morrow I shall kiss you again," Azales repeated, vaguely; then she touched his lips with a sort of tender pity. "No, they will never kiss living thing again; they will be too cold and stiff; but I shall kiss them, for then they will not be able to stab me with lies, to dishonor me by in-

constancy."
The clock struck four. She looked hurriedly

"Supposing he were to wake," she thought;

"he would not let me do it."

She put her hand on the trigger of the pistol, and lifted it to a level with his breast. She leaned over him, so that her hair fell in shadowy profusion over the pistol, and over the warm beav-

ng bosom it almost touched.

He had deceived and injured her; but her large heart would have pardoned him that wrong. He might have withered her body with physical torture, and she would have kissed him, smiling the while; he had cramped her mind, and she had hugged the mental fetters, judging them to be sweeter than crowns of honor; but against this injury the whole of her passionate nature

this injury are whose of her passionate nature rebelled; in proportion to the greatness of her love was the mightiness of its wreck.

When her thoughts first collected themselves from the miserable chaos of confusion and de-spair in which the discovery of his falsehood had plunged them, she had prayed, "Let me die."

But afterward, when she again felt the magic

of his touch, the caress of his lips, a fierce thrill of jealousy kindled her dull anguish into fury.

"Rather than have you touch her, rather than be left here alone to broad over her love passages with my other self, I would pass eternity in torment.

She never moved her eyes from his face when she put her hand down on that cold little toy of iron, which was to turn sleep into death.

Her pale lips never quivered; the madness of much thought, the rack of intolerable suffering, had blighted all softer signs of emotion from her face. The tenseness of her agony found expression but in one idea:

" He shall die!" "He shall die!"

He lay there a model of manly strength and human beauty, helpless in his unconsciousness as a feeble infant. She steadied her hold on the pistol, and put the other arm about his neck. She thought she would kiss him and pull the trigger at the same moment. She would have the last embrace of his living lips.

She slid her fingers round his threat, and (Thurstan Mowhers never knew how near he

She slid her fingers round his throat, and (Thurstan Mowbray never knew how near he was to solving the great peut-être in the gray dawn of this autumn morning) disturbed by the movement, or stirred by some vagrant dream, he turned toward her with a smile, and putting out his arm, drew her hand and the deadly instrument it held, over his boson; then drooping his head on her breast, he relapsed again

deep slumber. She stared deep slumber.

She stared at him with wild eyes while he gathered her in his arms. She felt the hand and that which it held sliding over the beating pulses of his heart. She raised herself and looked first at it, and then with a deep-drawn breath she bowed her face on his hands, and covered she bowed her face on his hands, and covered them with kisses, and her slender form was shaken by husky passionate sobs and tears. The unnatural strain had given way; the flerce jeal-onsy, the murderous resolve, all melted into a murmurous sound of careesing words, a rush of

bitter tears. "Oh, my love, my love; how can I help lov-ing you? Can I tear my heart from my body? Can I blot out all the days and hours when I lived, and when you were my life; for it is I that am dead. I am dead, Thurstan, and you have killed me."

She removed the pistol gently from its proximity, so perilous to the sleeper, and replaced it in the case. Then she knelt down and tried to pray; to give thanks to Heaven for having preserved her from the commission of a great sin, with its inheritance of bitter remorse; but in her heart she knew that it was not an inspiration of repentance, but her lover's unwitting carees that had held her hand from his descruction, and she had held her hand from his descriction, and she did not dare to lift up her face to God; but after mususuring a mechanical formula of prayer, she rose and once more bent over her lover's head.

"I will never see you wake, not that I would hurt you," she added, with a shudder, at the memory."

an hour since; "but because I could not bear to hear your voice or to meet your eyes—the old frenzy might come back, and then you would

old frensy might come back, and then you would not be safe from me."

Then her paic face, passion-warped and stained with toars, hovered an instant above the sleeping man, and her lips closed on his in the last kiss she was ever to give human creature.

How much of despair, how little of sweetness lived in that caress, those who have known the sore trouble of a broken heart can best tell.

Later in the morning, when Thurstan awoke and found there was no Asalea to attend him at his morning meal, he was naturally disturbed and irritated. He supposed that she had gone out for one of those early walks she was so fond of; he thought it very unkind and inconsistent of her. She might have remembered that he was obliged to leave by an early train. He grumbled and frested all breakfast-time; he even went to the window once or twice, to see if she were coming, and then he swore, drank down his coffee, which was smoked (this adding to his fielding of injury), and taking out his watch, cal-culated how long he could afford to linger ere it would be necessary for him to set out for the sta-tion. He waited until the last moment, and then started off; he would much like to have kissed her ere he went. He would have liked by his caresess to atone in some measure for the injury of which he believed she was unconscious; but he had appointed with Lady Di to meet her in town at a certain hour, and if he missed this train he would be too late. So he scrawled the following note to Azalen:

"Decreat little woman. Why are you not here to bid me good-by? I miss you dreadfully. If you want to write to me, address to the Club. I would not leave by this train, but I have an important business engagement in London" (how mean a detected lie makes a man seem!) "which have a life and expect to be able." I can not postpone. I do not expect to be able to get away again for some time, as I've had all my long leave out; but be sure I shall came back to you as soon as I can.—Your ever loving, T. M."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

THAT night Douglas received a scrap of paper on which was written the word "Come."

The only words he attered when he read this

were, "So soon!" and then he heate to Auriel.

"Miss Azalea seems very ill," old Sally said, meeting him with a face more wearied than alarmed. Sally's life had been such a long con-tinued weariness that she was deadened to any keen phase of feeling. With her, and such as she, the lightning flash of emotion is rarely felt: the cloud only decrease.

she, the lightning flash of emotion is rarely feit:
the cloud only deepens.

The painful excitement of the last twenty-four
hours had been firtal to a naturally delicate and
highly sensitive organization, and Douglas found.
Azalea prostrated by the first symptoms of the
fever called inflammatory.

"My head aches so, Robert," she mouned,
as he stood beside her, "and I feel, oh, se

He offered to send for Mowhray, but she showed such distress at the idea that he did not again repeat the suggestion. It was not until she had been ill for several days—it was not un-til the doctor looked grave, and his own heart stood still with fear—that he thought it his duty stock still with fear—that he thought it is only to acquaint Mowbray of her danger. He wrote to the latter's address in London, but gained no answer, the truth being that Captain Mowbray had, by a great exertion of influence, induced the authorities to grant him a week's more leave, which week he was spending pleasantly at Paris, whither Lady Di Merton was also gene.

which week he was spending pleasantly at Paris, whither Lady Di Merton was also gone.

As Azalea's fever increased and delirium discredered her mind, Douglas could not but rejoice in Mowbray's absence. To grant her a moment's pleasure be would have sacrificed his strongest wishes; but he could not conceal from himself what little comfect remained to him in this hour. when the comfort remained to him in this hour of her danger consisted in the fact of his being her sole friend. In health and happiness she was Mowbray's. Now, in the depths of her physical and mental distress, he could claim her his.

"This fever is technically called Synochres," the doctor said, between his pinches of snuff. "If she has any other friends, I would advise you to send for them."
"Robert!"

"My darling!"

"Send those people away." "There is no one here, darling. No one but

Robert, who loves you."
"Take care of me, Robert." "I will; I do. You know I do. Look at me, zalea. See, I have got your hand." His harsh voice melted into a murmur of in-

effable tenderness as he knelt down and clasped in his hand the girl's slender fingers.

She withdrew them slowly; her thoughts seemed variable and insequent as the autumn leaves that whirled past the window. For a while she looked down thoughtfully on some flowers Douglas had placed near her pillow; she drew them toward her, and looked at them with curious intentness, then she commenced

hastily plucking them to pieces. "These are the people who have been unkind to me," she said, hurriedly. "Let us destroy them and fling them away. Not fling them away," she added, suddenly, in a tone of gentle courtesy. "You see, Robert, the scent is oppressive, and it would be better to put them out of the room because I am fill, you know."

of the room because I am ill, you know."

These sudden recalls of reason, the s of her mind to reassert its power, and the of Douglas than her wildest hallucinations. His heart felt to be breaking. Flinging himself on his knees, he looked up with all his soul's agony his knees, he looked up with all his soul's agony concentrated in his eyes. "O Father!" he cried, "resteen her mind. Give back the one godlike attribute of our nature. How can I comfort her when her thoughts have wandered beyond the pals of human reason? How can I tell her of Thee, when she is as heedless of my meaning as the vilest brute creature of Thy earth?"

"Are you looking at the sunset?" Asales

said, softly. "I think there will be rain to-morrow; the sun is setting behind a bank of clouds. It is very late. I shall go to sleep." She turned on her side, and Douglas lifted away, reverentially, the long trails of loose fair hair that fell over her face with the movement. har that but over her face with the movement. Her beautiful tresses had the dull blight of illness on them; but to Douglas they were lovelier now than in the old days, when they glistened like spun gold in the sunshine, and danced in every sigh of the wind.

She slumbered for a while a short uneasy sleep;

and Douglas ast watching her, his face calm, but dark with restrained pain. He dared not re-lieve the savage agony of his grief by allowing his breast to shake with one sob, or his eyes to be dimmed for an instant, lest she should wonder at and ask the cause of his trouble. could only sit there, assuming a look of content whenever she turned her face toward him, and meeting the wistful doubt in her eyes with a re-

assuring smile. Such smiles they were!—they seared his face with deeper wrinkles, and mocked him in the opposite mirror with their ghastly reflections of assumed mirth. Such smiles as a mother gives to the terrified glances of her babe when it sobs out its innocent life in the agony of a fell disease:
—such as those with which the Israelitish General may have greeted the welcoming eyes of his doomed daughter. Such smiles as are fraught doomed daughter. Such similes as are trangent with sharper pain than our hottest team—were these which this man gave as a tribute to the last and greatest love of his life.

For she had slept many minutes Azalea awoke, passing, her eyes dilated and anxious.

"Oh!" she cried, "Topax is running away with the wind over the hills, and I can't catch

him, he goes so fast; he will run into the clouds,

nim, he goes so last; he wall run into the clouds, and then he will never come back." I will stop him," Douglas said, soothingly; "I will go after him at once. But ch, Azalea!" he added, with a breaking voice, "why do you look at me so—don't you know me?"

She curred the strangely lustrous eyes on him,

and, staring at him fixedly, said:
"Not in the least; but I am happy to make
your acquaintance. I suppose they have sent
you to take me away? It is too soon; I will

"(th! not yet—not yet; God forbid that it should be yet!" Dougha said, bowing his face on her hands, and kissing them with despairing

A sky smile irradiated her wan face.

"You must be Thurstan," she whispered.
"No one but Thurstan loved me like that; he was my husband, you know."

"It is—it is time for you to sleep," Donglas stammered, as he gently let her hands free. "It is bedtime; try and sleep now."

"I always seem to be going to bed," she mut-tered, impatiently. "Why do I never get up in the moreing? I shall get up to-morrow and feed the higher more!" the birds myself.

Presently she flung her arms up in a paroxysm I can not see!" she cried; "take me to the

light.

The room was ablaze with candle-light; and Douglas became nearly frantic at the sight of her vehement agitation, and the inefficacy of his efforts to prove to her that she was not in

"Oh, it is all dark—so dark," she mouned; "and I shall be lost. He will never find me

any more. Nhe strock her arms out wildly, crying that "It was coming after her again." Then she clong convulsively to Donglas, entreating him to save her—not to let it take her away down the dark road between the clouds.

"Azalea, my child, it is nothing," arged Dong-las, in the extremity of his distress. "Nothing

shall touch you; nothing shall harm you."

But his heart stood still when he remembered how near the silent enemy was to the shrinking form in his arms-an enemy no prayers could appeare, no terror move; an enemy from which not all the dumb anguish of his imploring eyes nor the passionate throbbings of his aching heart, could shield her.

She sank down, at last, shuddering violently; still clutching his hands and entreating to be taken to the daylight. Douglas looked at the dark shadows of the deepening night, and prayed that she might sleep away the long, dreary hours that must elapse before the first gray tint of dawn crept up behind the black fir grove. She was quiet at length from sheer exhaust-

She was quies as sength from sneer exhansi-ion, but her eyes were still alert and anxioms; and the drawn, pale face quivered painfully as her gaze followed every waver of the flickering candle-flame. The miserable, heart-weary watch-er poured out a few drops of seclarive, and held it to her lips. The kindly draught tured the troued spirit to rest, and in a few minutes Douglas had the negative satisfaction of seeing the drawn face relax, and the distended eyes soften in the

During the lagging hours that followed, Douglas sat motionless, his haggard face turned to-ward the window. He dared not look long at the wreck of the creature he so loved, lest his composure should give way, and she be startled from simpler by his passion of ismentation. He cursed the hours that were slipping away so fast, bearing with them the last minutes of

were the contraction of the contraction between an angle of the contraction of the contra

her numbered hours; he cursed the darkness that crawled so heavily over tree and meadow, sky and water; and yet more he loathed the thought of the dawn, which might rise for him

She was dying—his darling "was dying—dy-ing—dying," he repeated the word to himself in a monotonous whisper; and as he whispered it, he locked his hands one in the other until the indentation of his finger-nails drew blood. had seen death before; he had seen it come by strange chances to men when they had been full of mirth and proud in strength; he had seen it waste their noble thews and sinews into the weakness of a child's limbs. He had seen it met with resignation and with blasphemy—with mad terror and with peaceful joy. He knew its every aspect, and he had learned only too well to rec-

ognize its infallible signs.

He would have given all his worldly wealth to any man who had said to him to-night, "Yet hope;" but in his heart be knew that the look had come to Azalea's face which comes but once in life, and that when life is ebbing into death —a look weird-like, but not unlovely—full of strange pathos, as if the perishing flesh rebelled against its approaching dissolution, yet with the foretaste of immortal peace on the screne brow

For some hours she slept quietly, undisturbed by the beating of the ash boughs against the window, or by the lond surging of the rising wind. A storm was thickening the cloudy, dens ness, and without all was turmoil and confusion. Sudden bursts of rain and hail dashed violently against the window-panes; streams whirled down the water-pipes, wearying Douglas's ears by their monotonous splash. With that curious cognizance of detail which a mind tense with supreme suffering sometimes exhibits, he thought how perturbed must be all the thousand tiny inhabitants of the pipe's hollow, which, having nestled there for warmth and shelter, were now dislodged by this unexpected deluge. How fast the flat wood-louse was running over the leaden ridges—how rapidly the spider was swinging up his flight from that dreadful chasm, leaving his half-dissected fly to be swept away by the tor-

Then his thought wandered away to far-off cenes. He imaged to himself how loudly the sea must now be roaring over sands and rocks. He pictured wild flights of sea-gulls whirling He pictured wild flights of sea-gulis wharing amidst the foam, portents of storm and disaster. He remembered one dark night of storm years and years ago, when he had seen strong men sucked down like wafts of sea-weed under the great waters. He thought what they must be now, his whilom friends and companions, and shuddered at the thought. At least his darling would rest at peace in an earthly bed; he would know where to seek her; her sleep should be guarded by gay flowers and sculptured effigy. Better so than to be tossed in annihilation by the eternal recurrence of mosning waves.

He was aroused from his vague meditations by the sound of a low, mirthless laugh. His beart seemed to grow auditable. beart seemed to grow suddenly numb, and then to bound into a thousand mad pulsations. Azales was awake, and was pointing with her finger toward a distant corner of the room.

"Isn't it funny?" she whispered; "he dances there every night with the princess. He says he does it on purpose to amuse me, but it does not amuse me; it hurts me dreadfully." These last words escaped her lips with a sharp cry of

"Oh!" she moaned, "it hurts me so much, much!" She put her hand to her side, and

so much!" She put her hand to see such, and panted with agony.

Donglas brought a flannel steeped in embro-cation, and placed it gently over her chest.

"That is better," she sighed. Then she turned herself on her side, and faced the win-

"Open the shutters, Robert," she said, pres-rly; "the light is coming. I hear the birds ently;

It was a dreary scene the opened window revealed to them.

The wind was still storming through the wet beaves, and the rain had settled into a sullen mist, which hung thickly over the upland. The golden-brown and dappie-skinned cattle moved, dull, hucless shadows, through the white denseness of the meadow; on the lake the flat leaves of the water-lilies were ruffled and torn from their stems by the rush of the swollen stream. The moving sound of waters and the faint chirp of a bird were all that broke the stillness of the colorless dawn.

"Will he come, do you think?" Azalea said, in the hollow voice that had become habitual to her. "Do you see him coming?"

Then observing Douglas hesitate and look per-

plexed, she added, with asperity,
"Take me to the window, and let me look for myself." He pushed her bed in the direction she indi-

cated, and she tried to raise herself up, but fell back, weeping with weakness and vexation. "Lift me up," she wailed. "I can not move

by myself." He propped her up on her pillows, and she in-clined her head toward the casement, and rested

clined her near some.

ber cheek on the pene.

"I can't see him," she said, after she had looked some time with eager, wistful eyes in looked some time with eager, wistful eyes in the avenue. "But perhaps it the direction of the avenue.
is because there is no sun."

She drooped down again among the cushions, and cried a little to herself. Douglas bent down and cried a little to nersels. Douglas bent down to hear what it was she was murmuring. The word was choked by quick breaths and sights heavy with tears, but it counded like "Thurs-tan," and Douglas drew back, stung by inteler-

able pain.
"Is it always to be so?" he shought, bisterly.
"Is love and faith which endure to the end to

be nothing compared with the passion which glorified an hour, but has left the whole of her life desolate? Will she never repay me for all, by giving me at least one of her dying thoughts?" He felt stiffed and weary beyond the power of endorance. He rang the bell and summoned

of engarance. He rang the ben and summoned old Sally to come and take his place for a few seconds by the sick-bed. Bidding her becken to him immediately, should any change occur in the patient, he ran down stairs, and went into the patient, he ran down stars, and went into the wet meadows, keeping, as he had promised, within sight of Azalea's window. The sullen coolness of the dim morning assorted better with his feelings than the gayety of sunshine could have done. He stooped down among the reeds, and dipped his head into the gray waters. Then he went into the old dilapidated conservatory, and felt about the tangles of the vine until he had detected some grayer rights than the others. had detected some grapes riper than the others. She could not swallow them now, but they might serve to refresh her dry lips. He did not dare pluck her any of the roses that drooped heavy with rain-drops over the conservatory door. To her distempered imagination, the beautiful playthings of her youth appeared something a

cing and fearful.
"Who could ever have thought that Azalea
would be afraid of flowers?" Douglas reflected,

sadly.
"Sir, she is asking for you," a feeble veice called from above; and in another second he called from above; and her door. He was fain to pause when there. Something like dread held back his footsteps, and accelerated the hurried beatings of his heart.

When he entered he met Azalea's eyes, and understood from their expression that she was

conscious.
"I am better," she said, smiling sweetly as she spoke.

The old woman hurried from the room, weep-

ing.
"Oh dear, dear!" she sobbed. "To see that poor child smile with a face like that quite breaks

my heart."

"Will you please give me a looking-glass?"

"Will you please give me a looking-glass?"

Azales continued, speaking the more deliberate-ly from the difficulty she had in articulating.

He brought her a hand-mirror, and, taking it between her wax-like fingers, she looked at her-

self intently.

It was with a kind of wonder mixed with pa-It was with a kind of wonder mixed with pa-thetic self-pity that she surveyed the reflection of her altered features. What she beheld were their pinched nostrils; drawn, coloriess cheeks; eyes gleaming with unnatural fire from their pur-ple shadows; floats of pale, dull hair drooping forlornly over her shoulders.

"It don't look like me," she gasped. "Take

it away." Douglas removed the mirror, and she fell back on her pillow, and remained motionless for some time. Presently, after marmaring some inartic-ulate sounds, and with a great effort, she uttered one word distinctly. It was—

At the same moment she endeavored to clasp her hands together, and Douglas understood th at last the truth was clear to her, and that she

He helped her to twine the poor wax-like fingers together, and then he knelt down by her side. He judged that a familiar, well-loved for-mula would be sweeter to her ears than any other form of worship; and he said the Lord's Prayer very slowly, for she was following the words with her lips, although they made no sound.

Her eyes half closed, and such a change came over her face that he leaned over her, crying-

"Azalea! oh, my darling-my darling!"
She looked up at him with a gleam of recognition in her eyes, and, putting out her hand, patted his bowed head kindly, "Dear—old—Robert," she said, slowly;

"God-bless-She broke off with a low sigh; but in these

few words lay the recompense of all the years of suffering Robert Douglas had endured. The dreamless sleep was creeping on her very

fast now. She did not speak again until the warm splen-dor of the sun streamed into the room and over

Then she mised herself a little, and looked

"Then she raised herself a little, and located out at the broadening day.

"The storm is over," she said; "and even this—oh, Robert—this is death!"

As she spoke her brow contracted and earth's

last pang seized her.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE peach crop this year promises to be immense t is said that Delaware alone will yield over two million backets. Any one passing through the streets or our city will readily believe, from the abundance of fruit displayed, that the reports from the peach districts may be correct; namely, that the are weighed down with ripening fruit. Now is trees are weighed down with ripening fruit. Now as the time for provident housewives to can the luctions, velvet-coated bean "as. It will cost but little to lay in a good supply; and when carefully canned, they pre-serve their freshness perfectly.

A minister who has been recruiting among the springs of Saratogs writes that the belle of the sea-on wears a dress valued at the amount of his salary for two years, and a set of diamonds equal in value to room attached, gas-fixtures and cabinot-organ in-cluded! the cost of a comfortable mission church, with infant

The Alum Springs, located in Rockbridge County, Virginia, are becoming quite fashionable. In con-pection with the principal hotel there are eighteen one-story brick cottages, each thirty-two feet square and also several other two-story cottages—all pleas-ant and airy, and furnished with poeticoes. Rockbridge Alum Springe are about eight miles from Goshen, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. There are five springs within a space of twenty-five feet, but only four are used, one having lost lis effi-

cleary a few years ago. Alum gives the predominant taste to the waters, although free sulphuric acid, lime, magnesia, protoxide of iron, and other medicinal agents are present. The water is not distasteful, and is drank freely by visitors.

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agents are present. The water is not distasteful, and is drank freely by visitors.

In the way of personals it may be mentioned that Bayard Taylor has been elected non-resident Professor of German literature in Cornell University, a post for which he is well fatted.—Mrs. Stowe's "Obtowe" has reached a sale of twenty-five thomand copies,—Ida Lewis is overwhelmed with visitors.—By-the-way, they have an "Ida Lewis" in Ohio. A gentleman and his wife, in going to the ferry near Bellevas, Ohio, get into water fitness feet deep. Miss Lenora Smith, hearing their cries of distress, hastened to their assistance, and is an old skiff, half full of water, propelled with a stick, succeeded in saving the man, and with his help record the woman, two horses, and wagon.—Louisa Muhlbach has recently received a splendid tenservice from some of her American admirers.—At the bail given to the President at the Stetson House, Long-Branch, Mrs. Grant's dress was reported by an observer to have been in "marked contrast to hundreds who promenaded about her with dresses can in such fashion that even the most blast eye could not fall to note their shameless immodesty."—Tennyson is said to be engaged on another poem. Subject, the ancient legend of the Quest of the Holy Grail—a cap said to have been made of a single enserald, out of which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper, and which was stiled with His blood at His crucificion.

The great Colorado Caton, into whose mysterious filled with His blood at His crucifizion.

The great Coloredo Caton, into whose mysterions depths the Powell Expedition have ventured, is, by report, about five hundred miles long—a subterra-nean river, with rapids and cascades, flowing be-tween walls of rock from two to three thousand feet

The expansion for the Hoosac Tunnel is going forward rapidly. During the mouth of Jane they drove the heading in 180 feet at the east end, and equal progress was made in July. The new contractors are having drills made to operate on the roof, which are having drills made to operate on the roof, which will be ready in September, and by which they expect to increase their progress very materially. They are also erecting buildings near the month of the innuel for four additional compressors. They will be run by steam. They have now 200 men at work at the east end, divided in three gangs, which work night and day continuously, resting only from midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday. The central shaft is down about 700 feet, and is such at the rate of more than a foot a day. At the west end they have just got fairly at work, and they expect to make over 100 feet a month.

A ragged little damsel who viewed the awe-inspir-ing eclipse from the steps of the City Hall, seems to have been deeply impressed by the nuwavering decis-ion with which the moon asserted her feminine rights. "My!" she exclaimed, as the dark intruder pursued her undeviating way, "han't she gouged him awful!"

It is announced that, in consequence of the eportons issues of \$10 greenback notes, Secretary Boutwell has concluded to have a new issue of all denominations of greenbacks, from \$1 to the \$1000 notes. The designs are entirely new, and no likeness of any living man will be placed on any note.

The CornAdi Magazine contains a long and enter-taining article entitled "Priends in High Latindoe," which gives a very good idea of life in Greenland. Their language is curious; it appears to be composed of immensely long words. What would a hardware merchant think if an "intelligent foreigner," clad in fur, five feet four in height, and with very long black half hanging over very fix and very dirty cheeks, were to come into his shop, and in a voice loud enough to be beard at the North Pole short, as he threw siz-pence on the counter, "Sarehmanreaferswormfare-wareoutetak?" Yet this is done every day in 70° north latitude, and all this tremendone collection of north latitude, and all this tremendone collection of letters strung together means only, "You must try and get me a good knife!" This is really several words; but it is in value that you ask any notive to separate them. White shirting is known to the Greenlander as extensiologicals, while callot takes the ferring form of disposes parasiseistitit; a pocket-knife is known as envirological parasiseistit; and a large rkin is called uncoringuous contrologicals.

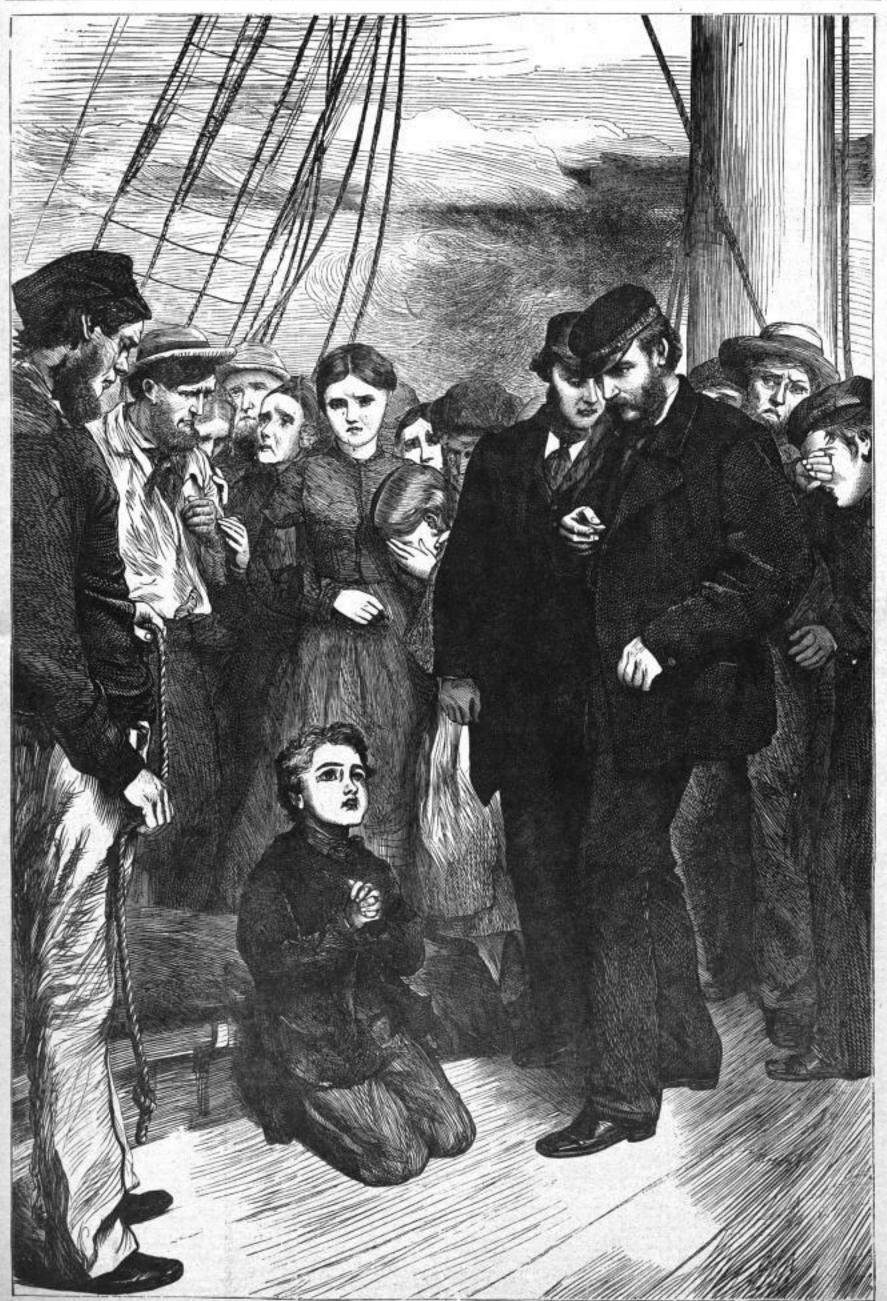
A new phase of medical practice has been developed A new phase of medical practice as deed developed at Jefferson, Wisconsin. A German physician, think-ing an infant could not live, consulted the parents, and all agreeing that the suferings of the child should be ended, he administered potson, which killed it.

The most remarkable - happy family* halls from Chicago, and consists of one wife, two husbands, and four children, all living quietly and contentedly in one small cottage! The woman has been married in legal form to both men; but it was only after the first husband was reported killed in battle that she married the second. The first bushand returned aftmarried the second. The first bushend returned after a long absence, but, unlike Enoch Arden, he falled to die of a broken heart when he found his wife the spouse of another. A council of war was held and it was mutually agreed that they would all dwell to-gether, both husbands continuing to be the "Rege lords" of the woman on equal terms.

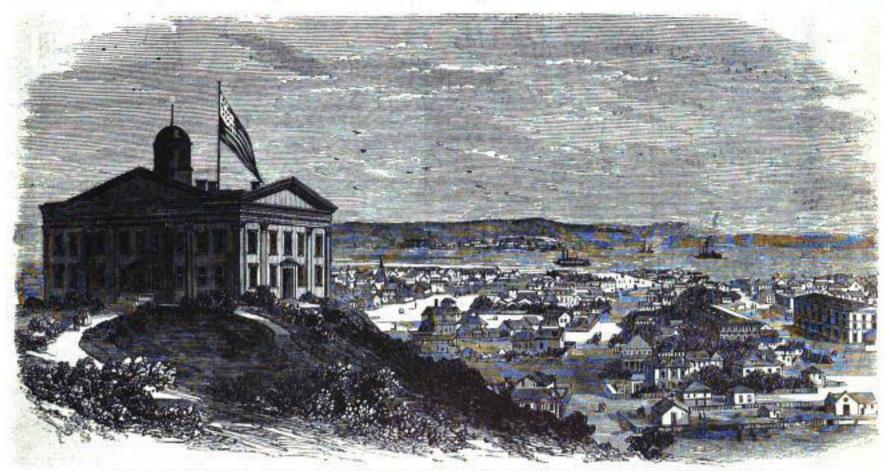
A lion, belonging to a menagerie in Madras, thrust its tall one day into the window of a tiger's ca the introding member was severely injured. The ilon became sick, and his keepers judged that his tail must be amputated to save his life. The operation was performed not many weeks ago, after his ma-jesty had inhaled five ounces of chloroform. The penty ment measured his cage after he had fallen into a deep sleep and took off the diseased appendage. But so deep was the lethargy that his longs had to be pumped into action by mortal aid before he could be

It has been computed that in the United States no less than seven pounds of coffee are annually con-sumed for each person; while in England the areasumed for each person; while in England the area-age for each person is one pound and enc-eighth. In England tea is largely used as a breakfast beverage; and, moreover, adulteration is even more extensively practiced than in this country, although it is distress-ingly common among us. In the "eld country" barley, beans, and peas, and empty other counterfeits, are sold as coffee; and it is said that more than half of what is retailed as ground coffee never grew on a

Statistics show that the proportion of deaths among the infant population, as compared with the total num-ber of deaths, is greater in New York then in any city in Great Britain, if it does not surpass that of any city n Christendom. Bad sir, damp apartments, im diet, and overcrowding, are the chief causes of this excessive mortality.



AN HEROIC BOY .- [SEE PAGE 557.]



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILBOAD-OMAHA, NEBRASKA, THE EASTERN TERMINUS, AS SEEN FROM THE OLD CAPITOL.

AN HEROIC BOY.

A raw weeks ago, on board an English steam-er, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was dis-covered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with

when questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his step-father did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his pas-sage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the box.

the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors.

The little fellow was very roughly handled in |

Day by day he was questioned, and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a saller on board, and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food

alone had secreted him and given him the food which he are.

At lest the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragging him to the fore, told him that unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time, he would hang him from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the midway watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side.

It was the finest eight, said our informant, that I ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect,

his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he

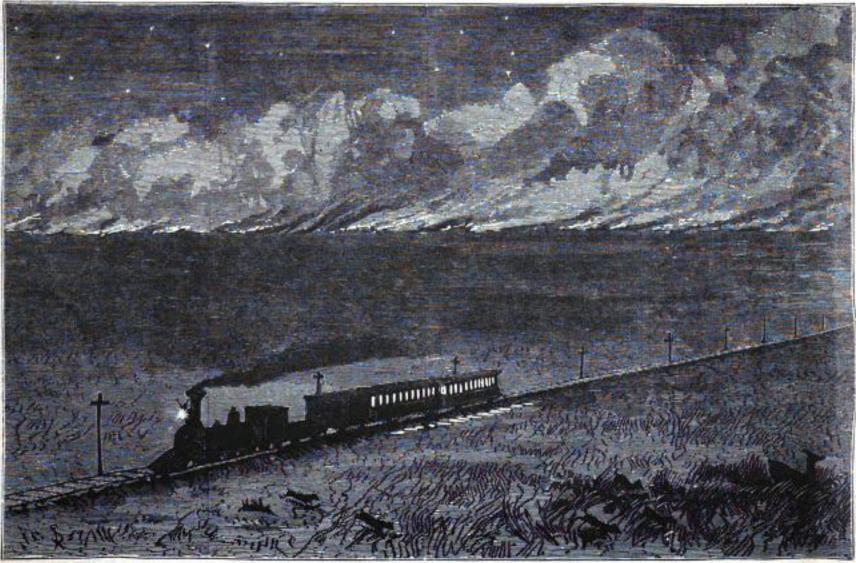
might pray, The mate said nothing, but nodded his head The mate said nothing, but nodded his head and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow—this poor boy whom society owned not, and whose own step-father could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes upturned to Heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

One informant adds that there then occurred

Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobe broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WE give in this Number two illustrations of WE give in this Number two illustrations of the Union Pacific Railroad. One of these is a view of Omaha, in Nebraska, the eastern terminus of the railway, situated on the Missouri River. The laying of the track was commenced from this place in 1865, and the first section, 100 miles in length, was finished within a twelvemonth. A great railway bridge across the Missouri at Omaha is now in process of construction, which will connect together the Chicago and Northwestern and the Union Pacific railroads. This bridge is to have twelve piers—eleven of them being iron of tubular construction, and the twelfth being of stone. The river at this point runs be-



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILBOAD-A PRAIRIE ON FIRE IN NEBRASKA.

tween the two rival towns of Council Bluffs and Omaha: it is a moddy, shallow, and shifting stream. At present the traveler is conveyed by omnibus and steamboat between the two towns; and the steamboat carries the omnibus, or sometimes as many as a dozen wagons and omnibuses, horses and all, bodily across the stream. The city of Omaha has a population of 16,000 people-one-fourth of the entire population of Nebraska, of which it is the principal town. It was formerly the capital, but has been superseded by Lincoln. Omaha has twelve churches, at one of which—the Roman Catholic churches, at one of which—the forman Cathone—the pews were lately sold by auction for \$200 each; there are good schools, also a theatre and newspapers. The Union Pacific Railroad has here large machine-shops and carriage factorics.

The Union Pacific line, traversing the vast prairies of the Far West, rises quite impercep-tibly to a high level. The gradients not being more, on the average, than 30 feet in a mile, and nowhere steeper than 96 feet to the mile, through-out a length of 600 miles. It seems like a bound-less plain; at first of grass, then of alkaline sand. Few buffaloes are now to be seen; but a herd of antelopes now and then, and plenty of the little

amimals called prairie-dogs.

Our other illustration shows a prairie on fire, as seen at night from the Union Pacific Railroad.

The grass is almost annually burned off in some sections of the country. The lurid flames, the everhanging smoke, an occasional tree or settler's homestead standing up blackly against the night, the stars looking down calmly over all, make a scene not easily forgotten. A curious fact has been observed in connection with these prairie fires. In spots where the progress of settlement has prevented such conflagrations as the one above-mentioned, trees of many varieties spring up spentaneously, in what was before considered a treeless district. It appears that there were living roots of trees in the ground before; and, though burned off when shooting, the vitality of

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

the roots has remained intact.

A CLAIM is made by one of the daily papers that some ten years ago British birds were first imported into this country for public purposes; and, furthermore, that to the Commissioners of the Central Park belongs the credit of their first importation,

Without at all desiring to withhold any merit which of right pertains to the aforesaid gentlemen, truth requires us to state that as early as 1846 Mr. Thomas Woodcock, President of the Natural History Society of Brooklyn, at his own expense, brought over in the spring of that year not only many English singing birds, which were freed on their arrival, but also some lumineds of eggs, which boys were hired to deposit in the nests of our own birds in Greenwood and around Brooklyn. It may also be stated that from this importation a colony of English Sky-larks was Without at all desiring to withhold any merit importation a colony of English Sky-larks was established at the Wallahout, the merry occu-pants of which survived two of our winters, as some of the inhabitants of that vicinity can now

The Brooklyn Advertiser, a paper then edited by Mr. Lee, contained an allusion to the circumstance last related in the following poem, which was published in its columns in 1847. It is headed:

The Humble Appeal of a Colony of Bretien Sev-lares to the Sporthers of New York and Broge-lty. Sons at the Walladoff on the First of May, Ten Minutes before Streine.

Awake! Tis morning prime!

High on a broken cloud,
Frem an air-built erag his crimson flag
Our menarch's waving pecod!

Then list to the cheering call,
Ascend the akien and ring;
His heralds we—with minatrel glee—
To usher in our King.

Chorus Mount, mount the saure beights, Our carol is begun; Hall to the dawn of rosy morn! Hall to the Rising Sun!

Far from our notive land, O'er storney occan's rose,
We've brought no trump, but a pesceful pipe,
Which sounds no note of war.
Then list our carol biline,
Kor seek to do us wrong;
In as you see—so enemy,
The Pioneers of Song.

If, in its infant state, Our Colony you shield, We'll peal our thanks in after-years From many a fertile field. Manhattan's maids shall hear Our wildly-warbled strain, Our tales of love, by dell and grove, , Shall cheer the Western swain.

Now, at his Eastern Gate Now, at his Eastern care
Our monarch's coursers prance,
We know his burnished charlot wheels,
We know his golden glance.
No dagging wings are ours,
Our voices clear and sweet;
And, seering high from earth to sky,
The thus our King we greet!

Cho Mount, mount the auure heights, Our carol is begun; Hall to the dawn of rosy morn! Hall to the Kising Sun!

LOVE-LETTERS.

A collection of the more remarkable pre cedents of love-letters, well chosen, would be both useful and interesting; and it would be not importinent to examine how far the modern cilities of intercommunication may not have induced some deterioration in the style of amo-rous composition. Southey, apropos of the loves of Leonard Bacon and his cousin Margaret, ob-serves that theirs were not times in which a aigh could be wafted across the country by mail-coach at the rate of eight miles an hour. What

would be have said of these days, in which, for] three cents, half an ounce of assurances of unalterable affection may be transmitted from New York to Boston in a few hours, or, indeed, the sigh (if under twenty words) may be wasted in-stantaneously by electric telegraph? Here we may observe that, in actions for breach of prom-ise of marriage, written evidence of the promise, though its absence may weaken the plaintiff's case, is far from being a sine que non. For example, in a case tried some years ago, in which a marine-store dealer was the defendant, and a damsel of Portsmooth the plaintiff, defendant's counsel insisting very strongly that not a single scmp of love-letter was produced on the other side, the learned judge warned the jury against attaching much significance to that deficiency, observing very pertinently that it was absurd to expect that the man would occupy himself with writing love-letters to the young woman, when all he had to do was to go round into the next street and out his own record her waist. We street and put his arm round her waist. We must not forget to commemorate the ingenuity must not forget to commemorate the ingentury of a pair of poor lovers who managed to correspond gratis by a regular system of unpaid letters. The intelligence was conveyed on the outside of the letter by an ingenious righer of ink-blots and variations in the address. After an attentive persual of the cover the letter was invariably handed back to the postman, with a gentle murmur at the poverty which forbade the damsel to claim the right of opening it by paying the postage. ing the postage.

PAT'S INTRODUCTION TO KI-HI; WID SAYRIOUS REFLICTIONS ON THAT SAME, BY THE MULLICAN OF BALL'S MULLICAN, JUN.

See Hustration on Page 560, SHURE, Sam, is this the naygur They're biathering all about, That's come from San Francisco By the Pacific route? Is this the ugly spalpeen, Wid th' umberella hat, That lives on spiders, dogs, and mice, And ates his ould tom-cat?

Oh, wurrah! B5ildy, darlint,
"Twill be all day wid you;
He'll swaps the carpits, 'tind the beds,
And are cockroaches too. He cares for nothing but his tail, Which he hangs on to stout; The baste, he miver goes to Mass, And needs no Sundays out.

And, Mick, ye roystering emadhawn, Ye'd best throw by the pick; D'ye twig this mollaneolly thap?— He'll make ye cut your stick. And Dick the tailor, too, might well Be stared to see the knave; He'll cut poor Jim the cobbler's corns, And thin the barber shave.

Thin, whin he looks upon the land, Twould make a gardoer cry
To see the praties, at his call,
Rise in their majesty.
He bates Sam Slick the clock-maker, And staps the miner's breath; He's nate on ould tin pots and pans, And on tobacky-death.

Oh, wurrah! for my father's son! That e'er I've come to strife The divit in his pipe.

And, wurrah! for me childer dear,
And for my darlin' wife;
Wid naygurs black, and naygurs brown, I'm harried out of life,

A HERETIC'S GRAVE IN SPAIN.

THE Revolution is not a year old, yet it be-gins already to bear fruit in Spain. The devo-toes of monarchy cursed it for a barren tree, and priestly politicians foretold the speedy stretching of its withered boughs over a field of blood. But the prognostics of neither sycophants nor bigots have thus far come to pass. Without a Bourbon throne, the Spaniards retain their preference for a strong government in the hands of a single megistrate; and without palace miracles, the refusal of the rights of burial to Protestants, or the payment of the Papal Nuncio out of the Civil List, the nation still cherishes the traditions of its ancient faith. The mass of the community have not discarded feelings of reverence; they have only cast off the theory and the discipline of intolerance. In every cathedral the imposing ritual is still performed; and at eventide, from every church tower, is heard the vesper bell. Some of the hoarded treasures of the sacristy been sold that the price may be given to the poor, or that the state may pay its pressing debts; but there has been no hunting down of priests, no description of shrings. Bishops and canons have been returned by popular election to the Constituent Cortes, and there patiently beard in advocacy of their special theories of government and law; but the humble heretic is no longer denied a Christian grave, and the mourning relatives, instead of by night stealing away the body, bear it undisturbed to the public cemetery without disguise or fear. It is but yes-terday that the influence of the English Minister at Madrid was invoked to obtain the concession at Madrid was invoked to obtain the concession of a burial-place for certain Protestants long domiciled in Spain, and against whom there was no other imputation than their contraband creed. Now all is changed; creeds are no longer contraband. There still are bigots every where who would, if they could, put out the true light of the world, and offer men instead their horn-lanten-of orthodoxy. Father Boland had to pay recently £200 damages in an action brought at the

Wicklow Assizes by a national schoolmaster whom he had cursed from the altar for contumacy, and announced as certain to come to grief macy, and amounced as certain to come to grief in this world and in the world to come. We can not wonder that the Archbishop of Toledo should have entered his protest against the pub-lic interment, at Madrid recently, of a young lady of Protestant family and faith. M. Rivero, the new Minister of the Interior, acknowledged the unchristian communication with polite form-ality, and gave orders to the police to guard against any attempt at molestation of the mourn-ers assembled round the Heretic Grave. Freedom from interruption in the performance of this most sacred rite by members of a religious mi-nority was a fact of social, moral, and political importance, which the new government could not, and would not, suffer to be overshadowed by any doubt. It was the visible and tangible sym-bol of one of the great principles of the Revolution that had overthrown absolutism in Church and State; and, had it been necessary, the new government was prepared at any hazard to vindicate it. Their precautions were superfluous, for no attempt was made. The populace of Madrid are no longer what they were. Railroads, telegraphs, and a cheap press have Europeanized them. They may not have outgrown all prejudices and passions; where are the mobs that have? But in Spain the odious and debasters conventions are consecuted with the control of the c ing animosities on account of religion, of which their fathers were the dupes and tools, no longer exercise dominion over them. The dust from the human cinder heap of the Quemadaro still daily seems to them to rise to heaven, making the most ignorant and frivolous loiterer in the Puerto del Sol ashamed of the recollections of national bigotry in times gone by.

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A scarme of one-legged veterans, remants of the late war, have procured a charier under the above title, and are located at 500 Penn St., Pittsburgh, Pa. They make the "Anvorsants Laters Socker" List (patented), which is an ingenious contrivance of a number of piles or layers of leather, so trimped over a Piaster-of-Paris cast of the stump that it is adjusted by a lacer, and always conforms exactly to the shape of the injured member. These logs are very highly praised by all who have worn them, for their great comfort and durability. As each shareholder weare the leg, they are certainly most competent to produce what is required; and we would advise any one needing the article to write to this company for a circular,

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From The Nation, July 22d, 1869.

From The Nation, July 2nd, 1869.

Hauren's Baran, far from being the trivial paper that one might hastily suppose, is an excellent one. Like all the periodicals which the Haurens publish, it is almost ideally well edited, and the class of reoders for whom it is intended—the mothers and daughters in average families—can not but profit by its good cases and good taste, which, we have no doubt, are to-day making very many homes happier than they may have been before the women began taking lessons in personal and household and social management from this good-natured mentor. Then, apart from the claims to familine respect and liking, the more important part of humanity and creation may properly be much obliged to it for its services to the great cause of dressing well, and particularly for helping on the cause of dressing well at not too great an expense. No doubt, a certain appearable percentage of the beauty which to-day makes American women the envy of the foreign femiline world, and a chief glory of our native land, is due to little blast that they get from the Baras. Of the Wazary and the Mosvunty there is nothing that our readers need to be told.

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two for \$7 00.

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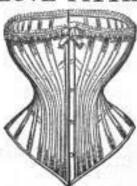
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WE publish on this page a portrait of Governor SENTER, of Tennessee. The election took place on the 6th of Angust, and it turned mainly on the question of the disfranchisement of white citizens. If this point had been yielded by the Radical Republicans, the State might have been carried the other way. As it was, SENTER had a majority of nearly 60,000. If it should happen that, as a consequence of this election, ex-President ANDERS JONESON should be elected to the United States Senate, then we must indeed feel that the wrong party has triumphed in Tennessee.

THE TROT AT BUFFALO.

The recent trot at Buffalo, August 12, deserves to be commemorated. It took place at the Driving Park, where three years ago Dexter made the unprecedented time of 2.18 under the saddle. There, two years ago, Dexter made the best time ever recorded, in harness—2.17‡. Last year, on this course, a mile was paced in 2.14 by Billy Boyce.

There were 25,000 people present at the Park

Billy Boyce.

There were 25,000 people present at the Park to witness the races on the 12th. Goldsmith Maid won the \$10,000 purse in three straight heats, the time being 2.192, 2.192, 2.192. This gives the Maid a place by the aids of Dexter. The latter was bought by Boxnun, who ought now to buy the Maid also. American Girl has trotted a single heat faster than the Maid, it is true, but for a sustained effort the performance of the latter exceeds any thing yet done upon the turf.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

The great event of Angust, in England, is the International Boat-race between the Harvard and Oxford crews. By the time that this number of our paper shall have reached its readers that mee will probably have been decided. But we write, of course, in ignorance as to the result. On the 6th of April, 1869, WILLIAM H. SINMONS, then Captain of the Harvard University Boat-Club, sent to the President of the Oxford University Boat-Club a challenge to row a race in out-rigger boats from Putney to Mortlake,



GOVERNOR SENTER, OF TENNESSEE.-(PROT. BY C. C. GUERS, NASHYHAE, TENNESSEE.)

some time between the middle of August and the first of September, 1869, each boat to carry four rowers and a coxsumin. A similar challenge was at the same time sent to Cambridge. Ox-ford accepted—and so did Cambridge, but con-ditionally.

Mr. Loring, after some delay, consented to participate in the race on the side of Harvard. He has had the most brilliant record that has He has had the most brilliant record that has fallen to the lot of any American gentleman to display. To him Mr. Sussnovs magnanimously offered, not only the captainty of the Harvard crew, but the stroke-ship also. But Mr. Loaned decided after all that the boat would go best with Mr. Sussnovs as stroke, and himself at the bow, thus keeping the two less experienced, though by no means inexperienced, waist men thoroughly in hand.

The course chosen is the best known race-

thoroughly in hand.

The course chosen is the best known racecourse in the rowing world—the time-honored
track on which Cambridge had beaten Oxford so
repeatedly that it seemed hopeless and foolish to
try again, and on which suddenly Oxford beat
Cambridge, and for the last nine years has, without one interruption, continued to win, so that
the latter is annually in doubt whether to attempt
it any more or not. It is known as the Metropolitan, or, more properly, as the Putney to
Mortlake course, and nominally extends from
Putney Bridge across the Thames, about four
miles west of London, to the ship at Mortlake,
four miles and one-third up stream. These figures and four miles three furlongs, also four miles
and a quarter, have each been frequently given and a quarter, have each been frequently given as its length, but the English papers have often stated that the distance is not accurately known.

THE OXFORD CREW.

The four men of the Oxford crew, all Eton-The four men of the Oxford crew, all Kion-ians, and all, when taking the usual initiatory training at the great college which flourishes un-der the shades of Windsor, took their places in the Eton eight—all except Mr. Dansishnas, who takes rank as having rowed twice against Cambridge. All have rowed in their college matches at Oxford; all have rowed in the win-ning host at the areat emetary recently for explining boat at the great amateur regatts for gentle-men and scholars at Henley; all have been in the winning boat against Cambridge in the great race on the Thames.

Chief among them in rowing, nome, fame, and rank, though not is nominal position in the boat, stands F. Willaw, of Exeter College. He has



GREAT TROT AT THE BUFFALO DRIVING PARK, AUGUST 12, 1869 .- [SKETCHED BY J. P. HOFFMAN.]

rowed four times in the winning boat at the great race, and has contributed in no small degree to its success. Mr. William is a sturdy and wellknit man of not more than middle beight, about twenty-five years of age. A southern complex-ion and well rounded face are set off and deep-ened by black hair kept short and nest, and small ened by black hair kept short and neat, and small mustache; deep-set eyes and heetling eyebows give to Mr. William an aspect of houtest which is not in keeping with his genial nature, for he is a frank, hearty, and manly English gentleman. With great breadth of chest, sound lungs, and splendid physique, he combines massive shoulders and powerful arms. He has somewhat of the style of a man who has served at sen, and shows a degree of courses, hower determination. shows a degree of courage, power, determination, and endurance not often found in one man. He

weighs eleven stone nine pounds.

Mr. J. C. Tisser, of University College, the President of Oxford University Bost-Clis, is a younger and beavier man. He weighs thirteen stone seven pounds. Mr. Tisse is tall, youthful-looking, and shy. His power is lazent rather than apparent; but with that robust and as yet not fully developed form, it is not difficult to associate long reach, flexible motion, and wast strength. Mr. Traws is of light complexion, has not yet cultivated a beard nor taken occasion to he particular as to what turn his mustache may be required to take, but he has a pleasant look and an Oxford manner. Mr. Tissus has rowed three times in the winning boat.

Mr. A. C. YARBOROUGH, of Lincoln College, has rowed twice in the same hoat. He seems to be about twenty years of age, and weighs over eleven stone seven pounds, being six pounds lighter than when he rowed in the great race in lighter than when he rowed in the great race in the spring. Promptitude, activity, and determ-ination are suggested by his sharp forc, quick eye, and firm build. Less strong apparently than either we have just described, Mr. Yanson-ough is probably not less effective as a rowing man, and would certainly seem to have more staying power than either, because he is more compactly formed, and is likely, on that account, to do his work with less wear and tear of mate-rial than either of them. As a scaller, he carrial than either of them. As a sculler, he car-ried off the Oxford sculls, over one mile and a

quarter, on the University course.

Mr. A. Danassens, of Baliol, eleren stone three, has rowed for two years against Cambridge. He was stroke on the race this spring at eleven stone eight. Mr. Daussenersk may be twenty-two years of age, but, being smooth faced or clean shaven, he may be more than that. In stature he is less than either of those already mentioned, and in figure smaller, but more firmly built than any. Once in his day Mr. Danni-asires must have been a good coxewain. Now be is a smart, sharp, and vigorous stroke, a man who will keep a pretty sharp eye on a boat creep-ing up, and who will not spare himself or his men when there is need for an extra call upon their powers. Judgment of pace and time, and estimate of skill and endurance, are qualities that abundantly fit this gentleman for his position.

Mr. J. II. Hatt., the coxamin, at seven stone three pounds, is a Corpus man, who has not yet steered the boat in the annual contest, and has thus a grand opportunity of winning golden spurs and becoming "Hall marked."

THE RARVARD CREW.

Comparisons, however edious in a general way, can not in particular instances be avoided. may be as well to say at once that, if all the Har-vard crew are equal to Mr. William II. Sim-mons, of Concord, Massachusetts, and if his skill be at all equal to his power and physique, a more dangerous four-our never appeared on Thomes water. There is not a man in the Oxford boot who, as a specimen of manhood, can compare with Mr. Simmons. His bust, head, limbs, contour require a sculptor to do them justice, and should the crew win, a good statue of Mr. Sta-mosa, either in classical or modern similitude, would do credit to any sculpture-gallery of Eu-rope or America. We refrain in an honorable contest of this kind from hinting at an interna-tional meeting of another and baser sort which roused English feeling a few years ago, except just to say that there, too, was a splendid man who wanted nothing but absolute fair play to enable him to hold his own in his own line against any man in the world. It has long been a slur upon the Thames that, in these great matches, should the Londoner, whoerer he may be, be in danger of defeat, the steamers and the small boats do their worst to discomfit his antagonist. Hence it was that when HARILL, of Pittsburg, rowed KELLEY, the best English cursman of his day, the Tyne was chosen as the scene of contest, because there, among the sturdy Northmen, a clear course was sure to be maintained. In that men, terester as borns training, skill, and experience of KELLEY completely vanquished the comparatively untutored strength of his rival. In this the same conditions will, no doubt, to some extent apply. On one side there is prestige, training, style, and ex-perience. On the other durability, strength, and freshness. The Hervard men have had their races, but these have not been traditional. Their manner of rowing is different from that of their rivals. They have not been accustomed to a coxswain. They row in a strange land, on a strange river, among strangers, who, whatever their sympathies may be, can not but wish for the success of the English boat. Oxford is noted for a long and powerful swing, and for great strength, good style, and stamina or staying power. Of the Harvard we have, at the time of writing, heard so little that we can at pres-

ent only sum them up thus:
ALDEN PORTER LORING, captain and bow our,
aged twenty-three, of Boston, ten stone thirteen

WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, twenty, Concord, thir-teen stone; a very powerful car.

SYLVESTER WARREN RICE, twenty-six, Roseburg. Oregon, eleven stone six pounds; great length of reach and power of endurance. Guonus Bass, Chicago, twenty-four, stroke;

ARTHUR BURNHAM, Chicago, coxswain, eight

stone four pounds. Our last advices are that Rick and Bass are to be displaced by Fay and Lyman, on the ground that with them better time could be

The Harvard crew took with them to England

a boat built by ELLIOTT, of Greenpoint. But upon trial this boat was found inadequate, and a w boat was ordered from the NALTERS of Ox-rd. Thus both the boats will be of English manufacture, and the international rivalry of the race will be confined to the styles and sinews of

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.

GENERAL CANBY'S DUTY.

N dealing with so new and difficult a subject as reconstruction, and in the midst of a constant conflict with the Executive, it is not surprising that Congress did not provide for every emergency. The consequences, however, are none the less to be regretted, and should be treated reasonably, and not with mere party purposes in view; and if a solution at once conciliatory and just can be found, it should gladly be adopted. A difficulty has arisen on the interpretation of the act approved April 10, 1869, under which the late election was held in Virginia. The original reconstruction acts make certain persons ineligible to election as members of the Legislature. The act of April 10, however, submitted to the registered voters the question whether disfranchisement should be continued under the new Constitution. It also empowered those voters to elect members of Congress and of the State Legislature at the time of voting upon the Constitution. The election was held, the disfranchising clause of the new Constitution was rejected, and Members of Congress and of Assembly chosen. It now appears that many of the members of Assembly so elected are incapacitated by the original reconstruction acts; and it is claimed on their behalf that the act of April 10 repeals the disfranchising clauses of the original acts, and that therefore the members may take their But General CARRY, commanding in the State, is of a different opinion, and it is understood that be intends to require the test This is a difficulty which would have been

avoided if the later act had expressly declared the repeal of any part of the earlier. But in so vital a matter as reconstruction no repeal of any restriction ought to be assumed; and to make that assumption still less proper in the present ease, the necessary operation of the new Constitution, if approved by Congress, will hereafter, but not for the purposes of this election, supersede the old provisions. The act of April 10 authorizes an election for Members of Assembly simultaneously with the vote upon the disfranchising clause. But that act necessarily contemplates the election of members qualified under existing laws, not of those to be qualified under a Constitution which may or may not be approved. The existing laws were known, and they designated who might vote and who might be voted for. If they were disregarded, it was not from ignorance. It was no more compe-tent for unqualified voters to vote for the Constitution because it would qualify them than for qualified voters to vote for ineligible candidates because the Constitution would make them eligible. If the Constitution were adopted without the disfranchising clause, and if the Constitution, with the Legislature of qualified members, were accepted by Congress, then, of course, they become the fundamental law and the legal Assembly of the State; and at subsequent elections the voters now unqualified might vote, and the candidates now ineligible be voted General CANBY's duty is plain. He must obey existing laws, not propositions of law not yet approved. If a Legislature assembles he must take care that it be qualified according to

But if he does this it is unquestionable that the will of the qualified voters will be defeated. It may be said, indeed, and undoubtedly with a great deal of truth, that incligible candidates were intentionally and defiantly selected. But, on the other hand, the omission of the act to provide distinctly for the emergency must be conceded. It is an unfortunate dilemma, and it is one which should have been foreseen by Congress; but it is by no means a case for denunriation or fury. Those who voted at the late election were qualified. They therefore represent the State of Virginia which Congress has declared itself, in determining the qualification, willing to recognize. It can not desire that their wishes should be defeated. Yet if the Legislature meets before the assembling of Congress, General CANDY must, in obedience to law, unseat so many members as to give the power to the minority. They would probably elect two United States Senators in sympathy

with the minority. But what would be the result? Those Senators could take their seats only when Congress had approved the new Constitution of the State. But that Constitution abolishes disfranchisement; and if party advantage be considered, the election of minority Senators would justly be regarded with a bitterness which would hurt the cause of the minority infinitely more than the Senators could

The honorable and proper solution of the difficulty is evident. The act of April 10 provides that the Legislature shall not assemble until four weeks after the General commanding in the State proclaims that the Constitution has been ratified by the legal votors. Let General Canny delay his proclamation until the meeting of Congress. Then let Congress, upon his certificate of the facts, order new elections in the place of the ineligible members. There will be ample time for each elections, for the meeting of the Legislature, and the choice of Senators, before the session of Cougress is far advanced; and there could be no just complaint upon any side, for all laws will then have been satisfied, and the will of the majority of the voters will have been respected.

THE LOCOMOTIVE AND THE COO.

Among the minor blessings which the country owes to the Democratic party is Judge M'Cunn, of New York. His lofty character, his profound legal learning, the universal re-spect and confidence which he commands, are all shining proofs of the superior claims of that party to the control of the country. Indeed, the character of a party which receives its policy from a Sweeney, which calls a M'Cunn to the beach, and elects on A. OAKET HALL for Mayor, is sufficiently perceived from those facts. Ex pede Herculem; given M'Cunn, you may construct the Democratic party. This party cherishes a peculiar jealousy of the national government, and asserts very stoutly what it is pleased to call State sovereignty. And it was only natural that Judge M'Cuns should attempt to illustrate the party tendency upon this subject by his proceedings in the late case of the Texan PRATE. The matter was promptly settled, but it should be remembered.

PRATT was arrested upon a charge of abetting an atrocious murder in Texas last October. and was held for examination by the United States Commissioner. A writ of habens corpus was issued by Judge M'Curz, addressed to the jailer, who returned answer that PRATT was held by the United States. The Judge then required the personal appearance of PRATT be-fore him. The United States officers, not recognizing any authority upon the part of M*Cuxx, but anxious to avoid even the appearance of offense, and with the understanding that PRATT would be immediately remanded to them, carried him before Judge M'Cuxx, who, instead of instantly resigning all claim to jurisdiction, which it was his lawful duty to do, heard an argument upon the merits of the case, and at the end "remanded the prisoner to the Mar-shal"—as if the Marshal had been one of his officers. The Marshal, as the understanding had not been observed, to prevent any further actual interference by M'CUNN, placed PRATE

The Judge then ordered him to release the prisoner under the writ of habeas corpus, which had been addressed to the jailer. The Marshal declined to take notice of the order, both because he was no party to the writ, and because Judge M'Cunn had no jurisdiction in the case. Thereupon the Judge ordered his arrest for contempt, and the President of the United States ordered the Marshal not to allow the execution of the laws to be defeated by his arrest. The Marshal then summ med the military protection of the United States. and at the time specified by the Commissioner the prisoner was brought before him for examination, and was released by him upon the ground that there was not sufficient legal evidence to hold him, the order of release being accompanied by the decided declaration of the Commissioner, that his decision had been delayed by the interference of the State Court.

Judge M'Cuss has as much right to order e release of PRATT and the arrest of shal as any old apple-woman, and no more. The point has been long settled, both by the Supreme Court of the United States and by the State statutes, that when return is made to a writ of habour corpus, issued by a State Judge, that the prisoner is held by the United States authorities, the State Judge is to remand him to their custody. The mistake of the authorities in this case was in consenting to appear before Judge M'Curr at all. It was indeed done with the best intention, with the intention of avoiding the very objection of discourtesy that was sure to be raised, and was mised; but the difficulty was, that when the United States officers appeared before M'Cunn they gave color to his claim of jurisdiction, and to suppose that that excellent Judge would not improve the advantage thus given him was to be at least unwary. As he had no authority what-ever, the return to his writ should have been made, and no form of recognizing any further claim tolerated. After Judge M'CUNN knew

the facts, the attempt by his writ to arrest the Marshal was nothing else than lawless violence to prevent the execution of the laws of the

The San, in its bitter hostility to Marshal Barlow, whose vigilant and successful en-forcement of the Neutrality laws it can not forgive, declared that if Mr. SEWARD had been Governor of the State he would have called out the whole military force to sustain a writ which Judge M'Cuxx had no more authority to issue than the reporter of the Sas. Mr. Szwano is too good a citizen and too sound a lawyer to attempt any such unpardonable crime. New Jersey or California Judge had issued his writ for the Marshal's arrest in New York, would Mr. SEWARD, as Governor, have called out all the militia to enforce the writ if the Marshal refused to acknowledge it? But their writ would be just as lawful under the circumstances as Judge M'Cuns's. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that no judicial process can have authority beyond its jurisdiction. The whole affair is another illustration of the eagerness to bring the national and State authority into collision, which is constantly displayed by the advocates of State "sovereignty." The attitude of the United States officers was respectful and conciliatory until the audacious attempt of a Judge to impede the execution of the law. Then their conduct was firm and prompt in asserting the just authority of the United States.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PROHIBI-TIONISTS.

THOSE who anticipated a rupture in the Republican party of Massachusetts by the action of the Prohibitory Convention are disappointed. The President, upon taking the chair, remarked that the purpose of the Convention was not a multiplication of candidates; and with a hearty greeting to all delegates who might be Democrats, but assuming that the great majority were Republicans, he announced his intention to dis-charge his duty " within the limits of the Republican party."

The address of the Convention asserts that the people of Massachusetts have for thirty years approved prohibition upon the ground that whatever is clearly injurious to the State may be forbidden by the State. Experience, it says, teaches that the drunkard-maker is a criminal; so the sale of liquor as a beverage was prohibited. This law, according to the address, was most successful. But the pressure of opposition repealed it. "A great and trusted leader"-for thus it speaks of Jons A. An-DREW-"foremost in the work of a kindred and not inferior reform, who had given the State a triumphant record and himself an immortal name in the national conflict, cast his great powers and greater name in the scale of ruin." License replaced prohibition; but the pauperism of the State increased within the succeeding year nearly fourfold, and the jails were so crowded that the Governor declared their enlargement would be necessary if the license law were maintained. The result was a res-toration of prohibition by the last Legislature; and the address concludes by stating that the party which pronounces for prohibition will receive such support as it never knew.

The address was followed by a series of resolutions. In reply to the argument that such a law is an invasion of personal liberty the resolutions affirm that it is no more so than the suppression of gambling, lotteries, and dueling; that it is no infringement of personal lib-erty to forbid the sale of what is the cause of general suffering and crime; that it is incontestible that one-half of the pauperism and crime in the country is caused by the open sale of liquor as a beverage, and the State which supports poupers and criminals has a right to forbid the sale of that which makes them sowhich is proved by the fact that those who deny the right to prohibit do for the very same pur pose restrict and limit.

The resolutions are much too diffuse. The strength of the position of the temperance men lies in the universally conceded and exercised right of restriction by license. The extension of the limitation becomes then a question of ency; and if it can be esta an extension even to prohibition really keeps the peace better and lowers the taxes, they will have gained an immense advantage. Rev. Dr. MINER, who replied to Governor ANDREW before the Committee of the Legislature, in a speech to the Convention, said that the new prohibitory law, during the forty-eight days in which it had been enforced, had done more for temperance and morality than all the license laws had ever done. The good Doctor's assertion certainly proves the ardor of his faith, if it is less serviceable to his cause than a few figures would be; and when he declared that there was joy in hell over every issue of certain newspapers which do not agree with him, he did not certainly commend his cause to hearers at this distance.

The Massnehusetts prohibitionists will act within the Republican party, and, of course, will endeavor to secure the proper plank in the platform at the September convention. We doubt if they will succeed. They are a powerful and persistent, but it is not probable that they are yet the controlling, el ment of the Some of the most influential and able Republicans are as resolutely hostile to prohibition as a party tenet as Governor ANDREW was ; so that if the probibitionists can carry the Convention they can by no means command the whole Republican vote of the State. If they are a clear majority of the Convention they will undoubtedly insist upon a distinct prohibitory declaration. If they are not, they will be obliged to accept a compromise.

THE COAL QUESTION.

Ir the Pennsylvania authorities are unable to maintain public order in the mining districts !t is their duty to demand assistance of the United States. It is useless to say that the President ought to interfere, for the President can do nothing except upon a constitutional request from the Governor or the Legislature. If the miners have a real grievance, mobs and riots are not the proper remedy, and should no longer be tolorated.

The people of Pennsylvania have an unques-tioned interest in collecting from the Northern and Eastern States as large returns for anthracite coal as possible, in order that they may be distributed over the State, and this interest will have great effect in determining its policy. The amount exacted from local consumers of coal in Pennsylvania by reason of strikes bears but a small proportion to the excess over usual profits which a successful strike produces for such distribution. Many Pennsylvanians, therefore, if they weep at all over these alarming disturbances, weep with only one eye, as they view in the opposite scale the pecuniary advantage. The miners are a powerful body in a political sense, and would wield their united strength against the Governor who should be the means of calling out the forces of the Union to keep them in order, Pennsylvania will probably hesitate before taking this decisive but necessary step.

The demand on the part of the miners, which they prosecute with force, is, to be admitted to participation in the profits of the mines as they think advantageous; and as much of this property is owned by persons and Companies located out of the State, the motive appears not to be as powerful for restraining the violent assertion of this demand as if the mines were owned exclusively in Pennsylvania. It is not improbable, also, that the policy which advances the price of coal to unreasonable limits has some support from the Companies which share in the advantage, or we should hear of demands openly and publicly made on Governor GRARY, if the State were unequal to the task of preserving order, to require the General Government to carry out its guarantee of protection against domestic violence. In the absence of such demands, whether explicable by selfish considerations or not, it is for the Governor to consider whether the lawless condition of the coal districts can be safely endured,

It will be found that the object of this strike has no strong sympathies outside of the limits of Pennsylvania, and, on the contrary, that there are powerful interests which would combine to support the Government of the United States if it should be required to intervene. Coal is of such general use and necessity that the interest is extensive and powerful which calls for putting down the armed combination which keeps it at a high price to the damage of all the various industries of the country. It is of the highest importance that fuel for domestic and manufacturing purposes should be furnished at a cheap rate. It constitutes one of the elements for successful competition with foreign industries; and as the mines are owned in great part outside of Pennsylvania, and as roads have been chartered to run their cars from the mines across State lines, there is nothing in the way of the general enjoyment of these deposits of coal except the disturbances at the mines; and the rioters should be unmistakably taught that they must seek redress, like other citizens, of the laws and not of brute force.

Notwithstanding these troubles in the anthracite districts it is pleasant to know that the Cumberland mines in Maryland are worked with regularity, and that the Baltimore and Ohio road, which carries coal at the lowest rate per ton, has refused at this juncture, though strongly urged, to increase the hardly remunerating freight which is charged. The policy is the reverse of that of some roads running out of New York, for it looks to permanent results and to substantial interests.

The question what Congress can do for relief will engage attention. The duty on bitu-minous coal-28 bushels to the ton and 80 pounds per bushel—is \$1 25 per ton, and upon all other coal it is 40 cents per ton. Although it is higher on bituminous than upon other coal the bituminous is really the competing coal with the anthracite, for it may be used for manufacturing purposes, and for consumption in open grates and Franklin stoves. The description of coal at 40 cents per ton is very little imported, although it would appear to be the competing article with anthracite. Except for a incessant difficulties in Pennsylvania the

manufacturing States which have no coal beds might refuse to touch this duty; but it would be manifestly wrong to continue it under the circumstances. If the duty were removed an immense amount, suitable for engines, would be received from Nova Scotia,

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The fear expressed in some quarters that the owners of Pennsylvania mines may purchase those of Nova Scotia to secure themselves in a monopoly need not be entertained. The Cumberland and Picton fields in Nova Scotia are estimated at a hundred square miles, the seams having a thickness in the whole of fifty feet, while the available seams in Cape Breton are estimated at a hundred and twenty square miles of a thickness of from one to twelve feet. As the coal-heds are convenient to numerous sea-ports it will be impossible for monopoly to

command districts so extensive and value If the duty on coal should be taken off, which is the evident policy, our manufacturing industry would have one of the obstacles removed which prevents competition with others; and as Nova Scotia does not extend further north than parts of Maine and convenient to our coast, it is easy to foresee the relations between us which large supplies of coal would produce; and it would appear to be patting aside one of the great favors of Providence to maintain a of duty which practically denies us the benefits of this fortunate provision.

THE DUTY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

GOVERNOR PALMER, of Illinois, has recently made a speech in which he very well defines a party as an agency for the public good, and re-marks that no party will be sustained on account of its past services. He then proceeds to speak of the questions of the time upon which parties must express themselves; of the enormous corruption in politics, and of the necessity of restoring the proper relations between the National and State governments, which the war and the policy which it necessi-tated have naturally disturbed. This is the point upon which he chiefly insists, evidently with the feeling that there is a tendency toward forgetfulness of the just rights of the States. Senator Mosros, of Indiana, has also made a speech in which he reviews with pride and pleasure the career of the Republican party, and declares that, great as its work has been, it is not yet ended. It has done one thing at a time, and done it well; and it will continue in the glorious path of progress. Senator Monthe two parties, and that the Democratic party has nothing to offer but negations and dissatis factions.

Senator Sherman, of Ohio, also has given his view of the political situation. He claims that the Administration is reducing the public expenditures within the appropriations, and that a firm policy will without difficulty pay the debt within twenty years. The condition of the currency, in Mr. Sherman's judgment, is due to the timidity of public opinion which opposes its reduction; and he holds that the responsibility can not be charged upon any party. He thinks the discussion of a tariff uscless, because at present there is an undoubted preference of an indirect to a direct tax. present tariff is designed to raise about \$150,000,000 upon importations; and its prosection is purely incidental, and not so great as to prevent a healthy competition between foreign and domestic manufacturers. Mr. Shan-MAN sums up his views upon this point in these words: "The question of protection is purely incidental; and until our debt is so reduced that we may largely reduce our taxes, it is idle to discuss the mere policy of protection as a measure of national economy. It is enough that we must now levy the duties to raise rev-enue; and before this necessity ceases the manufactories of this country will be on so stable a footing as to defy the competition of the world." This is, however, rather a cheerful and dextrous avoidance of the exact question, which is the true method of levying duties?

The speeches of all these gentlemen show a perception of the fact that the party in which they are all conspicuous must address itself with such vigor and intelligence to the actual issues as to continue to inspire the confidence which it now enjoys. For eight years it has had a positive, progressive, and therefore a triumphant policy. It has not counseled with its doubts and fears, but with its faith and hope. For however courteous, however conciliatory, the tone of party discussion may be, a party policy must be clear, intelligible, and heroic. Whether the object be, with WALFOLE, internal peace, or, with CHATHAM, foreign victory, the policy must be bold and the tendency undoubt-It is not necessary that the Republican party now unroll a dazzling programme of annexation and foreign hectoring to propitiate the worst part of the population; but it is necessary that it grapple at once with evident and increasing evils. Corruption is one of them. Let the party pronounce upon it by a vigorous support of a reform in the civil service. The complexity of the tariff and of the system of internal taxation also demand reform. Mr. SHERMAN says that he hopes soon to see all in-

ternal taxes repealed except those on whisky, tobacco, and incomes. Let the party demand a simple and efficient system. As for the currency, its regulation, under existing circumstances, is so entirely a matter of experiment that it would be useless to proclaim the details of any method. While the country sees a steady reduction of the debt, and an increasing economy of administration, it will not insist ecific theories.

The Republican party is master of the situa-tion, and it can easily retain control of the country if it remembers its own history. Principle, intelligence, boldmass—these have been its conquering signs, and with these it will continne to conquer. The Democratic party is strong only by the faults of the Republican. In all the Democratic platforms that have been put forth for the autumn elections there is no system of principles except such as are no less odious to honest and intelligent men than they were when first announced. The only positive proposition that appears in those platforms is some kind of repudiation, a revelation of the tendency and sympathy of the party. Upon the question of equal rights, which the Repub-lican party is happily and justly settling, these platforms are contradictory. For unconditional free-trade they do not distinctly declare, because Pennsylvania holds an election. They speer and denounce and declaim, but the only reason that any voter should prefer a Democratic to a Republican ticket in any of the States in which an election is pending is, that he thinks the Republicans need the spur of defeat, not that he believes that greater honesty, economy, or constitutionality of administration would be secured by the ascendency of the party from whose supremney sprang the corrupt system which now threatens, and the treason which lately assailed the Government. It is for the Republican party to show that it does not need such a spur by the character of the principles it proclaims upon living issues, and of the candidates whom it nominates to office.

EMIGRATION TO LOUISIANA.

Tun State of Louisiana devotes great and intelligent attention to the subject of immigration, and its Commissioners for that purpose, of whom Dr. Janus O. Norus is President, take care to furnish the most ample and various information for all who are looking for a new home. Thus it appears that Louislana, contrary to the gen-eral impression, is shown by the statistics to be one of the most healthy States in the Union. Louisiana is as healthy as Massachusetts, and the climate is delightful, the mercury seldom rising above 90° in summer or falling below 30° in winter, and the mean temperature being about 70°. The rate of annual mortality, also, even in New Orleans, which has had a bad reputation upon that score, is much less than that of cities which are considered to be much healthier. In Boston the ratio is 1 to 41,26; in New York, 1 to 27.84; in London, 1 to 40; in Puris, 1 to 32; in Havana, 1 to 33; and in New Orleans the mean of three years unaffected by yellow-forer is 1 to 47.48. The Commissioners pass rather lightly over the yellow-fever, speaking of "oc-casional epidemics which are confined to the towns and cities, and which scourge we shall in time learn to obviate altogether." has, however, been but one season of yellow-fever in New Orleans since 1858.

Louisiana has a remarkable system of natural means of transportation in twenty thousand miles of river, lake, and bayon navigation. To supply the transports the whole northern part of the State produces cotton; the rice lands of Louisiana are incomparably the best in the Union; and nine-tenths of the cane sugar produced in the United States come from the delta of the Mississippi. The orange groves are most valuable. The orange crop on six acres containing 600 trees, and belonging to a poor man, was sold last year for \$7000. Many sugar planters realized last year a profit of more than \$150 per acre; many, also, eleared a net profit of \$1000 or \$1500 per hand. Indeed, the Commissioners set forth several appetizing facts of this kind; and then add, as if to make temptation irresistible, that sugar plantations cleared, ditched, and fenced, with comfortable "if not splendid" dwellings, can be bought at less than half the cost of the improvements. Sugar lands are to be bought at \$5 to \$75 per acre; cotton lands from \$3 to \$30. Rice lands are equally low. The United States hold 3,000,000 acres in Louisiana at \$1 25 per acre; and there is about the same quantity of State land at 25 cents per acre. If the immigrant is too poor to buy, there is the Homestead law to befriend him. In no other State, says the befriend him. Board, will a dollar buy so much; in no other can a man five so easily.

Such is the mildness of the climate that there are about 250 fair working days on the farm in Lonisiana against less than 150 in New York or Wisconsin: and the Commissioners could immediately find places on plantations for 10,000 able-bodied men at \$20 per month, with house rent and the principal articles of food included. Indeed the natural resources of the State are remarkable, and with intelligent labor and enterprise, and political tranquillity, Louisiana would be among the most prosperous of States.

NOTES.

Louis Naroleon is a sagacious man, and in his case the only question is whether he is sa-gacious enough to keep his word. He has es-tablished many of the fundamental forms of a tablished many of the fundamental forms of a constitutional and responsible government in France; and upon the hundredth attaiversary of the birthday of his uncle he granted a complete amousty to press and political offenders, and to sundry other classes of delinquenta. But M. Trurkes, now an old man, who has seen many changes in France, and who is a Frenchman of Frenchmen, shakes his head and says that the republic is coming in France, but coming in blood and ravage. M. Trurkes, however, is a disappointed Orleanist, and was always a man of little faith.

The discovery of the shocking abuse of a nun in the convent at Cracow has so stirred the Aus-trian people and Government that the Minister of Public Worship has informed the Governor of the Province that the Government believes inself bound to stop the payment of the annual subsidy to the convent, and also to propose an inquiry whether the convent should not be sup-pressed. The feeling with which an event like that of the Cracow convent is received shows how profound is the popular doubt and jealousy of the ecclesisatical régime.

Iv is quite time that Congress relieved from It is quite time that Congress relieved from legal pursuit the military officers of the United States who, during the rebellion and the suspension of the writ of Asbeus corpus, summarily arrested and imprisoned suspected persons. Journ Mircust., whom to name is to describe, has beought an action against General Dax for illegal imprisonment, and the General was arrested under a M'Cunn writ and held to hail in twenty thousand deliars. It was easy for General Dax thousand dollars. It was easy for General Dix to procure the ball, but an ingenious system of such actions might cause the most serious annoyance to these who are less fortunately situated than General Dix, and who are as guiltless as

SENATOR BROWNLOW has written a curious letter in regard to the Tennessee election. It is curious from the moderation of its tone, and from its admissions. Mr. Baowslow says that a majority of the Republicans of Tennessee are SENTER men, and that SENTER is a sound Republican, but he is very careful not to claim the result of the election as a Republican vic-tory. Indeed, he admits that the Legislature is not Republican. Mr. Buowstow does not explain why a majority of the Tennessee Re-publicans preferred to take a bourse which gave the State to the Democrata. If the reason was the Republicans preferred Democratic ascendency rather than continued disfranchise-ment, it was, if a mistaken, certainly not a discreditable opinion, and he ought not to have omitted to state it. Is Mr. BROWNLOW silent because that was not the renson, which is to be sought in personal jealousies? He would do his sought in personal jenuseurs. The would not be party friends elsewhere a great service if he would elearly and briefly explain the reason why he wished "a sound and reliable Republican" to be elected Governor by those who will not elect such a Republican Senator.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Iw July 222,277 citizens of Boston—noen, worsen, and children—availed themselves of the privileges and selvantages affected by the various public bathing-houses in that city.

The Labor Courres, recently assembled at Philadelphis, strenously opposed the project for the introduction of coolie labor into this country. It also took the cite of the Pennsylvania coal-anters as against their employers. It was proposed to organize a political parity to be compased of laboring-new.

Mr. Peabody has dended \$60,000 to Washington College, Virginia. General Robert E. Lee is President of that institution. This gift is alluded to in warm terms of granitude by the Virginia papers. It is the feeling shown rather than the money given that is reported that several mills in Rhode Island that manufacture print cloths will suspend operations netil the new crop of cotion comes into market. At Fall River, Massachneous, the mills producing this cloth will seen run on "short time."

FOREIGN NEWS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Senators Consultum, recently presented to the French Senate, gives to the Legislature the initiative of proposing laws. It makes the Ministers dependent on the Emperor alone; but it gives to the Legislature of the Ministers dependent on the Emperor alone; but it gives to the Legislature body a meth larger share in the governments than it has hereafore enjoyed. The discussion of the Senatos Consultum commones Acques 38.

The recent advices from Cuba indicate more cheering prospects for the patriots. A strong Speaksh force had been defeated between Remedius and Naevitas by General Quesails. One hundred and eighty-two pelaceners were taken. In another engagement, near Triuldad, General Jordan defeated the Spaniants, exposuring fifty-six prisoners. One hundred and fifty Spanlards descried and joined the Cubans. It is reported that the Spanish roluminers are treating Captain-General De Redas as they formerly treated Dulce, and it is supposed that De Rodas will resign.

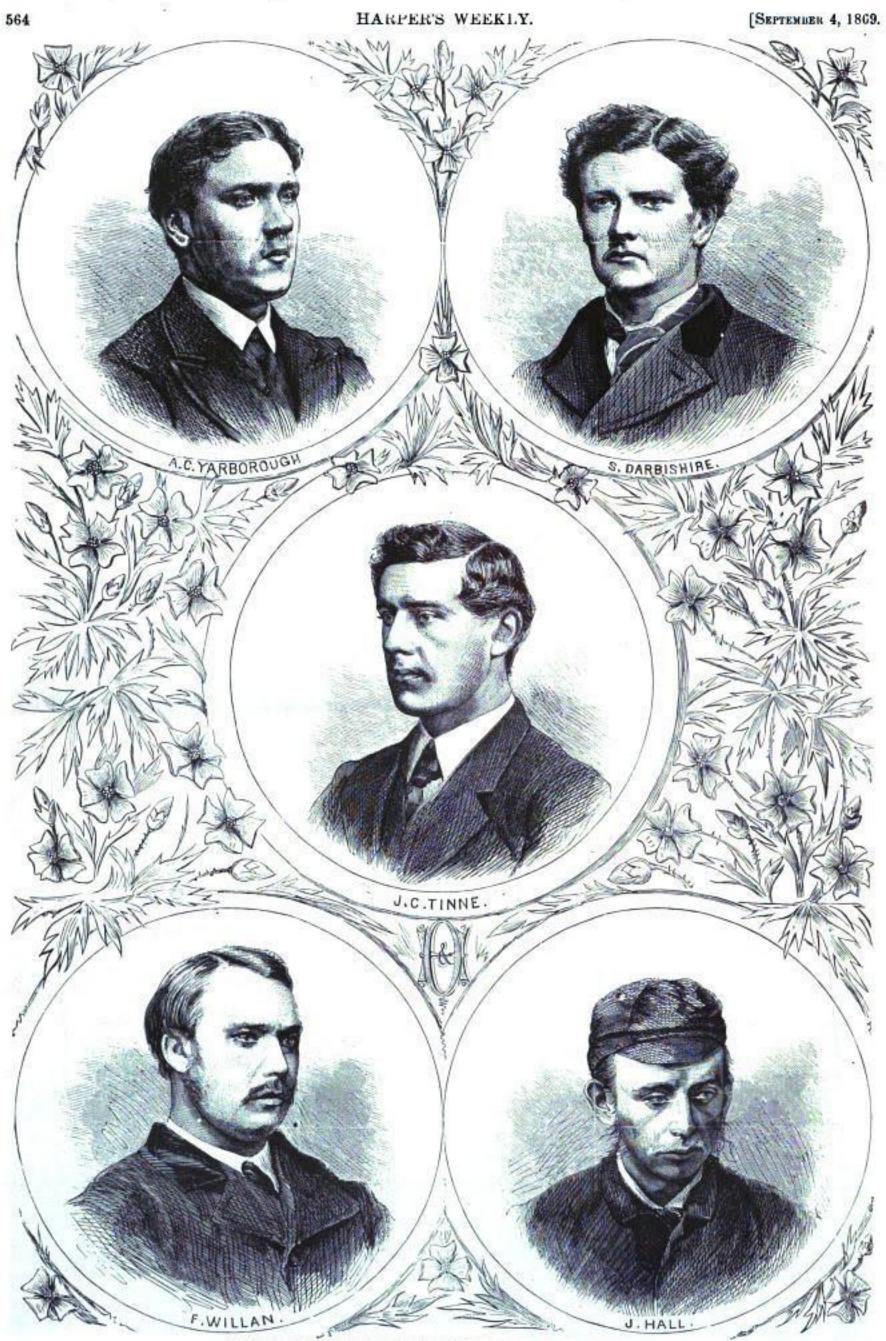
A complete reconciliation has been effected between the Saltan and the Viceroy of Egypt. The English and Prench Consults at Alexandria have comprainhed the Viceroy on the termination of his difficulties with the Porte.

The Hone correspondent of the Prossian Cross Grante asserts that the late Syllahus of the Pope will form the chief solicet of the deliberations of the General assumption of the Vicero that State will be modified, and probably intensified. The dogmas of the Infallities of the Pope and the spiritual and corporal assumption of the Virgin will be promitigated. The Holy Father has expressed his regret that no Schlematic or Protestant bishop has offered to take part in the Council.

This translanded stores and three hundred dwelling-houses have been destroyed by fire in the town of Janias. Turkey.

Thomas lingbes—the well-known "Tom Brown"—of Engley, has been chosen referred in the international heat-race between the Outer and Harrard crows.

General Lebenf has been appointed kinister of War to succeed Marshal Ried decased



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE-THE OXFORD CREW.-[See First Page.]



OUR NEW CURRICULUM. AS TOM BEES IT.

A riu for your Latin, and less for your Greek, No honger with Euclid we'll tustle: The pets of the "Varidies" now, for a week, Are the boys who exhibit the muscle.

Of all the formations, since Chaos was drowned, As marked by geologists grave, The very best strainm that ever was found Is the new one of wherry on wave.

The student of nature may dive after fish,
If he likes, in the depths of the sea;
But the chap who just covers his binds with a swish,
Why, he is the juker for me.

The chemist who catches a crab in his boat, And throws a precipitate there: By "pons asinceus" he never can float, Nor pass the professional chair.

The sage engineer, with his sector and square, May study his bes' to begin it, But be can't find a power with his to compare, Who can go forty-eight to the minute.

Hurrah for the steersman that pulls with a will, Hurrah for the rest of the crew! And good-by to Leomis, and Authon, and Mill, 664 codgers, it's all up with you.

A fig for your Latin, and less for your Grook, No longer with Earlid we'll tussle; The pets of the "Varsities" now, for a week, Are the boys who exhibit the muscle!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Olbe Books,-Book E.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW YICAR FOR SHIPLEY.

THE Church Intelligence announced one day, much to the fluttering of the village of Ship-ley, and also to the fluttering of some disappoint-of hearts in cierical breasts, that the Reverend

Charles Levincourt was presented to the vacant living of Shipley-in-the-Wold.

The Reverest Charles Levincourt was pre-sented to the living of Shipley-in-the-Wold by Sir William Delancy, to whose only son he had

been tutor. Sir William had always expressed his sense of obligation to Mr. Leviscourt for the unremitting and judicious care he had bestowed on his son James's education. 'The young man was sickly in body and inset in mind; nevertheless be had passed through his university career in a fairly creditable manner. This was mainly owing, as every one admitted, to his tutor's talents and seal. Therefore when the not very lucrative liv-ing of Shipley fell vacant, it was the most natural thing in the world that Sir William should bestow it on a gentleman for whose services he professed himself sincerely grateful. But neither Shipley-in-the-Wold nor the world out of the Wold by any means understood the mainspring of this sincere

gratitude.

James was the beronet's only son, but Sir William was also the father of two daughters. While the elder of these young ladies—Hilda was going through the gayeties of a London season (at the end of which she became Lady Tallis), Clara-a girl of seventeen-was quietly failing in love with her brother's tutor in the

The Delancys were Irish people. They lived The Delaneys were Irish people. They fixed chiefly at the place which bore their family name—an estate called Delaney Park in the bouth of Ireland. James passed the long vacuation at home, and Mr. Levincourt came with him. Clara was a delicate, shy, sweet-natured creature; motherless, and more insocent of worldliness in her cighteenth year, then more worldliness in her eighteenth year than many a proceeding inmate of a Belgmvian nursery.

Charles Levincourt loved her better than he was destined ever to love another human being. But he "behaved admirably," Sir William al-

How a ways declared.

How? Well, in a word, he went abroad with a rich minor to whose guardines Sir William Delaney warmly recommended his son's inter.

Before two years were over the family at De-lancy Park learned that Mr. Levincourt was murried in Italy, to a foreign lady of great beauty, but no fortune. Soon afterward Clara yielded to her father's

reficitations, and accepted the hand of Sidney Fower Desmond, Esquire, of Desmond Court, County Cork: a gentleman of good family, whose estate adjoined her father's. On his seccrole to Charles Levince next presentation, then likely to fall in very shortly, to the English living of Shipley-in-the-No one save her father knew that it was

Clara who had asked and obtained this boon. But she had said to Sir William in her quiet sweet voice, "Papa, James had a letter the other day from Mr. Levinessurt. He has not suc-reeded in gesting appointed to the foreign chap-Lainey he was trying for. His wife has just had a little girl. I am afraid they are very poor. I wish you would promise him the next presentation to Shipley. You could not do better. He is so clever and so learned, and—and he was very

good to James, pape denr."

In this way the Reverend Charles Levincourt became vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold.

CHAPTER II.

SHIPLEY VICARAGE.

THE small and obscure village of Shipley-inthe-Wold stands in one of the westernancet of the midland counties.

Its name was given in days before the whole

of that part of England had been marked by the plow and spode, like a page by the tracings of a pen. Generation after generation has left its sign-manual on the face of the land: each writing the record of its labors in straight furrows on many a fertile field: furrows effaced and changed and renewed, from season to season, and from age to age, as are the waving ripples on a sea-side sand washed by the eternal tides. washed by the eternal tides.

A stretch of furae-grown common is, perhaps, the only remnant of that characteristic aspect of the country which gave Shipley its distinctive ap-

peliation.

There are wide, flat meadows all round about it, where herds of cattle graze on the dew-fed grass. The principal farms in the immediate neighborhood of Shipley-in-the-Wold are graz-ing farms. All the land is flat and monotonous as far as the eye can see: save to the westward, where the horizon line is broken by a range of low turf-covered hills, called by the inhabitants of those parts emphatically "the Hills." Behind "the Hills" has another Shipley; Shipley Mag-

in, a tiny market-town.

If it could be reached by a direct line cut through one swelling green mound, Shipley Magna would not be more than two or three miles distant from Shipley-in-the-Wold, But the road winds about and over the hills; and it is six miles from the village to the town. Southward the landscape grows prettier and more smiling. There are trees, and there arable land where, in summer, wide fields There are trees, and there is sun-burnt grain wave, and rock, and change col-or in the breeze, as a face pales or flushes at a

sudden whisper.

But Shipley-in-the-Wold only beholds these things from afar. The stretch of furze grown common already mentioned, and beyond that a considerable extent of our marshland separate

it from the smiling southern country.
In the winter season bleak winds sweep scythewinged over Shipley; the snow lies deep about it; and often a single track of boofs, and wheels, and feet may be traced in long black lines and uncouth dots, for miles across the otherwise un-broken whiteness of the level.

The village straggles over a considerable extent of ground, but its bosses are few and its popula-tion is scanty. There is nothing which can be called a main street belonging to it.

The dwellings etand scattered irregularly; here a cottage, and there a cottage, and each one is set within its own little patch of kitchen-garden.

The place is remote from any great centre of commerce and activity. No railway passes near

Twenty miles to the southward, among the trees and the corn-fields, lies the cathedral city of Danecester; with its hishop, and its dean, and its minster, and many other civilizing and excellent institutions. But Danecester is, after all, but a silent, sleepy, old-fashioned city; and it wots little, and cares less, about your little Shipley out on the bleak, wind-swept flats.

There is a very ancient church in Shipley: a low-roofed, stone church with round arches, pillars of disproportionate thickness, and a square, squat tower. It has a deep porch, to enter which you descend two steps from the grave-yard.
The laboring centuries have piled their dust
ligh around the massive masonry of St. Gildas's church, and the level of the outside earth is considerably above the within the little temple. above that of the stone pavement

The grave-yard is inclosed by a low wall, and its gateway is a relic of antiquity coeval with the church itself. The said gateway is of hewn stone, with a projecting pent-house roof, and beneath it on one side is a large stone slab, cracked, weather-stained, and half sunk into the earth. Here, in the old time, the coffin-bearers were went to set down their burden, and a prelimin-ary prayer for the dead was said before entering

There is no beauty in St. Gildas's grave-yard. It lies defenseless and exposed to every wild northeasterly gale that sweeps over the flats. Its clustered mounds are turf-grown. Sheep graze there sometimes in summer. The few grave-stones, as yet undefaced by time and weather, bear bumble names of yeomen and peasants, born, living, and dying at Shipley, generation after generation.

There are some runk flaunting marigolds growing beside the porch, and a sickly-hued chrysanthemain raises its head to peer over the low rough wall of the grave-yard. Other growth, save net-tles, dock leaves, and dank, shadow-loving, nameless words, there is none.

Hard by the church stands the vicarage house. It is a lonely dwelling. There is no habitation of any kind within a mile of it; none above the

rank of a peasant's cottage within two miles. Shipley vicarage is either not old enough or too old to be picturesque. It was built in the middle of what may be termed, emphatically, the ugly age; the period, namely, during which the four Georges successively occupied the throne of these realiss. It is a nearly square house of vellowish-brown brick. Its rooms are oblong and rectangular, its windows mean, its staircases HATTHW. There is no break or relief in the flat surfaces, nor in the blank desert of the whitewashed ceilings.

Behind the house extends a large garden, the high wall of which skirts a by-lane branching from the main high-road to Shipley Magna. In front is a lawn, cut in two by a long, straight gravel path that leads from an iron wicket in the dge up to the hall-door. This lawn is only divided by a paddock from St. Gildas's church-yard.

Two quivering poplars whisper to each other, and nod mysteriously from either side of the iron gate: and the windows of the lower rooms in the front of the house are darkened by clumps of evergreens, among which an old yew-tree rises gloomily conspicuous.

The vicarage faces due south, and looks across the common and the marsh to where tufty wood-lands break the level and hide the distant spires

Danecester.
The Reverend Charles Levincourt, vicar of St. The Reverend Charles Levincourt, year or or.
Gildas, arrived to take possession of his new home
on a dreary day in the latter autumn, when the
min dripped sadly from the sombre evergreens,
and low, lead-colored clouds were melting into
slant showers over the common.

"It is not a hopeful scene," said he, as he
looked about him and shipered.

looked about him and shivered.

He afterward saw the scene under a countless variety of aspects; but that first dispiriting impression of Shipley struck the key-note of the place, and became an abiding under-tone, sounding through all subsequent changes.

CHAPTER III.

A WARD.

Ms. Laviscount had been established some years at Shipley, when one day he received a let-ter from the junior partner in a London firm of solicitors, Frost and Lovegrove, informing him that he (the Reverend Charles Levincourt, vicar of Shipley-in-the-Wold) had been appointed coexecutor with the writer (Augustus Lovegrove) of the will of the late Mrs. Desmond, relict of Sidney Power Desmond, Esquire, formerly of Desmond Court, county Cork; and further re-questing the vicar's presence in town as soon as

Communication between the country clergyman and the family of his old pepil had long since wern away and died out. The old pupil himself had died, at five-and-twenty; his sorrow-ing father had not long survived him; and this was the first intimation Charles Levincourt reerived of the widowhood and death of his old

He journeyed without delay to London, saw Mr. Lovegrove. The latter informed that their joint responsibility, as regarded the administration of Mrs. Desmond's will, would not be an onerous one: the property she had had

to leave being very small.
"But," added the solicitor, "your share of the business will be more troublesome. Here is a letter which I solemnly promised our poor friend to deliver into your own hand. She in-formed me of its main object. It is to request you to undertake the guardianship of her daugh-

" Her daughter?" "Her daughter?"

"Yes; a nice little girl about nine years old.
The only surviving child of a large family. But I thought you knew all the circumstances. You were one of Mrs. Desmond's oldest friends, were

you not?"
"1—I—yes; I was a friend of Mrs. Desmond's family many years ago. But Time flies away very fast, and many things fly with him.
Was not Mr. Desmond wealthy? I had always

"My dear Sir, Sidney Power Desmond ran "My dear Sir, Sidney Power Desmond ran through a fine fortune, and sent his paternal acres to the hammer. I saw a good deal of him, and of her too, at one time, when I was professionally engaged in 'winding up his affairs,' as he would persist in calling it. A tangled skein that refused to be wound, I can tell you. Mrs. Desmond was a sweet woman. She had a bad life of it, I'm afraid. Not that he treated her ill. He was foud of her, in his way. But he shook her children's inheritance away out of the dice-box, and then he died, several years later than he ought to have done for the welfare of his

vicar declined Mr. Lovegrove's proffered hospitality, and went back to his dingy hotel chamber to read Clara's letter in solitude.

The letter was short and simple. It appealed to him, on the ground of old friendship, not to

to mm, on the ground of our friendship, not to decline the trust imposed on him.

"My husband's relatives," thus it ran, "have long been estranged from us. Papa and poor James are dead, and distant cousins who know little and care less about me or mine, possess my old home. My sister, Lady Tallis, is child-less, and she would relative adout me high conless, and she would gladly adopt my little one, and would, I well know, be tender and kind to the orphan. But her unhappy domestic circum-stances render this impossible. Neither, to say truth, is Hilda's husband a man beneath whose roun, is fitted a huseand a man beneath whose roof I should like my daughter to be brought up, even were he willing to permit it. Hilds has her own troubles. I mention these things, not in any spirit of bitterness, but simply that you may understand how utterly friendless my Maud

will be when I am gone; for I know her help-lessness will appeal strongly to your kind heart."

The letter was commonplace and prossic enough in form and expression; but to Charles Levincourt, sitting there with the sheet of folded paper in his hand, and thinking of the dead wo-man he once loved so well, there was both pathos and eloquence in the sharply written characters. He mused long and sadly on the events of the past years that had so strangely resulted in giving Clara's only surviving child to his care. But whatsoever reflections or regrets these mus-ings awakened in his mind be imparted to no

The next day the vicar returned to Shipley, bringing with him a new inmate to the vicarage The little orphan was kindly received by the mistress of her new home. Mrs. Levin-court was an Italian by birth. Her mother had been an Englishwoman, her father a Neapolitan. She had lived abroad all her life until her marriage; was very uneducated, very frivolous, and very beautiful. She had perhaps as small a share of imagination as ever fell to the lot of a human being. The self-confidence arising from this to-tal inability to conceive another person's point of view, to dangine, in short, how others might feel or think, was a power which carried her tri-

umphantly over many difficulties. She would reply to an argument or a remonstrance by some irrelevant platitude which made her husband tingle with shame, but which, to her apprehension, was entirely convincing. On the whole, however, she did her duty well (as far as she understood it) by the little stray lamb brought into her fold. Gentle it was not in Stella Levincourt's nature to be, but she was kind and attent-ive to the child's bedily requirements. Mrs. Lev-incourt's first impression of the little girl she con-fided to her husband on the night of his return

from London.

"I have put her to bed in a crib in Verceica's room, Charles. She is a quiet, docile child
enough: But oh, caro mio, what a stolid little
thing! Just lost her mother, and as cool and
as calm as possible!"

The vicar remembered the child's quivering

lip, pale cheek, and anxious, yearning look into the strange faces that had surrounded her; and

the strange faces that had surrounded her; and he made answer, "Mand is quiet, but I think not stolid, my dear."

"She is English, English, English te the bone!" retorted Mrs. Levincourt, shrugging her graceful shoulders. "Only figure to yourself if I were to die, Veronien—but then our darling is so sensitive!"

In Charles ("Mande of the strange of

In Charles Levincourt's mind there are vision of a sweet, pale, girlish face, which he had last seen gazing after the coach that carried him away from Delaney Park forever. And the vision, from some unexplained cause, stung him

into the utterance of a sarcastic speech. He had long ago ceased to use sarcasm or irony habitually in talking with his wife.

"I have no doubt, my dear," said he, "that if Veronica were suffering in mind or body she would take care that every one around her should

" That she would, poverina!" exclaimed Stei-

la, energetically.

When little Mand Desmond came to live at when the stand Desmond came to live at the vicarage she was nine years old, and Ve-ronica, the vicar's only child, was eleven. After a short time the two little girls were sent to school at Danecester. Veronica had hitherto refused to go from home, and her refusal had sufficed to prevent her going. Her mother indulged her and worshiped her with a blind devotion, which was repaid (as such devotion often is) by a min-

gling of foudness, disdain, and tyranny.

But now that Mand was to go to school Veronica declared that she would accompany her; and she did so. And between their home and

and and do so. And between their nome and the quiet Danerester school the two girls passed several years of their lives.

During the long Midsummer holidays they rembled over the common at Shipley-in-the-Wold, or rode about the country lanes on a Wedd, or rote about the country lanes on a rough pony provided for their joint use. In the winter time they would steal into the kitchen of an evening, and coax old Joanna the cook to tell them some of her quaint country legends, or stories of ghoets and runway marriages, and mysterious warnings, which were supposed to be the exclusive (and one would think unenviable) privileges of sundry ancient county families in whose service Joanna had lived.

Or else they would sit in the gloaming at Mrs. Levincourt's knee and listen to her tales of the hrilliant life she had led in Florence, the gayety, the brightness, the company! The balls at the Pitti and at the noble mansions of the Princi-pessa della Scatola da Salsa and the dowager Countess Civetta, and the Russian lady, whose exact rank was not known, but who was sup-posed to be the wife of a hospodar. Only she and the hospodar did not agree, and so they lived spart; and they met once a year in Paria, and were admirably polite to each other; and the hospodaress allowed the hospodar several millhospodaress allowed the nosponar source ions of rables per annum to stay away from her; and she had a necklace of emeralds as big, very nearly, as pigeons' eggs; and she smoked the very finest tobacco extant, and she was altogether a most charming person.

gether a most charming person.

These narratives, and many more, did Mand and Vercaica greedily devour. Mand believed them with the same sort of good faith with which she threw berself into Aladdin, or the exquisite fancies of Undine. She was willing to accept the Russian lady, pigeous'-egg emeralds and all. Such people might exist—did, no doubt, but in a far-off way, altogether out of her sphere. She no more expected to meet such an individual.

She no more expected to meet such an individual hung with chains of barbaric splendor, and puffing forth clouds of incense from an amber pipe, than she anticipated the appearance of a geni twenty feet high, when she rubbed her little turquoise ring to keep it bright. Varonica, however, being two years older, and owning a different turn of mind, looked at mat-

ters in a much more practical light.

"And did you go to balls nearly every night, mamma? And did you wear white dresses with short sleeves, and have flowers in your hair? Oh, how beautiful you must have looked!"

"I was never half so handsome as thou, tesoro

mio," the fund mother would reply.
"When I am grown up I won't stay at Ship-

That was the burden of the song, the moral

of the story, the issue of it all, for Veronica.

On the whole the family at the vicarage led on isolated life, and the tone of thought and feeling that pervaded their bome was very singularly at odds with the general notion of their neighbors as to what was becoming in the household of a clergyman.

In the first place, Mr. Levincourt was entirely devoid of the least tincture of what may, without offense, be called professional parsonism. It is by no means asserted that he was altogether the better for having no such tincture. Men are naturally and legitimately influenced in their outward bearing by the nature of their calling in life. The work which a man does heartily, earnestly, and constantly, will most assuredly communicate a certain bent to his mind, and even a certain aspect to his body. But the work which a man does grudgingly, without thoroughness and faith, will be to him as irksome as an illfitting garment, and will, like such a garment, be laid aside and put out of sight altogether, whensoever its wearer can get rid of it.

People did not get intimate at the vicarage. The neighborhood was but sparsely peopled with families of the rank of gentlefolks. Without the families of the rank of gentlefolks. Without the command of some vehicle, visiting was out of

a question.
At first Mrs. Levincourt had gone out rather At first Mrs. Levincourt had gone out rather frequently to formal dinner-parties at great dull country houses, and also to some country houses that were not dull. The hosts sont their carriages for the vicar and his wife, if they lived at a great distance from Shipley. Or a lumbering old chaise was hired from the Crown at Shipley Magna,

But gradually such intercourse dropped. Mrs. Levincourt was not strong. Mrs. Levincourt did not care for disner-parties. Mrs. Levincourt had her little girl to attend to. The fact was, that Stella liked society, and she was by no means conscious of the surprise which her sayings and doings were apt to excite among the Daneshire magnates. But her husband was very thoroughly conscious of it. And, as the only thoroughly conscious of it. And, as the only kind of visiting they could have afforded his no amusement, their life became more and more se-

When the two girls were aged respectively seventeen and fifteen Mrs. Lavincourt died, and then Veronica returned home to "take charge,"

as they said, of her father's bouse.

Maud also came back to Shipley vicarage, having "completed her education;" in other words, having learned all that they could teach her at the Danecester school.

per at the Danecester school.

For two years Veronics reigned mistress of her father's bousehold. Perhaps the burden of the song, Veronica being nineteen, had only so far changed as to run thus: "Now that I am grown up, I won't stay at Shipley."
We shall see.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ACCIDENT.

Some subtle influence—a sight, or sound, or smell—touched the long-drawn links of associa-tion in the vicar's mind as he stood at his own door one February afternoon, and made him re-member that dreary autumn day on which he

had first seen Shipley.

His thought flashed back along the past years, as the electric spark thrills through a long chain

of clasping hands.
"Poor Stella!" he said, half aloud.

Mr. Levincourt was apt to spend a good deal of his available store of compassion on himself. But there is no more effectual check to the in-dulgence of our own failings and weaknesses than the exaggreated manifestation of the same defect in another. That which in us is only a reasonable and well-grounded diseatisfaction, be-comes mere selfish unjustifiable repaining in our

neighbors.
So long as his wife lived, therefore, Mr. Levin-So long as his wife lived, therefore, Mr. Levin-court was shamed by her loud and frivolous com-plainings from expensing one-half the distaste he really felt for his life at Shipley-in-the-Wold, although he had secretly deemed his wife far less entitled to pity than he was, whose qualities of mird and refinement of education enabled him to understand much better what he had lost in

being thus buried alive at Shipley.

But Stella Levincourt, born Barletti, slept in St. Gildas's grave-yard, and a white tablet glimmering out of the gloomiest corner in the dark little church bore an inscription to her memory.

And since her death he had occasionally felt

such retrospective sympathy with his wife.
"Poor Stella!" he said again; and, shutting
the door behind him, he walked down the gravel

the door behind him, he walked down the gravel pathway, passed through the iron wicket, crossed the paidock, and proceeded thus through St. Gildas's church-yard toward the village.

It was not a day to loiter in. It had snowed a good deal the previous night, but since ten o'clock that morning a steady thaw had set in. The roads were deep in mud, whose chill penetrated the stootest shoe-leather. An ice-cold day was a steady that the cold day was a steady the stead of the cold day was a steady the stead of the cold day was a steady the stead of the cold day was a steady the cold day. ties seemed to exude from every thing one touched, and the sky spread a lead-colored cano-ly from horizon to zenith.

Mr. Levincourt made for the school-house This was a bare lath-and-plaster building, erectd at the cost of the late vicar to serve as a S day-school. The present incumbent, while ad-hering to its founder's first intention, had found an additional use for the whitewashed schoolroom. It served, namely, as a place for the

choir of St. Gildes to practice in.

Before Mr. Levincourt's day the music at divine service in St. Gildas consisted solely of portions of Tate and Brady, bawled or snuffled out in mone tonous dissonance. Mr. Levincourt's refined and critical ear suffered many a shock from his congregation's strenuously uplifted voices. He resolved to amend the singing, and flattered He resolved to amend the support and encour-himself that he would find support and encour-in this undertaking. But folks were as agement in this undertaking. But folks were as loth to be amended in Shipley as in most other places; and Mr. Levincourt's first attempts to

teach them harmony resulted in discord dire.

By degrees he lowered his pretensions. He had begun with high-flown ideas of foreign masshad begun with night-nown stees of foreign mass-mesic adapted to English words. Then, some of the simpler compositions of our English cathe-dral writers were attempted. At length he re-solved to be satisfied with Martin Luther's Hymn, and Adeste Fideles, sung in parts. Things begun to go better. The younger generation, trained to some knowledge of music, became capable of succeeding in such modest attempts as these. Nor was it, indeed, from the younger generation that the great difficulties had arisen.

Farmer Meggitt, and Farmer Sack, and other middle-aged farmers and graziers, could not be got to understand that it behooved them to be passive listeners to the music during service.

"What do ye mean then, by 'Let us sing to the praise—?" Let us, "Farmer Meggitt said sos, "sing! Not 'iet the little lads and wenches in the organ-loft, sing to the praise! Parson Levincourt's on a wrong tack altogether. And as to his new-fangled tunes—why they're Popish; that's what they are; and I don't care who hears me say so!"

The implied slight to Farmer Meggitt's vocal abilities made him very Protestant indeed. And the charge of Popery against Mr. Levincourt was supposed to be a very cultrable and serious one, seeing that he had a foreign wife.

However, Time went on in his task of turning "new-fangled" things into old-fangled. And the congregation of St. Gildas had long grown very proud of their singing. Miss Deemond had a class of village children to whom she taught some of the mysteries contained in the queer black-headed hieroglyphics on the musical staff; and the choir met to practice every Saturday aft eracon. And on this one special Saturday after-noon in February, Mr. Leviscourt having floun-dered through the thick mud of the lane, arrived at the school-house door, turned the handle, and

walked in, when the practicing was just over.

The children were making ready to troop out. Some of the little boys, measy under the stern glance of Mr. Mugworthy, the parish clerk, still sat on the wooden benches, from which their cordurey-clad legs dangled and swung, as unrestingly as the pendulum of the big white-faced clock that ticked away the hours above the door.

At a little deal-cased harmonium ast Herbert

At a little deal-cased harmonium sat Herbert Snowe, the son of a rich Danecester bunker. This young gentleman had been educated in Germany, where he had caught a taste for mu-sic. His dilettanteism was strong enough to induce him to make the journey from Danecester nearly every week, in order to supply, at the Saturday rehearsals, the place of the professional

organist, who was only engaged to come to Ship-ley for the Sunday services.

Not far from him stood Mr. Plew, the village doctor, talking to the vicar's daughter. Mr. Plew had the meckest and weakest of high tenor voices, and gave the choir the benefit of his assistance whenever his professional avocations would per-mit him to do so.

Then there were Kitty and Cissy Meggitt, with their governess, Miss Turtle. Mrs. Meggitt was of an aspiring nature, and had prevailed on her husband to engage a "real lady" to teach her girls manners. Farmer Meggitt paid the "real lady" five-and-twenty pounds per annum, and he thought in his heart that it was an exorbitantly

gh price for the article. Then there were Captain and Mrs. Sheardown, of Lowster House. They did not sing; but they had come to fetch their son, Master Bobby Shear-down, who sat on a high school-bench among the trebles.

Lastly, there was Mand Desmond.
"Good-evening," said the vicar, walking into

Immediately there was a shuffling and scraping of feet. Every boy slid down from his bench, and drew each one a hob-nailed boot noisily over the bare floor in homage, raising at the same time a bunch of sun-burnt knuckles to his forehead. The little girls docked down convulsively, the smaller ones assisting themselves to rise again with an odd struggling movement of the

This was the ceremony of salutation to a superior among the rustle youth of Shipley.

"How have you been getting on, Herbert?" said Mr. Levincourt. "How do you do, Mrs. Sheardown? Captain, when I saw that the West Deneshire were to meet at Hammick, I scarcely expected to have the pleasure of seeing you this

"No; I didn't hunt to-day," answered the

captain. Captain Sheardown was a broad-shouldered Captain Sheardown was a broad-shouldered man of some five-and-fifty years of age. His bluff face was fringed with white whiskers. His eyes were surrounded by a net-work of fine lines that looked as though they had been graven on the firm skin by an etching-needle, and he generally stood with his legs somewhat wide apart, as one who is balancing himself on an unsteady sur-face.

The gentlemen gathered together into a knot by themselves while they waited for the ladies to put on their warm shawls and clocks. put on their warm shaw

I wonder what sort of a run they had with the West Daneshire?" said Herbert Snowe.

"I heard, Sir, as there were a accident on the said Mr. Mugworthy, who had on self near to the group of gentlemen.
"An accident!" repeated the vicar. "What

was it? Nothing serious, I trust?"

"No, Sir; from what I can reap out of the rumor of the boy, Sack, it warn't a very serious accident. Jemmy Sack, he seen it, Sir. It hap-pened close up by his father's farm."

"Sack's farm, ch?" said Captain Sheardown,
"Why that's at Haymoor!"
"Well, Sir, it is," rejoined Mr. Mugworthy,
after a moment's pause, as though he had been
casting about in his mind for some reasonable
means of controllection the statement, but findmeans of contradicting the statement, but find-ing none, was resolved to be candid, and make a clean breast of it. "It is, Sir, at Haymoor, is

Sack's farm. I can't say no otherways."
"Whew!" whistled the captain. "Who'd have thought of a fox out of the Hammick cover making for Haymoor! With the wind as it is, too-and as it has been all day.

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Herbert Snown whose foreign education had left him lamentably ignorant on certain matters of which Captain Sheardown conceived that an English gentleman eaght to know a good deal.

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"Why shouldn't be?" echoed the captain, screwing up his eyes and mouth into an ex-pression of comical vexation, and thereby deepsaing the finely graven lines before mentioned.
"Why shouldn't he? Bless my soul, Herbert! Because a fox going from Hammick to Haymoor to-day must have run straight up wind the whole time! That's why. Why shouldn't he? Tshah!" "A dog-fox, Sir," put in Mugworthy, solemn-

ly, "will sometimes run up wind at this time of the year when he's agoing home, Sir."
"Well, well," said the vicar, with the slight-est possible air of contempt for the whole subject: "we will suppose that this was a Haymoor fox, who had been visiting his relations at Ham-mick. But about the accident, Mugworthy?" "Jemmy Sack, he seen it, Sir. Come up here, Jemmy, and tell his reverence about the

gentleman as was precipitated off of his horse alongside of the five-acre field."

mmy Sack, a lank lad of thirteen, came and stood before the vicar, and with many writhings, and in agencies of bashfulness, delivered himself

of his story.

The story simply amounted to his having seen a gentleman flung from his horse with a good deal of violence. The others had ridden on, either not seeing or not heeding. After a while the gentleman's servant had galloped up to his ance. The gentleman had risen and mounted again ; but not the same horse. He took the beast that his servant had been riding, and sent the groom away with the animal that had thrown The gentlemen had then ridden after the rest of the hunt toward Upper Haymoor.

Ah! Well, there was not much harm done, I'm happy to find. If the gentleman went on following the bounds he could not have been much hurt," said the viear. "You didn't know

the gentleman by sight, Jemmy, did you?" Jemmy did not know the gentleman's no but he knowed that he was a staying at the Crown Inn, Shipley Magna, and that he had four horses in the stables there, and that the people said as he was a friend of Lord George Segrave's, him as had taken Hammick Lodge for the hunting season. And Jemmy, becoming accustomed to the sound of his own voice addressing gentlefolks, and finding himself listened to, began to grow loquacious and to volunteer his opinion that the gentleman had a-got a cogly spill, for he turned welly green and seemed all queer in his head like. But he was a good plucked 'un, for he would go on a-horseback again, and he (Jemmy) had run nigh enough to hear him a-cussin and a-swearin at the groom like foon.

In fact so loquecious and graphic in his nar-rative did Jemmy become that Mugworthy per-emptorily ordered him to hold his tongue and be-gone with the other lads.

The boys shuffled out, glad to be released, and were presently beard whooping down the lane after the manner of their kind.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Wans the visitor at Saratoga begins to weary of the sec routine of drinking Congress water in the morning, and driving over to the Lake in the after-noon, he may break the monotony by a Sittle excu-sion to Lake George. We say little—for although weeks might be spent enjoyably in the vicility of that lovely Lake, a resid but pleasant trip may be that lovely Lake, a rapid but pleasant trip may be

made in twenty-load, a regin out pleasant terp may be made in twenty-load boars, with the loss of but one morning's draught and "constitutional," and the gain of a charming sail upon the "silvery waters." Dine comfortably at your hotel; and about three o'chock go to the Rensselser and Saratoga Railway Dopit. Do not get impatient if, after having been harried off by the hotel cortex, was well half an hour Dopot. Do not get impatient if, after having been hurried off by the hotel porter, you wait half an hour for the care. Probably you will de so. Such, at least, was our recent experience. A ride of a little more than an hour brought us to Gien's Falls, nise miles from Caldwell. Three coaches were awaiting the arrival of the train, and gave promise of ample accommodations. Alse for our expectations! All the passengers bound to Lake George were packed into and upon a single coach, until there was not an inch of room to many and trunks more trains were fastened. room to spare, and trunks upon trunks were fastened behind. The drive to Cal'twell is said to be charmlag—in scenery—and so it is; but if tourists are lia-ble to be packed like sardines in a box, we recom-mend—until the railroad is extended—purchasing tickets to Glen's Falls only, and taking a private car

riage thence to the Lake.
Fort William Henry Hotel, the largest at Caldwell, Fort William Henry Hotel, the largest at Caldwell, fronts on Lake George. It contains about four hundred rooms, and the interior arrangements are fresh and elegant. The Lake House also gives pleasant accommodations at a cheap rate. A walk about the grounds, a good supper, a chatty promenade on the long planns of the Fort William Henry, a refreshing sleep, a nice breakfast; then at eight in the morning, the pretry Mindshaha started on her trip down the lake. But the contract it show more than one day to learn. By-the-way, it takes more than one day to learn to a North without besitation. about 36 miles long, from 2 to 3 miles wide, and is in some places 400 feet deep. It flows north into Lake Champlain. Caldwell is at the southern cod. The waters of the Lake are most marvelously clear; no wonder that troot, salmon, and other funy tribes love to linger here; and Troot Pavillon, Sheldon's Point, Bolton, etc., are favorite resorts for those who delight in Sching. The "363 islands" rice up fresh, green, and, as it were, clean-out from out of the transparent depths; some quite large, others mere dots, but every one beautiful. The towering peaks of the Black Mountains encircle the Lake, their wild heights rendering the landscape most picturesque. Indeed, Lake George is a perfect gem—no flaw mare the en-tire completeness of its romantic and lovely beauty. A brief description can give no idea of it—it must be

At the fact of the Lake we took stares, roomy and comfortable, and fine scenery and historical reminis-cences made the four miles' drive to Ticonderogn short. It appears to be a part of the regular pro-gramme, when to eight of "Old Fort Tt," for the agent of the route, mounted on the wheel of one coach, to deliver a pithy little address, which canece great merriment, while the passengers gase at the

We chanced to take passage on the Adirondsek, a

new and elegant steamer on Lake Champlain. Sadding from Thomderoga up to Whitehall is a curious contrast to the trip on Lake George. The scenery is fine—the Green Mountains appear in the distance on contrast to the 17p on Lake George. The scenery is fine—the Green Mountains appear in the distance on the left, the Black range on the right; ragged cliffs scensilines loom up on either side, and then low, tr-regular border-lines appear; but the water has none of that peculiar clearaces which marks the other lake. Fiags, rushes, trees, and bashes grow up lawlessly in the very midst of it—all the more noticeable after one has just viewed the chiscled borders of that silvery

sheet which is older times was called "Horizon."

The sail had seemed only half long enough when
the Advession's reached Whitehall; and a car-ride of less than two hours brought us, well pleased with the trip, back to Saratoga.

The University Courses of Instruction at Harvard The University Courses of Instruction at Harvard for the current year will be given to competent persons, "men and women," seconding to the advertisement. The idea is good. The lessons of the course are to be given by such men as Professors Bowen, Hedge, Lowell, Raby Waldo Emerson, and Mr. Howells. They will be adapted to either sex, and will doubtless be allke appreciated by both.

The Macon Priograph reports that the first bale of new cotion in that State was brought to market on the tweifth of August. It weighed 426 pounds, and was to be shipped to Hoston.

An Indiana harber attempted to dye a youth's mustache. Result, the total disappearance of the labial ornament. The youth brought a suit against the bar-ber. But the barber's defense, that "the hide wouldn't hold the hair," was conclusive.

M. Lakhe, a French inventor, proposes to do away M. Laskhe, a French inventor, proposes to do away, with the unisance of fresh paint in dwellings by preparing decorative paintings in shops or factories, a ling the same by the yard, and pasting it on walls like paper-hangings. To prepare it he takes thin tin-foil, spreads it on gisse, forming thus a smooth ground upon which he paints or colors in oil. After drying the surface is varnished, and the foil with its film is account from the class. When reads for handing. removed from the glass. When ready for hanging the wall or surface to be decorated is covered with some water-proof mixture, the new covering is cut and applied, the familie foil allowing it to follow all the tregularities of the wall mouldings ing the paint film.

One of the most singular cases of insanity known is reported from the Missouri Insane Asylum. A boy only eight years old lost his reason from a blow on the bead. No clothing can be kept upon him; he de-yours every thing—in short, is in the habit of eating up his clothing.

As a Boston merchant declined one of the new fif-As a Boston merchant occurred one of the new fift-teen cent currency the other day, remarking to the man who tendered it that he "couldn't come that sort of thing on him," it may not be amise to men-tion that the clean-looking "Fifteen Cente" now circu-lating moderately are genuine, and one may safely take as many as he can get—honestly.

The Svening Mail gives a detailed account of the windling ticket-offices of New York. There is a law The Steminy Mail gives a detailed account of the swindling ticket-offices of New York. There is a law which makes it a misdementor, punishable with the and imprisonment for two years, in any persons other than railroad and steamboat companies themselves and their employée, at their proper offices, to sell or issue tickets of passage on their lines, except agents, chewhere, duly appointed and acknowledged by them. Nevertheless, there are over thirty bogus ticket-offices in this city, owned and worked by accoundred, whose business it is to plander unsuspecting strangers, and who do a thriving trade in spite of the police. Frauda and robberies by these sharpers are of daily occurrence, but it is a difficult and often an impossible thing for the victims to obtain any legal redress.

The furdamed "Detter" was a few days age driven

The far-famed "Dexter" was a few days ago driven The far-famed "Dexter" was a few days ago driven by Mr. Bonner on the Prospect Fair Grounds in Brooklys, making the extraordinary time of a mile in 3.24. This is said to be the fasfest time ever made to a read wagon. Two years ago Dexter trotted a mile in a public race in 3.54 to a skeleton wagon; but on this last occasion he carried nearly a hundred pounds more than on the former, proving that he is not lostice any of his reverse. ing any of his powers.

A religious impostor, who pretends to be Jesus Christ, has been stirscting much stientien in Po-land. He has chosen twelve followers, and promises to perform miracies. The Polish peasantry have been full of credulity, and the willy impostor is now turning his success into political capital.

A genuine "ciam-bake" is said to be a Rhode Island "institution," and Burke Reint A genuine "clam-bake" is said to be a Rhode ist-and "institution," and Rocky Point, not far from New-port, the special paradise of clam-bakers. The first step preparatory to the "bake" is to lay cobble-stones on the ground; next to build a lange fire upon them. When the stones are as but as they can be the extem-pore oven is swept, and clams, often bashels of them, plied on the stones. The mass is then covered with sea-weed. When cooked the clams are generally ext-toned a reconficiely primitive manner, with fineres sen in an exceedingly primitive manner, with fingers instead of forks, and a mixture of melted butter and vinegar for a sance. Hard-shell clams, if kept on their sharp edges while cooking, remain closed, and thus retain their liquor and fine favor.

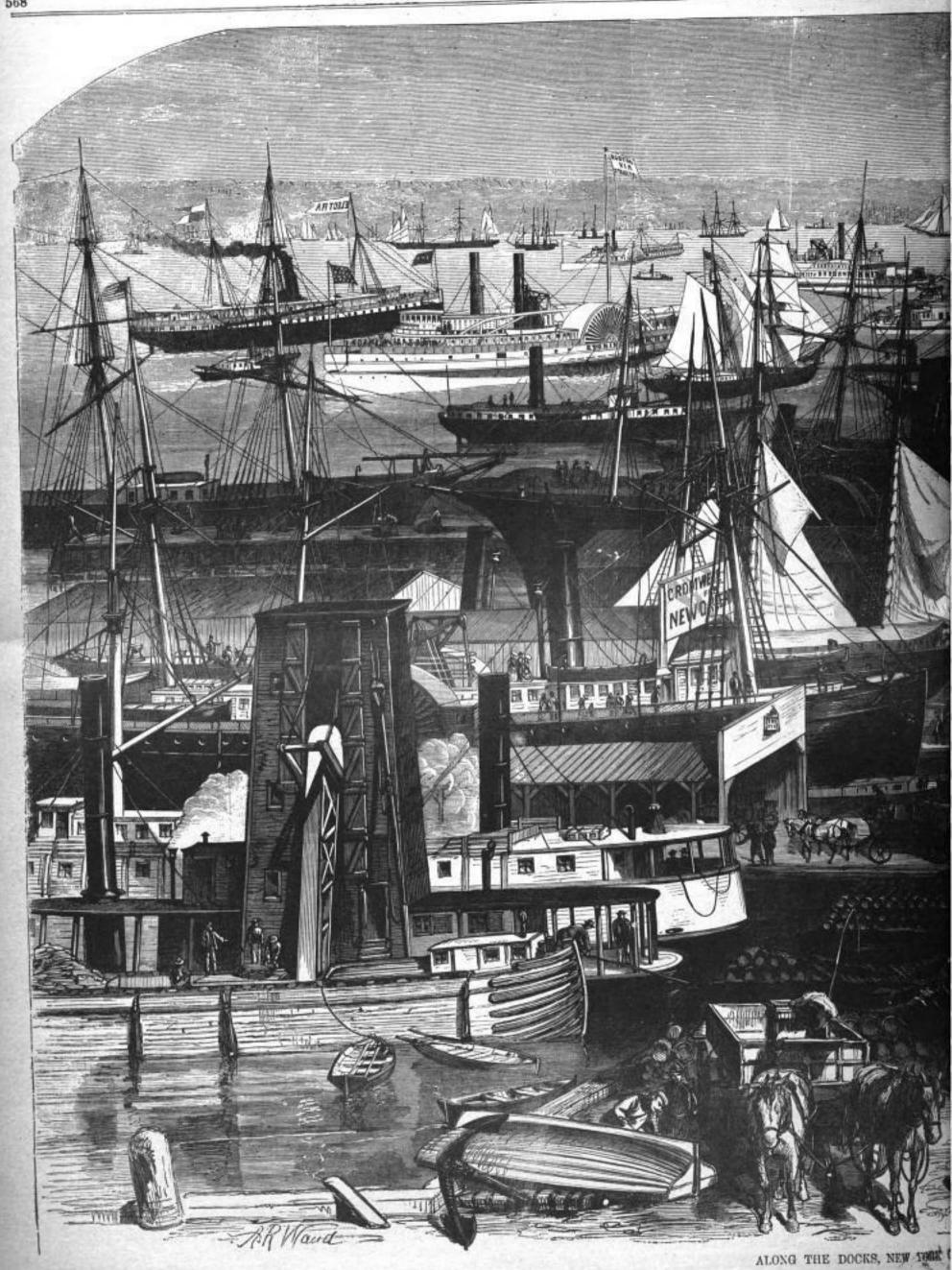
A Western merchant has broken the key of his safe, and can not get his valuables. He advertises for a burgiar.

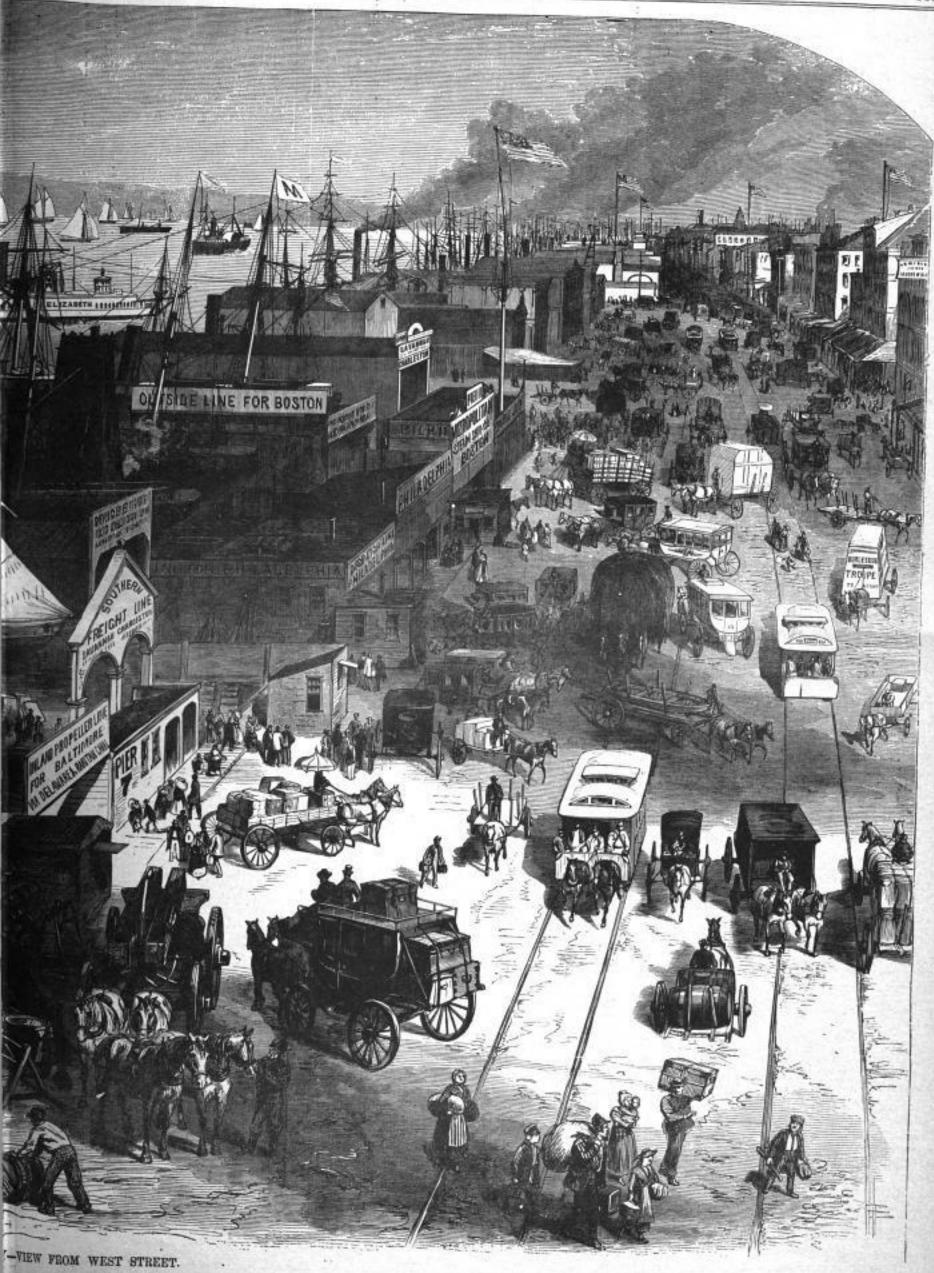
"Metallotherspia," or the cure of diseases by motals, as practiced by a physician of Paris, is the most astonishing new thing in medicine. To ascertain what metal is adapted to the case plates of gold, copper, sinc, steel, and silver are placed successively the skin of the patient, and whichever one of th plates in a given time—eay in two hours—produces the greatest smarting and redness, is chosen as the remedy fittest to cure the disease.

The biggest "bite" of the season was obtained by a young lad while fishing in the canal at Cincinnati. He cautiously drew in his line, when he found on the h ok a small tin box, which he opened and found to contain \$30 in allver, \$40 in greenbacks, and two gold rings, worth about \$10 each.

The telegraph is making progress. It is being intro-duced into private houses in the West in connection with a little box which contains a lettered dial with a steel pointer revolving and stopping at the letters of the mereago. It is no loss of the physician. It is much used for calling in the serv-

Pire inestrance in Japon is simple but effective. No paid-up capital required. The "Company" consists of the Mikado, who issues one general "polite," which be calls an edict. The chief condition of the policy is, that every person whose house catches fire shall have his lead out of. The issues have been very light,





LOOKING BACK.

Tues is the old farm-house

With its deep, rese-tangled porch,

Where hover and rise white butterflies,

And honey-bees hold debauch. Oh, many a time and oft. In the dear familiar croft,

I have followed the lark aloft!
And my heart, my heart, flee back
On the dead years' shadowy track,
And now in the lane, on a loaded wain,
I'm a happy and bot little boy again!

Just such a windless noon Just such a windless noon
As this, in a buried June,
When the secured hay in the meadows lay,
And the thrushes were all in tune,
On the staggering load I, exuitant, rode,
And the red-faced wagoner "wey'd" and "woa'd"
Long ago in a buried June:

Days when to breathe was blice, Days when to breathe was blees, Perfect, and pure, and strong; No pulse of the heart amiss, No beat of the brain-work wrong; When care was a word, and love an absurd Pabrication of story and song.

Is it so long ago, This life of color and light? Will it not show some after-glow
See the day dips into the night?
O youth, have ye left me quite?
O years, have ye dimmed my sight?
Lo! the light is shade, and the colors fade And the day dips into the night.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XLVL

"FOR NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS

WHEN the old servant pext came to ascertain When the old servant next came to account if her mistress required her services, she was strock by the sedemn stillness that pervaded the chamber; a stillness unbroken by sigh or wail. On going near the bed she found Douglas lying senseless over the body of the dead girl, his hand twisted in her long fair hair, his cheek resting on the little stiff hand.

ow is she?" the doctor asked, as he stood in the hall that evening, taking off his hat and gloves preparatory to making his usual visit up stairs. He had asked similar questions for these last forty years, but his wrinkled face auddened when the eoman answered-

she's gone, Str.

"How, and when?"
We all like to know the end of a steey. from
he sportsman, who, from untoward accident, has
been prevented seeing the finish of a run, to the talt on the road to death.

some time this morning. I can't rightly

say when, for I wasn't in the room."

The old doctor gave a sigh, and a reverent thought to the fair dead woman up stairs, and

thought to the fair dead woman up stairs, and then he turned on his heel.

"No further use for me," he said; "I have some distance to go. Good-evening."

"Stop, Sir, stop!" the old woman cried, pant-ing after him to the door of his carriage. "What-ever am I to do with him?"

"Him! I suppose you mean Mr. Douglas— he isn't ill, is be?"

he isn't ill, is be?"
"I don't think he is altegether in his right mind," Sally said, looking unessily toward the open window above. "When I first went into the room, I found him lying unsensed near the body. My son, Sam, was down stairs, and I got him to come and lift the poor gentleman away, and attend to him while I dressed Miss

Azalea for the last time. Well, now?"

"Well, now?"

"Mr. Douglas is sitting by her, and keeps streking her hand, and talking just as if the poor thing could hear or answer him. I don't feel easy about him, Sir. I wish you'd come and in the just him good."

Dr. Randelyh shook his head.

"If goes it's a core beyond you Goods" he

I fear it's a case beyond me, Goody," he "The Great Maker will not all at once heal the wounds be thinks fit to inflict on us;

wever, I will come. He entered the house again, and the two ascended the stairs with stealthy steps. Any hasty movement or violent sound would have jarred against the deep stillness of those lonely

ambers. They paused at the open door of the room where Azalea lay, and for some intes stood in silent contemplation of the scer : tefore them.

The time was sunset, and the face of the dead was all aglow with the red light; the fair girlish countenance were an expression of ineffable pathos. The soft, small mouth was partly open, and drooped at the corners. The brows were slightly contracted. Azalea looked to be weary even in death. Her hands had been crossed over her bosom, but one was now displaced; the other lay on her hunt as if enforcing the repose it had so desired.

"Azalea, look at me—speak to me—oh, my love! let me hear one word! Were it ever so unkind I could forgive it, just for the pleasure of hearing its sound. Why do you not speak, Azalea? Are you to be voiceless forever? What have I done against you or Heaven that I should be a second with the locality allows it.

be cursed with this horrible silence?" The speaker was Douglas; the harsh broken voice—the wild anxie as gaze—the living, suffer-ing, mumble face war his. She whom he adjured had lain before him motionless ever since noon, neather eleeping not waking, neither grieved nor wondering at the strangeness of her state, nei-ther hearkening to his plaint nor seeing the misery in his eyes.

The old doctor advanced to Douglas and

touched his arm.

and the same in

The latter looked round with his finger up-

"Hush!" he said; "she must not be disturbed. "She can not be disturbed," the old man

said, gently. "She is dead."

"So they told me this morning," Douglas answered, with a bewildered look in his big gray eyes; "but how can that be?"

Then he lifted up the lifeless hand.

"It is very odd," he mornured; "the fin-

gers will keep closing as fast as I open them, and they seem, oh, so cold! Will you please feel her pulse?" he added, gravely. "My dear Sir," the elder man replied, much

"My dear Sir," the choir from repured, much distressed, "learn to know and bear the truth; this poor girl's pulse will never beat again." "Perhaps you can tell me where she is," the other said. "I do not know where she can have

other said. "I do not know where she can have gobe. You see she is not here, or she would speak or look at me, instead of keeping her mouth fixed like that, and her eyes always star-ing the same way. I have fancied that I had made some mistake—that this might be some one else; but these are the lineaments, this is the form that was Azalea's, only the face looks strangely sad, and the flesh is sbrunk. Yet if this were she, it would arise and sing, and pluck flowers in the garden, and I should hear its laugh

afar off, and the sound of its running feet."
"Come with me; come away a little while," pleaded Randolph.

"Excuse me, but I can not do that," Douglas answered, courteously. "While there is any doubt about it, I must stay and watch, in case "While there is any it should move, and ask for me. A little while ago," he added, musingly, "I had no doubt but that it was she; but now I almost doubt her identity. If it were she, she would certainly answer me when I entreat it so caruestly. She had a passionate temper before she grew ill; but she was never long sullen. Where so you think

With God," Dr. Randolph said, reverently. "With God," Dr. Ranaceph and, reverently.

"You mean in Paradise; but what is she doing there, and what is Paradise? We people it with earthly symbols, doctor; we imagine harps and angelic musicians, decked with wreaths of amaranth with which

The spirits elect Bind their respiendent locks, inwreathed with leaves.

But surely if the spirits are enshrined in earthly forms, no shape could be fairer than was Analea's.
Why should she discard her lovely features here
to assume some unfamiliar aspect in Hoaven?
Why did she not take with her the same face Why did she not take with her the same face that I so loved? Then I might hope to recognize it in the mighty realms of the awakened dead. How shall I know her, if she is naught but a sunshipy spirit, with likes trailing in her hair and clouds hiding her dear little feet? If she is in Paradise, doctor, sentient, loving, and lov-able as she was on earth, would it not be kinder of them to be the near form relief them. of them to let her cease from pulling ethereal harp-strings, and from practicing celestial har-mony, and allow her to breathe down a few words of comfort to me, just to relieve my troubled heart? Oh, Azalea? my darling, be merciful; speak one word to me to lighten the great darkness of my soul. It is the uncertainty that mad-

"Will you come away, just for a few minutes?"

Dr. Randolph said, earnessly.
"Why should I come away?" Douglas asked, flercely. "What is there I should come for?

fercely. "What is there a fercely. "What is there a The problem is here."

"At least, drink this."

"I would rather not go to sleep," shrinking from him, and looking suspiciously at the professed draught. "It would be were to go to be a should be were to go to have she has become. What des me, doctor, is, that it is all so terribly unmeaning. Her eyes used to be rife with ex-pression, and now they are dim and vacuous her hands used to be so dainty and clever, and now they lie as helpless as if they were made of marble; her feet were so quick, but they have remained in the same place for six long hours." He seized hold of her hand and placed it on

forebead.
"Once when I had a headache," he contin-"Once when I had a headache," he continued, "you put your cool hand here, and the touch was a heavenly balm which cured me; now your fingers are very heavy. I fear they won't make me better. They are m. et like the leaden weight which is to drug me down to hell." "You wast drink this!" Dr. Randolph said, authoritatively. "Azalea wishes it."

"If she wishes it, abe can't be quite gone away." Douelas muttered. "I'll take it der-

awny," Douglas muttered. "I'll take it, dar-ling, if it were hell's own fire."

ag, if it were helf's own are. He swallowed the draught, and the old doctor

gave a long-drawn sigh of relief. "I will call again in a little while," he whispered to Sally, "and we will get him to bed a possible."
Then he went down stairs moralizing,
"Had it been a woman, she would have wept

away half her grief by this time. Being a man, he has pressure on the brain, poor fellow! I wonder if he'll pull through."

When Douglas was once more left alone with the dead girl he bent over her and whispered in her waxen ear,

I love you, Azalen, I love you." And when, after some hours of heavy slumber, produced by the opiate he had taken, he awoke to find himself in another chamber, he arose, and staggered mechanically to the familiar room

where the dead lay, calling, "Azalea! where are you, Azalea?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

"The rest is silence."-Harriet,

"It is a dreary hour for her to take her last good-by of Auriel in," Douglas thought, as he looked not of the window on the meening of Analysis funeral. "Fate has not been kind to

her, even on her burial day. I wish my darling

could have been carried away in the sunshine."

He saw one or two dark figures looming through the mist in the avenue, and with a shudder he walked up to the coffin and kissed the plank that hid Azalea's face from him.

"They are come to take you away," he said. "They will take me too, my own; I shall be buried with you as surely as though I were lying stiff by your side."

There was no father to bow his face in solemn anguish over the shrouded form, no mother to wail tender grief through the empty rooms when the dark burden had been carried out, and the dear presence had passed away forever. Only old Sally had placed a few bright flowers in the hands that knew not what they held, and but one token of human regret was pressed on her fore-head, and that was the last caress Robert Doug-

las ever gave to any living creature.

A low avenue of walnut-trees, bare, save for a few yellow leaves that shone and quivered in the few yellow leaves that shone and quivered in the stir of rain and wind; a dark shape carried down the church-yard path by men whose focusteps fell softly on the golden drifts of sodden foliage. Tombstones, dull gray in the wet, and vivid hard moss, that had erept over and obscured the hum-bler wooden records of the dead. The marble tomb of the Mowbrays, shining white in a small grove of cypresses; an open grave, with fresh scented beaps of earth crushing down the tall grasses by its side, and the low voice of a bare-headed priest, whose prayers are voice of a bareheaded priest, whose prayers were almost inaudible in the sob and rush of the storm. Douglas asked himself was this scene real, or was it a dull hideous dream, from the incubus of which death alone could relieve him?

"He is an old man, that Mr. Douglas. I sup-pose he has acted in the place of a father to the deceased," the elergyman remarked to his clerk, when disculous himself.

when disrotting himself in the vestry.

"He did not look so a year ago; he has got shrunk and bent lately. I don't think he's past the prime of life," said the clerk, who was himself about Douglas's age.

"He wishes to remain here alone for a while; you may have him the keys. Smith. Good-

you may leave him the keys, Smith. Good-morning. And as the clouds were darkening, and the run falling more thickly, the priest and his assistant hurried away as soon as possible to the comforts and shelter of home.

They have gone to their firesides," thought Douglas, as he watched their receding figures disappear in the mist; they have gone to be "wel-comed by the laugh of their children and the loving care x their wives, they have their house-holds on the warm side of the earth; with them the day is glad with sound and light; with you, my poor darling, all is darkness and silence; your home is under wer weeds and sodden mould." For the first time since his great despair had come to him he burst into a passion of weeping, and flinging himself down on the grave sobbed out hot tours and marticulate mozze on the heaped mound which was now the only symbol of Assles a presence. "Oh, child?" he cried; "have we parted forever to-day? and a' not, how will it be with us when we meet again? Will your face be transfigured into an angel's, Azalea? and shall I distinguish the mortal feat-ures I loved through the splender of your glori-fication? Will it seem but as yesterday that we pearted? or shall I run to meet you with the same heart rapture as I should if you came forth from your grave now, and said, "Robert, take me home again; it is cold."

"Oh God!" he added, bowing his face on his

"Oh God!" he added, bowing his face on his clasped hands, "make my heart strong with faith; let hope redeem the anguish of the bour. I am sickened with fear. My heart has gone down into the grave with this woman. I dread lest infinite ages should roll on, and I still be severed from her. I dread lest measureless time and impenetrable silence should intervene because in Their knowest, and Thou alone, the tween us. Thou knowest, and Thou alone, the vast mysteries of the imperishable hereafter. Comfort me, O Lord! Comfort me and give me light!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LO! TWAS A GALA MIGHT.

ORME HOUSE was the wonder and admiration of Marine Parade on this the evening of Miss of Marine Parade on this the evening of Miss Orme's wedding-day. The windows sparkled with light, and the air was glad with jubilant music. Even the ragged children in the street were infected by the spirit of rejoicing breathed by the festal strains, and they took hands and whirled round in circles on the pavement in un-coust imitation of the gliding shadows within.

"A prettier wedding, a gayer scene, had rarely been witnessed in Brighton," old gossip. said,

All the near friends of the family were present; these, of course, included both Lady Di Merton and Thurstan Mowbray. The day had been cloudless—sea and sky two vast sheets of blue; and in a blaze of sunlight, which harmonized well with the exultance of the bridal party. Amelia Orme had passed from her father's door, her fair hair gleaming under clouds of lace-work, which trailed over robes of flowing white, while pure-hard flowers shone like white stars on her head and bosom.

A scent of crushed flowers came from the strewn church-path, a glistening light of C ing draperies moved through the dim nisle, a bevy of fair faces were bent in prayer round the altar and the ceremony having been performed by the bride's uncle with more than usual solemnity and more than usual assistance, the Hon. Amelia Orme had returned to her father's house the Marchioness of Grandacre.

The presents to the bride were magnificent. Had she married a poor man, and really re-quired some substantial proofs of her friends' regard, she would have probably been inundated with kettle-holders, lukstands, and many other varieties of such-like "nice useful things;" but the future possessor of the Grandacre diamonds was not to be insulted by such paltry tributes; her gifts were of the costliest description; and every woman who looked at the superb bridal declared that Amelia must indeed be happy. She was very happy, and not the sharpest

suffered somewhat from speech from Rosa, who suffered somewhat from envy and its consequent uncharitableness, could ruffle her sister's security.

Joy of heart made Amelia amiable and come-

ly. As Marchioness of Grandacre she was pro-nounced to be beautiful; while poor Rosa was fain to remain that ceditory-looking girl, Rosa

Lord Orme looked earnestly after the traveling carriage which bore away the newly-married

couple.
"I never saw a better matched pair," he mur-mured; " nor a handsomer."

"You mean the young people?" said Lady Diana, coming up to him to see if any advantage could be taken of his apparently sentimental mood.

"No," he answered, with enthusiasm; "I mean the two grays. I chose them for Grand-sure myself. How well they stap together!"

All the same, Lord Orme was very proud and happy in his daughter's marriage; and he did

sot gredge an item of the sumptuous cutertain-ment given to celebrate the event.

That night, when the festivity was at its height, Lady Diana summoned Lord Orme to

her side.
"They are all dancing," she said; "come and talk to me a little. I am tired."

Very lovely in her fatigue Lady Diana looked as she leaned back in her chair; her shoulders

as she leaned back in her chair; her shoulders brought into dazzling relief by the dark crimson back-ground; her eyes half closed, her under his drooping, and revealing a pearly gleam of teeth. "You will soon have no daughter left," she added, with a significant glance at Ross, whe was engaged in an animated conversation with a vacuous looking young nobleman; a youth too mexpensenced and simple to know how to defend himself from the spirited assault the vivacious young lady was making on him.

young lady was making on him.

Lord Orms followed the direction of Lady Diana's eyes, and for an instant looked pleased then his face clouded over.

"No daughter left!" he repeated mechanic-ally; the echo of her words smote him with Between him and the moving figures of the dancers rose up a pale face, whose question-ing eyes seemed to demand, "And where, then,

is my child?"
"Of what are you thinking?" Lady Di said,

gently.

1 was thinking that, should I ever meet in Paradise the two women my life was linked with on earth, her whom I most loved I should have

** Because, by some strange perversity of my intentions, I have injured her who was dear to me, and exalted her whom I ha—I mean for

"Lord Orne," Lady Disna said, with sedden energy, "why should you not marry again?" "Eh! what?"

"And marry me," she concluded, leaning "And marry me," she concluded, leaning to-ward him, and trying, with all the power of each expressive feature, to make him feel her beauty. "You are alone—and I am alone; you are no longer a young man—and I have left girlhood far behind me. We are both of us casy tem-pered; of equal rank and—and circumstances." (Lady Di hesitated a little, remembering her millioer's bill.) "I have never liked any one so well as yourself since" (here, her voice broke) "I —lost my noor—Suart. But that was a long —lost my poor—Scaart. But that was a long while ago" (recovering berself); "and I am sure that if he could look on me now"—here Lady Di gave an upward glance at the brilliant lustres of a chandelier—"he would approve my choica." "But—"began Lord Orme.

"I know what you would say," she interrupt-

ed; "my conduct is unwemanly."
"No, no, Lady Diane, I am only too much flattered; but the honor is so great—I am overflattered; but the honor is so great—I am over-whelmed—and really you are too young and love-ly to sacrifice—" He paused. What could he say? and how could be say it? All the ordi-uary expressions of astonishment would fail to convey his amount of surprise and perplexity.

He was a man averse to innovations. His first impulse was always to reject any proposition which bore the impress of novelry; he hated change; he was unhappy during the late Lady Orme's lifetime, but he got used to his unhappiness, and was sorely aggrieved when death relieved him of his tyrant. Now he had become ed to his liberty, and liberty was sweet scorstomed to his liberty, and interty was sweet to him. What was he to say to this proposition, which took away his breath with its magnitude? Lady Diana had played a bold stroke, but she knew the nature of the man with whom she had to deal. He was too chivalrous and delicate-midded to judge her harshly if she falled. If she succeeded she should not regret the means she had taken to attain the end.

"If there is but one road to a purce, one state it; and in attacking a man who lives in a continual state of mental see-saw, one's only game is to frighten all the oscillation out of him," "If there is but one road to a place, one must abe said to herself. Nevertheless, she was fem-inine after all, and a genuine blush suffused her face when she spoke the words that were to de-

Lord Orme walked up and down with hasty

nervous steps.
"I am aware that I ought not to hesitate for an instant," he said; "but-" muttered an instant," he said; "but—"

("It would be odd if you did not," muttered

"But I am so waworthy."

"Not so," Lady Diana said, rising and edging toward the conservatory. "Blame mc as

much as you will, but do not seek to escape—I mean, to evade—the position by self-depreciation; remember, Lord Orme, that by so doing you deprive me of the only excuse I have for my conduct. If any thing could justify my frank-ness, it would be my conviction and approxiation

of your worth."

Lord Orme looked doubtfully toward the con-

servatory.

It was there Grandacre had proposed to Amelia, and perhaps my lord fancied there might be infection lurking in that sweet, heavily perfumed

"You are too beautiful to throw yourself

away; besides—"
"Am I beautiful?" she said, softly; "do you really think me beautiful?" a quiver of joy seemed to run through her voice, her lovely gray eyes darkened with emotion. He was too per-turbed to appreciate these delicate signs of tribulation, so she recovered herself; then she pleaded earnestly and calmly, as one man might rea-son with another.

son with another.

"I am growing old, Lord Orme, and I dread
the thoughts of a lonely old age. There comes
a season—it is coming to us both—when pleasure turns to pain; when the vigorous grasp on
life fails; when infirmities crowd on us in place of the graces of youth; then we wail over our failures, and yet dread their termination. The dark shadow comes near us, and we shrink away yearning for companionship which may give us courage to face the enemy of life. We call the young and happy to our aid, but they are blinded with the glory of their own strength and joyousness. They rush by us, unheeding our plaint, and not perceiving its cause. When you and I grow older, Lord Orme, would it not be pleasant for us to clasp each other's hands as the darkness guthers? But I forgot—you have children—your fate is happier than mine. When I die there won't be a single being who will care to listen for my last words, or—

Here the feminine element reasserted itself, and Lady Diana turned away her head and dark shadow comes near us, and we shrink away

Here the feminine element reasserted itself, and Lady Diana turned away her head and wept, or at least held up a lace handkerchief to

her eyes.
"Upon my word, this is most extraordinary!
I really don't know what to say, Lady Diana.
Pray—pray don't agitate yourself. I am not worth it."

"But your wealth and title are," Lady Di murmured, sorte roce; and then she wept more.
"I tell you what it is," Lord Orme said, desperately; I will—"

perately; I will—"
"You will? Then you do not despise me!"
Lady Di cried, ecstatically.
"Dear lady," he said, "I am immensely flattered. I was unprepared, of course; but still
your proposition has given me unutterable gratifitation. I am the happiest of men, and I will—"
He passed; he looked at her with tenderness.
How could he look otherwise at such a beautiful
there?" You will averse up for a few men How could be look otherwise at such a beautiful face? "You will excuse me for a few moments; my guesta require my presence in the supper-room. Believe that I adore your frankness, and have determined that I will—"
"What will you do?" she said, eagerly drawing nearer to him, and laying a hand on his arm.
"I will think it over." And Lord Orme van-

ished in the crowd.

Have you ever seen the baffled face of a cat when its intended victim allos from under its feline paw and darts into a sheltering hole in the wall? If so, you may picture Lady Di's expression at this juncture.

Nevertheless, she was not altogether dissatis-

fied.

"It is half the battle to get him familiarized with the idea," she thought. "Hecate might marry him if she only persisted long enough, far less see! I shall be Lady Orme yet."

"I want to speak to you, Lady Di!" The tone was imperative, such a tone as no man uses to a woman unless words of love have passed

Lady Di looked up and besitated.
"Where?" she said, ignoring the conservatory, which she had been so anxious to enter a few

moments previously.

"I know enough of the sex by this time to be aware that while no one can make opportunities aware that while no one can make opportunities so quickly as a woman, no one can crade them more dextrously when she ceases to desire them," Captain Mowbray said, rather bitterly, "Did I not see you, just now, signifying by look, if not by word, to Lord Orme your wish to rest yourself on the fautenil in the shadow of youder ferns? Come."

He offered his arm, and Lady Diana accepted it with something very like a curse between her rose-pink lips. Your coquette is never very far from hating where she has loved.

Supposing that Lord Orme should return, swayed by his mutable inclinations, and she should miss the treasure!

"This comes of teaching one's mule how to drive," she marmured, discontentedly. "There must be an end to this: he shall have his final

congé to-night."

She sat down in the seat to which Thurstan pointed, and he placed himself by her side. For a while there was silence between them,

such silence as is sometimes sweeter than speech;

sometimes more bitter than the harshest words. Lady Di was resolved to give her companion no assistance. She sat still, so still that a few overripe fuschia blossoms that dropped on to her shoulders rested there; and when he put out his hand toward her own with an entreating gesture, she did not seem to see the movement, for her little wrist never stirred from the fold of the dress where it reposed. Despits her annoyance at her position, she could not help feeling a soft sense of enjoyment in this luxurious atmos-phere. The sharp edge of the sea wind was closely excluded from this marm inscious recess,

where the vivid hoes of tropical plants were sub-

- Carrier Town

dued by the dim light, and rare fragrance made the slumberous air heavy with sweetness.
"Will you valse?" Lady Diana said, sud-

denly.

She was conscious of the gloom in his eves, of the harsh intonation of his voice, but she af-fected to perceive neither. The time was gone when she cared either to bill his doubts or soothe his anger.

They tell me," he said, presently, in a voice which she fult grated sorely against the harmony of the scene, "that you are going to marry that

"What old man?" she answered, indifferent-

ly, toying with the feathers on her fam.
"You know whom I mean. You have given me enough pain of heart: do not hurt me with small meannesses. What is the use of humbugging?

ging?"
"There is no use," Lady Diana said, quietly.
"The older I get the more convinced am I that, to be thoroughly comfortable, one should never take the trouble to humbug; it's much ensier to be lazy, and selfish to tell the truth."
"It can not be true" (leaning over her, and grasping her arm) "that you are going to give yourself to Lord Orme for the sake of his money?"

"Did he tell you so?" Lady Di asked, eager ly, with a vague hope that Lord Orme might have been more explicit to his friend than to herself.

"No; it is you who tell me so," Captain "No; it is you who tell me so," Captain Mowbray said, gloomily, "Your own face is an index to the falseness of your heart. You never throw away your wiles. I was watching you just now, Lady Diana. I am only too well acquainted with every variety of lie your metable features can express; but for once I must force the truth from you. Do you or do you not still love me?"

So strong is the force of habit, and so rarely

did Lady Diana ever give such questions a de-cided negative, that she answered, involuntarily, "Yes." Then she thought better of it, and added, with an outbreak of genuine candor, "It is of no use my nursing any further delusion about myself, Thurstan. I believe I love people some-times, and a little time ago I quite thought I was

very food of you; but to tell you the .ruth—" She hesitated. A glimpse of the young man's wrathful face, gleaming pale in the dusk, checked her for an instant.

"Go on!" he said, savagely: "the truth does

not often grace your lips."
"Well, then, I care for no one but myself."
And Lady Diana sank back in her seat with a little sigh of relief. She was rather glad to be found out at last. The assumption of many disguises had become wearisome to her.

He looked at her for a while in silence; then he came near to her, and took her by the hands. "You do not love me?"

"No, on my honor, I don't think I do now," Lady Di said, calmly.
"Have you ever loved me?" he repeated, with

"Are you quite certain?" know. I dare say I did, until you emphasis. "Are you quite certain?"
"I don't know. I dare say I did, until you began to love me back again, and then it got so

monotonous—really, I forget—I wish you would not ask such unpleasant questions, Thurstan." "Then you have sinned simply for vanity's sake?

She looked uneasily round.

"Do not speak so loadly," she mattered.

"Do you know what I think of you?" he said, with increased excitement, and tightening his clasp on her hands. "I think that if the Magdalen were living, you would be unworthy to touch the hem of her robe. When the day When the day comes for you to be judged, Lady Diana, I would rather be the vilest wretch that walks the streets

The pext word was whispered in her ear, and perhaps was the hardest one that Lady Diana had ever listened to during the whole course of her evil, pampered life. He kissed her as he her evil, pampered life. He kissed her as he spoke it, and in his kiss there was more of con-tampt than even that hitter word conveyed.

In another instant be was gone, and the sob-bing waves and glad music became strangely blended with the harsh echo of that parting word.

Lady Diana looked up pensively at the stars, which gleamed dimly through the thick penes

of glass,
"I'll never speak the truth again," she thought;
"if I had lied, he would still be thinking me an

"Do you think I had better do it?" Lord Orme said, looking rather wistfully at Lady Di-ana, when, after a short interval, he rejoined in the conservatory.

His disconnected phrase was perfectly understood by the person to whom it was addressed; but a hovering domestic funcied that he referred to coffee, and forthwith offered him that bever-

Lord Orme took some, mechanically; but put his hand on the cream-jug when, in the agita-tion of the moment, Lady Diana filled her own

cup.
"That is enough," he said, as he tilted back.
Then the cream with a view to its economy. Then he pondered again.

"I am sure it would be for your happiness and mine," Lady Di said, energetically. "Ah, yes; I dare say it might be," was the

doubtful response.

Lady Diama's heart began to fill with anger; but she concealed it under the guise of emotion. "I am very unhappy," she stammered. "I have forfeited your respect, and—" Here she sobbed, not knowing well what to

"No-r

"No-no: don't say that," replied the kind-hearted nobleman, in distress. "Let it be Yes (it it will make your happiness); no doubt I

shall get used - I menn, no doubt I shall be very

happy. Let it be Yes! then, Lady Diana."

And, with a deep sigh, he gulped down the rest of his cuffee.

Lady Diana dejected and Lady Diana elated were two very different persons. Never was a lovelier or brighter face than that which she turned to Lord Orme now. She caught her breath with a little quick sob of delight as she leaned on his arm, and murmured, I am so happy.

The game was won. Defeat would have been disgraceful; but victory brought a thousand hon-

Pacified duns, angry rivals, wealth, comfort-all these luxuries would be secured when she was

Lady Orme. I wonder if Amelia has got the family dia-

"I wonder if America has got the salary uni-monds?" she thought.

Then she gave Lord Orme's arm a little squeeze, and said;
"I shall tell our friends to-night. Come and

dance this quadrille, won't you?"

"Don't tell them until after the quadrille, thon," pleaded the other.

And then they went into the dancing-room, and Lady Diana did not tell her friends for the present; but went through the figures of the dance with a little song of triumph in her heart,

and the words of the song were:

"I am Lady Orme—Lady Orme!"

Her eyes shone, her lips kept moving into tremulous smiles of delight; her beauty, irradiated by joy, was almost queenly to-night. Her flashing jewels, the sheeny sweep of her robes, the undulating grace of her movements, all that pertained to her, seemed enhanced by the charm of her triumphant loveliness.

Lord Orme looked at her with mild satisfaction. He was glad she was fair, as she meant always to live with him. He hoped she wouldn't want to ride—he hated to see women knocking about valuable horses; and he should stipulate with her she wasn't to make the tea. Women were so wasteful-spilled the tea all over the ce, deluged it with water, then said it was

place, deluged it was a way, weak, and rang for more.

And then there was one other thing he determined on. He would fetch Azalen home to live with him; the long endured and unsuspective with him; the long endured and unsuspective with him; ed wrong should be atomed for at length. With Lady Diana to watch over and protect her, scandal would be in a great measure averted. His new wife could help him to place the neglected girl in her proper sphere. He would no longe be burdened with the sickly feeling of remore which had haunted him since he rejected the duties of a parent, and cast his own flesh and blood away from the shelter of his love.

"Azaloa shall come home," was the refrain of his thoughts as he walked restlessly through

the great salons with Lady Diana on his arm.
"Ought I not to tell dear Rosa?" the latter whispered, as they drew near a brilliant group, in which Rosa's sharp eyes and Rosa's shrill

It was indelicate of her, this precipitation; she felt that; but, then, she dared not let Lord Orme "sleep it over" without his making his decision public.

"I will have that pleasure myself," Lord Orme said, with a cortain grave dignity not unbecoming to him.

He put his hand gently on his daughter's

"Rosa," he began, "I have something very

agreeable to tell you."

He paused, as a servant drew near to them, and presented him with a letter.

"If you please, my lord, a person left this here just now, and was particular about its being delivered to you at once."

Lord Orme glanced at the letter. "Imme-

diate" was written outside; and he stepped quick-ly up to a small table where candles were burn-

"Pray excuse me," he said to those near him; "but it may be from my stud farm. I

will only just glance at it."

Rosa and her friends moved away. Lady Diana alone remained near him, furtively watching

his face as he tore open the packet. Then she suffered her glance to wander round the richly-appointed rooms; and her little foot best time with the music as she exulted over the

luxuries of her new home. Look at Rosa! how much she is enjoying the dancing, and how devoted her partner seems. Unless I am much mistaken, Lord Orme, you will soon rejoice over the bridal of another

daughter. She turned kughingly toward him, and was about to put her hand on his arm to attract his attention; but when she looked round and saw

his countenance, her heart quivered with a great pang of nervous terror.
"What is it?" she cried. "Oh, tell me,

what is it?" Lord Orme did not speak. His face looked

shrunk and livid; his eyes were fixed on the paper, which his fingers held with a stiff grasp, like hands that are dead. The dance music swelled into a frenzy of

jubilee; the dancers whirled faster and faster. jubilee; the dancers wanted mear them, in a Rosa and her partner circled near them, in a perfect whirlwind of disphenous skirts. girl's eyes were shining with happy excitement. As she passed near her father she gave him a bright look of recognition, not observing the expression of his face.
"What is it?" Lady Diana reiterated, her

alarm increased by a silence which seemed so

"It is God's justice, I suppose," Lord Orme said, slowly, his words coming out, with an ef-fort, from his drawn lips; -- "and my punish-

Then be put the letter lete her hands, and turning away as one who can not endure that

his face should be seen, because of its sore trou

ble, he abruptly left the room. She looked after him blankly, and then he eyes fell on the letter. It ran as follows:

"My Loan,-Your daughter Acalea is dead. She died in my presence a week since, and I saw her buried this morning. The only reproach she over made against you consisted in her not mentioning your name during her last hours.

Her last words were for me who loved her: but she did not speak of the man who was once too dear to her, nor of the father who was as no-

"Her foster-parent, George Moore, told me before he died, that he believed in his beart that you were married to the dead girl's mother. Whether this be true or false matters little now; for even were such the truth, and I forced you to own it, not all the honor of your name and wealth could reminate my girl into the beauty

"That she should never move again se me more wooderful than that she should have cessed to speak; for lately she had grown very silent, but her fingers were always restless, and her eyes continually sought the window, as though she expected some arrival that might bring he happiness; but no one came, excepting the old

"I am, my lord, your obedient servant, "ROBERT DOCULAS."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Lany asked a gentleman how old he was. He re-plied, "What you do in every thing." What was his age? Xi.

"Are you find of tongue, Sir?" "I was always find of tongue, Madara, and I like it still."

"Nineteen dresses in three weeks, and she said last night that she could not go to suppe. because she had not a rag to her back?"

"What did Gussy say?"

"Why, that he could not either; he had no coat to his stomach."

A GRECIAN BEND TRAGEDY. A URBULAN DEAD I HAVE AND ALL MIDDING THE PARTY OF THE PA

"PB do it, sure," the madden said.
The while with wrath she shook her head,
"And that before I sleep in hed;
The bound to have the proper bend;
No more PB hear the title scorning
Of other girls whom Beaven mand—
Or break their necks the first fine moraling."

But here she ceased, and with a sigh, As though she fisic would step and cry, Before the glars with course high, Till fied the night before the morn, Her lovely form she squirmed and twisted; But with the dawn she "owned the corn," And from her effects vain desisted.

Then goaded on by wounded pride, Nor knowing where her shame to hide, In angry mood che "up and died." Yet though it sundy seems too had, Her secrows should be never ending, Her secrosial form, a vision sad, At midnight still is Grecian bend-ing.

Young ladies who play croquet are known as "maids all for lawn."

"William, my son, how came you to muddy your

"William, my son, over the desired by father in the sye, very solverly solved:
"Father, what am I made of?"
"Bather, what am I made of?"
"Deat. The Bible sees, "Dust thou art, and unto dost shall then return."
"Well, father, if I'm dost, how can I help being modely when it raise on me?"

Archie and Tom sparked the same giri. One night Archie called on her and found her alone. After some conversation he barst out with: "Miss Mollie, do you think you could leave this comfortable home, kind father and another, leving brothers and sisters, and go to the far West with a young man who has bitle to live on earch his profession?" Miss Mollie hid her band gently on Archie's shoulder, with her eyes shout half closed, her ruby tips slightly spart, and said softly: "Yes, Archie. I think I could." "Well," said Archie, "my friend Tom is going West, and wants to marry. I will mention it to him."

Her "Photo" album richly bound,
And shinking für with historie gold,
I from the lable raised and said:
I farm the lable raised and said:
I a this your Hible I behold?"
"Ah, no?" she said, with happy smile,
"We maidens have, you know, our whims,
And through devouity pondered o'er,
No Hible 'de; but Hook of Hime?"

"Pretty girl, Amanda is." "Ah! is she blonde or runetts?" "Cib, she has ber days of both."

"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you said you could turn any thing neater than any man in this town."

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I said sh."

"Well, Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there is no man on earth that can turn a thing as well as I can whittle it."

"Poh, nonsense, Mr. Smith, talk about your whittless."

whittle it."

"Pob, nonsense, Mr. Smith, talk about your whitthing; what can you whittle as well as I can turn it?"

"Any thing, every thing, Mr. Jones. Just name
the article that I can't whittle, that you can turn, and
I will give you a V if I don't do it to the estisfaction
of all these gentlemen present."

"Wall, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstrones, just for trial; you may whittle and I will turn,"
Mr. Smith slid.

"Phil, my jewel," said Pat, "I'm mighty sorry you can't dine with me to-day." "Arrah, and why can't I dine with you?" said the astonished Pail.

astonished Phit.
"Because, my dear," returned Pat, "I haven't asked ye as yet."

A man who had been sick away from home wrote back thus: "I am so changed that my color creditors would hardly know me!"

The provisions of the new Massachusetts Prohibit-cey law are so exacting that the Boston police are watching the tumblers in the tireas. The most reflection some young ladies have is in the

THE BEST DEAVISO LIMON-Drawing a salary.

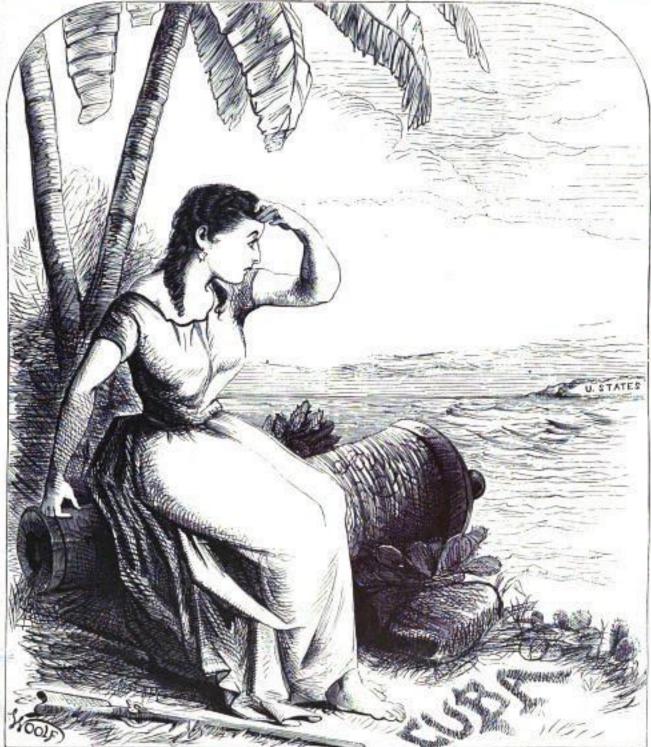


SALT LAKE CITY.

WE gave in our last Number illustrations of Omaha, Nebraska, and of a Prairie on Fire, on the line of the Union Pacific Railway. On page 572 we give this week a picture of Salt Lake City. This settlement, situated in the Territory of Utah, was formed by the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, after their expulsion from the city of Nauvoo, in Illinois. Their prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother, were mardered in the jail of Carthage by an armed mob. In the beginning of 1846 the van of the Mormona, under the guidance of Britanan Youno, the successor of Joseph Smith, crossed the Mississippi on their journey for the Western wildermess; and, after enduring great privations on their journey, the pioneers reached, in 1847, the spot where they established the city, and in autumn were joined by the main body. During the winter and spring they suffered from famine; but on the arrival of harvest provisions between absolute.

of harvest provisions became abundant.

There can be little wonder that the more ignorant of the Mormons, when they first see the "City of the Saints," believe that they have reached the promised land. The city site has been well chosen. It lies in a charming and almost entirely level valley, surrounded by hills and grand mountain peaks, watered by innumerable civulets. The waters of "City Creek Cafton," divided into innumerable streams, run down every principal street of the city. The roats are wide, and, except in three or four basiness streets, each house has a large garden, and very frequently an orchard attached to it. Light and graceful trees line each street. The elimate of the valley is good; peach and apericot trees are flourishing every where. So calm and tranquil is the

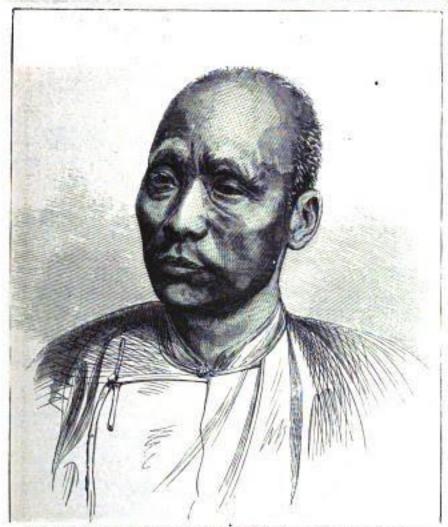


"UNDER A PALM-TREE-WAITING FOR A SAIL,"-TENNION'S "ENOUGABLES."

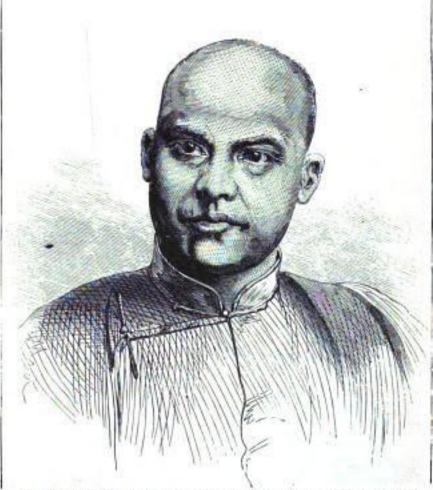
course of life in the Mormon capital that the remark of the Shaker to Artemas Ward would seem to be applicable to it, "Here all is peas." And whatever may be said about those peculiar institutions which have made the Mormon religion a by-word and a jest, every visitor is constrained to admit that the industry of this remarkable people has made what was once little else than a barren alkaline desert to "blossom as the rose." Their local government is excellent. Crime, in the fall sense of the word, is almost unknown among them, or is confined to the "Gentile" residents. There are but four har-rooms and one billiard-saloon, in Salt Lake City to a population of 27,000—a remarkable fact in this Western country, where there is usually a barroom to each twenty or so inhabitants. Hapid changes will no doubt follow the progress of civilization in this community, and the completion of the Pacific rail-roads can hardly fail to inaugurate them.

Our illustration shows

Our illustration shows the general plan of the city. The Tabernscle, irrevereatly termed by Gentiles "the great eggshell," from the form of its roof, is plainly seen in the middle distance. The building will hold 10,000 persons, and 7000 persons can be comfortably seated. It is one vast room, the dome being supported by a Howe truss, resting on stone columns. It possesses the second largest organ in the United States, and has an immease platform, with several desks for the president, the twelve apostles, and others. It is the place of worship for the Mormons of the city; and on every Sabbath they gather there to listen to exhortations often delivered by a dozen speakers. The roof is composed of wooden shingles, which, having turned somewhat gray with age, have the appearance of a dull metallic



SING-MAN, CHINESE MERCHANT, SAN FRANCISCO.-Puot. by Beady.-[See Page 574.]



CHOY-CHEW, CHINESE MERCHANT, SAN FRANCISCO.-PROT. BY BRADY.-(SEE PAGE 574)

surface. The "Temple," of which we have heard so much, is a separate building, and its foundations, of granite, only are laid, although the work was begun fifteen years ago. The grand range of the Wesatch Mountains is seen in the distance.

Salt Lake City will be in direct communication with the Pacific Railroad in October next, by the branch line to be known as the Utah Central Railroad.

OUR CHINESE VISITORS.

THE visit of CHOY-CHEW and SING-MAN, the Chinese merchants from San Francisco, who ar-rived here on the evening of August 11, will further the influences of the recent visit of Mr. BURLINGAME and his diplomatic party. It will even more directly promote the friendly com-mercial relations which it was a main object of the RUBLINGAME mission to inaugurate. Creew, in his speech at Chirago on the 6th of August, admirably expressed the sentiments of the more enlightened among the great merchants in the Chinese empire when he said:
"China must brush away the dust of her antiquity, and, looking across the Pacific, behold
and profit by the lossons of the New World."
That she has already begun to do this is manifest from the facts stated by him that "steamboat lines have been established on our rivers, and the telegraph will soon connect us with this wonderful sorereignty, where the people rule, and where every thing proclaims peace and good-will to all." About thirty-eight years ago the Edinburgh Review exposed the falsity of the statements made by those interested in the monepoly of the East India Company as to the anti-commercial character of the Chinese. It proved that they were, on the contrary, a highly mercial people; that they were, as they still are, the great traders of the Eastern Archipelago; that vast numbers of them were settled at Bata-via, Singapore, and other commercial emporia, all actively engaged in trade or in some species of useful industry. The Ediaborgh Review preof useful industry. The Edinburgh Review pre-dicted even then the growth of that American trade with China which now promises to assume such prodigious proportions, and the interests of which will be materially helped by the visit of Choy-Chew and Seno-Man to our metropolis as representatives of Chinese industry and com-

These Chinese merchants have been long settled in California, and have practically become American citizens. They speak our language with perfect freedom, and are well acquainted with our country. Of course, they are particularly interested in the schemes lately projected for Chinese emigration to America.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN HEALTH-BOARD.

In order to learn how to preserve health it is necessary, first, to understand what health is. A not inapt, though somewhat negative, popular description phrases it as a condition in which there is no consciousness of the existence of any orgae or member—when we do not first that we have a heart, a stomach, or any other annoying piece of mechanism within us. Predosionally, it has been worded as "a state in which all the functions are exerted with regularity and harmony." A better and more scientific definition, however, would be—a state wherein the nutrition of all the tissues is properly performed; or—to put it in language intelligible to the uninitiated—a state wherein every part of the body is repaired as first as it is wasted.*

All the various textures of which the body is composed are built up of minute cells. No mo-tion, no function can be performed without in-volving the destruction of some of these cells, and the organs called into play remain to a cer-tain extent incapacitated for action until the worn out elements are removed, and their place supplied by fresh and appropriate material. Contimud destruction and continual repair are the two; at conditions of our being, and any disturbance of the balance between them lends to more or less disastrous results. When St. Paul professed that be "died doily," his spiritual met-apt embodied unconsciously a demonstrable diviological fact. The manual laborer with every stroke of his hummer or pickaxe commits intinitesimal suicide as regards some hundreds of muscular molecules; the brain-weeker annibilates with every thought a portion of his nerve substance; each throb of the heart, each tear of grief or kough of mirth, implies the death of numerous particles of matter. It is evident therefore, that the two most important pieces of business to be accomplished are, to disc these dead atoms—to clear away the rublish— and to incorporate tools, vigorous ones in their stend. To these two great ends all the complex operations of the different organs are means. The former—the removal of dead matter—is effected through the agency of the lungs, skin, kidneys, and intestinal coral. For the latter— the process of repair—it is necessary, to use a mercantile phrase, first, that the raw material should be supplied; second that it should be conversed into the manufac ared product; and, third, that it should be sent to a market. These three de-idents are attained by the co-operation of the three grand functions of digestion, respiration, and circulation; the digestive organs being importers and, to a certain extent, manufacturers. the respiratory apparatus parting the finishing

* This general definition is, of course, incoded to apply to the mature period of life. During ladinary and youth, while the process of general is going out, the supply of new material exceeds the current waste. The opposite condition, in old are, when the waste careful the supply, indicates a decadence of the actual the supply, indicates a decadence of the actual wall powers, and is therefore a departure from health.

tourhes to the fabric; and the heart acting as wholesale dealer, while the arteries are jobbers of small lots to suit retail customers. The commercial microcosm thus figured is very much like its outside prototype. Under judicious legisla-tion (on the "non-interference" principle) affairs go on quite harmoniously, demand and supply are equalized, all classes are fairly represented. taxes are not burdensome, and "liberty, equali-ty, and fraternity" are peacefully maintained, the only "national debt" being the "debt of na-But sometimes human vanity, disregarding the "drisses fuire" philosophy, oversteps its governmental limits and undertakes to "regu-late" matters in contravention of the natural laws of trade; and then all sorts of troubles oc-Some imports are admitted free, while alnost prohibitory duties are levied on others the necessary interchange of commodities with the outer world is impeded; extravagant expenditures in certain departments entail a depre-ciation of the circulating medium; old estab-lished organs are orced to borrow from their neighbors in order to meet the drafts upon them, the markets are disturbed—there is a scarcity here, a glut there; the heart makes an over-issue of "watered" stock; ten to one the liver gets up a "corner" in bile; the small purchasers lose confidence, and their demand falls off; and the result is, that a "crisis" takes place and there is a series of failures, in some of which the assets are so far below the liabilities that there is no chance of a resumption of bush

Let us now endeavor to describe a little more in detail this manufacturing business, as transacted under the most favorable circumstances. The raw materials which are needed are, as every body knows, food, water, and air; the solid portions of food, of course, supplying the most essential elements. There are two purposes to be served by food; namely, the construction of tissue and the production of best; and alimentary substances are divided into two classes, as they are adapted to the one or the other of these ends; the first class, or food proper, consisting of substances which contain nitrogen (such as the lean parts of ment, etc., and being digested in the stomach; while the second class, or feel, comprises starch, angar, fat, oil, alcohol, etc., and is digested in the upper part of the intestine. These two kinds of digestion are performed in very different ways, the stomach furnishing an acid solvent for its part of the work, while the intestine adds an alkali to the oily materials with which it deals, and converts them into an emulsion; so that it is possible for a person to be dyspeptic as to one kind of food, while the other is properly discasted.

The food, having been duly prepared by the process just briefly hinted at, is started on a slow journey along the intestinal causal, and during its transit myriads of busy little absorbent vessels abstract from it all of its nutritive particles: the tissue-making substances being taken charge of by voins, and the fuel by special carriers called "lacteals." The former deposit their freight temporarily with the liver, where it is further purified and forwarded through other veins to the receiving burean of the heart; the latter transmit their purcels to the same destination more directly through a tuke known as the "thoracic duct," which empties into a large vein near the inner end of the left collar-bone, quite close to the heart.

Although it is the custom to speak of the heart as a single organ, we have in reality two hearts, as distinct from each other as are two city houses with a party wall between them. These two hearts are, in fact, two-story edifices adjoining each other and built upon the same plan, the upper story of each being devoted to the receipt, and the lower to the delivery of goods. The right side of the heart—or, more properly speaking, the right heart—deals only with the blood returned by the veins from all parts of the body—blood which has served its purpose, and which is brought home laden with impurities and deprived of its motivitive qualities. In the up stairs department, or "dumping-room," of the right heart this blood is monified with the proceeds of the two kinds of digestion we have described, and lowered through a trap-door into the comported through in trap-door into the comported of reality with an intricate network of minute vessels, through the delicate coats of which the blood gives out the carbon with which it was charged, and absorbs from the inspired air the oxygen which is now alone needed to render it fit for use. This process being accomplished, it is returned to the upper story of the left heart, lowered through another trap-door into the delivery dep rament, and thence distributed through the ramifying arteries to every part of the body.

the body.

From what has been said it will be readily understood that for the maintenance of health all three of these great functions, digestion, respiration, and circulation, must be adequately performed. If proper food in proper quantity be not supplied, or if the digestive apparatus full to extract therefrom available materials, all the expansion of the broadest chest will not suffice to give the blood its needed qualities; if, on the other hand, respiration be defective, or the inspired nir be deficient in oxygen or defiled with detectrious guies, good food and good digestion have their purpose thwarted; and, lastly, even if both digestion and respiration be fully operative, their week will be annulled by an impediment to the circulation of the blood, or a want of assimilative power in the tissues supplied by it. Moreover, derangement of my one of those functions soon produces a disturbance of the other two.

So far we have endeavored-without going into the more recondite mysteries of subordin-

ate and auxiliary functions, such as the guiding stimulus of the "vis nervoea" through its "cerebro-spinal" and "ganglionic" channels; the separate duties of the "red blood disks" and "cytoid corposcles," and the machinery for their fabrication and repair; the "cellular hypothesis," or the "germinal matter theory," or the seductive "protoplasm" platform of Huxley; without inquiring whether fibrin is an aliment or an excrement; without discussing the great vexed question of the day, whether to structure or to function should be awarded causative priority; whether force is a property of matter or matter a result of force—to sketch broadly, and it is hoped intelligibly, the main conditions of health; and now, with the reader's permission, we shall point out a few very obvious inferences with regard to the means of fulfilling these conditions.

In the first place, wholesome food in sufficient but not excessive quantity, and containing the re-quisite proportions of tissue-making and heat-pro-ducing materials, must be taken at proper inter-vals. A normal appetite, and the ordinary mixed dietary resources of every household, will generally suffice to satisfy these postulates; but there are two errors frequently committed, against which we wish to give a mild warring. The first of those is the consumption of inordinate amounts of liquids, especially of cold water, dur-ing or soon after a meal. By this practice not only is the gastric juice diluted to some extent, but, what is of more consequence, the digestive organs are cooled below their working point; and it is to be borne in mind that the stomach, when called upon for action, must raise its temperature nearly three degrees above the heat of the rest of the body. The other bad habit to which we would call attention is the custom prevalent smong business men of filling the protra terspace between an early breakfast and a late supper by "any thing to stay the stomach" in the middle of the day. Under the deceptive ti-tle of "lunch" the most outrageous impositions are practiced upon the good nature of the in-ternal economy. Abominabl compounds misnamed cake, or crude atrocities termed by imaginative vendors pie, not uncommonly form the staple of this Barmecidal repast; or to the appetite which craves flesh-forming pabulum, its owner gives a "stone" in the shape of a halfcooked apple-dumpling! If we had our way, all such ill-judged appeals to perverted tastes—all pastry and confectionery of whatever grade— should be abolished by "reconstructive" act of Congress. While appetite lasts it is better to supply it with substantial, nutritive viands; aft-er hunger has been satisfied the stomach should not be overloaded with superfluous substances which merely tickle the palace.

For the process of respiration pure air, and plenty of it, is needed. With every breath we deprive the atmosphere of a portion of its oxygen, and pollute it with a certain amount of carbonic acid. This latter gas always exists in the atmosphere in the proportion of from four to six parts in ten thousand (to an even greater extent in cities); and in addition to this, every pair of human longs generates and exhales it at the rate of about fitteen cubic feet in twenty-four hours. Now, air containing one per cent. of carbonic acid gas becomes unfit for breathing purposes; so that one man confined in an air-tight spartment of moderate dimensions would before long commit involuntary suicide merely by breathing; and when we add that, besides carbonic acid, a constant elimination of more positively poisonous organic master is always occurring from the langs and from the skin, and state the further fact that a cancile in burning uses as much oxygen and gives out as much carbonic acid as an average human being, and that an ordinary gasbarner equals eight living adults in this respect, we trust that a homily on the importance of ventilation, or an heferential sermon against crowded bell-rooms and other similar poison vats, may

be left to the good sense of the reader.

More especially is the procastion of securing a supply of fresh air to be observed at night, for then the percentage of pure oxygen is less. While soulight lasts plants under its influence possess the property of absorbing carbonic acid and setting free the oxygen again; but after dark they cease to perform this function, and the aximal world is left to take care of itself until morning.

To maintain the blood in active circulation no better advice can be given than that conveyed in the old saw: "Keep the head cool by temperance and the feet warm by exercise." Without exercise (limited on the hither side of fatigoe, no function can be adequately performed; but more particularly does it bear upon the proper distribution of the liquid life within the arteries. By its means the waste particles are thrown off with greater rapidity, and a demand stimulated for newer and better material; by it the blood is called to every portion of the frame, and that equalization of temperature produced which we speak of as "the glow of health." In speaking of exercise, however, we do not mean the too often overdone exertions of the gymeasium, where one set of muscles is monstrously distorted at the expense of all the rest. Moderate training of this sort is well enough in the absence of outdoor practice; but an exaggerated "biceps" is not a conclusive evidence of a perfect sanitary condition. Neither do we refer to dencing vehemently at througed assembles, where glaring gas and sudorific society are devitalizing the close atmosphere, and loading it with carbonic acid and organic matter. Under such circumstances exercise merely forces the lengs to contaminate the system by introducing impurities in excess of those already existing in it. A brisk "constitutional" walk, taken regularly in pure open air, and not producing do to weariness, is all that is required in the way of exercise in most cases. In all, of course, the amount or the violence of the exertion should

be proportioned to the strength of the individ-

To some up briefly; a good digestion and appropriate food; sound lungs and pure air to fill them withal; an active circulation and regular exercise to keep it in motion—these are the principal requisites of health, and if these be fulfilled by a man's physical condition and habits of life, the less he has to do with pills and potions the better for him. A. L. C.

UNCLE SAM'S REPLY TO THE MULLIGAN ON THE CHINESIS QUESTION.

Why, Pat, you goney, what's the row
You're making all the day, Sir?
Let Ki Hi pass, you silly fool—
He'll not be in your way, Sir.
Leave it to me to trot him out,
And show you all his tricks, Sir;
That done—why, you can leave off work,
And only carry bricks, Sir.

And you, John Bell, don't strain yourself,
And of Hold Hengland prate, Sir;
For when he comes, depend upon't,
You'll sit in royal state, Sir;
Drink 'arf-and 'arf, and read the news,
And tell us all the figgers—
How, down in Abysynny there,
You British whipped the niggers.

Monsieur Crapaud, my friend in red, You need not feel alarmed, Sir; The glory of the "nation grande" Will not the least be harmed, Sir. Of equal power and equal rights You yet may see the day, Sir; But till that period comes round Let Ki Hi work away, Sir.

And you, my blue-eyed plodding coz,
Just landed from the Rhine, Sir,
You'll soon have leisure on your hands
To sing away your time, Sir;
For in the shops or on the land
He'll do your week quite clever,
While you lay off, and treat the vrow,
And lager swill forever.

Ha! Sambo—you there—hi, this way!
I want a word with you, Sir;
So come along, my dusky friend,
And bring your banjo too, Sir.
Quick—heel and toe—and reel it off;
I vow, you're quite amazing.
Now sun yourself the rest o' the day,
While Ki Hi does the slaving.

For by Jerusalem I swar,
By all the laws of nations,
He's just the motive pow'r we want
That don't need any rations.
A little rice, a little salt,
And work up to the handle;
To leave such dicker loose around
Would be a mighty scandal.

So, Ki Hi, bring your spade and pick,
And, while you dig or strike, Sir,
I'll sit and whittle all the day,
And fix things as I like, Sir.
Then, first, we'll turn the country round—
The folks is always jangling—
And make the Southern cend the North
To stop their cussid wrangling.

Next, we might level off the farm
(When you've had time to rally)
And dump the Rocky Mountains down
In Mississippi's valley.
But, first and foremost of the hull,
You bet, I've got the notion,
We'll build a bridge from Cubey hum
Across the Atlantic Ocean,

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Bess Stree, March 25, 1868.

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PRINCE ARTHUR IN AMERICA.

PRINCE ARTHUR, the seventh child and third son of Queen Victoria, arrived in Halifax, from England, August 22, in the steamship City of Paris. The passage from Queenstown was made in six days and eleven and one-half hours—the

in six days and cleven and one-half hours—the shortest trip ever made between those two ports. Prince Arrhun is a pleasantly appearing young gentleman of mineteen. He is named after Arrhun Wellesser, the Duke of Wellington. Our readers will be interested in the portrait which we publish on this page. The Prince is an officer in the British army. He is of nearly the arms are that the Prince of Wellington. of nearly the same age that the Prince of Wales was when he visited America nine years ago. All three of the Queen's sons have been extensive travelers. They have thus become acquainted with the ways of the world, and therefore better fitted to occupy the position assigned them in so-cial life, and as the possible rulers of a great na-

SHERMAN STATION.

SHERMAN STATION.

Saureman, Wyoming Territory, is the highest point attained by the Pacific Railway on its whole course from ocean to ocean. Fifteen menths ago nothing but bare hills and crags marked the spot. Now there is a little town, containing a large machine-shop, a "Wells Fargo's express office," newspaper shops, and even a millinery store. Its two hotels, of shingle, are of a rough kind, but good meals are to be obtained in them. Our illustration of Sherman is the first that has been published of the place in this country. Wyoming is to include parts of Decotah, Utah, Colorado, etc. The embryo town of Sherman is \$262 feet above the sea, yet the ascent to it from the Missouri River, a distance of 549 miles, is made with the greatest case. The grades never exceed 90 feet to the mile, while for the larger part of the distance it is not over 30 feet to the mile.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

In the contest between the Harvard and the Oxford crews, August 27, the latter won the victory. The race began at 14 minutes 6; seconds after 5 o'clock, and lasted 22 minutes and 40; seconds. It would give us the greatest pleasure, of course, to be able to announce a different result. But next to the pleasure of claiming a victory is that of yielding the praise to our rival.

But though we have to chronicle a defeat for the Harvard crew, it is not a diagraceful defeat. The gain of less than two boat-lengths in four and one-quarter miles—or, if we consider time, the gain of six seconds in thirteen hundred and sixty and a half seconds, while sufficiently de-

sixty and a half seconds, while sufficiently de-



PRINCE ARTHUR, OF ENGLAND .- (PROTOGRAPHED BY W. NOTHAN, MOSTREAL.)

ciding the contest, affords no basis for extrava-gant exultation on the part of the victors. The Harvards had the choice of position, and they took the outside of the semicircle. The boats started at 5 o'clock 14 minutes 6; seconds

P.M. The Harvards gained the lead from the start, and kept it until passing "Chiswick Ais," two and a half miles from the starting-point. From this stage onward the Oxfords gained. We had before the race made arrangements to

give the best possible illustrations of so interest-ing an event. We accordingly had selected views of the most critical points along the Thames ho-tween Potney and Mortlake. Two of these views —Hammersmith Bridge and Chiswick—we give on vace 585.

on page 585.

The boats have been put in to correspond to the telegraphic account, which was received in New York several hours before the time (in Lon-

New York several hours before the time (in London) set for the race.

The Harvard crew used the Ealsorr boat, which they had brought with them from America. So that the rivalry was not simply one between two crews and two distinctive styles of rowing, but also between the boats used.

At all the principal points along the river, from the starting-point to the goal—at Putney, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Barnes, and Mortlake—the banks were lined with spectators, wearing either the Oxford or the Harvard colors. It is believed that no crowd so immense ever before gathered on the banks of the Thames. on the banks of the Thames.

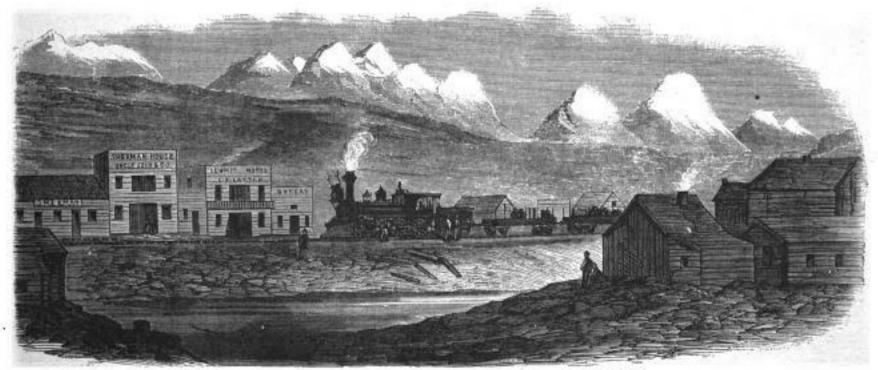
We gave last week portraits of both the Ox-ford and Harvard crews. The crews, as we gave them, were those that contested the race. Fax and Lyman remained as substitutes for Bass and Rack in the Harvard crew.

We will not be so ungracious as to add any thing to excuse our defeat, or expatiate upon the disadvantages under which the Harvard crew habored. A better knowledge of the Thames, or the adoption of their own style of rowing without also might have changed the result. So also might any one, probably, of one hundred things that might be mentioned. We were besten, and acknowledge our defeat.

The first telegraphic dispatches indicated that the Oxford crew reached Mortlake three or four boat-lengths ahead. But a later dispatch informs us that the judge at Mortlake decides that the bost-lengths ahead. But a later dispatch informs us that the judge at Mortlake decides that the actual difference was but one length and a half. The time of the race, according to the Trilense correspondent, was 22 minutes 20% seconds, as taken by Frodesta's chronograph, registering fifths of seconds. The Oxford crew were in perfect condition, and after the race they rowed back to Putney, keeping pace with the Press steamer. After the race the two crews dined at Mortlake with Mr. Phillips, who had invited a large party to meet them. During the dinner the Oxford men, in their speeches, said that the race was, if not the hardest, at least as hard, as any they had ever contested, and praised the pluck and work of the Harvard men.

The London Times, in its comments, said that the Harvards failed in a most pardonable point—the steering; but added, that the ground lost by the coxswain was not enough to account for the distance between the boats at the end of the race.

The race was well contested, and the Harvard crew met with perfectly fair play. Were the Oxford men to repeat the contest on American waters they would meet with a similar reception.



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD-SHERMAN STATION, WYOMING TERRITORY.

DEOUGHT.

The can uprises, large and red,

The dawn is lost in a sultry glow;
Like a fi-mace roof is the beaven o'erhead,
Like tinder the thirsty earth below;
Hushed is the grateful voice of streams,

The famished fountains and brooks are dry;
And day by day do the burning beams

Four from the pittless sky.

All things languish and fade and pine;
Buds are withered before they bloom;
The blighted leaves of the window-vine.
Chase each other about the room;
Vapors gather, then melt in light;
Rain clouds possible, then born away;
And all hearts faint as the sultry night.
Follows the sultry day.

Sally adown the orchard lines

The apples shrivel and shrink and fall;
The cannty clusters among the vines

Wilt, half-sipe, on the scorching wall;
The peaches perish before their prime,
The trim espaliers are bare and lorn;
Dry and doad, as in winter time,
Stand the ranks of the carling corn.

No longer the cool and gurgling songs
Of warblers freshen the lifeless air;
The simesering noise of the insect through
Sounds incessantly every where;
The ringing rasp of the locust comes
Pierring the sense like a wedge of sound;
The wasp from his next in the gable hums,
And the cricket shrills from the ground.

The hard dry gras-hopper, snugly hid,
Grates his sharpest and thinks be sings;
The custanets of the ketydid
Chime with the rattle of sharded wings;
Blandering, beaming, the beetles pass,
While hats flit silent as daylight dies;
And loud in the tangles of seedy grass
The prevish cut-bird cries.

Open-billed, with his wings a-droop,
The wren sits silent, and seeks no more
The half-built nest in the sunny stoop,
Or the children's crumbs by the open door;
Recelling with dend and brittle stalks
The paths of the garden are thick with dust;
And the rows of flower beds down the walks
Are baked to an ashy crust.

Purched to blackness the roses die, Nobled of sweetness and form and bue; Vainly the languid butterfly Seeks, as of old, their garnered dew; Vain the humming-hird's sweet pursuit; The honey-bee's quest is sparely crowned; lingly the mole that grows a root in his cool nest underground!

The fields all burren and bure and brown,
The fields all burren and bure and brown,
The rity's suffering multitudes,
The purching roofs of the thirsty town,
The berds which small at the yellow grass,
The loaves which open their palms in value,
The rout that mirrors a sky like brase—
All these do pray for rain.

FLORENCE PERCY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

A LAUGHING POLITICAL PULOSOPHER.

12 Vell, action of the late Democratic Conventhe in Massachusetts is but another proof . I the party has no common principle, exogt - - sition to the Republicans, and no natimes a dey whatever to prepose. In Vir-. ... at Tennessee the Democrats vote for suffrage; in Pennsylvania they denounce In (Ois they demand that the bonds shall h mid in greenbacks; in fown they insist upon in same letter of the contract. In California they declare for a white man's government, and in Messachasetts they sequieses in results. Wash the Republicans they every where desense extravagance and demand economy, Indeed, whatever may be said of the Repubdem justy, however justly it may be reproachof he the unworthy members who always folhas success, and for such faults of administrato as may be fairly charged upon it, it is weeky reasonable to suppose that the pubin weifare would be promoted by the success of are opposition which has no common principle

The Democratic candidates further illustrate the condition of the party. In Pennsylvania the basner-benrer is Mr. Asa Packer, a gentlemen of whom it is actually impossible to say may thing but that he is very rich, and belongs to the Basnbon using of the party. In Ohio, Mr. Presugarous is a gentlemen of education and ability, an original Secessionist, and the representative of the repudiating policy in timence. In Massachusetts, Mr. Jous Quisery Arassi is a gentlemen also of education and ability, who can not conveal his sense of the experience comedy of his position; a langhing Republican of vesterday, the Democratic guide, philosopher, and friend of to-day. A steady

A. C. C.

Republican and earnest supporter of the war, Mr. Anasa differed with his party upon the policy of reconstruction; and with no respect for the Democratic party, or faith in its doctrines, but apparently supposing that not to approve the Republican policy is necessarily to become a Democrat, upon the principle that what is not whise must be black, he suddenly makes his bow as "the rising young Democratic statesman of New England," telling his followers that if they would win the battle their arms must have new locks, stocks, and barrels.

The situation is evidently as amusing to Mr. Anams as to every body else. It is as if our excellent and honorable friend, Mr. Woonroup, the late Lieutenant-Governor of New York, should suddenly appear as the chief sachem of Tammany, directing the serene Mr. Tildes and his fellow-statesmen, Sweeker, TWEED, and HALL, what they must do to be To complete the entertainment at the Massachusetts Convention, Mr. WOODBURT, the President, announced that the Democratic party, the party of JAMES M. MASON, JEFFER-SON DAVIS, and WADE HAMPTON, the party whose chief leaders fought desperately to over throw the government in order to perpetuate and extend human alarery, "had always but-tled for human rights." No one enjoys a joke more than Mr. ADAMS, and we can fancy the smile upon his face as he listened to this daring flight, just as he was about to begin his own speech by telling his new pupils that they must blot their record as fast as possible. Mr. Anaus's vote will probably be larger

Mr. Anama's vote will probably be larger in proportion than usual because of the prohibitory movement. In his speech he evaded meeting this question fairly; and the best part of his remarks was the shrewd satire upon the vituperative style of the temperance advocates. Mr. Anams said that the prohibitory law is an invasion of personal liberty; but whether it be not one of the legitimate invasions of that liberty for the common welfare, which is the ground upon which its friends place its justification, he did not say, but,

"Smiling, put the question by."

There is no doubt, however, that the langhing Republican gave the Democratic party very sound advice. If it would prosper, it must stop talking about its battling for human rights to a generation which has won the victory of human rights in the teeth of Democratic ballots and Democratic bullets. It must prove its honorable acceptance of the situation. It must present some policy that will lighten the financial burden of the nation more speedily. It must cradicate its inhuman and bloody traditions from the memory of the American people; and it must cense to attract to its support the ignorant and the vicious. When it has done all these things, and in consequence nominates thereful Republicans like Mr. Adams, the Democratic party may reasonably expect some favor from the country.

IS CUBA IN THE MARKET?

"RELIANCE authority" is very busy with the Cubon question, and the English and French papers are disclaiming in advance any jealousy of the new bond which may be formed between Cuba and the United States. Meanwhile the Albany Aryus naïvely suggests that independence is one thing and annexation another. How different is evident from the unanimous resolution of the revolutionary Congress at Sibancon on the 13th of April, General Cuspenus presiding, that Cuba is fighting for independence of Spain and annexation to the United States. The most persistent and really interested workers for the Cuban cause in this country aim at annexation through independence. The proposal of the purchase of the island is transparent. The guarantee of Cubar bonds is merely the form of a mortgage. If any such armagement as is spoken of were made with Spain, does any body suppose the interest would be paid by Cuba? We should fulfill our guar-antoe, and to whom and to what should we look for reimbursement? General CESPEDER, who is the Revolutionary chief, declares for annexation, and the lenders unanimously approve, that look like an independent Cuba? If the proposition has been made to the Spanish Government by ours that Cuba shall buy itself for a certain sum, it is merely an offer of the United States to buy the island for that precise price.

How much, then, is it worth while for us to pay for Cuba and Porto Rico? What advantage will it be to this country to acquire two millions of a foreign race speaking a foreign tongne, a third of whom are slaves just emancipated? Will such an increase be chean at ten millions of dollars? Is it necessarily an advantage to a nation to absorb a tropical state which seeks the Union because it is unable to govern itself? These are inevitable questions, although the annexation may be no less inevitable. It is undeniable that the hold of Spain upon her colony is so relaxed that it ean hardly again be established. Six months ago one of the shrewdest and most conservative of European diplomatists said that Spain had lost Cuba. La France, a French journal, says that the sale is the only way for Spain to save some fragments of the wreck. The colonial tenure is an inevitable question to every politically roused and reflecting nation, and the disturbances in Spain will gradually develop a party of separation there. There is as yet, however, as we write, no authentic account either of a proposal from the United States or of its consideration by Spain; and until something is known, it must be conceded to be extremely doubtful whether Spain is likely to renounce her traditions, and consequently whether the Cuban revolution will not, like the South American revolt of fifty years ago, amoulder indefinitely unless we should interfere.

If the United States should offer to mediate and the offer were rejected, public opinion would undoubtedly soon afterward demand that belligerent rights should be conceded to the Cubans, followed in due time by recognition. If the offer were accepted, and a sale proposed upon the terms already published, which should not be agreeable to Spain, the result would be the same. If the terms were agreeable, however, we should virtually buy Cuba. If not, the recognition of Cuban belligerence or independence would naturally occasion complications which would lead to war, a result in every way undesirable, for it would be a war in which we should be the vulnerable combatant. It is in this view that the policy of the Administration has been so sagnetions. It has refrained from choosing that time to insalt Spain in which Spain most appealed to the sympathy of all generous bearts, but a time in which also her power of mischief is evident. And in the spirit of that policy the Administration should persevers. Neither deluding Cuba nor defying Spain, conscious that there is no general interest in the country upon the subject, and that the acquisition of the island is not an advantage, however unavoidable, we trust that the Administration will continue to respect the best Amer ican traditions, and to justify American good faith and sagacity.

EAST INDIAN COTTON.

TRAY English manufacturers should feel and express a lively interest in the quantity and quality of the great staple received from the British empire in the East is natural enough, and that we on this side of the Atlantic should attentively observe the extraordinary efforts which the government of India is making to increase the cotton export is not surprising. There are, however, one or two facts which are apt to be overlooked by those writing of the probable effects on American industry of the success or failure of the East Indian experiments.

In the first place, whatever may be the total amount of cotton raised on the plains of Hindostan in any one year, even if it were 6,000,000 of bales, there is a native population in that and adjacent countries capable of absorbing the entire quantity: 200,000,000 of people, clothed solely in cotton, for the most part fabricated in their own primitive looms.

In the second place, the better price the Indian ryot receives for his cotton the more money he is able to spend on his own clothing, thus increasing the demand for cotton on account of home consumption.

In the third place, after experiments extending over thirty years, all authorities concede that Indian cotton can not be raised in any quantity to compete with American in length and strength of staple.

In the fourth place, however the production of India and America, Egypt and Brazil, may increase, the demand for cotton to supply the ever-increasing number of spindles and looms more than keeps pace with the product of the raw material.

It may be stated in general terms that the Indian cotton crop is raised on farms varying in extent from three to twenty acres, the cultivators of which are mostly very poor, and gen erally in debt to the village shroff (or banker), to whom the cotton is mortgaged so soon as sown. Our space will not admit of entering into a detail of the effects of such a state of things. Formerly the result was evident in the dirty condition of the product when offered for sale in the market of Bombay. This evil was the first seriously taken in hand by the government. Inspectors were appointed with power to scize, confiscate, and burn all cotton unfitted for export by reason of excessive dirt or willful negligence in the removal of the wool from the seed. This supervision, with the partial introduction of the American saw-gin, in ten years, from 1850 to 1860, raised the price of the best Surat (Dhollerah) from 31d. and 4d. per pound to 5d, and 6d, per pound in the Liverpool mar-ket. Our war, and the consequent scarcity, gave an immense impetus to the Indian cotton trade, and Dhollerah cotton was sold in 1864 as high as 24d. per pound. This enhanced value must have greatly benefited the Hindoo farmer, who, with such inducement before him, in succeeding years would naturally sow an increased brendth of land with the now valuable crop, the reasons for this increased domand being yet utterly unintelligible to him. But in two years, 1866 and 1867, his cotton had fallen in value sixty per cent., from causes as completely beyond his comprehension as those of its sudden rise. He found his viscous of wealth dissipated; the extra pair of bullocks his prosperity had induced him to buy on credit unpaid for; and he returned to the sowing of jowarree and linseed, more firmly clutched than ever in the vampire embrace of the village usurer.

This is the reason that the East Indian cotton crop does not keep pace with the demand. The cultivators are poor and ignorant. They can only comprehend that their cotton is subject to fluctuations over which they have no control, and that when sowing it they have no data to guide them as to its probable value at maturity. The fall of one cent per pound is a very serious matter to a farmer of five acres, four of which he has planted with cotton, mostgaging in April, when prices ruled high, to resp in November for a market that had fallen thirty to fifty per cent. It is true that railways and good macadamized roads to the interior have brought, as a recent writer says, "the ryot face to face with the foreign dealer;" but what good does that face do the farmer if the hand does not hold the money which the needy farmer was led to expect for his crop?

All that legislative enactments, model farma, improved seed, and improved apparatus for cleaning and haling can do has been done, and the success, so far as the increased value of the crops is concerned, is very great. Twenty years ago New Orleans cotton commanded fifty per cent. higher price than the best samples of Surat. In June of this year the quotations in Liverpool were: New Orleans Middling, 11 id. per pound.—a difference of only sixteen per cent.

This rise in the value of Indian cotton may be attributed, apart from the increased cleanliness of the wool, to the fact that during the "famine" tens of thousands, probably millions, of spindles were altered to suit the short fibre of the Indian plant, and manufacturers, constantly excited with hopes of an increased Indian supply, have more and more directed their mechanical ingenuity to the use of it in their looms.

After all, the English would appear to be very short-eighted in their attempts to foster the Indian cotton trade at the expense of their cotton trade with this country. It is universally known that for every pound of Surat landed in Liverpool an equivalent in hard cash must be sent to India, while imports from the United States are paid by exports of manufactured articles. During the cotton famine years the balance of trade with India amounted to seventy-five millions of dollars in gold annually, since then the average drain from England has been nearly fifty millions of dollars. It is all very well for individual manufacturers to obtain cotton a cent or two per pound cheaper from one country than another, but if this accommo-dation to one class is to be accompanied by injury to many others, as must be the case by such continued depletion of the precious metals, we should think that some political economist might be found to warn his countrymen of the suicidal nature of the policy now pursued,

The truth is, English manufacturers have an insane belief in the possibility of supplying the two hundred millions of Hindoos with "domestics," "long cloth," and "mull-mulls" woven in England from cotton raised in India. For more than forty years the English manufacturer has had the Indian market open to him, and with what result? To-day England does not send to India sufficient cotton cloth to make a turban for every wearer of that head-dress. The total English exports to India are £29,-000,000 sterling, and that is only equivalent to one half-dollar for each inhabitant. A total change must come over the natives before this is much increased.

What of English manufacture does a Hindoo farmer require? He does not use knives or forks or spoons. He would not know what to do with a pin. He does not wear boots or shoes. A stove would in all probability be taken as the model of a Christian church. Brummagem razor is about the only thing that would sell on the plains of Hindostan, and a market might be found for one in every large village. The Hindoos are utterly beyond the temptations of trade. They have no wants beyoud food, clothing, and shelter; and of these clothing is the one thing possible to be supplied by their English masters; and that more of this is not supplied the manufacturers of Manchester have themselves to thank. Their own dishonesty is the stumbling-block in their path. Common native-made cloth may be rough and dirty in appearance, but it is honestly made and will so wear. English cloth looks better, but "won't wash." The lime or chalk with which it is finished does not stand the daily ablutions of the Hindoos, who, having on an average about twenty-four dollars to find food and raiment for a whole year, are naturally rather particular about the serviceable nature of the cloth they purchase.

Before a revolution occurs in Hindoo nature and consequent habits new markets will have opened all over the globe, and whether Indian cotton can ever fully compete with American will be—indeed now is—a question of no moment to us as a nation. We shall always find ready purchasers for every pound of cotton wa can raise, even were the amount increased five-

LADY BYRON'S STORY.

SINCE "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Mrs. Srown has written nothing that has made so great a sensation as her late article upon the separation of Lord and Lady Bynos. It has been discussed with as much feeling as the event itself when it occurred; and from the tone of many of the remarks upon the subject it might be supposed that Mrs. Srown had been guilty of e very grave offense in making public Lady Byrox's statement-as if the truth, however shocking, must not be told of Lord Bynon because he was a great poet and has been long

Lord BYRON, one of the most worthless and unprincipled of men, always asserted that he did not know the cause of the separation. He did not hesitate to overwhelm his wife with satire and ridicule before the world. No man with the least pretense to the character of a gentleman and man of honor was ever guilty of more wanton and disgraceful conduct toward a silent and defenseless woman, and she his wife, But her very silence was imputed to her as a crime. Not to contradict the "ten or twenty" different explanations that MACAULAY says were offered, and which bore heavily upon BYRON, was declared to be malignant persecution upon her part, Was it also malignant persecution to endure, in the same silence, his sneers and calumnies?

Having been reviled for keeping silence, Lady Byzon is now reviled for speaking. It was cold-hearted malies not to speak before; it is odious slander or insanity to speak now. The fact is, that if her story be true her silence during the life of Lord Byron and Mrs, LEIGH was the purest humanity; and it will be very difficult to disprove the story of that one of the two most interested persons whose word must necessarily be preferred to that of the other. And in saying her story we do not necessarily mean Mrs. STOWE's version of it-the general accuracy of which, however, we have no reason to question, for the facts of Lady Bynox's representation were written by Mrs. Srows from memoranda; but we mean the reason that Lady Bynos gives for the separation. Evidently this is not now told for the first time, although it is now first made universally public. Mrs. Stown says it has been long known to many persons in England. Dr. LUSHINGTON, of course, knew it. The writer of an article in the Temple Bar Magszine for June knew it. The editor of the Na rios says that he heard it differently told ten years ago. And we know it to have been told at a literary party in Edinburgh more than thirty years ago by a gentleman of some literary distinction. But it was hooted by the company, and the gentleman was judged to have mmitted a great wrong in repeating the etory.

The disclosure is shocking, as that of all enormous guilt is-but there is nothing in it which is essentially improbable; and if the charge were true of any man of his time, of me was it more likely to be true than of BYRON. That Lady BYRON believed it, there can be no doubt, and as little that it was the substance of her statement to Dr. LUSHINGTON; nor is there any doubt that he believed her representations. In his letter to her, written in 1830, he does not say that he qualified his advice by any it's or buts, "When you came to town-in about a formight or perhaps more after my first interview with Lady Nort. [the mother of Lady BYRON -I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ratru and Lady Nozz. On receiving this additional information my opinion was entirely changed-I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added that, if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part toward effecting it." Here is not the least intimation of doubt. It is evident that Dr. LUBHINGTON believed what Lady Bynon told him; and, as we have said, there can be no doubt that she told him in 1816 what she told Mrs. Srown in That Lady Bynon was deceived is most improbable; for Dr. LUSHINGTON would not have spoken so peremptorily until he had thoroughly cross-questioned her, and satisfied himself that she told the truth. If that truth was the present story, Dr. Lusuinoron's letter disposes of the theories that Lady BYRON was jealons or of failing faculties,

Apart from this, Lady Byron's direct assertion must outweigh her husband's professions that he ardently desired an investigation, and that he had not the least suspicion of the cause of the separation. Lady BYRON's statement fully justifies her silence, and explains the life that Bynox led after leaving England. The chief difficulty in Mrs. Stown's report of the circumstances is, that Lady Brace is represented as living with her husband after she knew the intrigue, and as actually discussing it with him. That she loved him devotedly is unquestionable, and that love suffereth all things is true; but the version that the editor of the Nation heard seems, at least, more probable, that Lady Bynox knew nothing of the until her child was born, and that then she believed her hushand to be deranged; which explains her consultation with Dr. Ball-

LEE, and the light tone of the letter which she wrote after leaving London.

On the other hand, Mrs. STOWE's statement of the reasons why Lady Byron was willing that the truth should be finally known must be received as satisfactory; and, although that was not her object, every honorable mind will be glad that she, who, by the accident of her relations with Lord Byrow, must be always conspicuous so long as his genius enchants the world, will not live in the immortality of ridicule with which that genius had invested her, It is desirable that all the truth should be known even about great men. If Shake-SPEARS had committed a brutal murder nothing could be gained by concealing it; and if the charge were now first made, the weight of the evidence should be regarded rather than the enormity of the accusation, once heard a very distinguished poet rating Mr. Parros soundly for saying in the North Asserious Review that DANIEL WEBSTER Sometimes appeared upon the platform evidently the worse for liquor. But CROMWELL was wiser, who told the painter not to omit the warts in taking his likeness. We should not consider the writer a hyena rooting among graves who should give us a solution of the relation of Swift and Strika as authentic as that which Mrs. Srown has given us of the Bynox sepa-

INDUSTRY AT THE SOUTH.

Upon the whole, the most copious and admirable report of the condition of the cotton culture and cultivators in the Southern States is that just issued by Messrs, LORING & ATkenson, cotton brokers of Boston, who sent several hundred circulars to intelligent cotton planters every where in the South, and who now publish a careful digest of the answers. The report is a neat pamphlet of nearly two handred pages, and it may be very profitably studied as a faithful representation both of facts and feelings.

The general testimony in regard to the cotton culture is, that there must be more and better labor. That is imperative. One correspondent says that Georgia alone could produce two millions of bales. But the colored laborer is now showing the results of slavery. An unnatural system will sooner or later revenge itself. The mortality among the negroes, according to one account, has been at least three hundred per cent, greater since they were made free than before, and it is the general estimate that it takes three freedmen to do the work of one slave. These, of course, are the opinions of those who are probably generally in favor of coerced labor; but there can be little doubt that the colored population is very rapidly reduced by the greater recklessness of living and negligence of disease, which naturally follow emancipation, and by the increased unwillingness to bear children, which is universally remarked. The women, too, are largely withdrawn from field labor, and the shiftlessness and willfulness of those who in a warm climate have been bred in ignorance and degradation, and are suddenly thrown upon themselves, are also apparent with unfortunate consequences. Indeed, there is a general impression upon the part of the writers, evidently with certain Jamaica precedents in their minds, that the negroes will gradually or even rapidly relapse into barbarism,

The truth probably is that, as the worse and weaker part of the laboring population perishes, the necessity of the case will replace it by the most vigorous part of the present stock, and by copious immigration. "The South" is pecul-iarly adapted for the growth of the best cotton in the world. Yet the area now devoted to it is not more in proportion, Mr. EDWARD AT-KINSON tells us, than one square to the whole checker-board. The crop of this year may be 2,500,000 bales, an amount which one State alone might produce. But it is not the character of the laborer alone which must and should change; it is the system of labor. However satisfactory the material result of the slave cotton culture in contrast with the present temporary and experimental and disturbed system, yet slave labor was always most slothful, wasteful, and stationary. With the introduction of free labor the proved conditions and resources of free labor must also be introduced: small farms, improved implements, and intelligent and interested industry. It is among the economical follies of slavery that it can not avail itself of intelligence; and he was an unnecessary cotimist who imagined that men spoiled by being deprived of freedom would, upon regaining it, simultaneously regain all the faculties, sagucities, and impulses of free-dom. When a man's leg has been broken, it is with infinite pain that he puts it again to the ground, even when the bone has knit. But to expect of the just freed slave the work of the freeman is to expect a broken-legged man to run as nimbly as his sound neighbor. Patience is the chief moral element of political and industrial reconstruction.

To adopt a Coolie system would be the reurce of impatience, and therefore unwise. The labor situation at the South springs from coerced labor. To introduce a system of peonage, or modified slavery, by filling the cotton fields with new harbarians would be to prolong the system of vast plantations, of want of machinery, and of all improvements, and to multiply ignorant and degraded labor. In every way this would be intolerable. The testimony of the circular is quite conclusive that intelligent labor upon small farms will harvest the best cotton crop, both in quality and quantity. Nor is negro labor indispensable.

It must be constantly remembered that the great want of the South is not primarily the development of the cotton fields-it is that general intelligence which understands the relations of things, and which sees that schoolhouses, churches, milroads, machinery, and the spirit that fosters these, are essential to the best and increasing cotton crops, Tranquillity and security are the indispensable conditions of industrial improvement, and therefore the general disgust with "politics" expressed in the letters is welcome as a sign that this is becoming generally understood. Persons like WADE HAMPTON and JOHN FORSYTH are the real enemies of large cotton crops; for they promote the agitated condition which deters farmers with brains and capital and improvements and intelligence from occupying the fields which languish for them.

TEXAS.

The mask of "Conservative Republicanism" is pretty well stripped off in Mississippi; and it is now evident that the nomination of Judge DEST, if it should be made, will be morely an attempt of the opponents of the Administration, and of the Republican principles and policy, to obtain control of the State. The case is the same, if not as yet so well understood, in Texas. In that State there are two candidates for Governor. General E. J. Davis is supported by the Republicans and the great body of the Union men. General A. J. Hast-illow is supported by the Democrats and a few Republicans, the hope of the mass of his supporters being to demoralize and destroy the Republican organization.

The platform of the Republicans is firm and sagacious. It accepts heartily the conditions of reconstruction; it pledges the party to the support of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amend ments; it denounces any evasion of the strict obligation of the debt: it recommends the ratifleation of the preposed Constitution because it secures equal civil and political rights; it favers internal improvement and immigration, and cordially confides in the President and in Congress, and especially commends the spirit of Carl Schung's Amnesty resolutions at Chicago. The platform is wholly free from a proscriptive spirit, and is such as every truly intelligent citizen would most heartily appro

General Hamilton stands upon no platform, and represents no principle nor party. He is sustained as the opponent of the organized Administration party; and it is for every man to decide whether it is better for Texas and the Union that those who have so long kept the State in a condition of anarchy shall obtain legal control by his election, or whether the recognized and organized Republicans shall succeed. The prosperts of the Republicans and General Davis are most promising. It is estimated that the registered vote will be about 120,000, of which 70 per cent, may be cast at the election, making 84,000 votes. Divided into sections, it is computed that Western Texas, the home of General Davis, with the German, colored, and Union strength, will give him a majority of 9000. Middle Texas, with 5000 colored majority, will probably give 6000 Ropublican majority. And Eastern Texas may give Hamilton 4000 majority. This calcula-tion concedes in the State 35,000 votes for Hamilton, against 49,000 for Davis. There is no disfranchisement issue in the election,

and the unfortunate personal habits of General Hamilton are openly discussed in the papers, While, therefore, all the Democratic votes cast will be for him, it is very doubtful if he polls the full Democratic strength,

In the Galveston Congressional district General W. T. CLARK has been unanimously nominated by the Republicans, and has accepted in a manly, generous, and discreet letter. eral CLARK was the beloved personal friend and chief of staff of General M'PHERSON, and is one of the kind of men who will give a new and better life to his adopted State. He and his friends in Texas, who are trying to secure at the polls what they won in the field, are most worthy the hearty sympathy and material assistance of Republicans every where.

NOTES.

THE World, which exhausted the resources of

THE asmouncement that Mr. G. W. Cuntis will be a regular contributor to the new College Review is a mistake,

THE story which was recently so widely circuthe story which was recently so whelly circulated of the meivil recopition of the President at the office of the District Attorney in New York, upon which the pross sharply commented, and which served "An Old Buchelor" in Harper's Brear as the text of a short sermon upon monners, is wholly unfounded, as the President himself has stated.

THE "Seven Curses of London," by JAMES GREENWOOD, just published by the HARPEES, is a carious and painfully interesting recentling of some of the durkest mysteries of London life, Its facts are very valuable, and they are present-ed graphically and simply.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Massachusetts State Democratic Convention met at Worcester, August 24, and nonhaded John Quincy Adams for Governor, S. C. Lamb for Lieutenant-Governor, John K. Tarbox for Secretary of State, and J. G. Abbot for Attorney-General. Assacs the resolutions adopted was one denoming the prohibitory lopper law.

It is estimated that the value of boots and shoes manufactured in Massachuse and shoes

hibitory liquor law.

It is estimated that the value of boots and shoes manufactured in Massachmeetis the present year wild exceed \$24,000,000. The wholesale dealers in Roston are forming a Shoe and Leather Dealers' Exchanges Since January 1 nearly \$80,000 cases of goods have been shipped from that city, an excess of fully thirty-three per cent, over the corresponding period last year.

three per conds of the State Department show the following regarding State action on the Pifteenth Amendment to the National Constitution:

Complete Ratification—North Carolina, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Whecomin, Maline, Louisiane, Michigan, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Arkmurae, Cramericat, Florida—12.

Defective Ratification—Kansas, Missouri—2.

Rejected in Delaware and Kentucky—5.

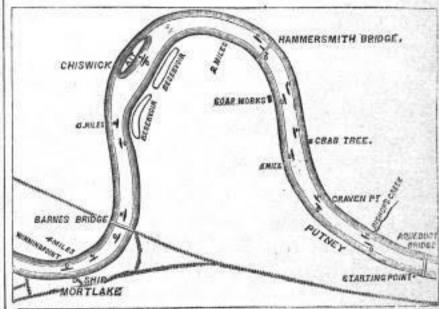
FOREIGN NEWS.

Dunise a violent storm in the harbor at Cronstant, Ruesia, August 18, a monitor broke losse from her anchorage and ran into a screw frigate, sinking her almost fastautly, and drowning sixteen of her creu. Salvatori Patti, the father of Adolina and Carlotta Patti, died in Farls on the 12d of August. A colliery explosion took place a few roles from St. Etterne, France, August 14. Function persons were killed.

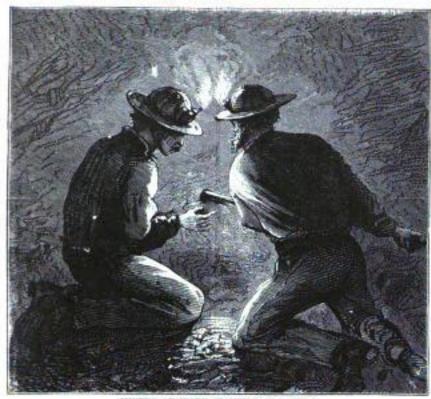
St. Esteron, France, August 24. Purifices persons were killed.

A tologram from Paris, August 25, states that a complexity had been discovered on bound the United States frigate Sabins, now lying in the post of Checkeng. Some of the crew, to revenue themselves us their offices, alternated to set fire to the powder migration, and blow up the ship. They had proceeded so far as to light a few communicating with the magnatic, who discovered the burning fare. It was found that twenty-two enforce were implicated in the piot, not they were put into bross. Seven have since because, demand to death, and hanged at the yard-urn.

A meeting of 900 persons was held in Berlin, August 29, and resolutions were afopted califur for the ampreciation of convents and the expansion of Jentin.



MAP OF THE THAMES, SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE OXFORD AND HARVARD BOATS DURING THE RACE FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.

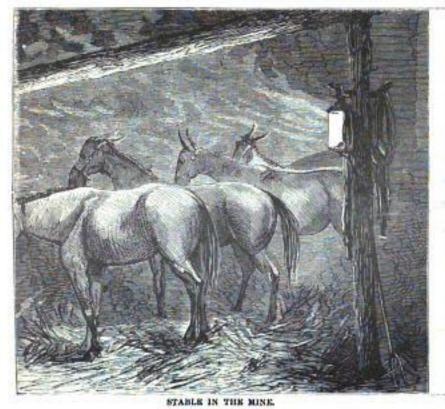




MINERS AT WORK-TAMPING A CHARGE.

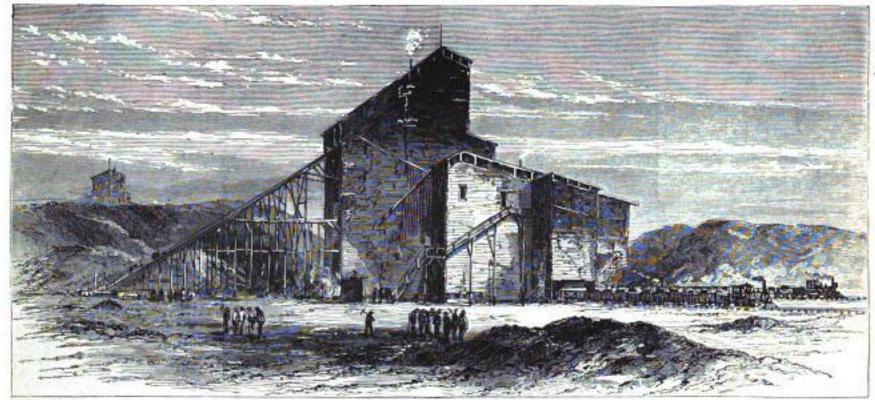


MINERS AT WORK-MINING AND LOADING COAL

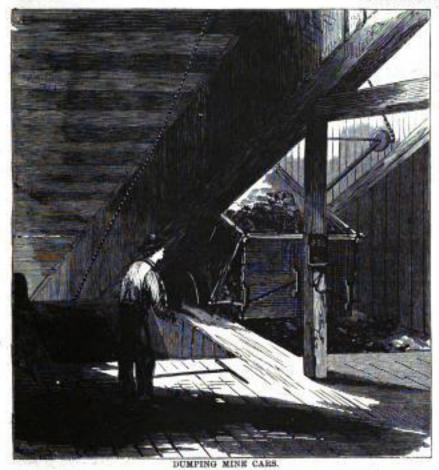


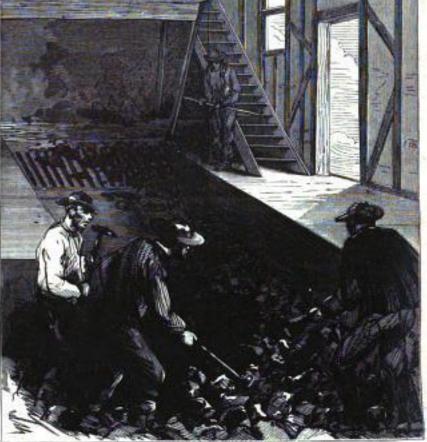


THE COAL-MINES OF PENNSYLVANIA-MINING THE COAL-SECTION BY THEO. R. DAVIS.-[SEE PAGE 583.]

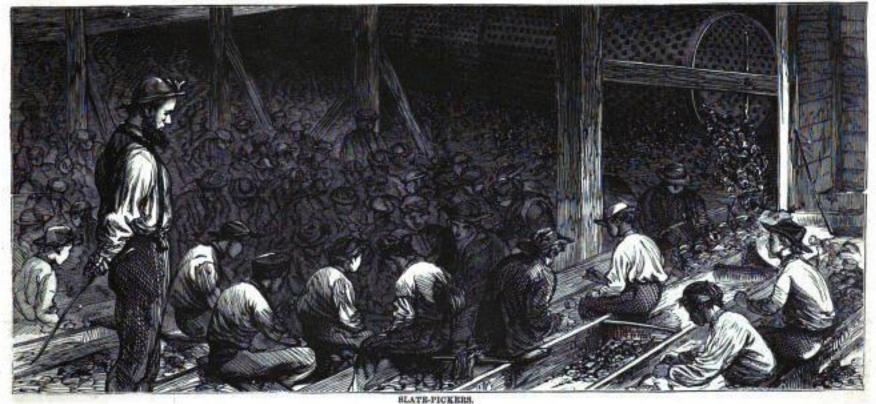


HONEY BROOK BREAKER, No. 4.





SEPARATING THE DIFFERENT SIZES OF COAL



THE COAL-MINES OF PENNSYLVANIA-PREPARING THE COAL FOR THE MARKET, SKETCHED BY THEODORS R. DAVIS, -[See Page 583.]

LALAGE.

- I cocup not keep my secret Any longer to myself;
- I wrote it in a song-box And Inid it on the shelf-
- It lay there many an idle day, I was covered soon with dust: I proved it on my sword-blude,
- Iwas caten by the rust:
- I told is to the zephyr them, He breathed it through the morning, The light leaves rustled in the breeze, find romances scorning;
- I told it to the running brook With many a lover's notion;
- The gay waves laughed it down the stream, And flung it in the ocean.
- I told it to the raven sage; He crooked it to the starling: I ball it to the nightingale; He song it to my darling.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In gibe Books .- Book E.

CHAPTER V.

AN INVOLUNTARY GUEST.

By this time Mrs. Sheardown had enveloped besself and Bubby in water-proof wrappings. Mand Desmond was waiting warmly protected by a thick showl, at the vicer's olbow. Herbert Proves shut and locked the harmstiam. Every one was preparing to depart.
"Vermica!" called the vicar.

Miss Levincourt was still conversing with Mr.

1'lew.
"Veronica!" repeated her father, impatient-

ly, "are you not coming?"

She turned round at the summons, giving her

hand in a farewell growp to the doctor as she did

She was very handsome.

The first thing that struck you on looking at her fare was its vivid coloring. Her skin was of a clear, pule, brown tint; and on each smooth check there glowed a rich blash like the heart of a dune most. She had large, dark eyes, fringed mand with thick lashes, and surmounted by semiround with these listics, and surmounted by semi-circular cycleours, black as chony. Her hair was also black, shining, and very abundant. It was dispersed in claborate coils and plaits, which displayed its luxuriance to the full, and was brought down low on the forchead in crisp wayes. Her lips were very rod and her teeth very white. There were defects in the form of her face. But The brilliant eyes, glancing under their arched beauty, so attracted attention to themselves that few observers were dispossionately critical enough to observe that the lower part of the face overledness the upper; that the nose was insignificant; the month so full as to be almost coarse; and the cheeks and chin so rounded as to threaton to lose all comeliness of outline, and to be-rome heavy in middle life. Now, however, at nineteen years of age, Veronica Levincourt was a very beautiful creature. But there was somealyzed by a casual observer as the form and color of it. There was a dissonance in it somewhere. Most women perceived this. Many men did so also. But they perceived it as a person with a good ear, but ignorant of harmony, perceives a falle mote in a chord. Something jars: what he known not. The skilled musician comes and part his tinger on the dissement more.

When Veronica laughed her whole countenance grow harmonious at once. And herein lay the

key to the puzzle.

The halatual expression of her face in repose The halifual expression of her face in repose tremed to controllet the brilliant glow of youth and health which made her so strikingly beautiful. The rich gipsy color, the ripe red lips, the speckling eyes, the gleaming teeth, seemed made to tell of light-hearted, abounding, girlish happings.—

But the expression of Verenica's face when she let it full into its habitual lines was ui-rful, sad, cometimes almost sullen.

For the rest, her figure was slight and straight, and she carried herself with an erect and yet

casy grace. "Coming, page," said she, enrelessly. And then she gathered about her shoulders a sentlet clock with a bood to it.

"You should have had your shepherd's plaid, Versien," said her father. "That red thing is not nearly warm enough for such an evening as

"th, it is se becoming to Miss Levincourt," said little Miss Turtle, the governess. She and her posids had been watching Veronica unwink-

ingly all the afternoon, as their custom was. The chair of St. Gildas dispersed. The Sheardones drove away in their little pony-corriage, carrying with them flethert Snowe, who usually aid with them on Saturday evenings. Miss Twelle took her pupils, one on each arm, and her gray clock and shabby hat with its black tracker disappeared down the lane. The vicur, with his word and his daughter, walked in the experite direction toward their home.

The nearest way to the virarage-house was neroes St. Gildre's church-yard. But the melt-ed soon lay in death-cold pools between the willing grave-mounds; and although the lanes storded no good walking in the present state of encather, they were jot rather better than the

by the church-yard. Mention has been made of a by-road through the village from Shipley Magna which skirted the garden wall of the viranage. Mr. Levincourt

fast-gathering dusk a figure, which had evidently been on the watch for them, start and run toward

them very swiftly.
"I do believe it is Jemmy Sack!" exclaim
Mand Desmond.

Jemmy Sack it was, who presently came to a sudden stop in front of the vicar, and began a breathless and incoherent speech. "Dunnot ye be frighted, please, Sir, Joe Dow-sett says. They ha'n't a took him into the house, please, Ner. And it's the same un as I seed tum-tic off afore. On'y this here time he's in a reglar swound like. But Joe Dowsett says as ye bain't to be frighted, nor yet the young ladies nayther, please Sir.'

Long before the combined cross-examination of the vicar and the young ladies had succeeded in eliciting any explicit statement from Jemmy, they arrived at the garden door, and then the matter to a certain extent explained itself.

A man in a searlet hunting coat thickly crust-A man in a scarser mining cost total covered with mind lay on his back in the road beneath the garden wall, and close by a heap of flint stones piled up for the use of the road-menders. On to these be had apparently been flung, for his face was cut, and a thin stream of blood trickled slowly down his forehead.

The received was trially insensible. His

The prostrate man was totally insensible. His head was supported on the knee of Joe Dowsett, the vicar's gardener, groom, and general factotem, who was endeavoring to pour some brandy down his throat. A carter, in a smock-frock, held a handsome horse by the bridle. Three of the village boys who had been practicing in the school-room stood at a little distance looking on, and two frightened women-servants, with their aprons huddled round their shivering shoulders, peoped nervously from the garden door, and plied Joe Dowsett with shrill questions, of which he took no notice whatever.

A clamor of voices arose as soon as the vicas A clamor of voices arose as soon as the vicar was perceived: but a few words will suffice to put the reader in possession of the facts of the case. The fallen man was the same gentleman whom Jemmy had seen thrown earlier in the day. The day's sport had terminated at a considerable distance from Shipley Magna. The gentleman was a stranger, had probably missed his way, and gone by roundabout reads. He had evidently at last been making for Shipley Magna, having struck into Bassett's Lane, as Magna, having struck into Bessett's Lane, as the by-road was called. His horse and he were both tired out, and he had begun to feel the effects of his first fall more severely than he had felt them in the heat of the chase and at the be-ginning of the day. The carter had perceived the gentleman's horse stumble, and at the same stanting or the day. The care has a the same instant the boys returning from the school-house had appeared shouting and whooping at the end of the lane. In a moment the gentleman had been pitched heavily off his horse, and had fallen on the heap of that stones. The carter couldn't say for sure, but he believed that the horse stumbled before the lads startled him. And now what was to be done? This question was put by Joe Dowsett, looking up at his master with the brandy bottle in his hand.

The first thing to be done was to send for a doctor. Mr. Flow would probably not have reached his own home yet. Jemmy Sack was dispatched to fetch him, and set off running at a famous rate, throwing out his long legs, and followed by the other boys, to all of whom the occasion second to be one of intense and concentrated cestary.

trated cestary.
But pending Mr. Plew's arrival, the swooning man could not lie there, with the night falling fast, and a bitter wind blowing from the marshes, that was fit, Joe Dowsett said, to freeze the very

marrow in your bones. There was no other house at hand. The vic-There was no other house at hand. The vicarrage was a lonely, isolated dwelling. Joe Dowsett and the carter, with a little assistance from Mr. Levincourt, carried the stranger into the house. The women hurried to take from an old oaken press blankets and coverlets for the spare bed. A fire was lighted in the great's chamber—a room on the ground-floor, looking toward the garden. For that night, at least, the injured was more romain at the giveners.

injured man must remain at the vicarage.

Mr. Levincourt was very uneasy, and asked
Joe over and over again if he thought it was serions. To which queries Joe invariably replied that it might be or it mightn't, but that for his part he didn't think 't wouldn't be much: an oracular utterance in which his master seemed to find some comfort. Veronics sat at the win-dow, straining eye and ear to catch the first signal of the docto

of the doctor's coming. "He's quite old, this poor man, isn't be, papa? snid she, with her face pressed against the glass. "Obl? No. What do you call 'quite old?" It is difficult to judge under the circumstances,

but I should say he can't be more than fifty."
Ah! well—that's what I meant. Here Mr. Plew at last! I hear his step on the gravel, although I can't see him yet."

Mr. Plew's opinion was not very reassuring. If the patient were not better by to-morrow, he should fear that he could not safely be moved for a day or two. Meanwhile Mr. Plew would like Dr. Gunnery, of Danecester, to be called in, in

consultation When Dr. Gunnery arrived on the following afternoon he shook his head very gravely, and said that he had no hope of the patient being able to leave his bed for some weeks. Even if able to leave his bed for some weeks. Even if-and here Dr. Gunnery lowered his voice, and reversed the movement of his head: nodding it up and down instead of shaking it from side to side—even if he pulled through at all!

CHAPTER VI. SUSPENSE.

THE vicar's first thought on hearing Dr. Gunand the two girls had not gone many paces down this by-road when they perceived through the vicar) to communicate with the family of the

stranger whom Fate had thrown—literally thrown—into the midst of the quiet household at the vicarage. As it was, they could hardly have known less about him had he dropped among them from the moon, instead of from the back of a startled horse.

But for many hours the injured man was in-capable of communicating with his bost. Fever set in. He became delirious at intervals. And on no account must he be disturbed or annoyed by questions. Dr. Gunnery confirmed Mr. Plew's

first statement, that no irreparable injury had been done to the stranger by his fall.

"But," said be, "he is a bad subject. If we had a young constitution, or even a sound constitution for his years, to deal with the whole affair would be a mere trifle. But in this case it is very different."

it is very different."

"Very different, indeed," assented Mr. Plew.

"No stamins," continued the Danecester physician.

"The whole machine is in a worn-out condition—constitution gone to the dence."

"To the - shem! quite so!" assented Mr. Plew, again.

"Then, Dr. Gunnery," said Mr. Levincourt, nervously, "do you mean to say that he is in danger? Dear me, this is dreadful? Really dreadful!"

But to so direct a question Dr. Gunnery could, or would, give no direct reply. He merely re-peated that, in his epinion, Mr. Levincourt ought to lose no time in communicating with the sick man's family. And then, saying that he would return the day after to-morrow, and that mean-while the patient could not possibly be in better hands than those of Mr. Plew, the great Danc-

cester doctor drove away.

Beyond the facts that had come under his own eyes, the vicar knew but two circumstances regarding his involuntary guest. The first cir-cumstance was that he had been staying at the Crown, in Shipley Magna; the second was that Lord George Segrave was said to be a friend of

Mr. Levincourt dispatched a note to Lord George, and ordered Joe Dowsett (to whom the note was intrusted) to ride on from Hammick Lodge to Shipley Magna, and tell the people at the Crown what had happened.

From Hammick Lodge, Joe Dowsett brought back a very polite note.

It appeared that the acquaintance between Lord George Segrave and the stranger was of the slightest possible kind. They had met in Rome one season, and had hunted side by side on the Campagna. Lord George knew nothing whatever of the gentleman's family. His name was Gale, Sir John Gale. Lord George was deeply distressed that the vicar of Shipley and his family should be so seriously inconvenienced his family should be so seriously inconvenienced by this accident. At the same time he could hardly regret, on Sir John Gale's account, that the latter should have fallen into such hands. Lord George would do himself the honor of calling at Shipley vicarago, and, meanwhile, he begged to know if there were any way in which he could be of service, either to Mr. Levincourt or to the invalid, under these painful circum-

This note, although extremely civil, left matters pretty much as they had been before. But from the Crown Inn Joe Dowsett brought back something more tangible and unexpected.

He brought back, that is to say, Sir John Gale's foreign servant, who announced himself as "Paul," and who immediately took upon himself all the duties of waiting on the sick

man.

"If you will permit, Sir," said Paul, in very good English, "I will have a mattress laid by the side of my master's bed for a few nights. When Sir John gets better, and needs not to have me all night, I shall find to sleep at the village. There is a small cabaret there, as I have informed myself."

The arrival of this man, which was at first looked upon with dismay by the inmates of the vicange, proved before long to be an inestimable comfort and relief.

In the first place, he essed the vicar's mind

ble comfort and relief.

In the first place, he eased the vicar's mind by taking upon himself the responsibility of communicating with Sir John's friends. Or rather he proved that no such responsibility c sisted. Sir John had, Paul declared, no relatives. He sir John had, Fall declared, hother nor eister, uncle nor cousin. He had lived a good deal abroad. Paul had not been with Sir John in England before this winter. He would write to

England before this winter. He would write to Sir John's agent and man of business. That was all that would be necessary.

Mr. Levincourt, never unwilling to shift re-sponsibility on to the shoulders of others, told Pwel that he must do as he thought best. There was something in the grave, steady aspect of the little man that inspired confidence. Then Paul took upon himself the whole business of the sick-room. He waited by day, and watched by night. He administered the medicines. He re-ported progress to the doctors with an intelli-gence and accuracy which won those gentlemen's good opinion very soon. He relieved the vicar's servants of all trouble as regarded Sir John Gale. He even went into the kitchen, and, with a certain grave tact which characterized him. won over old Joanna to allow him to prepare sundry articles of invalid diet for his master. He was always at hand when wanted, and yet entirely unobtrusive. He was never tired, nev-er sleepy, never sulky, never indiscreet.

In a word, before many days of his sejourn at the vicarage had passed over, the whole household began to wonder how they had managed to get through the few hours that had inter-vened between the accident and the arrival of the admirable Paul.

He very soon contrived to let it be understood that money expenses would not at all events be added to the burden thrown on the vienr's family by his master's accident and illness. Sir John was rich: very rich. No expense need be spared. If, even, it were deemed necessary to send to London for additional medical assistance, they need not hesitate to do so. This, however, did not appear to be desirable. And as soon as Sir John was enabled to understand his own condition be expressed himself entirely satisfied with the side. satisfied with the skill and care of the doctors who were attending him.

who were attending him.

Lord George Segrave fulfilled his promise of calling. Lord George was a bachelor. He was a great sportsman, and some folks said that he was too fond of other pursuits which persons holding strict views could not approve. Leed George was well known on the turt; and in his youthful days had been a patron of the Prize Ring. Without belonging to the category of those whose lives were openly scandalous, he yet was a man whose acquaintance could by no means be taken to be a certificate of good character.

Retired as was Mr. Levincourt's life at Shipley-in-the-Wold, he yet knew this much of the present occupant of Hammick Lodge, and the knowledge had not served to make Sir John Gale's enforced presence beneath his own root the more agreeable to him.

But Lord George Segrave soon made it ap-parent that his acquaintance with Sir John was really and truly no closer than he had stated in his note. It need scarcely be said that Lord George had no idea what a signal service he was rendering to the invalid in his host's opin-ion by disclaiming any thing like intimacy with

Lord George was rather good natured, and extremely selfish, and he desired that it should be at once clearly understood that, while he was willing to send his servants scouring the country on any errand for Sir John that the vicar might suggest, he (Lord George) by no means intend-ed to put himself to the personal inconvenience of making frequent visits of inquiry at the vicar-

age.
"Pray, command me, Mr. Levincourt," he said, as he took his leave, "in any way. I quite feel what an uncommon here this business must be for you. Though, as I said before, Gale may think himself in luck that he didn't get spilt on think himself in luck that he didn't get spilt on any other heap of flint stones than the one at your door. I'm sure I hope he'll pull through, and all that sort of thing. You know I had only just a kind of bowing acquaintance with him in Rome. And then he hailed me on the hunting-field at Stubbs's Corner the other day, you know, and—and that sort of thing. Hammlek Lodge is twelve miles from Shipley as the crow flies, you know, and—and so I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to look him up myself very often, you know. But I hope you will do me the favor to command me if there's any thing in the world my follous can do, or—or that sort of thing."

And then Lord George Segrave departed, feeling that he had done all that could reasonably be expected of him.

Dr. Gunnery came again and again. And Mr.

Dr. Gunnery came again and again. And Mr. Plew was unremitting in his attention

The house, always quiet, was now hushed into stillness. The piano remained closed. Joe Dow-sett ceased to whistle as he worked in the garden. The servants stole up to bed past the door of the

The servants stole up to bed past the door of the guest-room, making every board of the staircase creak under their elaborately soutious footfall. Paul's noiseless step glided through the passages, and he came on you like a ghost.

Riot and merriment are contagious. So are silence and the hush of suspense. But though the vicarage was stiller than it was wont to be, it was less dull. All the household was conscious of a suppressed excitement, which was merely stirring, and did not reach to pain. Every day. of a suppressed excitement, which was mercy stirring, and did not reach to pain. Every day, every hour of the day, presented a question whose answer was deferred—Will he live or die? And

on the answer to this question bung no agonized human heart—none, at least, within that house. Was there any where a breast fluttered by hopes, oppressed by fears, for the sick man who lay feverish and uneasy on the stranger's bed in

Shipley vicarage?
No letters came for him. No friends inquired.
He was discussed in the vicarage kitchen, and
in other kitchens in the neighborhood. He was discussed in the village ale-house, in the farmhouses, in the tap-room and the stables of the Crown at Shipley Magna. He was spoken of, once or twice, at the different meets of the West Daneshire hunt. Lord George Segrave men-tioned that he believed Gale was going on all right, you know, and that sort of thing. That was a niceish nag of his, not the one he had been riding when he was thrown, you know; no, that little chestnut. Lord George wouldn't mind having him. He wondered what the figure would be. If Gale's horses were still at the Crown he good mind to go over and have an look at the chestnut, and to ask Gale's groom whether he thought his master would sell him. He supposed that Gale had had enough of hunt-ing in England. He was doored sorry for him, you know, and that sort of thing, but what the
— could be expect? With that seat he (Lord
George) only wondered how Gale had been able
to stick on his saddle five minutes! And most of the field wondered too. For it has been ob-served that of all the trials to which human candor, modesty, and magnanimity are ordinarily apt to be subjected, the trial of comparing your own riding with another man's is the one that most frequently develops mortal frailry.

There was probably not a man who habitually hunted with the West Daneshire who did not seeretly nourish the conviction that his own seat on horseback was admirable, and that the majority of his friends and acquaintances rode like

Little it mettered to Sir John Gale what was said of him in parlor, kitchen, stable, or huns-ing-field. Little, perhaps, would it ever master to him more. For although, as Dr. Gunnery

had said, the absolute injuries resulting from the accident were triffing, and to a young and vigorous constitution would have be of small importance, yet in this case there seemed to be no elasticity or power of rebound in the sick man's frame. A low fever took hold of him: a dreadful insidious fever, that might be figured as a weird phantom, invisible to the eyes of men, but with two bony, cruel hands, whose touch was terrible. Of these hands one was cold as ice; the other burning, like the heart of a furnace. Alternately the viewless fingers stroked the sick man's body, drawing long shuddering shrills through every limb, or clutched him with a lingering gripe that made his very heart sick. he was consumed with scorching beat; anon he shivered to the marrow of his bones.

Mr. Plew did not trouble his brain—or per-

haps it were better to say his beain was not troubled; seeing that such funcies come to a man, or stay away from him, without any conscious exercise of his will-with any fantastic embodiment of a Fever Phantom. But he reported day after day that Sie John was in a nasty low wa -a re-ry so-asty, low way -and that he couldn't

get him to rally.
"Do you think he is troubled in his mind?"
"I Mr. Levincourt. "Is his heart ill at ease?" asked Mr. Levincourt. "Is his heart ill at ease? He is perfectly conscious now; and, I think, clear-headed enough to give orders. And yet Paul tells me that his master has entirely ap-Pour tests me that his master has entirely ap-proved what has been done, and what has been left undone. He desires to see no one, has re-ceived no letters—except, as Paul tells me, one from his agent sent to the Post-office at Shipley Magna—and, in short, appears to be singularly isolated in the world, for a man of his wealth and position. I should fear his life has not been

a very happy one."
"Well," said Mr. Plew, musingly, "I don't know, of course. But-but he doesn't seem to

be at all that sort of man."

Mr. Plew's statement was vague enough; and the vicar did not care to be at the pains of prob-ing the little surgeon's meaning. Yet the latter ing the little surgeon's meaning. Yet the latter had a meaning, although he would have found it difficult to put it into clear words.

His meaning was this; that from his observa-tion of Sir John Gale he had, half-instinctively, drawn the conclusion that his rich patient was not a man to allow sentimental troubles to prey on him.

Wounded love, tender regrets, affectionate yearnings after a lost friendship, or a longing for softer tendance and closer companionship than could be had from servants and strangers, did not seem to Mr. Plew likely to enter into the category of drawbacks to Sir John's recovery. Material comforts, nay luxuries, he did not lack. As to sentiment—Mr. Plew of course had

encountered ailments arising from purely spirit-ual causes. Very troublesome ailments they were, and very inefficacions proved the power of physic to cure them. He remembered a say-ing of an old clergyman who had been a tamous preacher in the days when Benjamin Plew was walking the hospitals in London. The saying was to the effect that the bodily health of half the world would be marrelously improved if a mechanical, cunningly contrived piece of granite could be substituted for a heart of flesh in the human breast. "We might defy the doctors then," said this old clergyman, "and—life would not be worth having!" But of Sir John Gale, Mr. Plew nor the reader as yet know enough to enable him to judge whether the barquet's heart be of flesh or of stone.

A fortnight passed; three weeks; a month had nearly dragged itself away since the accident, when the doctors pronounced that Sir John was somewhat stronger.

phantom hands, the hand of fire and the hand of ice, slowly relinquished their prey. By degrees the intervals between their alternate touches grew wider. At last they ceased. Danger was over; and from the beginning of March the invalid began slowly, but surely, to mend.

COAL-MINING AND THE COAL MARKET.

LUZERNE, Carbon, Schuykill, Columbia, Northumberland, and Dalton counties comprise the authorcite region of Pennsylvania, and, so far as has been discovered, this is the anthracite coal-field of the United States. Previous to 1860 the price of coal from these mines did not average, at wholesale. 25 per ton, if we except the year 1855, when the price rose to \$5 40 per ton, by the cargo, which, at that time, was an unprec-edentedly high figure. During the present month (August) store coal is quoted, in New York, at \$8.50 per ton, the consumer paying a very considerable advance upon this price before it is leaded in his collection. it is lodged in his cellar,

The Honey Brook Mines are located at a point where the counties of Carbon, Luzerne, and Schuykill meet, this point being the highest in Pennsylvania, if we except the treaty ridge a mile distant, which is 50 feet higher. The coal mined here is of excellent quality, and the mines may be regarded as fair specimens of the best style. They are managed closely by men of ex-perience and excellent judgment. The names perience and excellent judgment. The name of four hundred men and one hundred and twen ty boys are on their pay rolls. With this force a thousand tous of coal per day can be mined, prepared, and shipped, when the mines are worked up to their full capacity.

It would seem best to describe a visit to the

mines by showing the coal first in its native state, and then following it from the "basin" to the car in which it is shipped to market. Accompanied by the superintendent and the mining engineer, we step into a coal car and are lowered down an inclined plane of 35° for a distance of 1500 fees, when we are at the bettom of the "basin," where but for the fazing lamps attached to the miners' hats the darkness would be impenetrable. There is activity every where: loaded cars going up, emptied ones descending, and cars moving hither and you, drawn by quick-stepping mules; miners and laborers hastening to and fro; the boom and reverberation of the "shots" that are displacing coal, the quick clip of the miner's drill, and the thad of his pick; and above all this the cries of the miner who has lighted his match and is ficeing to a place of safety, crying fire! fire! to warn those near of It takes but a few moments to bethe danger. It takes but a few moments to be-come used to these noises, and as you trudge dong in the darkness you grow aware of the perfect system that prevails. On all sides the min-ers are at work drilling with their sharp crow-bars, or ramming home the powder which is to blast out tons of coal if the charge has been well placed.

THE STREET WATER ON THE

At another point is the miner arranging his cartridge of brown paper, the edges of which he scaps to keep the powder dry after the charge is placed. His mining chest has a keg of powder in it, with oil, wick, tools, fuses, and blasting barrels, not to mention various other articles necessary to his operations. Near at hand you see the miners at work in a great cave leading from the gangway in which the tracks are laid for the transit of the coal cars which are being quickly loaded by the miners' laborers. During your peregrinations you will visit the stables— caves cut out of the solid coal—and finally, after a long walk, will reach the slope where the coal cars are ascending and descending, and the same bustle is going on that you noted on your first arrival from above. Jumping into a coal car, up you go again to the dazzling glare of day-light. Possibly you smile at the swarthy coun-tenance of Mr. Horkins, the superintendent, as

you do at your own when you reach the hotel.

The breaker, "as the huge wooden structure in which the coals are prepared for market is des-ignated, is better described by the illustration than is possible by the pen. To the top of the breaker you make your way by means of stairs much worn by the tread of many feet; and here you may see the cars arriving from the mine hundreds of feet below, drawn up by means of a stationary engine and windless. The cars are dumped by mechanical means, and the coal commences its descent toward its market. Before the car starts on its return to the mine a wooden tag is removed, and hung upon a neil corresponding in number to that on the tag. This is the miner's mark, and the number collected indicates that of car-loads of coal sent up with the miner's name.

The coal damped from the car passes down an inclined plane, which at one point has a floce-ing of iron bars placed a sufficient distance apart to permit quite large lumps to drop through; the rest passes on down the slope to the cars which are to convey it to market. Such lumps as may be deemed too large are broken with hammers in the hands of men who are stationed at a point just below the bars, and at this place the inclin is less precipitous.

The smaller lumps—those which have dropped through the bars—pass into a huge cylinder, in which revolve great iron plates; and this is, prop-erly speaking, the breaker. From thence the coal passes into a cylindrical screen, which is placed at an inclination of about ten degrees, and revolves slowly through this affair. The coal is passed and washed, different sizes of coal falling through the apertures of the screen into inclined troughs beneath. It is there that the coal is handled, nearly every piece being inspect-ed by the smutty young blackbirds that perch on the sides of the slides of the wooden boxes through which the coal descends. You will see the urchins throw away what you take to be coal. This is simply slate, and these are the slate-pickers, who are throwing away about one ton of slate to every ten of coal that passes them. This is a loss to the mine owner, or operator, but

not to the miner.

From this place we proceeded to the office of the superintendent, who placed his books at our disposal for inspection, and volunteered any information that might be asked for. After care-ful examination it seems to us that the average to the miner for each car of coal out of the mine is 43 cents. This includes powder, oil, wick, tool-sharpening, and the cost of the laborer, and must be deducted from the \$1.18 which is received by the miner for each

car-load of coal, It would seem from figures shown upon examination to be correct, that upon every ton of coal sold at present at Elizabethport for \$5 there is a loss of a trifle over fifty cents to be by the coal operator. At \$6 per ton there is a profit , but this is cut down considerably by an arrange-ment known at present as the basis of agreement between the miners and the operators

The paper reads as follows, and does not materially differ from the accepted basis through out the anthracite region:

COTT.

Articles of Agreement made this day, July 2, 1899, be-tasen Honey Brook Coal Company and the Working-men's Innecolont Association of Audentied.

these Hensy Brock Coal Company and the Workingmen's Renerolant Association of Audientical.

It is hereby understood and agreed, that whenever
the average price of coal at Elizabethport advances
beyond \$6\$ per ion, then the pay per ton shall be advanced to the extent of 13½ per cent, on the follar of
all such advance of price over and above any advance
that may have taken place dering the month in transportation beyond 1½ cents per ton per mile; and in
the same way, when the average price of coal at the
above-named point falls again, then a proportionate
reduction per ion shall be made.

It is hereby understood that 58 per ton for coal at
Elizabethport, and 59 cents per ton, or \$1.18 per drift
tar, lowest price. Miners, per week, \$10. Inside Iabor, \$14 per week. Platform men, \$15 80. Ordinary
contaids labor, \$11 30. Dockage only in extreme cases
—the ticket boss to be the only judge. Tardace for
Walness weis North Pinch, \$2 per yard (all other
wages in proportion), and shall at all three be considered the minimum price at which operations shall

be continued. Below that price, all running, prepar-ing, and shipping of onal shall be stopped.

The published rates of Lettigh coal dealers in New York to be rated as the standard of prices.

No interference with the employ or discharge of men or management of the coillery to be allowed—it being understood that no person is to be discharged for the sole reason of his being a member of the As-sociation.

BONEY BROOK COAL CO., Per-W. H. Herniss, Asp's. W. R. BEVAN, GROUGE ROBERTSON, GROUGE ROBERTSON, W. B. Ane'n. GRORGE ROSERTS DENNIS BYRNE, JAMES CASTLES, HOGE JONES,

In conversation with the miners they state the case thus: "It seemed to us that the operthe case thus: "It seemed to us that the oper-ators arranged things so that when the price of coal was up we could work at fair wages; if coal dropped, our wages fell to such an extent that we felt obliged to stop work, and that was a strike. We proposed to meet the operators and arrange a basis upon which we could work regularly. The operators did not choose to accede to our proposition; therefore we made the hasis above given. We permit no miner to send out of the mine more than six car-loads (12 tons) per day, though be may mine as much as he chooses. By this arrangement we expect to keep up a steady supply of coal with-out bringing on the 'glut' in the market that has heretofore occasioned our strikes. Each miner must pay his own laborer, and we expect all inside men to join us. Our Union was es-tablished in 1868, about the time of the eight-hour movement, and thus far, with 30,000 members, we consider it a success."

The miners employed in the Honey Brook mines are principally Welsh, and the community is as peaceful a one as can be found. There is neither lawyer nor justice of the peace within three miles, and the jail has not been in use for a year. A tolerably comfortable house is to be reuted for six dollars per month, and besides this a ton of coal per month is furnished by the company. Nearly every family keeps a cow, which grazes in any pasture the owner may select. Married men pay 75 cents, and single men 50 cents per month to the resident surgeon, who for this attends to all cases of sickness, fur-nishing his own medicines and surgical supplies. The wages paid are \$15 for bottom-men and bankmen; \$14 for laborers; \$12 50 for drivr boys; \$6 for door-boys; and \$4 for slate-pickers.

The best men among the operators aver that they would greatly prefer to have coal fall to \$6 per ton at Elizabethport and remain stationary, The retail dealers say that people do not pay each for coal, therefore they charge a sufficient price to secure a fair interest on their money, And, speaking of interest, it is a well-know fact that there is no business that necessitates so large an amount of ready capital as the coal busi-ness. The men are paid once a month. The railroad freights are cash, as are also the canal tolls and other expenses. In former years the miner was content to work for \$9 per week, and week, and the labors for \$6. Coal was cheep then. Will it be so again? Every one is holding off for a fall in price. The operators do not bring it for-ward for the reason that there is no sale, and they can not afford to pay freight and storage. They say that when the rush does come that coal will be higher than in the memorable year 1865. Railroad freights are fully \$1 per ton higher than in 1868, and canal tolis in the same proportion Experienced operators say that the consumption of coal will be less by a million of tons than it was during 1868.

The total amount of coal mined in the United States in 1868 was 28,048,410 tons. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton could produce (they do not, however) 800,000 tons per annum, and that small supply could be sold "along side" in New York, duty off, for a trifle over five dollars per ton. This would be a small quantity to be sure, but it would bring back some of the trade that went hence upon the abrogation of the treaty three years since, and which has not returned.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Tue National Association of Wool Manufacturers and Wool Growers design to hold a joint Expos in this city, under the anspices of the American I The Skating Rink, corner of Sixty-third Stree Third Avenue, is now open for the reception of hinery. The Exposition will be open to the pub machinery. The Exposition will be open to the pu-lic on the 8th instant. All American manufacturers of goods composed wholly or in part of wool, and or supplies, machinery and tools used directly in the wool manufacture, are invited to exhibit samples of

The Isle of Wight Times, published at Ryde, gives a full account of the recent fatal accident which caused the death of Mr. Cornelius Grinnell. It appears that Mr. Grinnell had just been admitted a member of the Hyde Victoria Yacht Club; and after dining with the Club returned with two friends to his lodgings. He had been making arrangements to provide eleeping accommodation for his friends, when one of them left the room and went down stairs. Mr. Orinnell, fearing be was going to look for another room, said to the continuous with him. If well along out on the help the gentleman with him: "I will step out or cony and speak to him ; and drawing up the Venetian blinds, he threw open the window and stepped out. There was, however, no balcony there; and the unfortunate gentleman fell to the ground, a distance of over 50 fort, and was instantly killed.

Leaping from railroad trains when they are going at lightning speed is a species of gymnactics not yet in common use. But the other day the conductor of a train near Memphia, Tennessee, forgot to leave a negro woman at her stopping-place. He was first conscious of his neglect on seeing the woman rushing through the car, and when she reselved the platform she jumped off without further ceremony. The horrifod conductor stopped the train, and backed up to the place where it was expected the mangled remains of the unfortunate female would be found. It was all a mistake, however. The "remains" were not manyled

at all. She was stronged a little, and there was an swful dent in the ground where she jumped; out no further damage appeared. She was soon "all right," and was able to walk of as if nothing had happened.

Paullies in Lawrence, Massachusetts, do not appear to be particularly small. A policeman in that city inte-ly found a two-year old child on a door step at two by teams a two-year out cann on a neor-seep at two-o'clock in the morning, crying because he could not get into the house to go to bed. The parents had neglected to count their broad when they retired, and neglected to count their broad when the the little fellow had been overlooked.

Science has at last achieved a wondrons or producing a knife which cats so rapidly that the per-son operated upon feels no pain! The inventor was anxious to try an experiment upon his own body, but was prevented by the breakage of the instrument.

Goestp, in the city and at the sea-shore, on the mountains and at the springs, has centred on the recent meeriage of Commedices Vanderbilt. The lady, a daughter of the late Robert L Crawford, of Mobile, Alabama, is said to be about thirty years of his years rest lightly upon him, and he appears as are years rest tigatly upon him, and he appears as well preserved as many men of fifty. The acquaint-ance began—so says report—at Seratoga Springs; and very untrasily the bridal party turned their faces Saratogaward immediately after the marriage occu-

Oil is not well adapted to swimming purposes. workman, employed in an oil manufactory at Nice, fell into a tank of olive-oil nine feet deep. He was an expert awimmer, but the oil did not afford resist-ance enough to keep him afford, and he eark to the bottom at once, and was only saved from drowning by the timely aid of a comrade.

Once in a while there is a woman who can by no means be called the "weaker vessel." of one young New Yorkess are thus stated, and indi-cate muscle and endurance: She went to the theatre and two parties in one evening, and carried on three directions at each. The next day she refused three offers of marriage, accepted two, and broke off three previous engagements, read four novels, wrote two letters and one hundred notes of invitation, practiced her music lesson, made hersoif a new waterfall, ato breakfast, lunch, and dinner, took a walk on Fifth Avence, bought two pounds of French candy and ale it, rode to the Central Park with one of her lovers, and walked home with the other.

A remarkable case is reported from Lancaster, Penn sylvanta. A Mr. Herr, aged about sixty, has not had half an hour's continuous aloep for four years. The extraordinary wakofulness which afflicts him came on after many weeks of watching at the bedside of a cick langhter, and a long illness of his own which fullowed, preventing natural sleep for three or four months. Since then Mr. Herr has failed to obtain rest from sleep. Opiates, which have been prescribed by physicians, have no effect upon him, even when taken in large doses. Ills health suffers greatly, and he is now unable to perform any kind of physical

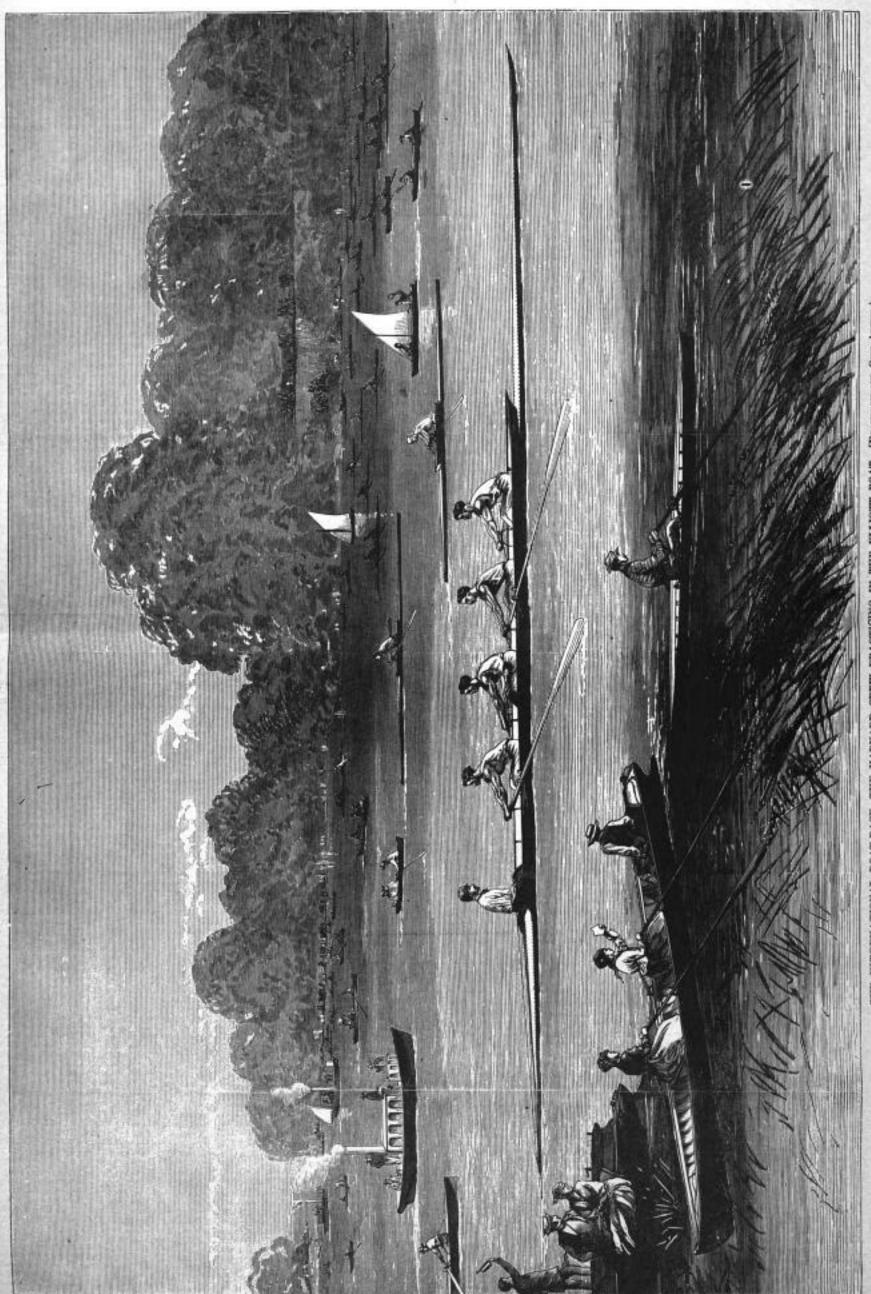
Two gentlessen, who were recently riding in the Boston city care, entered into a discussion on Woman Suffrage. One was a lawyer, the other a physician, Said the lawyer: "Would you wish your wife to mix with low, rude men, in public; to witness all the drunken coarseness and low ribaldry of town-nect-ing day; would you not be ashamed of her in such a place?" "I should be ashamed of the men," was the loctor's quick reply.

A friend who visited the Catakill Mountains a few A friend who visited the Catakin Reumanns a sew weeks ago related to us the following characteristic incident, which came under his personal observation: While the stage-coach was slowly wending its way up-toward the Mountain House one of the inside passen-gers—s young man whose general appearance indi-cated that he should have known the usages of good cased that as seems have known the sanges or good society—lighted a cigar and began to encoke. "Ton are not going to smoke here, with ladies inside?" do-manded a gentleman. "Well, yes," responded the youth, languidly, "I generally smoke whenever I get a chance;" and he continued politing. Presently the gentleman who had spoken tailed for the driver to genteeman was not special tasted for the driver to stop. "Now, young roan," said he, "I'll give you just one minute to get out!" The youthful smoker, looked his opponent in the eye, saw be had found his match, and silently get out and climbed to an outside seat. Next morning the gentleman not the young man on the plasma of the hotel, and, after plannarily saluting him, remarked: "I see from the book that you are from Philadelphia." "Yes, Sir," responded you are from Philadelphia." "Yes, Sir," responded the youth, evidently desirous the interview of the provious evening should not be recalled. "And do you expect to go through New York on you way back?" "Yes, Sir," again was the reply. "Well, young man," continued the gentleman, "from what I have seen of you, I think you will get into trouble in New York, and you may like to call upon me, so I will give you my card," whereupon he handed him a bit of pasteboard, on which was the name of John A. Kennedy, Surserinardant of the Matropolitan Board of Police; Superintendent of the Metropolitan Board of Police

A melancholy little incident is related of the ex-Empress Charlotte. This unfortunate Princess has been staying for some time at Spa. The other day she insisted with such vehernesse on playing at rou-istic that it was impossible to restrain her. On ap-proaching the table she deliberately placed a gold place on the number 19. The Emperor Maximilian was shot on June 19. The wheel turned, and, though thirty-seven chances were against her, she won. She led sadly, took up the money, and quietly left the On her way out a poor man perced by. gave him all the money, with the injunction that he was to "pray for him." It is known that the Empresa Charlotte never pronounces the name of Maximilian.

Another new invention from France. What can be more convenient than a handsome little table churn, by means of which persons may make their butter at the table while breakfast is going on? It takes but 'time, and the machine is gorgeous with cut glass and silver.

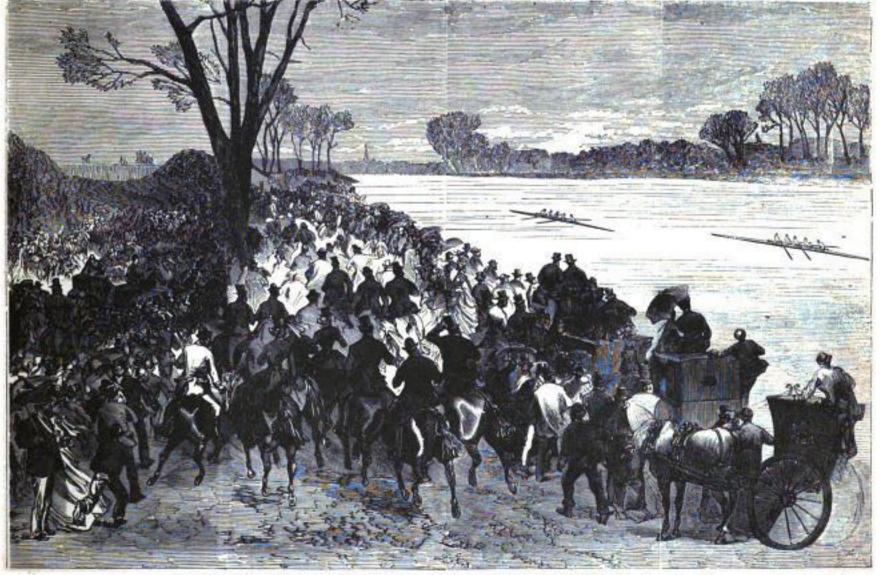
English papers report that a change has come over the Princess de Metternich. Once she couried popularity: now she seems annoyed when her name is mentioned in the papers. The invitations to her entertainments are quietly given, and the number is re-stricted more than formerly. The Princess has even changed the color of her carrieres: insread of being yellow picked out with black-ever the most con spicnous in the Bois de Boulogue—they are now black picked out with yellow: but this change of coor does prized out with yellow: but this change of coor does not prevent them from ranking among the bandsom-est equipages of the city. Likewise the Princese has entirely changed the style of her toilets, and now ap-pears in all the simplicity of a school-girk.



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-BACE-THE HARVARD CREW PRACTICING IN THE ELLIOTT BOAT.-[DEAWS BY OUR OWN ARTER.]



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE-HARVARD LEADING, AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.-[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE-OPPOSITE CHISWICK, OXFORD LEADING. -[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

MEMORY'S IDYL

the low brown bouse, I see it now; thrandmother, with her knitting, A holy calm upon her brow, In shaded porch was sitting.

All down the path the poppies flamed, Stiff box made green the border, And small blue violets, half ashamed, Grew low in sweet disorder.

I had been reading in the porch, Alond, in Revelation; it seemed like Sunday, and like church, With two for congregation.

The birds called loud from ash and fir-I could not be unheeding; I plucked a sprig of lavender, To keep the place in reading.

I wandered down by balm and rue, And clumps of China-aster; I thought-well, Jack, I thought of you, With heart-beats somewhat faster

Do you remember how the vine Grew close o'er all the arbor? It was a favorite haunt of mine, A dear secloded harbor.

So in I strolled, and there you were, In all a dreamer's glory!

Ah, you remember? Tell it, Sir!

Ay, dear, you end the story.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A STRICKEN CONSCIENCE.

LADY DIANA rend the letter of Robert Doughe with a look of strange perturbation in her face. In this letter, written under the influence of strong feeling, Douglas had departed from the form of enlightsphy which for a long time past had been adopted by him, and these char-acters resembled some which Lady Diana re-membered to have seen many years ago.

As she held the letter under the lamp, that she might discern the words more clearly, a

throb of fear came to her heart, and the fingers holding the paper trambled exceedingly. Doubt did not strengthen into conviction until she turned over the letter mechanically and caught sight of the seal on the envelope. For a mo-ment or so her eyes stared at it with painful intensity; then she moved quickly toward an alcove and seated herself on a sofa, for her feet second failing her, and she felt a proud horror of letting her suffering be even guessed at by the

She knew the seal well; she was only too sure she did. She had a keen memory for trifler, and she remembered how, when, in the first sweet hours of their wedded life, she tried to wile his signet-ring from her husband's finger, he had laughingly repulsed her, saying that "not even Ann should deprive him of his fa-ther's last gift."

There are many things pleasant enough to have recalled to one's mind in a chance pang of recollection—the air of a sweet old tune associased with a vanished hour of jubilee—the smile of your lover when he turned his head to give you that parting look—the crow of your lube when it welcomed home your fire—the last wonls of your first love-letter;—each of these reminiscences is fraught with an exqui-site delight; but to believe for a long nameber of years that you are eternally free of the compan-ionship of one whom you had feared rather than loved—to be seized by a fearful suspicion that the indoved dead are not, in fact, sugine in death's helplessness, but live—live to judge, to

condemn, and perhaps avenge!

Lady Di was brave even in this extremity. She nerved herself to answer with apparent gay-ery the light remark of one of her admirers who presently approached her. She accepted his es-cort to her carriage, and she gave him a parting smile of such sweetness that he involuntarily stopped to look at himself in a mirror on his

way back to the ball-room.

Although some knew, and many suspected, that the news of some affliction had come to Lord Onne that night, no one guessed what a terrible auxiety was consuming this fair, gay-

mannered woman. "I must make sure-wake save," she iterated. in the solitude of her own chamber, "Another mon might inherit and wear that ring; but how should any other possess his trick of handwrit-

the sighed beavily as she dragged berself towant her bod.

"I have a great mind to say my prayers," she said, roefully.

Habits enforced in early youth frequently recur, after long disuse, in hours of treable. Lady Diann lad been taught by her good old nurse nluave to pray fervently when my affliction im-pended over the bousehold, that it might be averted.

She could not sleep. The pillow might have been bristling with spikes for all the comfort she could find in it. In repose the dread seemed to greer stronger, the fear bigger. With a groun, she wose from her bed, and paced up and down the room. She caught sight of a dim, ghastly face as she passed by her mirror, and shuddered to think how soon such wearing anxiety would make her old and ugly.
"I must ascertain the truth," she muttered.

Suspense is the worst phase of sorrow. Tomoreow-or rather to-day, for those wrangling church clocks are all chiming five together-1 will go down to Auriel, and see this Robert

There was something Roman and heroic in her, after all. She preferred to invoke her own fate to waiting for the creeping progress of Atropos's scissors.

CHAPTER L.

MOWREAT.

WHEN Captain Mowbeny left Lady Di Merton's presence, he walked down the stairs at Orme House feeling very much as if some one had dealt him a blow in the face.

"Idiot! fool that I was ever to dream that woman could have even an interval of veracity! n her!"

His heart felt very sore as he looked up at the brilliantly lit windows, and imaged to himself how she, who caused his grievance, was proba-bly breathing more freely in his absence.

I do not expect the reader to sympathize with his pain; in novels we only condole with the sorrows of the virtuous; but the sorrows of the vicious are none the less acute for the absence

Thurstan had simply forgottes his beautiful young wife during the fluctuations of his hopes and doubts concerning the evil-hearted siren who had wiled him away from the thought of

Assica.

He felt additional bitterness when he reflected on that useless journey to Paris. "So expensive, too, and one can't get railway tickets on credit," he growled. To do him justice he would not have gradged his last sovereign (pennics do not enter into the calculations of spendics. shrifts) to secure him the woman he longed for, but the most extravagant do not like to feel that they have thrown their money aimlessly at a

phantom target.
Thurstan did not go back to barracks at once; there are moments when solitude is the most grateful salve that can be applied to a sore heart; so be turned from the lights of the town and set

so be turned from the lights of the town and set his face toward the sea.

"I'll go to Azalea," Captain Mowbray said, suddenly. "She will be glad to see me." It was always "me," with Thurstan nowadays. So Captain Mowbray thought of Azalea, not as one injured, but as one who was to comfort him for his injury. His letters had not been for-warded to him from London. He remembered this now, and remembered to curre the club resthis now, and remembered to curse the club por-ter for having failed to send them on; not that ter for having failed to send them on; not that it was of so much importance after all: he could calculate tolerably well as to what description of missives awaited him; a tender little coo from Azalea, several sulky croaks from irritated creditars, a duty letter from his sister, hoping that he was well, commenting on the weather, and sending him a good deal of italicized love.

With a sudden blank he thought,

Without will he no letter from her"—"ther"

"There will be no letter from her"-"her'

meaning Lady Di. However, he kept to his decision about going to Auriel, if only for a few hours; he thirsted for the solace of Amilea's presence, a presence which was in itself a caress. His wounded vanity yearned for the balm of her devotion; he looked on her in the light of a superior seet of cigar, something to sooth his irritation and dull

his pain.
"Yes, he would go to her." He imaged to himself how she would glow at his approach, how she would run to welcome him with eye, lip, and voice! He knew nothing of that freshraised mound in the Auriel church-yard; he could not guess that the color had gone out of her cheeks forever, and that a narrow strip of moonlit earth, slaming between two sullen stunt-ed cypresses, shielded her from further unkind-

The wind rose and the sea grew more troubled. He turned his steps homeward; and as the clouds thickened over the moon's face he could no thickened over the moon's face he could no longer see his way clearly, but moved through a dark guideless space which was filled by wild hints of stoem and shipwreck. He was glad when he had got away from that dismal shore haunted by cold touchest of spray, by the brack-ish scent of deep-colored sea-flowers, by the ceninous mean of the rising wind, and by the sting of the pang which he had brought with him to the water's edge.

The more he pondered over the wrong done to him, the stronger grow his longing for her

to him, the stronger grew his longing for her who was to pulliate the smart. "I will run down to Auriel to-morrow," he

thought; but the next morning, when he was on the point of starting for the station, the serv-ant of a brother officer came with a message, nsking him to be so good as to step in and see the Major before he went.

The Major was Major Welter, the "Gentle-man Jock" of the regiment, and one of its most of the regiment, and one of its most popular officers; young (as majors go), handsome, ber a broken nose, honorably gained in a fall over a stiff flight of post and mils; rich and popular. What more could a man desire to in-sure his happiness? Major Welter did not desire more; but to be something, or rather some-what less, was necessary to his peace of mind; he had an unhappy propensity to grow—not fat according to the lianting standard, but heavy in a bandicap point of view.

On this particular morning any one uninitiated in racing mysteries would have viewed the gallant Major's appearance with concern and alarm, fearing that he was the victim of some

prostrating distemper.

When Thurston entered the room nothing was visible of his friend save the tip of a damp-looking nose. The mother that bore him would scarcely have recognized her son in that beaving mass of

yellow finnels which represented, or rather mis-represented, the manly outline of John Welter. Mowbray exhibited neither surprise nor commiseration. He was accustomed to these desperate attempts at liquefaction of the "too solid flesh" of thirteen-stone men.

"Been wasting, I see. brought it down to?" What have you

A faint voice answered from under the blank-ets, in a Desdemons-like tone of pathos, "It's no use, Mowbray. Five pounds off yes-terday, four pounds off to-day, but there's still eight pounds too many on me which I can't get Just case ou one of the blankets, will

Mowbray obeyed his friend's beliest, and the voice was heard rather more distinctly. "I've tried all I know. I've shut my eyes at mess so that I shouldn't be tempted by the joints; I've resisted my liquor; I've qualified for an anchorite, by Jovel I've walked, looking like an animated turnip, until I nearly dropped; and now, after all my exertions, after all my abetinence, I weigh, and find myself eight pounds too beavy. It's enough to break a fellow's heart!"

And something like a tear shoue in the eye which peoped out above the shining nose. Scoff him not ye who have never known what it is to strive against the misery of "superincumbent flock."

strive against the misery of "superincumbent flosh," not to fail in the strife.

"I was going to ride my chestnut horse, Pist Paff," the Major continued, dolorously. "I've backed him for a heap of money. You see he's such a queer-tempered beast I couldn't put an ordinary amasteur on him. I wish you'd ride him, Mowbray."

"When is it to come off?"

"To-morrow; it's the Wharneshire Hunt Steeple-chase. The borse will go on to-night; we can go down to norse was go on to haght; we can go down to morroing; and if we catch an early train back we'll have such a joily dinner in town!" And the speaker's eyes glis-tened once more, this time with pleasurable emo-

"I'll ride him for you with pleasure," Mow-bray said; "but I shall have to leave town in the evening. I am going down into the coun-

try."

Captain Mowbray's heart was still very sore,

Captain Mowbray's heart was still very sore, and as he had not fasted he did not feel that a dinner would afford him any especial consola-

After a brief consultation the friends arranged that they would go together to Wharneshire that night, and that Captain Mowbray's servant should call in town for his master's letters, and follow the latter down to the race meeting on the fol-lowing morning. Was there in Thurstan's mind a lingering hope that Lady Diana might repent her decision, and dispatch some sign of grace in pursuit of him? If he did nourish any such hope it was faint and fine as a spider's thread, and he himself was hardly conscious of its subtle

existence.

"That boy, young Orme, is going to ride a mare of his own, which he has hunted once or twice. I do not fancy his father knows he is out on this occasion. Belton of ours is up too, out on this occasion. Belton of ours is up too, and Flitter rides Antelope."

Flitter was a professional; and be, the Major added, with solemn emphasis, "was dangerous."

CHAPTER LL. THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

At an early hour on the following morning six men might have been seen studying the to-pography of the Wharneshire Hunt Steeple-chase pography of the Wharneshire Hunt Steeple-chase course with somewhat of the solemnity of chiefs of an army surveying a proposed field of battle. These were Mowbray and Course Orme (riding under the name of Emro to evade paternal scrutiny), Major Welter and Captain Belton, Flitter the "dangerous" and Mr. Knowhon, a well-known performer in the pigskin. Four of the faces looked anxious. Major Welter's alone was screne; he was not going to ride, and the fences didn't look nearly so hig to him as they did to the others. the others.

"Do you think your little mere is up to this, Orme?" Mowbray asked, anxiously, of Courad Orme. "And won't there be the deuce of a

Orme. "And won't there be the deuce of a row when your governor hears what you are going to do?"

"If the governor chooses to quarrel with me I can't help is," young Conrad said, grandly; "a man must have his amusements, and I've every confidence in the mare."

"Rather creepy, don't you think?" Captain Belton suggested to Flitter, with a look of sick

aversion at a wide double.

"Not a bit of it, Sir," the perfessional said, not understanding the speaker's meaning as to the danger's making his flesh croep; "as nice a flying country as you need to ride over."

His cheery voice was felt as an insult by the others as they gloomily accurinized a stiff flight of posts and rails.

"Piff Paff, if I remember right, gave me a

crumpling over a low gate last year, when I rode him to bounds for you," Mowbray said, with an uneasy twist of his neck, and a vivid recollection of the full which kept him silly for ten days after. Yes," Major Welter answered, gayly; "and

I got over so well on my second horse."
Captain Belton looked uncomfortable, and sugd an adjournment to the paddocks, and to gested an adjourn brandy and sods.

It was not until an hour or two later, when Captain Mowleny had been lifted on to the queer-tempered chestnut, that his servant made his appearance, holding in his hands his master's

letters and papers.
"Clear the way!" the rider cried, angrily, as "Hear the way: the finer tried, enging, or Piff Paff essayed to go out of the paddock hu-man-wise on two legs. "I can't look at them now; or stay" (the "queer-tempered" had al-tered his tactics, and preferred to stick his forefeet into the ground, with a look of stolid determ-ination in his wicked-looking eyes and ears); "I might as well see the outsides."

Thurstan hastily scanned the handwriting on the various envelopes. There was none from Lady Di; and in noting the omission he felt conscious of feeling a little more heavy at heart than he had done two minutes before. There was, however, an envelope marked immediate, and this he tore open, taking advantage of the

chestnut's temporary quiescence.

Major Welter coming up to give his friend various hints as to the best modes of outwitting, coercing, and cajoling Piff Paff, was struck with consternation at the sight of the rider's face; all the bloom of color had died away from it—it
was dall and heavy-looking as load; his head
drooped on his breast; his hands were trembling; his eyes glazed. Had the chestnut but
known it, he might have shaken his rider from

him as though he were a dead leaf.
"Surely be don't funk," the Major muttered, in his disc

Here, Mowbray, shall I bring you some

brandy?"
"Yes, brandy!" Thurstan echoed, mechanic-

ally.

But the brandy did not bring the color to his checks nor the light to his eyes.

checks nor the light to his eyes.

"There are some things brandy can't get st," the Major said, reflectively; "funk is one of 'em; but I never should have believed Mowbray could lose his perve."

Here Piff Paff, tired of a resolution which no one tried to induce him to alter, began to walk quietly forward, and Mowbray was awoke by the movement to the necessities of his position. "Ilon't be afraid—I'm not nervous," he said,

in answer to his friend's saxious glance; "only I have some bad news, and it rather upset me;

that's all."
"If he makes a mull of it I shall have to bolt over seas," Jack Welter thought, sadly; and then he turned and looked at the rival mounts

There was Conrad, the feather of the race, who at ten stone, and in the airiest of breeches and the most impossible of gossamer boots, so fragile as to put a thorn or a rough bush out of the question, was to ride his own little mare, Prim-rose, and we may be sure that, with all the lad's faults, he will ride beldly if not well; Captain Belton was there, adjusting his horse Greyling's double bridle with a somewhat tragic expression

"I don't fancy myself a bit," he explains, candidly, to Flitter. "This violent, lurching brute will never get round the first turn, but will bolt away Heaven knows where.

Mr. Knowlton looks at his sweet-tempered Madonna, and inwardly passes a vote of confidence in her. She and her rider are well acquainted, and have mutual trust one in the other.

The glare of the white booths, the guy colors, the discordant sounds, the course itselfposts with blue flags—the eager faces of the crowd, the dark, shining shadows which seemed like horses passing out of the paddock in line— for an instant or so all these appeared blurred and confused to Mowbray; he was blind and doaf in the first sun of that grievous surprise.

"She is dead!" be muttered; "abe is dead, and I have killed her!"

For Douglas had not spared him the truth in the brief letter in which he told him of Azalea's

"She is dead, and you have murdered her. I have seen a letter you wrote to that soomen. She your wife—had seen it; it appears that you accidentally lost it at Auriel; Azolea saw it, and the neuron consed to see it until the died; the thought of you troubled her to the last. I am thankful that her pain is over."

The sound of a crazy bell now compelled an

interval of natural attitudes on the part of the acrobats, silenced the voices of the itinerant musicians, and that of the gipsy who was promising immense returns in the shape of blue-eyed sweet-hearts and large families for the small outsweet-hearts and large families for the small out-lay of one sixpence. The last old woman has been run nimbly off the course by the assistance of two policemen, when Captain Belton comes sailing along on Greyling. He has his hands full, and is doing all he knows to restrain his impetuous brute, who, feeling the curb brought to bear, answers by mad plunges and bounds in the air; by dint of hauling his excited head round till it almost brushes his rider's knees, Captain Balton at length reduces Greyling's Captain Belton at length reduces Greyling's movements to a rational canter, and the house subsides into a walk, just as the rider, his arms cramped and numb with pain, is mentally yow-

ing Greyling as a sacrifice to dogs.

Meanwhile, Conrad and Knowiton have taken their canters past the stand and over the bushed hurdles in front of it, their nags going finently and easily, Courad a little excited, and eager to be first over, his bright boyish face and yellow carls making him the especial favorite of the la-

Flitter now catches hold of Antelope; he is a little anxious to know what sort of a performer he has under him. The horse and the rider have never met before to-day; but experience is the schoolmaster of sympathy, and the jockey feels, rather by instinct than any thing else, the almost imperceptible protest lodged by his lean, wiry-looking thorough-bred against the object

A firm vice-like hold of the horse's head, and A firm vice-nee note of the horse's head, and a sudden grip from the knees, and Antelope is brought up to the hardle wish such a determined rush that he gives up all idea of his meditated rebellion, and flies his obstacle in such style as (combined with his rider's close seat and steady hands) confirm him more strongly than ever in his position of first favorite.

Lastly came Thurstan Mowbray-his check was flushed now, and his eyes bright with un-natural excitement. He meant "to ride like the devil," he told himself. He shouldn't care

If he got spilled, or even had a very bad fall; the world was a bothering world after all. At an event he should get free of the burden of inversible self-repressible. He dare not dwell too long on the horror of that letter, he feared he might been his head altogether. As it was, Azale... white, dead face kept rising before him, and once he even lifted his hand to put it gently

"I wish you'd take it away until the rare is over," he murmared, half aloud; and Major Welter, thinking his friend alluded to the brandy flask, put it out of sight; and perhaps it was well he did so, for Captain Mowhray had already con-sumed a considerable amount of its contents.

At present, however, his judgment was not one whit impaired by the stimulant he had taken, nor by his mental distress. The force of taken, nor by his mental distress. The torce of habit is a strong controlling power. It is said that men in battle sometimes sit their horses with consummate grace and skill, even while Death is in their hearts. Mowbray, with a growing madness in his brain, sat said handled the uneasy beast he rode with all his usual ability. He walked Piff Paff slowly up to the hurdles, and district the brain leaves more his neck with all the rocks.

and flapping the reins loose upon his neck, tried to put and talk the chestnut into a belief that

motody wanted him to jump.
"What's your jock about, Welter?" asked a horsey-looking man, clad in the costume sup-posed to be identical with a taste for sport-i. e., tight trowsers and stunted cost.
"Can't tell, can't tell," was the burried reply.

"Never interfere with another man's riding, especially when he knows as much as Mowbray

Meanwhile, Mowbray having approached as near to the hurdles as he dared, veered his horse round, and picking up his roins, quickly darted off in an opposite direction for a brushing spin. The spectators looked blank at being balked of the anticipated jump.

He of the tight trowsers, who had watched the recentling with pudicariand

proceeding with undisguised scorn, shouted in

"Five to one against Piff Paff." "Put it down to me, Sir," coolly rejained

Major Weiter.

"To a £100, if you like," said the other.

"It's a bet," replied the Major; adding to a keen-eyed bookmaker standing near to him—

"I only got four to one from you."

"No, Sir, and I wouldn't give you three to

The horses now walked quietly down to the post, where Lord Pastern, who, as the "correct eard" affirmed, was acting as starter, had already arrived.

Come back behind the post!" shouted my lord, who had taken some lessons in the art of starting; "I won't start you till you're all be-hind the post. Now, Captain Mowbray, why are you hanging back? Come up, come up!" I'll Paff makes a few steps in a forward di-rection, and Course, taking this as a hint to be

off, digs his spars into Primrose, and jumps away; the others, infected by his example, also spring forward till they have gone about two hundred yards, when Flitter, who feels rather than sees there is something wrong, pulls up and returns. Conrad Orme and Knowlton soon follow his example, and so would Captain Belton if Greyling permitted it; but the latter bolts as far as the stand, where he stops short, like one of those willful toy-mice, which, when once wound up, run their own way or none at all.

"Get inside him, Captain. "Really, Sir, how much start do you want?" Amidst such like derision, Captain Belton "winds his solitary way" back to the starting-

"What, Flitter, you here?" cries Lord Pastern, as the jockeys rejoin him. "Why, what on earth makes you poke your nose in here, as the doves in the dove-cot said to the eagle, 'I suppose you've got a certainty?" What's your

ring?"
"He's a four-year-old, my lord," whispers
Flitter, mysteriously. "He's by Thunderbolt;
they tried him to be a fairish borse last year;
they tried him to be a fairish borse last year. but he turned cur, so they put him to cross country work. He's as clever a fencer as ever wore a bridle, but I'm sadly afraid he'll cut it to-day, if there's any thing good enough to stretch his neck. Still his owner has backed him for a heap

of money."
"Well, he has to carry ten pound extra for professional assistance, Flitter; but I fancy you can give away that little lump."

can give away that little lump."

"Not to Captain Mowbray, my lord. I don't know who can give him weight over a country be knows as much as most of us."

By this time the borses were nearly all in a beap, and Lord Pastern dropped his flag with a hearty "go!" The three bounded away in close order an! kept pretty well tegether until the hordles at the stand, a quarter of a mile frum the starting-post, were nearly reached. from the starting-post, were nearly reached, when Captain Belton shot to the front, and with outstretched neck and star-gazing head his brute, never rising, smashed through the hurdle in front of him; almost simultaneously, Courad, Flitter, and Knowlton topped the gorse,

while Mowbray quietly slipped through the pas-sage cleared by Greyling. Passing the stand and betting ring, the riders eatch occasional shouts of five to four against Antelope, two to one against Piff Paff, and poor Captain Belton, if he were still within ear-abot, might have beard the mocking cries of fifty to one against Greyling; the latter never slackens as he draws near the fence in front of him, but taking off out of distance crashes down to the bottom of the ditch and there reposes. His jockey has just time to arise and swear that he is a dead man, when Conrad, by this time two lengths ahead of the running horses, hurries down to the obstacle; Mowbray and Knowlton take the jump shoulder to shoulder; while Flis-

ter, easing his mag, shaves the flag in cutting off the corner. A beautiful piece of sound turf suc-ceeds, and the four sail away as if the field had no boundary, Flitter holding Antelope hard by

the head, as much as to say"Now, this is the finest fun in the world, and if you don't take care I won't let you have the spree of going at all."

Thereby deceiving the wily nag and infusing

courage into his cowardly heart.

The exit is at last arrived at, and a trumpery little thing it looks—so insignificant that Con-rad's mare blunders on to her head and throws him on to her neck, so that he has to work back by degrees and fish uncomfortably for a lost stirrup, which seems like a stirrup possessed, and flies up and down, banging his log thinly encased in his riding-boot. Seeing the consequence of Primrose's inattention to the ditch, Knowlton pulls round Madonna opposite to a small thorn-bush which he thinks will make her rise.

His ruse succeeds. Meanwhile Piff Paff, who is in an unwontedly gracious mood, thanks to the scothing influence of Mowbray's delicate yet firm handling, simply strides away, and secu-

not to see the gap he flies over; while Flitter, with a "Come up, horse!" also follows in safety. They now cross a deeply-plowed fallow field, which necessitates some holding together, albeit the land is so dry that the horses more in a cloud of dust; and Flitter, who is lying back, blinks his eyes uncomfortably at the showers of clods and small stones thrown up by his predecessors.

Antelope also shows his disgust by shaking his head from side to side. Catching sight of a cross-furrow, Knowlton drops Madonna into it, and, feeling the relief of coming on to firm going, sends her along at a rattling pace, imme-diately followed by Mowbray. The mishap at the gap had dispossessed Courad of the lead; but he now works his way to the front, and pounds along, regardless of the furrow, think-ing only how to regain the foremost place, which object he achieves, not without trying poor Prim-rose severely. The fallow runs out into a green lasse, seatched by an encampment; and the tawny rose severely. The fallow runs out into a green lase, patched by an encampment; and the tawny children, who resemble the received notion of imps, shout with gles as Primrose, springing to the summit of the opposite bank, disappears in

Madonna, Piff Paff, and Antelope follow, and the pace improves with the horses' approximation of the elastic sod.

"Hang it!" ejaculates Conrad, "what a deace "Hang it!" ejacuases Conras, "wast a desce of a wind there is!" The lad thinks he is in a gale, from the pace at which he is tearing along; but, in fact, there is not a breath stirring. "I must keep my mouth shut," he thinks, "for my tongue feels like leather. What wouldn't I give for a wine-glass of water? Hold up, old woman!" he cries to Primmes, who is certifur careless in he cries to Primrose, who is getting careless in her fatigue, and, pusting her foot into a water furrow, threatens to somerscult.

The game little mare cheers up at the sound of his voice, and changing her leg, gathers her-self together for the post and rails, which now show new, hard, and forbidding at the bottom

of the pasture.
"Well, there's no breaking theu," thinks
Flitter; but he yet resolves that the other three
shall have the first chance.

Mowbray clenches his teeth as he mutters, 'I wonder if—" and sits back on the chestnut, prepared to rouse him with the spurs at the very

Yoi, over!" screems Knowlton to Conrad whose answering cheer rings in the air as he lands well in the next field, succeeded by Ma-donna, both horses performing faultlessly. Mowdonna, both horses performing faultlessly. Mow-brny draws Piff Paff nearly into a trot until close up, when he drives the sluggard at the timbers vigorously, his tactics serving him so well that he gets over with a bang which reminds the horse that oak rails carry not me tangers plainly on

"Lucky I didn't lark over those hurdles at the stand," thinks Mowbray. "He'd have been sure to sweep them away, and to have tried the same game here."

Flitter, not daring to check his uncertain Antelope too much, rises simultaneously with Mow-bray and gets over with the same luck. The brook is swung over without a mistake, greatly to the disappointment of the crowd. Steeple-chase brooks are not as hunting brooks, and afford no fair trial to a hunter's water-jumping abilities. In the steeple-chase brook the take off and the landing are insured sound, and a low flight of gorsed hurdles conceals the sheen of the water from the horse until it is too late for him to retreat. A few more fences, chiefly bank and ditch, and the competitors near the stand once more. Flitter glances his eye along the cords to catch the eye of Antelope's trainer, while Mowbray listens mechanically to the changes in the betting. The twenty to one against Primrose conveys no warning to the excited Conrad, who can not resist urging his mare to "leave those duffers standing, and win in a walk. Poor lad, poor horse! She does try her best; but though her rider has sense enough to save her a little by selecting the sound furrow in the fallow field, and although he does continue to load first out of the lane, this time lined with the noisy expectant children, the jaded mare reels over the bank, and is passed immediately by the other horses. Ah! Primrose passed by those you led so gallantly, who shall tell the pein you feel?

Mowbray now takes up the running: he conjectures that to tire faint-hearted Antelope will be his most workmanlike plan. He sees Madonna has done her best, and that henceforth the race lies between Piff Paff and the favorite. Calculating with reason that the previous bruises over the timber have taught his horse a lesson, he faces the posts and rails confidently, and gets over claverly, succeeded by Antelope, who rape all fours, and Madonna, who follows suit. Con- ing boy, yearning for one look, one word of rec-

rad comes laboring on, the more straggling pain-

fully to keep her companions in sight,
"I may yet do it," the lad thinks; "they
may all come to grief afterward; and if I can but get over this, I may win even now. For-rad, formd!" he cries; "once more, old girl,

And hand and heel go desperately to work.

Primrose looks helplessly from side to side as though seeking an alternative, and then, game to the last, although she feels her strength is utterly spent, she gives a pitiful spring, catches both fore-legs on the top rail, and crashes headlong down on the grass beyond. Presently the exhausted mare struggles up again, but the rider does not move. The ladies in the stand see through their foryusties that a huddled heap of pink and white hoops is lying like a crumpled rag on the green meadow, but fortunately for them they can not distinguish the face of the

pretty boy-jockey.

The sun shines down fiercely on him, but his upturned eyes do not shrink; awe-stricken men whisper questions to him, but he preserves an ominous silence; his cheek is stained by some thing redder than a blush, and his features have their shape under the imprint of his borse's

But just now and he had flashed through sur and shadow a gracious living presence; now be lay stiff and ungainly with the ugliness of death creeping on him. A few moments' since and he had passed the grand stand a any-hearted lad, his checks glowed by the wind, his bright short curls glistening in the sun, and with no more solemn thought in his mind than that, "If he won, perhaps the governor would not so much mind his having ridden."

Now he was something which could not even think; something with a face which was a fearful parody on humanity; something which every instant was going further away from the world without being able to breathe it a farewell.

"Breathing still, but senseicss, breathing ster-torously," as the doctor expressed it, who is one of those quickly collected round the fallen youth; some half a dozen men take off their coars with some man a cosen men take off their coats with eager kindness, and stretching them over the hard bars of a neighboring gute, carry the body to a farm-house, where the doctor and a few of the farmer's friends keep watch over the unfor-tunate young gentleman, living still, but too true a prophet when he shouted to Primrose, "For the last time." the last time."

Unconscious of Conrad's fate, the other three pursue their way; Thurstan increasing his lead, Flitter waiting with the bravest patience, for he knows he dare not press Antelope, and Knowiton gradually tailing off; the arymetres at the stand can now discern the state of the race, and the most practiced eyes begin to discredit Antelope. "The favorite's beat!" roar the bookmakers,

Piff Paff scaller in," they add.

But Mowbray is not yet over the brook, and nearly as he thinks of it he would be more cautious and less confident if he saw a staring white greyhound, which, pazzled at the numbers of propies and the open space left for the steepic-chasers, comes bounding along and arrives on the opposite bank just as Piff Paff is making his spring. It is too late to make any effort to avert the catastrophe, and in an instant dog, horse, and rider are rolling in the mud. Thurscan holds on the the river and taking them over 150 Reff. to the reins, and taking them over Piff Paff's ears strips off the bridle, but rising immediately throws his arms round the horse's neck, while a by-stander assists him in readjusting the bit.

In the interval Flitter gets over the water, fol-lowed by Madonna, and dreading Mowbeny's reappearance, makes play at the best pace his tir-ing horse can raise, having too a conviction that even the slow but honest Madonna may, if she can only get alongside of him, snatch the victory

in the last few strides, Layers look black, and backers rejoice. "The invocite wins easy!" thinks the crowd, and in that moment of excitoment even women forget to wonder if that dear little boy, carried

away on the litter, was much injured.
"Is the other fellow coming on?" sh Flitter to a countryman, staring with all his

Flitter to a countryman, staring with all his might at the closing issue of the race. But Antelope has swept yards away before the meaning of the query reaches the stupefied yokel.

The other fellow is coming on, hand over hand, knowing his horse will try, and that Antelope will show the white feather if Piff Paff can but collar him. Mowbray does all he knows, and clearing the last fence is soon within fifty yards of the leader. Carching and passing the beaten Madonna, he crosps up inch by inch; at the distance he is within ten lengths, and resolves to wait to the last. They are now close to home. Antelope gives an uneasy whisk of to home. Antelope gives an uneasy whisk of his tail, a symptom of defeat not lost on Mowbray, who calls on his horse with all the power he is capable of. Flitter finds Antelope sinking, and almost against his better judgment, pickup his whip; he finds no response from his ex-hausted nag. Giving in at once on the exhibihausted nag. Giving in at once on the exhibi-tion of punishment Antelope lets up Piff Pull, whose final rush lands him at the post, a clever winner by half a length.

"You have ridden magnificently, my boy,"
Major Welter said, shaking his jock's hand energetically, "and by Jove! it's the making of
me, Mowbray."

Later he added, "Don't go down into the country, Mowbray; stay and make a night of it in town with me." it in town with me.

"No," Thursten said, with an odd look on his baggard face. "I sha'n't go down into the country, I'm going abroad, Welter. Between you and me, there was a dead woman holding her face close to mine during all that race, and I want to get away from her. I shall go home

Late that night Lord Orme bent over his dy-

ognition, but "For the last time, for the last time," was all that Courad said; and these piteous echoes of his fatal encouragement to poor Primrose were the only coherent words that

passed his lips.

When the sun next dawned the lad was at peace, and Lord Orme, bitterly stricken by the unexpected anguish of this last misfortune, kiss-ed the poor bruised lips with his face stream-ing with tears, and asked himself if this were retribution!

THE AUSTRALIAN REPUBLIC.

WE have received a printed document setting forth sixteen reasons for the independence of the six Australian colonies, and their federation in the form of a Republic. The reasons are good, and the result aimed at is merely a question of time. We have only room for the following extime. We have only room for the following ex-tract: "As Australia and New Zenland, with tract: "As Australia and New Zeoland, with area and capabilities for supporting a population of 50,000,000, count as yet less than 2,000,000, their first great vital 'want' is, of necessity, the want of more people, the want of that more expital and labor, energy, enterprise, art, and skill, ever, by the goblen stream of emigration, flowing from the Old World to fractify the Next. That in the last fifty years, while only one mill-ion British emigrants have settled in British colsties in America, four millions have settled in the adjacent United States, and that as German and Continental emigration have been wholly to the latter, it may fairly be estimated that, in the last half century, for every one emigrant family settling in America under the British flag, six have chosen to settle under the Stars and Stripes. That as the natural advantages of large portions of the British colonies in America are as great as those of the United States, this sixfold superiority of the latter over the former in popularity and repute, as an emigration field, proves that, politically and socially, an independent Republic of British origin and genius is vastly more attractive to the emigrant militions of the Old World than an independent of the Old World than are subordinate British colonies, and that this pregnant fact alone might wisely desermine Australiain to cease to be the ene, and to be-come the other."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ANY THESE SET & FIGTION-IN-LAW-A Mother-in-

May a glass of spirits taken in a garret be called a rese-attic performance?

A "HANDY" Green-A blind man's dog.

The Earl of _____ of pumposes notoriety and paret-mentous collebrity, superintends personally the prod-uce of his dairy, and not unfrequently sells the rolls to the village dublers with his own hands. One mern-ing a proity little girl presented her penny and her pitcher to his lord-ship for mills. Pleased with the ap-pearance of the child, he pathed her on the head and gave her a kiss. "Now, my pretty has," he said, "you may tell as long as you live that you have been kissed by an earl." "Ah! but," replied the child, "you dook the peane, though !"

John Smith fell in love with a maid; Each night 'neath the window he stood, And there, with his soft accrease, He wakened the whole neighborhood! But valuely he tried to accesse. Her sleep with his strains so bewitching; While he played in front of the house, She slept in the little back kitchen.

An old lady was asked what she thought of the cellipse. She replied: "Well, it proved our thing; and that is, that the papers don't always ite."

A quack medicine vendor at the South heads one of his advertisements as follows: "Sick Babies Want-ed."

APOLOGETIC. APOLOGIETIC.

I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
If thee but hadst the direce,
But purses short and blim as thine
Won't do for these hard times.
I leave thee in thy wreethedness,
As one too poor to mate,
For love, you know, can only bless
When based on real estate.

Mark Twain at the Town or Aram.—"The temb of Adam! How touching it was here in a land of strangers, for away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. Thus, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The sunetain of my filled affection was sirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to immittations emotion. I leaned upon a piller and hores into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find bettle to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see he shift, Ad I—i—alas I did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—alas it with fortlinde. Let us trust that he is better of where he is."

A WHEELOCIPEDE.

It has only one wheel, Neither treadle nor saddle; It has only one wheel,
Neither treadle nor saddle;
It is built in such shape
That you don't have to straddle.
The man who propole it
Takes hold with his hands
of two parallel hars,
And on the ground stands:
Puts his feet in motion,
One after the other,
While the vehicle gree
Without any bother.
This funny mechline
Has no painting or gilding;
It is useful to carry
Material for building—
Shingles and shavings,
Brick, hune, and plaster—
And the lighter the load
It can travel the fastor.
It is better than a bicycle,
Por it len't so marrow;
And our whoelectpede
We call as wheel-barrow!

"Bridget, what became of the tailow I greated my boots with this morning?" "I fried the buckwheats in h." "Ob, I was afraid you had wasted it."

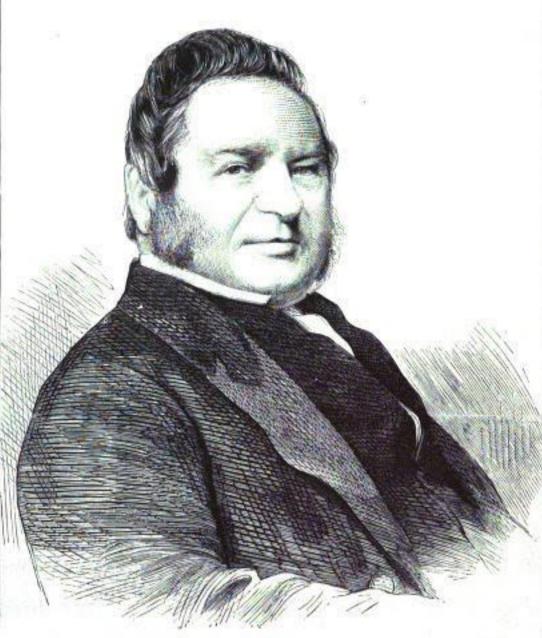
REV. F. J. JOBSON, D.D.

Ar the opening of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Hull, En-gland, early in August, the Rev. Prenence J. Jorson, D.D., was elected President of the Conference during the twelvemonth ensuing, and received from Mr. Hall, the and received from Mr. 15.11., call retaining President, the official seal of the Conference, and Jones Wastar's pocket Bible. Dr. Jones was born at Lincoln in 1812; and, having received a good education, was articled to learn the profession of an architect, with Mr. Williams, F.S.A., of Lincoln, While living under his master's roof Mr. Jouunder his master's roof Mr. Jou-son received much literary instruc-tion from the Roman Catholic clergy who frequented Mr. Witt-son's house. But he remained a Protestant, and entered the Wes-leyan Ministry in 1834. From that time to this be has been un-trion in his services to the Church tiring in his services to the Church of his choice. He has been stationed in some of the most important circuits in the Methodist conant circuits in the Methodist connection, including the First London, First Leeds, Fifth Manchester, and Bradford Circuits. He
was also appointed by the Confercase to visit the Methodist Episcopal Chirch of Amorica, in company with Dr. HANNAH. While in
America he expressed his humane
sympathics with the negro race,
and declined to be serarated from and declined to be separated from them either in traveling or at the American universities that he got the degree of D.D. Dr. Jonson has published several works which has published several works which have attained success in Methodist literature; among his other works are "Australia, with Notes by the Way;" "A Mother's Portrait," and "A Tribute to the Memory of Dr. Bunting," He is one of the best preachers in the connec-tion; and his conduct as President is distinguished by satisfy invantial. is distinguished by strict impartiality and amiable manners,

THE WAR IN CUBA.

It is impossible even yet to as-certain the precise situation in Caba, as between the Spaniards and the Patriots. But, whatever may be the result of the conflict, there can be no doubt as to its devolution observed. The recture desolating character. The picture

desolating character. The picture which we give on this page is a characteristic representation of the Vandalism to which both parties seem to have abandoned themselves. Confiscation and despellation are the order of the day. Such events as that illustrated have frequently occurred



REV F. J. JOBSON, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

HON. FOSTER BLODGETT.

FEW men of any age or country have been the object of more unmerited abuse and persecution,

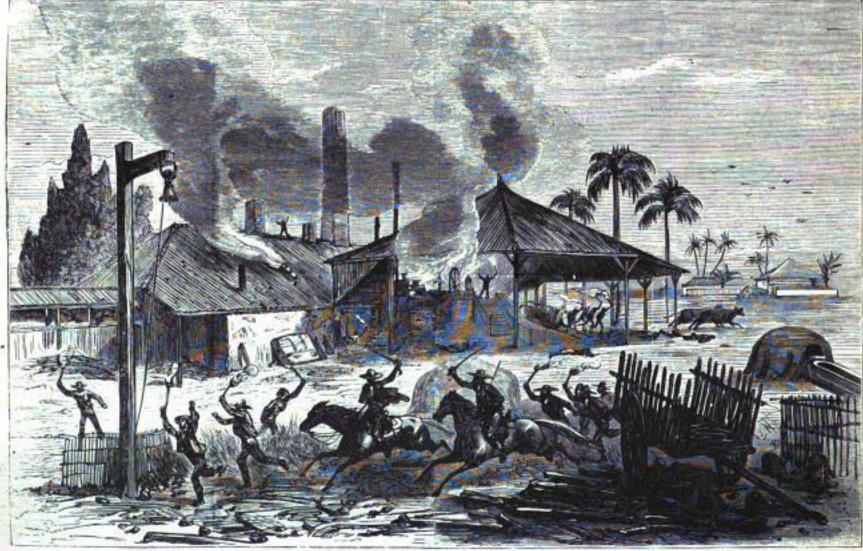
FOSTER BLODOKET, Chairman of the State Central Committee of the Republican party in Georgia. A man of strong native intellect, a bold

May, 1860, and which nominated Belle, of Tennessee, and Evekery, of Massachusetts, as candidates of the Whig-Union party for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United

and original thinker, independent in character, sincere in his convic-tions, ardent in devotion to prin-ciple, and uncompromising and de-termined in the execution of his plans, Mr. BLODGETT has long been regarded as a representative man of his State, and one of the most formidable opponents of the pro-rebel Democracy of his native pro-rebel Democracy of his native section. That such a man should be assigned leadership in his own party, and thereby excite the bitterest animosities of his opponents, is not unnatural. The first public man in Georgia to openly advocate the organization of a political party in the State looking to the overthrow of the old sectional hierarchy, and the restoration of the State to its proper relations with the Union, upon the basis of Republican principles, he early en-deared himself to the Union men of his section, and he also called down upon his head the anathemas of the decaying political dynasty of

Georgia. Mr. BLODGETT was born in Augusta, Georgia, January 15, 1826, and is consequently now in his forty-fourth year. He was edu-cated in the common schools of his own State, and entered the arena of politics as a Union Whig of the HENRY CLAY school-thus beginning his career as an uncompromising opponent of the domin-ant party of his State. Only three months after attaining to his ma-jority he was elected member of the Common Council of his native city, and served in that capacity for several years. At the age of twenty-four he was elected Bridge Keeper, and to that position of Keeper, and to that position of trust and responsibility was annu-ally re-elected for five successive years, when he refused longer to be a candidate for the place. In 1856 he was elected Judge of the Probate Court, and School Com-missioner for Richmond County; and the appreciation of his services in this capacity was shown by his re-election in 1860. In August, 1859, at the age of thirty-three, he was chosen Mayor of the city; and the Augusta Water-Works, which have been carried on so successfully, were played by him. successfully, were planned by him, and completed during his adminis-tration. In 1800 he was again the choice of the people for Mayor. He was also appointed a delegate for the State at large to the Con-

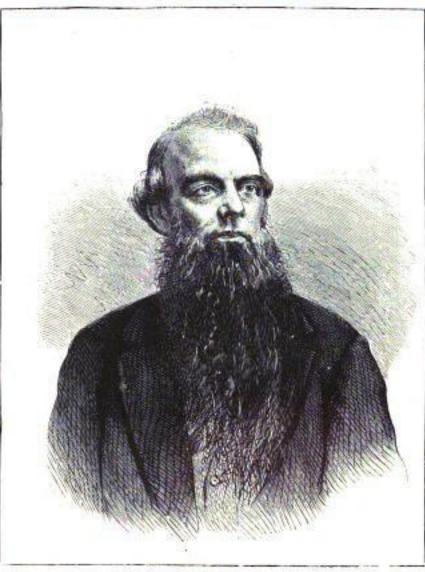
May, 1860, and which nominated BELL, of



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION-THE PATRIOTS BURNING A SUGAR-MILL IN LOS INGENIOS, NEAR TRINIDAD.

States. It was during this memorable year that he presided, at the hazard of his life, over the last Union mass meeting held in Georgia previous to the outbreak of the rebellion; and it was from this date that those persecutions by secession leaders commenced, which have steadily pursued him to the present moment. At one time, during the progress of the war, these persecutions became so bitter and relentless as to victimize him under the military exactions of the Davis government, and force him for a time into the rebel army. He succeeded, however, in so far extricating himself from the military shackles as to return to his family with an honorable discharge, without ever having fired upon orable discharge, without ever having fired upon his country's flag. After the surrender of the rebel forces he was appointed, by President JOHNSON (June 25, 1865), Postmaster at Au-Joneson (June 25, 1865), Postmaster at Au-gusta. Refusing to become a party to Mr. Joneson's defection, he was suspended from the functions of his office, January 1, 1867, but was restored by the Postmaster-General, March 31, 1869. On the 1st of May, 1868, and dur-ing the period of his suspension by Mr. Jones-son, he was appointed Mayor of Augusta by General Pore, then Commandant of the Third Miller Description of the Augusta by Military District-a position which he held until December, 1868.

Mr. BLODGETT was President of the first Re-Mr. Blodgert was President of the first Republican Convention ever held in Georgia. This occurred on the 4th of July, 1867, and will be long remembered as the opening of that memorable political campaign which, for bitterness of invective and malignity of personal hatreds, stands almost unparalleled in the annals of partisan warfare. It was, in very truth, "a time to try men's souls." Inspired by the audacity and leadership of the old secession magnates, and encouraged by the defection of Georgeon Jun. encouraged by the defection of Governor Jus-kins and the obstinacy of President Johnson, the Democratic press of the State teemed with the grossest personal abuse of the more promi-nent leaders of the Reconstruction movement, nent leaders of the Reconstruction movement, and sought to manufacture a public sentiment that would rigidily estrucize every man suspected of "Radicalism," and even encourage wives to leave their husbands, and justify assassination itself for political opinions' sake. So terrible was this storm of malevolent invective and de-nunciation, so rigid the social estracism it occa-sioned, that many true Republicans lacked the moral courage to assert their honest convictions; and, rather than subject themselves and their and, rather than subject themselves and their families to such an ostracism, abandoned the field, and, in some instances, publicly recanted their faith! It was under such circumstances as these that FOSTER BLODGETT-a Southern man-took a bold and determined stand for the Hight, as against the clamor of a turbulent mob, and thereby became the central figure in this momentous drama. His election to the position



HON, FOSTER BLODGETT.

of Chairman of the State Central Executive Committee seemed less a matter of form than neces-sity; and under his able administration confi-

dence was restored in the Republican ranks, and the Convention was called by a respectable ma-jority of the registered voters. As a member of

the State Constitutional Convention he was active and vigilant, originating many of the most important resolutions and ordinances that were adopted by that body. At the close of the campaign, and after the new State government had been inaugurated, Mr. BLODGETT received the nomination of his party for the position of United States Senator; but, through the defection of one States Senator; but, through the defection of one or two Republicans, who essayed to become "respectable" with the pro-rebel faction, he was defented in his election before the General Assembly, and Dr. H. V. M. MULLEH—the representative of a compromise between the Reconstructionists and the Democrats—was elected over the regular Republican nominee. As a delegate to, and one of the vice-presidents of, the National Republican Convention at Chicago that nominated Guant and Colfax to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, Mr. Bloogers was active and conspicuous; and few men in the South contributed so much of time, energy, and personal sacrifice to the interests of the Republican ticket as he did. At present he is Treasurer of the Western and Atlantic (State) Railroad—the great railway thoroughfare of the State, —the great railway thoroughfare of the State, northward, to the Tennessee Valley—a position of great trust and pecuniary responsibility, to which he was recently appointed by Governor BULLOCK.

In person Mr. BLODGETT is of medium height In person Mr. BLODGETT is of medium height and size, slenderly but compactly built, and pos-sesses extraordinary powers of physical and men-tal endurance. His moral and intellectual facul-ties are well developed; in temperament he is nervous-sanguine, and walks erect, with a light, elastic step. In manner he is quiet and engag-ing; in conversation ready and always interesting. His words are generally few and well classen, and never fail to elicit attention, whether spoken in a tumultuous assemblage or in the more quiet detumultuous assemblage or in the more quiet de-corum of the committee-room. He is eminent-ly one of the representatives of the "self-made men" of our times; and has attained to great political influence n his section, without appear-ing to have sought it, or to have suspected that he possessed it. he possessed it.

RAKING FOR CLAMS.

The fleet of boats engaged in the clam business in Prince's Bay, south of Staten Island, numbers about one hundred and fifty vessels, of from two to twenty tens burden, and manned each by two or three men. This fleet sends to the New York markets during the summer season between 300,000 and 400,000 clams per week, and during the fall and winter seasons about double that quantity. The clams sell at the boats for about \$5.50 to \$4 per thousand. Our illustration on this page is from a charac-teristic drawing by Mr. Eawas Formes.



RAKING FOR CLAMS, PRINCE'S BAY .- [DRAWN BY EDWIN FORDER.]

A VERY SMALL COLONY.

WHEN the great Napoleon was conveyed to "Wild St. Helens," there to wear out his giant heart chafing against the iron rule of Sir Hud-son Love, the English placed a garrison on the little island of Tristan D'Acunha, thirteen hundred miles to the south of the sentry-girt Long-wood, to not as "contpost," or picket, to the na-val guard around St. Helena.

The Conqueror of All releasing in a few years

the whilem master of Europe, the garrison was withdrawn from Tristan D'Acunha, and three men-o'-war sailors were left undisputed masters of this bright little gem of the sea

When H.M.S. Gorgon visited the group of islands of which Tristan D'Acanha is the largest and only inhabitable one, the approach to the shore was found difficult; indeed, it would be inaccessible were it not for a beautiful and curious provision of Nature, which has erected on the northeast side a natural breakwater of giant sen-weed, which makes the water as quiet as a mill-pond. The Goryou was boarded by six strapping scames, who came off in a very fine whale-boat, and accompanied some officers on shore.

They found there about a dozen buts, all built of solid stone, evidently the work of much patience and labor, but necessary to withstand the furious northerly gales. These little stone boxes are built here, there, and every where, more de-tached than one would think they should be for society's sake. Each has its little garden of po-tatoes, "cask" kennels, mongrel Newfoundland dogs, and substantial pig sties. The inhabitants of the island were, in all, forty-three-men, wo-men, and children. They are all related, but it is difficult to say how, as they have intermarried with each other until a few years since, when a Mr. Taylor visated them from the Cape of Good Hope, and for the sam of \$ 5000 (which a philanthropic old Englishman left for the purpose) remained five years, improving and training their morals, etc.

This should be a happy family, but, strange

to say, they are quite the centrary.

The patriarchs, at the period of the Gorgon's visit, were Thomas Swain, agod eighty-two, and Alexander Cotton, seventy-time, both old manof nar's men, discharged from the service half a century before to settle on this island.

The inhahitants subsist mainly on their land productions, having heris of tire sheep and bullocks, but obtain their luxuries by exchanging the monsters of the deep with masters of ships calling for water. During the months of Feb-ruary and August considerable numbers of secobspliants are eaught, the larger of which yield about four barrels of oil each. The tooks are small and of finite value. The islands also swarm with scals, from two thousand to three thousand having been seen in one year.

Whales are also caught, but seldom. The sea alone would make this dienry colony rich had they a good, stirring Yankee population, the present possessors making no exertion until a ship arrives; then the wholing, sealing, etc., com-morees. They barter all they eatch for English and American goods, and then they lie on their wars instead of laying in stocks of valuable oil. skins, tusks, corned beef, etc., ready for the next ship, the sure sale of which would specify en-rich them, and enable them to return to their lather-land with independent fortunes.

THE SOLAR MUTABILITY.

Seriesce is every day teaching us to think of the son, and what have now been so long called the "fixed" stars, with less and less of that souse of fixing which their enormous importance planetzer benees would seem to render desirable. Not only have we learned that all these so-called fixed contros of separate universes are themselves traveling in different directions (dragging their planetary systems after them), with chormons speed, though their distances from our own system are so great that, in the few centuries we have lead to study them, the change has not become very apparent to ordinary perceptions; but we have also learned that many of them are "va-riable" stars—our own sun among the number becoming beighter, and again less bright at fixed intervals of years: that some of them have broken up and disappeared some years (or perhaps thou-sends of years, before the blank raused by their disappearance rould have struck the bosson reti-New more, we now know that our own sun (re-embling in this probably most other solar badies of the same kind; is in so highly fluid and excitable a condition as to be constantly sending authors forked tomours for of miles in extent) of inflamed hydrogen gas, like the thickering streams of light from the stars of a street illumination; and, moreover, as to be subjest to great periodical disturbances, now called "acquetic storms," which are in all probability race of by certain condition in the movements of those little solid besites, on one of which we live, round the sun. Even now one such epoch of magnetic storm secus to be thought pretty near at hand. The sun has been lately exhibiting the most surprising forms of disturbance, and presenting to scientific eyes less "fixin" of essence than ever. Spots so vast that we must estimate their dimensions by millions of square miles have broken out from time to time. have presented rapid changes of figure, indica-ting the action of forces of inconceitable intensity. Chietors of smaller spots, extending over yet vaster areas, have exhibited every form of disturbance known to the solar physicist, and every degree of light, from the apparent blackness (in reality only teletive) of the nuclei, to the intense brilliancy of the faculous ridges.

And we now know that these appearances are not merely matters for the curious, with which,

as they happen at a distance of above ninety millions of miles, practical men need not concern themselves. In point of fact, it is by no means impossible that the issues of peace or war, of a financial crisis, or a religious agitation, may be chosely bound up with these phenomena—if not, indeed—which is also quite possible—the sadden disappearance of our whole system after the fishdisappearance of our whole system after the fash-tion of other solar systems which have thus dis-appeared. This much, at least, is certain, that the vast changes now going on in the physical constitution of the sun are changes which do most powerfully affect the electric condition of our earth, which have in former years caused the most violent disturbances in the various artificial as well as natural electric apparatuses of the world we live in, and which, to speak of the least of all its possible effects, might, just as well as not, happen some day to throw the electric condition of every telegraphic cable on our planet, under the sea or above it, into the most dire con-fusion, and send down telegraphic companies' fusion, and send down telegraphic companies' shares to zero in a lump, even if they did not contrive to telegraph to us, after some strange inarticulate fashion, that shares in all public companies, even in that very limited public company, the human race, are, in a physical point of view, of very doubtful value indeed. Let us explain briefly to what we allode. briefly to what we allode.

On September 1, 1859, shortly before noon, two astronomers—Mesers, Hodgson and Carring-ton—one at Oxford, the other in London, were at the same instant serutinizing a large group of sun spots. On a sudden two intersely bright patches of light appeared in front of the cluster. So brilliant were they that the observers thought the darkening se eens attached to their telescopes must have become fractured. But this was found not to be the case. The bright spots indicated some process going on upon the sun's surface a process of such activity that within five mina process of such activity that within the min-utes the spots traveled over a space of nearly 31,000 miles. Now, at the Kew Observatory there are self-registering magnetic instruments which indicate the processes of change by which the subtle influences of terrestrial magnetism wax and ware. At one time the line traced by the pointer will be marked by searcely perceptible undulations, indicating the almost quiescent state of the grant terrestrial magnet. At another, well-marked waves along the line exhibit the pulsations of the magnetic system, influenced in a number is yet unintelligible to the physicist. And then there is a third form of disturbance the sharp, sudden jerks of the pointer exhibiting the occur ence of those mysterious phenomena tenced "magnetic storms." When the records of the Kew Observatory came to be looked over, it was found that at the very instant in which the brilliant spots of light had appeared to Messrs. Hodgson and Corrington, the self-registering instruments land been subjected to the third and most significant form of disturbance—a magnetic storm begon, in fact, as the light broke out on the sun's surface. But this was not the only evidence of the sympathy with which the earth responded to the solar action. It was subsequently found that soon after the spots of light had appeared the whole frame of the earth had thrilled moder a mysterious magnetic influence. At the West Indies, in South America, in Australia, wherever magnetic observations are sys-tematically made, the observers had the same sto-ry to tell. In the telegraph stations at Washing-tomand Philadelphia the signalmen received strong cheetic shocks. In Norway telegraphic machinchemic shocks. In Norway telegraphic machin-ery was set on fire. The pen of Bain's telegraph was followed by a flame. And wherever telegraphic wires were in action, well-marked indi-cations of disturbance presented themselves. Even this, lowever, was not all. The great negocitic storm was not a more instantaneous electric three. Hours passed before the dis-turbed earth resumed its ordinary state. And thus it happened that in nearly all parts of the earth wide. Sill while the storm was to reearth night fell while the storm was yet in prog-During that night magnificent aurona spread their waving streamers over the sky, both in the northern and the southern hemisphere. As the disturbed needle vibrated, the colored streamers waved responsive, and it was only when the magnetic storm was subsiding that the auroral lights finled from the beavens,

Now, it is evident that these phenomena show the most intimate relation between these peculiar disturbances in the sun and the magnetic cur-rents of our own earth. Directly one of these changes takes place upward of ninety millions of miles away, the electric condition of our planet is changed in some mysterious way, of which our instruments, and even the co-lines of our sky, bear record. The pens of all our telegraphic wires may some day trace in flame a handwriting some of human destiny handwriting which during Beishazzar's feast traced a warning on the wall of the full of the Balalosian dynasty. Moreover, note this, that these changes in the condition of the sun take place at intervals of about eleven years. The variable star which swings us round it, as well as anpplying us with light and heat and (apperentningnerism, clouds over every eleven years with these spots, so that it seems most likely that every eleven years certain magnetic conditions recur which have not occurred in the interval. If so, perhaps, the magnetic excitement of 1850 will revue, and it may be in much greater force, next year—in 1870. And if it does, how are we to say what may or may not recur with it? is quote possible that those periods of speculative founcial excisement—which are also said to follow a periodic law of something very like the same period-may be more or less dependent on the nugnetic condition of our planet, that so mean a phenomenon as speculative frenzy on the varions stock exchanges of Europe may be more or less connected with these wonderful discharges of voltair batteries in the sam. Is it quit impossible that the electric political condition of

Europe in 1848—and again, at an interval of eleven years, in the year of Italian revival and revolution, 1859—may not recur after one more period of eleven years, in 1870, in consequence of the returning epoch of magnetic excitement in the sun? It would be ridiculous to affirm that there could be no connection between the moral excitability of nations and electric phenomena on so grand a scale as this; nor would it in any degree be a grossly materialistic explanation of moral and spiritual changes, any more than it is a materialistic explanation of moral and spiritual a materialistic expansation of moral and spiritual changes to say that starving people are deficient in moral spirit, and that a storm of rain depresses the most gallant army that ever fought. Could we really establish any periodical law of electric excitement on the earth, it would not be irrational, but in the highest degree rational, to expect marked human phenomena in connection with it—either a great concurrent depression or a great concurrent stimulus to the energies of the buman beain.

The second secon

But, after all, what strikes our imagination most is the curious insight we are beginning to glean of the highly susceptible and sensitive constitution of the sun. That a mass but little denser even as a whole than water, nearly four times as light, bulk for bulk, as that of our own earth, but we would not be the proper of burning again. light, bulk for bulk, as that of our own earth, and sarrounded by an envelope of burning gas, which is by comparison with the intense heat and light of the proper surface of the sun itself mere cold and darkness—that a mere wandering flame of this kind, shooting rapidly through space, an iron-smelting furnace throwing out tongues of fire on all sides, and so highly susceptible to external influence the toertain combinations of planets which, when as thrown into the same scale. ets which, when at thrown into the same scale, would make up only an infinitesimal portion of the sun's mass, cause the most marvelous disturb-ances in his physical constitution, and lead to magnetic storms such as we have described on his surface—that such a body as this, we say, should yet for thousands of years exercise so orderly, continuous, and consistent an influence over the development of our terrestrial world and our human affairs, does seem truly marvelous. Can any thing be conceived less apparently likely can any thing be conceived less apparently inkey to lead to fixity of tenure in our universe than a centre for it such as this—a great boiling furnace of forces enveloped in an atmosphere of flaming gas, and subject to the most violent superficial excitements under the most apparently insignificant external influences? The old Hebrew conception of an earth "founded on the seas and established on the floods," which had been made so fast that it "could not be moved," was a conception of perfect solidity compared to that heliocentric basis of our universe—a harricane of fame the disturbances of which might perhaps be best represented to our imaginations by the occasional explosion of a planet or two of nitroglycerine, which we are compelled to substitute, Yet hence proceed attractions of gravitation which have not sensibly altered during the life of man have not sensitly aftered during the life of man upon the earth—waves of light indicating by their spectra the burning of the very same substances in the sun as were being consumed in all proba-bility when the words "let light be" were first registered—and, as we now appear likely to learu, periodic magnetic impulses, recurring with the constraints of secretary and solitons certain to be punctuality of seasons and eclipses, certain to be full of import for us, and yet not improbably of the same nature as those greater hurricanes by which other same have perished. Is it possible to conceive a more apparently unstable centre and fountain of a universe of law and order? Is it possible to conceive a more impressive lesson on the words, "He maketh his ministers a flam-

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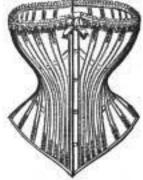
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ARPER YOURNAL OF CIVILIZATIO

Vol. XIII.—No. 664.7

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

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THE NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE new Mercantile Library Building, San Francisco, California, is considered the finest building of the kind in America. This is conceded by even Bostonians who have visited San Francisco. It is located on Bush Street, near Sauson, and was completed in December of last year. The building is three stories high, with an attic. Its frontage is 60 feet on one street and 136 on another. The style of architecture is the modern Italian, with a Mansard roof. The front, rising 65 feet to the cornice, is largely composed of cast and wrought iron, and the de-signs are elegant. In the rear, on the first-floor, there is an extensive lecture room. On the sec-

ond-floor is the library, smoking and chess room, ladies' parbor, and apartments for the use of the Li-brary Association. Above, on the third story, is the reading room, museum, and art-gallery. The attic is divided into twenty-five rboms, and is let for various pures, many of the apartments being used as studios by some of the leading San Francisco artists.

THE PLACE OF ARMS, HAVANA.

THE beautiful situation of the chief city of Cuba, on the western shore of a magnificent landlocked harbor, from which it slopes into the luxuriant uplands, clothed with dark verdure of the cocos-nut palm groves, and adorned with numerous villas, has often been described. villas, has often been described. The interior of Havana, with its mean and narrow streets, except in one or two modern quarters of the city, is scarcely worthy of its com-mercial and political importance. The Flaza de Armas, shown in our engraving, is tolerably handsome, with several public edifices around it, and with two broad streets in-tersecting each other in the middle of the square, dividing it into four pleasant gardens or shrubberies. In the centre is a statue of Fer-penals VII., King of Spain, over-topped by four majestic palms. The palace of the Captain-General, or Viceroy of the island, fills one side of the square. Opposite to this stand several palaces, and a chapel is erected on the spot where, at the first founding of the city, the first mass was celebrated, under the shade of the celba-trees, some of which still sain. To the sinks on which still exist. To the right are the Intendencia and other govern-ment buildings, and to the left is a line of houses and shops. During the daytime the burning heat of the tropical sun drives the Hayana population into the shade of their own houses, or of the narrower and cooler streets; but in the cool of the evening the out-of-door life be-gins again. The military band performs every evening on the Plaza, and crowds of people swarm m to th streets are thronged with the ele-gant "Volanti" and "Quitrini," the characteristic national equipages, filled with ladies in brilliant toilets, while the promenaders enjoy the cool air beneath the starry sky or in the clear anconlight until the cessation of the music gives the sign for the gradual dispersion of the groups. Such is the aspect of the Plaza de Armas in peaceful times; but we had occasion, not many weeks ago, to give an illus-tration of a very different scene, when the Governor's palace was attacked at midnight by a mutinous mob of Spanish volunteer soldiery, whom the regular troops did not venture to disperse, so that General Dunce was forced to leave the island. Under the more vigorous gov-ernment of his successor, General CARALLERO DE RODAS, the city of Havana is again tranquil; but the Cuban revolt is not yet subdued.

IMPORTED POULTRY.

The attention paid by farmers and poultry-raisers to imported breeds recently introduced into this country was illustrated by the interest manifested in the sale of fowls at the rooms of the American Agriculturist on the 18th of Au-gust. These fowls were sent here by JAMES C. COOPER, of Cooper Hill, in Limerick, Ireland. Specimens of the lot are given in our illustrations

Decimens of the social given in our industrations on page 604.

Each of the different "fancy breeds" has its peculiar and special merit. They are all valuable for their size, delicacy, and laying qualities. Perhaps the most generally and deservedly popular fowl is the Houdan, ansurpassed even by the Dorking for quality of flesh or for size. They

are very hardy, and good winter lavers. Their image is a mixture of black and white in large ingles. They are of French origin, and, like

the Dorking, have five toes.

The duck-winged game are birds possessing elegance of form and beautiful plumage, yet they are the best of layers, and the flavor of their flesh is beyond comparison with that of any other

wi. They are small eaters. The dark Brahmas are bred beavier than any other, single specimens having been known to weigh thirteen, fifteen, and even eighteen pounds. The pullets lay when six mouths old, and usually from thirty to forty eggs before they are inclined to hatch. They often begin to lay in autumn, and continue without a single day's interruption The black, white-created Polands weigh from five to six pounds, have an erect and bold car-riage, and their creats are large, full, and reg-

The Crevaceurs and Cochins are greatly preferred in France for the quantity and quality of their flesh. A full-grown cock often weighs ten pounds. They are easily raised in confinement, mature early, and lay large eggs. The Cochin chickens, though they feather slowly, are hardier than any other breed except the Brahmas, and will thrive where others would perish. They grow fast, and may be killed when twelve weeks old. They are gentle, can not fly, and the hens are unsurpassed as setters and mothers.

The silver-spangled Peland is a most benutifal breed. It is bred to a very good size—six to seven pounds in the cock and four to five in the ben being the average weight. The Poland is an affectionate bird, In favorable localities it is a prolific layer, and its

ities it is a prolific layer, and its flesh is remarkably good.

The La Fleche is a French vari-ery peculiarly adapted to our South-ern and Southwestern States. In

colder climates they require great care, but they well repay it. The Spanish breed, from which probably the La Fleche proceeds, is also sensitive to cold and damp-ness. They lay large white eggs, and, in moderate wenther, very abundantly.

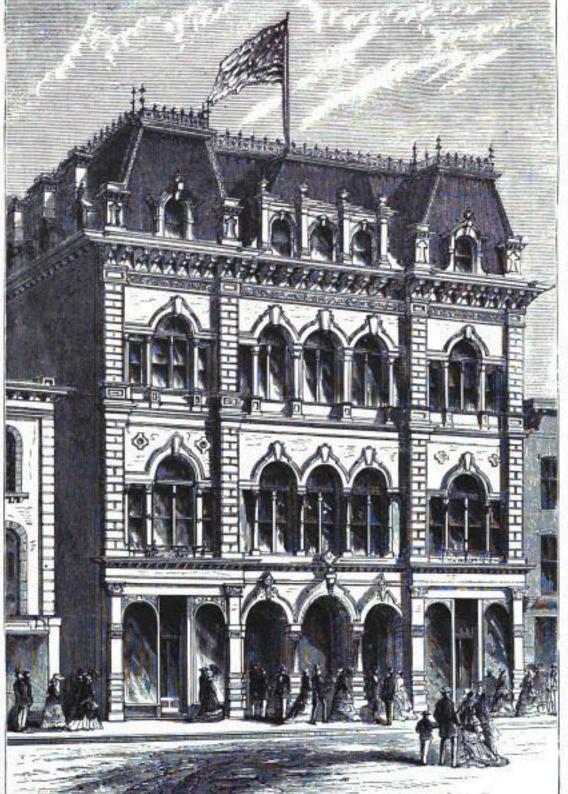
The Dorkings are an artificial and celebrated English breed. They are unsurpassed as table-fowls, combin-ing the flavor and delicacy of game with an abundance of mest, and that in the choicest parts—the breast, merry-thought, and wings. The hen is an excellent setter and mother. The Dorking is a poor layer, especially in winter, and is difficult to raise in confinement.

The game Bastams are a com-paratively recent variety of that breed, but they are hardier than any of the other varieties. They are delicate as food; there seems to be a peculiar closeness of texture

in their ment, greater than in that of even their larger progenitors. The Sebrights are a beautiful and ornamental variety, which may he recommended for exhibition, as well as for its intrinsic value.



AFTER the expenses of the very elaborate machinery of a company of Government merchants is defray-od, a quarter of the profits of the trade is credited to each district, to be again distributed among the natives. About \$55,000 is the average amount derived from the sale of the oil, walrus, and narwhal ivo-ry, whalebone, seal-skins, etc., in Copenharen, and Copenhagen; and supposing the share of the profit from this falling to the settlement of Egedesininde to be \$230, which is, I suspect, more than the average—it would be distributed in the course of the year by a sort of hyperborean Par-liament called the Partisok. This assemblage is composed of repre-sentatives chosen by universal suffrage from all the little Esquimaux fishing stations, each outpost re-turning one member — generally some talkative old fellow, not of much use as a seal-hunter, but who is intimately acquainted with every body. The president of this body is the governor, and the priest, doc-tor, and assistant trader have also scats in it. All the native mem-bers wear a scarlet cap with a white hand, with the badge of the Royal Board of Greenland Trade in front —a bear rampant, its bead sur-mounted by a crown. They meet generally in the winter, when traveling from settlement to settlement over the frozen sea is easy. Then assemble from all the outposts the claimants-the clients of the Partisok. A widow will say that her



NEW MERCANTILE LIBRARY BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA .- [SERIORED BY L. R. TOWNSEND.]

husband is dead, and it is now time that her | war, and the election of General GRANT was boy should learn to kill seals in his kayak; but she can not afford to pay any body to teach him. The Partisck in its wisdom votes the munificent sum of five rigidaler per annum for that purpose, Then a young fellow comes-blushing through the alenginous dirt on his checks-and avows that he is going to be married, and has not money to purchase a musket or a kayak; and, with a deal of good advice from the assembled sages, he is lent the money for a term of years, family is in poor circumstances, the scalcatcher of the family being sick, and to them a sum for their immediate accessities is voted;

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

and so on until the balance is expended,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

D Persons desiring to senew their Subscription to this Paper will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their names as early as commented before the Espiration of their present Subscription. This will obvious the delay attendant upon re-rutering names and mailing back Numbers.

THE DEMOCRATIC BOURBONS.

W E have already mentioned the struggle in the Democratic party between the old and the new spirit, between the dogged retention of the old doctrines and policy and the sagarious adoption of new measures in harmony with the actual situation. The signs of the contest abound on every side. The different tone of the platforms in the various States, and the character and antecedents of the candidates of which we spoke last week, all reveal the want of a common conviction and a common purpose in the party. It begins to appear, however, that the progressive wing of the party yields to the Bourburs, and that one more effort will be made to prolong the angry debate out of which the war sprang.

This contest in the Democratic party began with its organization under Jackson. General Jackson was substantially a Jeffersonian. He was in favor of a restriction of government to the lowest terms, and although he approved a tariff for defense, he was opposed to a national system of internal improvements and magnificent enterprises. Long before General Jack-son thought of the Presidency, Mr. Calmous, whose general political philosophy was much less sound than Jackson's, had fixed his heart ppon it. His instinct indicated to him his rbief rivel, and during the Presidency of Mornon Mr. Catanous was bestile to "the who did not suspect it. Jackson's election presently made Calinous his open enemy. The first contest between them was the nullification movement of 1832. JACKSON was isonestly a Union man, and heartily despised as well as disbelieved the Southern theory of the government. His proclamation was as admirable and sound as Wanstran's speeches, and he mode preparations to keep the peace and enforce the law. In the latter resolution his porty supported him. But in his Message of 1832, previous to the proclamation, he virtually recommended the policy that Carmons demand From that moment the Cannoes element in the Democratic party grew stronger, until it absolutely controlled it, and the war that was plways latent in that element broke out.

The conduct and event of the war proved that the people rejected the Carnous theory while they destroyed slavery, for whose protection the theory was urged. The Democratic porty, as a party, possively apposed the war; and at its end the party organization remained. The internal conflict was therefore inevitable, There were the party traditions, the Southern alliance, and the hatred of the negro, with the old party leaders, applicates of slavery, and supporters of the Virginia and Kentucky reso-Intions-in fact, the Carmors men, on one side; and on the other, the fresher element of the party, young proselytes who held philosophically to the limited functions of government, and who insisted upon abandoning the pinintly closed issues of the kest generation. Of this wing the New York World became the organ; a journal skillfally and intelligently managed, but whose time of light mockery has always paralyzed its influence and distrayed its power,

In the Democratic National Convention of 1869 the two wings of the party met and tried conclusions. Cannot y reappeared in the flesh BE WARR HAVITON, and he swept all before him. The New York managers had secured the meeting of the Convention in Tommany Hall itself, and intended to secure their preference in the re-orination. But the willer the New York plotting the more conspicuous was the triumph of South Caredina. One of the abiest and most honoralde of New York Demoersts, Hessey C. Memour, reported the platform, and the New York trick of numinating the New Yorker, Honerto Savsona, sucreeded. But Mr. Muzray's platform was repudiation, and Mr. Severese, who had opposed repudiation at Tweddle Hall, accepted as his own the repudi-nting plasform of Tammany. The question of the campaign, therefore, was simply whether the people would surrender the results of the

the answer.

The progressive wing of the party was compelled to submit to the Bourbons of the Convention, and their hopes of the prompt abandonment of old issues and a bold dash at the future in the nomination of Mr. Chase being baffled, the progressives made a show of falling into line; but after the premonitory thunder of Maine and Pennsylvania the World called for a change of front, which was a confession of inevitable defeat. It came, and the new men naturally supposed that it would instruct the Bourbons. But they forgot that nothing can instruct the Bourbons. The World hailed the nomination of General ROSECRANS in Ohio, urged that of General HANCOCK in Pennsylvania, and rejoices over that of Joux Quincy Aroms in Massachusetts. It has stringently set forth that common-sense demands acquiescence in what is actually accomplished. But it pleads in vain. The Bourbons conquer. General Roszczaks, in declining, echoes the World; and the Bourbons nominate in his place VALLANDSGRAM'S condidate, PENDLETON, the chief national representative of repudiation; and in Pennsylvania Asa Packer, an extreme Bourbon; and answer Jour QUINCY ADAMS'S speech, advising a general renunciation of old issues, by the stolid declaration of the platform that they charge nothing.

Not content with condemning the war by replacing Rosecrans, a Union general, by PEK-HERTON, a VALLANDOORAM Copperhead and repudiator, and by preferring PACKER to HAN-COCK, the Bourbous now begin to demand the head of the Chairman of the National Committee, who opposes repudiation. They will not demand it in vain. Every where, also, the Bourhous insist upon opposition to the Fifteenth Amendment, and the refusal of equal rights to the colored citizens. It is the reaction nationally attempted last year at which they now aim in the separate States. And so complete is their victory that the World itself, whose one principle of party action since the surrender of Lau has been the abandonment of issues that were plainly settled, attempts to prove that Mr. PENDLETON'S proposition to pay the bonds in currency is not had faith, and that the pegro contest must be continued. The passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, which the World opposes, would formally close the great debate of the last generation; and the acquiescence in equal suffrage in this State by the adoption of the new Constitution would open the way for the consideration of new The Bourbons have conquered the World, which has surrendered every advantage that the result of the Presidential election gave it. It harrahs for PENDLETON and harrahs for Adams. It is like hurrahing for Jackson and then for Calmous. As for its Democratic readers, "Gentlemen, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

The question for the country then is, shall we put the negro out of politics by completing the work which is nearly accomplished of socuring his equal rights? Let the voters in this State, and in every State, remember that the Bourbons insist upon fighting the same old battle over again. We fought it in a way that they remember in 1860, '64, and '68. Let us show in '60 that there can be no radical change in parties until the question which divides them is settled.

THE LARGE WHITE WIG.

In one of his private letters Mr. WEBSTER speaks of a gentleman who had "the Presiden-When Mr. Buchanan, who, as Minister in England, had been known to expectorate spon carpets, was elected President, there were those who were delighted that there was at lost 'a gentleman" in the White House-Mr. Bu-CHANAN'S claim to that distinction apparently residing in his white cravat. When Mr. Lixcoan succeeded Mr. Bucuanas there were sunny Southern "gentlemen" who could easily break an oath to the government, but who bitterly regretted that such an "uncouth boor" was made President. Undoubtedly there are many persons who take great comfort in Turveydrops, and in what may be called a grandiloquent deportment; and Mr. Chann Romisson, in his lately published "Diary," speaks of a elergyman who "was a gentlemanly person, and inspired respect—especially by a very large white wig."

It happens that President GRANT does not wear a very large white wig of any kind whatever, and for that reason, apparently, he forfeits a good deal of respect in certain quarters. The great constituency of Bancombe, for instance, is in high wrath. Here is a President who is one of the simplest of men. He does every thing in the quietest manner. He takes no attitudes, rolls off no resounding twaddle, but tranquilly and officiently attends to his duty as a modest and faithful officer. "Is this brilliant, is this splendid, is this the Presidential air?" rours indignant Buncombe, with one accord; "where is the very large white wig, pray ; and how can a President inspire respect without it?" The prestige of his administration, we are more soberly told, is declining, and, absurd as it may be, simply from the absence of the great white wig.

This is very possible. There is such an immense quantity of white wig in our politics and statesmanship that its absence may really appear to some persons to be the absence of wisdom. If General GRANT had only followed the counsels of Buncombe-if he had staid steadily in the White House, and had made solemn speeches to complimentary delegations-if he had surrounded himself with reporters, and loudly expressed declarations of doing this and that-if to all invitations he had replied in fine flights of epistolary elequence instead of by a plain yes and no-if he had only worn an immense white wig that could be seen from every corner of the Union, even the Turveydrope would have conceded to him the Presidential air, and his administration, being, as it is, really efficient and economical, would have been saluted as splendid.

The truth is, that we Americans like rhetoric and fisp-doodle, and what is very commonly and expressively called "squirt." Our representatives talk to Buncombe, not to the House. The very nature of our political debates in late years has increased this tendency, because they have dealt with the rights of human nature and with moral duties. Before this debate fairly began the questions at issue also admitted of magnificence in the treatment. After the war of 1812 there was the tariff, "the American system," internal improvements, and a national university. Thus President Jons Quiscr ADAMS, unlike his grandson, amplified the functions of government. A classical scholar and well-read in history, he enriched his messages with allusions to the monuments of Rome, the aqueducts, the highways, and he filled the national imagination with the vision of a vast system of explorations, and structures, and institutions, vaich were all words, but such amazingly fine words that they did duty for things, No President ever wore a more enormous white wig than the excellent Jour QUINCY ADAMS. General Jackson's was as large, but it was very different. Ignorant, imperious, violent, and vindictive, he destroyed the bank and removed the deposits, and whatever he did was done with such a slsp and a bang and a "by the Eternal" that delighted Buncombe was in raptures over the hero as an "old Roman" of the purest Republican type. General Jackson anderstood the use of the large white wig as well as any

General GRANT utterly despises it. He and his Secretary of State are two of the least bewigged personages that American politics have produced. They do their work with so little swagger that those who confound bluster with business suppose that it is not done. The President leaves the White House in the summer. as most Presidents have done, and as all ought to do. Instead of going to the Soldiers' Home in Georgetown he moves leisurely from point to point, not far away from Washington. He travels as quietly as he can, not making a progress as so many Presidents have done, and very properly, if they liked it. He has a most edifying and amusing contempt for the gibes that are thrown at him, conscious that none of them can really injure him so long as he is not trant from his duty as well us from the White House. The Springfield Republican says that to while away the time is the task of kings, not of Presidents, and advises the President, if he must travel, to go to the Southern States, and learn to distinguish his friends from his enemies. To such a sneer the conduct of the President is sufficient answer, There is not a man in the Southern States who does not know with which side are his sympathies, nor does the Republican show in the least point how his absence from the espital has injured the public welfare. If the supremacy of the party, as the Republican alleges, is fast passing awny, it certainly is not because the President passes the hot weather at the sea-side rather than in Georgetown. And if there is a feeling that his administration disappoints expectation, it is not because of what it has done or failed to do, but of its total want of swagger, its unprecedented freedom from large white wig-

THE FALL TRADE.

The diffusion over the South of a much larger portion of our credit eleculation than they enjoyed last year has had the same effect upon the Northern and Eastern States, from which the drain proceeded, as if the currency had been to that extent contracted. The South thus strengthened, have powerful reasons not only for holding all that they can, but for obtaining, as the fruit of the crop of cotton now about to be gathered, as much money as may be necessary for the convenient prosecution of all their various industries-an object which can not be regarded otherwise than with favor, as the strength of a part is the strength of the

This policy restrains speculation, and induces great caution on the part of buyers. The transfer of capital from the Northern to the Southern section has made money less plentiful; but yet there are many reasons for the confidence still felt that the fall trade will be considerable and remunerative.

The freights to Chicago, ria the Eric road,

were raised from 38 cents per hundred to 43 cents for first-class goods; but this, which is the rate on other lines and very nearly the measure for other points, is so far below the combination rates which lately prevailed that it still stimulates to activity in the hope of moving goods before the expected advance in freight occurs. A low rate by one line controls the price by the other great lines, and it may be that the Eric, which acts capricionsly and scarcely at all with a view to remonerating its stockholders, may for some time obstruct any complete arrangement. There are intimations of a moderate advance next week.

So far as dry-goods are concerned, their price turns largely upon that of raw cotton, present and prospective; and it is to the judgment which individual buyers of dry-goods form on this point that they are free or cantions purchasers. The price of raw cotton is still maintained in foreign and home markets at a high figure—higher than is warranted by the interests of manufecturing industry here and abroad,

It would seem from the experience in the trade which we have lately had that more looms for both cotton and wool have been running than can be supported by consumption, and that this excess of production has not been corrected by the necessary suspension of work in England and in this country. This species of property feels the effect of this condition of the trade, and must continue to do so until a proper adjustment has been reached between what is produced and what is consumed, and between the price of the raw material and of manufactures. That such an adjustment must take place is very evident, accompanied with important effects.

It is thought to be somewhat singular, in the face of these facts, that the English are complaining of an insufficiency of the raw material, and are making powerful efforts to increase the growth of cotton in their Indian possessions; but they suppose that the present high price of cotton limits consumption, and that if it were reduced, the use of manufactures would increase in the same proportion.

Our means of testing the accuracy of this theory are fortunately less ample than theirs, for we are in the midst of thriving populations not required to look to the cost of necessaries with the care to which older communities are condemned. In England there is a large population on the verge of pauperism, to whom any advance in the price of commodities is a hardship which must be met by economy. We produce in this country a large portion of the staple, and we share more in the advantage of a high price for it than do the English, who must pay the foreigner the whole excess.

The greatly improved condition of the Southern States is a contribution made from the manufacturing industry of the whole world, and is a fortunate result of circumstances not likely to be of long duration. The sale of the last year's crop has been managed with great adroitness from a clear comprehension of the whole situation, on the part of an intelligent body of planters and merchants, who have undoubtedly combined to produce the result. The tendency hereafter will be in the direction of more reasonable rewards; but it is safe to say that cotton in the South can not be produced at a loss as long as the opinion prevails among British manufacturers that the whole production is inadequate. The means do not exist for an immediate extension of the cultivation in India. Expensive irrigation, model farms to instruct the Ryots, and a large increase of railroad facilities, are the means recommended at Manchester; and these require time for their development. It is safe, therefore, to urge uson Southern planters to go on vigorously with this great industry.

Until the new crop begins to come forward, it is thought, from the combined influence of the present deficiency in middlings of good quality and the resort on the part of mills to short time, that the price of cotton fabrics will continue very firm. The recent activity in the dry-goods trade is due in great part to this cause, but also to the fact that country distributors have light stocks.

A meeting was recently held in Liverpool to encourage a direct trade with the Southern States, and cut off New York from the advantage of being the chief importer and distributor for the whole Union. A planter from Memphis urged this policy, which had its advocates before the war as part of the scheme of independonce which was formed for the protection of the peculiar institution of the South. If it was impossible then to secure this change it must be so now, when the chief object of this isolated policy no longer exists. The eminence of New York in trade is not due to circumstances that can be controlled. The business of importation and distribution can be done cheaper by New York than by any Southern port; and it is this which will prevent its transfer to any other lo-

The Board which was convened to listen to the Memphis appeal would, perhaps, from some little jealousy of the growing influence of this city, aid the scheme if it were possible; but the motives for building up a direct trade between the South and foreign parts have been so much weakened by recent events, and the motives for a more perfect union are now so powerful, that it may be safe to predict that the loss attending such an attempt will not now be incurred.

SENATOR BROWNLOW AND THE TENNESSEE ELECTION.

In the Knoxville Whig of August 31 Senator BrownLow makes a courteous reply to our suggestion that he should explain why he wished "a sound and reliable Republican" to be elected Governor by those who will not elect such a Republican Senator.

The Senator says that the Convention having failed to nominate, he was at liberty to choose between the two Republican candidates, and he believed Mr. SENTER to be the befler man. Personal jealousy had nothing to do with his As to the franchise, he thought it decision. safe and necessary to restore it to those who had forfeited it by rebellion, and among the considerations that influenced him was the fact that the Supreme Court had restored some twenty thousand, including most of the lead-ers, and he saw no reason for further excluding the rank and file. Yet he thought it should be done in a constitutional manner by a conven-tion. For "jumping the question" by improperly manipulating the registration, however, the Senator claims that he is not responsible. He is of opinion that SENTER'S Republican vote would have been larger except for the inter-ference of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General, but that his Republican vote is too large to be disregarded. For the possible action of the Legislature in electing a Democratic Senator and rejecting the Fifteenth Amendment, Senator Baowskow declines to be held responsible. Should it do both, he says that his action in the premises will be determined by his convictions of duty.

The Senator thus rests his support of Mr. SERVER upon his personal knowledge and pref-But when the registry was "manipuinted" under the auspices of Mr. SENTER, in what Mr. Brows Low believed to be an unconstitutional manner, was it not plain that the candidate whom he preferred was willing to be elected by unconstitutional means, and by the votes of those who were unfriendly to his professed principles and to those of Senator Brownnow; and was it not equally plain that Mr. SENTER'S election under such circumstances, although he was personally a Republican, could not be considered a Republican victory, and must necessarily give the Legislature and the Senator to the Democrats and defeat the amendment? Is it surprising that, under such circomstances, Republicans out of the State who comstances, Republicans out of the State who knew the Senator's fidelity thought that he should postpose his personal preference to the general advantage? However wise and desirable the removal of disability may have been, the Senator himself concedes that the registry was "improperly manipulated." He thus aided a result which was due to questionable means, and which gives him an opponent of the Admin-istration as a colleague. Senator Bnows.cow certainly has the right to vote for the candidate whom he prefers. But a party man must see that when a Republican supports the candidate whom all the Democrats support he is helping to bring the Democrats into power. This he will of course do when he prefers the Demo-cratic policy. But as we can not see that Mr. SKNTER's success was essential to general enfranchisement, we must regret that the Republicens did not leave him to be elected, if that were inevitable, by the "manipulated" votes.

THE CHINESE TROUBLE.

Ma. J. Ross BROWNE, late Minister to China, denies that he has opposed the ratification of Mr. BURLINGAME's Chinese treaty, or that he has stated that it would be rejected. But Mr. BROWNE's reply to an address of the British and American merchants in Shanghai shows that his view of the true policy to be observed toward China is radically antagonistic to that of Mr. BURLINGAME. The treaty negotiated by the latter was an arrangement between two absolutely independent and sovereign nations. Mr. Baowse, on the contrary, says that in his judgment Chine should be treated as a power sovereign in its political aspect, "but possessing an organization incompatible with absolute "We carry on business here," says Mr. BROWNE, substantially, "by force and against the will of the Chinese; it is, therefore, child's play to profess to respect a sovereignty which we practically disregard. It may be necessary, for our interests, to regulate the internal affairs of the country, and we had better not say in advance that we will not do so." In fine, Mr. BROWNE would have us treat the Chinese just as the Europeans treated the West Indians-that is, make our pleasure and interest the law of the country. In this spirit he virtually says to Prince Kung, the Chinese Minister, that he must hasten to do certain things or they would be done for him.

This policy seems to us neither honorable nor wise. Nothing, certainly, can be more disgraceful than the old British policy in China; and really it is not easy to see how it differed from this. Its principle was that the Chinese

were barbarians in possession of a vast country, some of whose productions were desired by En-gland, and should be had at any cost. Suppose that England were to inform us that our tariff was a barbarous Chinese policy, that Chinese policy was distasteful to England, and that if we did not "hurry up" and establish free trade she would do it for us, as she was resolved to trade with us upon conditions agreeable to herself. If China is to be treated as an incompetent child because of her barbarian exclusion of the rest of the world, why is not this country equally childish and barbarous in the degree that it excludes the rest of the world? Mr. BROWNE will see that there is a sad confusion of beams and motes here. His policy is untenable. We ought to trade with China upon terms agreeable to China, not upon such terms

If, indeed, we deny the right of "an igno rant pagan nation," as Mr. BROWNE calls the Chinese, " to do as it pleases, " of course a treaty like Mr. BURLINGAME's is ridiculous. But by what right does Mr. BROWSE make the supposed pecuniary interest of what he is pleased to call a Christian nation the measure of its duty? Which was the more admirable, the conduct of Christian and intelligent England making war upon China to open a market for opium, or that of the ignorant pagan nation refusing to submit? If England can not carry on an opinm trade with China except at the cost of war, is that trade so essential to Christian civilization that the war is justifiable? And if Chinese pagans do not choose to sell tea and chow-chow to Christian Americans, shall

we cut their pagan throats by way of persuasion?

If, as Mr. Brown alleges, there is really no authority in China to enforce treaties, that is a good reason for not making them. But that has nothing to do with ignorance and paganism and our right to do what we choose with ignorant and pagan nations. In the eye of what are technically called Christian nations, Turkey is both ignorant and pagen; but we contrive to maintain equal and friendly relations with the Sublime Porte. If it be a fact that the condition of China is such that foreign merchants can only protect themselves by training guns upon the local authorities, then it is certainly not a country to which we should send a minister any more than to New Zealand or Madagascar. But we ought certainly to come to ome conclusion. If Mr. BROWNE'S statements are correct, we ought to withdraw from a treaty with a government that can not protect our citizens, and which is, therefore, of course, incompetent to observe the stipulations of a treaty.

NOTES.

It has never been surprising to those who knew that Mr. Balmonr was a gentleman of ample fortune that he was made Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. But there is evident discontent in a part of the Democratic happy family. There are those who think that the other statesman, Mr. William M. Tweed, would be a more successful manager. Perhaps it would not be so easy to furnish majorities for the whole country, upon information by tele-graph, as it is to the State of New York, but what could be done in that direction Mr. Тweed is unquestionably the man to do. Yet there are skeptics even among his party friends. Just be-fore the nomination of Mr. Horario Surmour and General FRANCIS P. BLAIR we met one of the sturdiest of Democratic hunkers from the ru-ral districts. Speaking of the impending nomina-tion of the Chief Justice, which Mr. Tween was supposed to favor, we remarked that it would be editying to see so unmitigated a Hard-Shell as our interlocator voting for so original an abolitionist as Mr. CHASE. The sturdy hunker, with certain forcible epithets, replied, "I've just seen Bill. Tween, and I told him that he could man-age this city very well, but that the United States were too (compound expértice) big for him!" They certainly were so for the present honorable

THE course of Philosophical and Literary lectures proposed by the new President at Harvard College is not only sure to be most attractive and valuable, but it is a sign of vitality and resolution to keep pace with the rapid movement of the times. Mr. Emansos lectures upon "The Nat-ural History of the Intellect," by which we understand him to propose a series of discourses upon memory, imagination, etc., which will be treated not from the point of view of any "school," but by the insight of genius. Profes or Bowen lectures upon Locke and the Philosophy of the Sixteenth Century. P. ofessor Helsen, a most admirably accomplished scholar, upon Theism, Pantheism, and Atheism. two new names in this department are J. Ellor Canor upon "Kant," and John Fisske upon "The Positive Philosophy." Mr. Canor is a scholar of very remarkable and various acquirements, thoroughly familiar with the German philosophy, as with other and wholly different departments; and Mr. Fiske, a younger man, is known as the author of a reply to Mr. Parron's pamphlet upon smoking and drinking, and of the more elaborate literary reviews in the World, among which a sketch of Greek life published last winter was a very striking paper. Mr. France, scholarship is extensive and accurate,

Börnun, upon the French Comedy of the 17th Centary; "History and Relations of the German Language," by Professor W. D. Whither; "Goethe and Schiller," by Professor Curlum— all of whom have the best reputation in their deall of whom have the best reputation in their de-partments. There are then "English Poetry of the 13th and 14th Centuries," by Professor Francis J. Cett.D, who is unquestionably the master of American, and certainly the peer of En-glish, scholars in that subject. It is to Professor Cat.D that we owe the recovery of the original Percy manuscript, and from him that the best edition of Chancer is expected. Professor James Russers, Lowis, between upon "Farly Italian RUSSELL LOWISLL lectures upon "Early Italian and Spanish Literature." Those who have heard him upon Dante know with what wealth of knowledge, what delicacy of insight, what subtlety of humor and fine imagination, what deep and no-ble sympathy, what generous wisdom, he will treat his subject; while the "New Italian Lit-erature" will be presented by William D. How-ELLA, whose articles in the North American upon the other short the stream familiaries with it xi.i.s, whose articles in the North American upon the subject show the utmost familiarity with it, and are full of that thoughtfulness, tender grace, and sweet, sparkling humor which are displayed with inexpressible charm in his two books of life in Italy. The Literary course begins on the 18th of September, the Philosophical upon the 14th: the fees for both courses will be \$300, and they are open to all "competent persons, men or wo-

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THE Secretary of State has written an admi-rable letter to the Vice Consul-General, at Ha-vana, upon the abuses of American citizenship. Certain Cubans have been naturalized in this country, and returning to Cuba have concealed the fact, and even accepted offices that can be conferred only upon Spanish subjects. Of course, when some duty to the Spanish Govern-ment was to be enforced at personal cost, these persons declare that they are citizens of the United States. Mr. Fish states that both native and naturalized citizens are entitled to the same protection from this government, but that it is very possible for any of the latter class to return to their native country and pass for native subjects or citizens with improper inten-tions. He instructs the Consul to use his discretion in case of all such applications, and to interfere only when he is convinced that the ap-plicant has in good faith maintained his allegiance to this country. We hope that this is not to be considered another illustration of the base truckling of this government to the bloated desposism of Spain. Upon the face of it, it seems as fair and honorable as enforcing the Neutrality laws. But when Spain once has a nation under her thumb, as it is declared that she has had us throughout the Cuhan business, every action of a subject Secretary must be suspiciously scruti-

Ma. Losstag's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution" is universally known as one of the most delightful and valuable of histories for the most delightful and valuable of histories for the family library. It was the result of careful study and personal exploration with pen and pencil in hand; and it was so warmly received that the author naturally continued his work, and the Harrens have just issued the "Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812," which resumes the national story where it was left by the first work, and brings it down to the pence of 1815. Beginning with a faithful sketch of the 1815. Beginning with a faithful sketch of the condition of the country after the Revolution. the rise of parties, the war with Barbary, and the European wars, it proceeds to develop the causes of our second war with Great Britain, which it then describes in most ample and in-teresting detail, with every kind of quaint and attractive illustration, and in a familiar and simple style. The research and labor in both these works are very great, and they are treasuries of important facts. Both books are most entertaining to readers of all agos, however fa-millar with the leading events, and are indispensable to every library.

Tun system of Lyceum lecturing has now be-come so extensive and complicated that a Bureau for conducting correspondence has be both a necessity and a convenience. The American Literary Bureau in this city has engaged in this work for three or four years with such success that it has now upon its list a great number of lecturers, among whom are some of the most desirable in the country. The value of the system adopted by the Bureau has long been proved in the Western States, and Lyccum committees will save themselves a great deal of trou-ble by putting themselves in communication with the American Literary Burenu, 132 Nassau Street.

It is time that the stockholders and directors of the city horse-cars heard the very general complaint of the cushioned seats which are sur posed to be infected with disease, and known to be infested with vermin. The clean seat of nar-row slats is universally demanded by intelligent public opinion. And who will doubt that Companies so eager to accommodate the public as the ese-ear Companies are, which always forbid crowding their cars, for instance-who, we say, will doubt that, within a month, all the uncleanly cushions will have disappeared?

A CLEEGYMAN in England lately published a work called the "Perfect Man," which the Syrc-mor praised, but said that it had its origin in Ecce Home. The author thereupon wrote to the editor that his book was chiefly composed of sermons written during the year 1865, and was then laid by. Yet at the time he had written for it as a good title "Ecce Home," which, of course, Ecce Homo. The author thereupon wrote to and he has proved his power to deal vigorously and brilliantly with his subject by two articles in the English Fortsightly Harting of Lot year. In the Literary course the names are Professor is another curious illustration of the apparent

plagiarism and imitation of which literary his-

As ingenious gentleman, signing himself President, bespeaks our sympathy in his proposition to establish the "Order of the Eagle," the object of which is to be "the saving of our country by the purifying of politica." Each member is to swear that he will support the Constitution, yote for the best candidate, and take no bribe. These are most excellent purposes, but as every honorable and intelligent citizen virtually takes this oath, as fast as he perceives the situation, the Order of the Eagle is already very much larger than its President is probably aware.

THERE is a new singer, and her name is GI-ULIA MARINORI. She appeared at Milan last year, and has been singing in Sweden this year. Did Sweden wish to prove if she could rival "the Swedish nightingale?" With what curious memories JENNY LIND would listen! A correspondent writes to the Tribuse that in an experience of twenty years he recalls no debutants who units so many excellences and charms as Madame Marinone. Indeed, he calls her an imminently formidable rival of Nilsson and

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ATTORNET GENERAL Hoan has given an opinion as to the administration of the test oath to the Virginia Legislater. He says that the Legislature must, as a presequisite, submit the Constitution, and their action thereon, to Congress for approval. In this the test oath will not be required. If the Constitution and the action of the Legislature be approved, the Legislature of the State of Virginia, and the provisions of the Constitution fixing the qualifications of members of the Legislature necessarily prevail—the requirements of the reconstruction acts being thus supersected so far as Virginia is concerned. But before such appears by Congress, Virginia not being in all respects a State of the Union, the Legislature, as a provisional body, can not peasing the institution of the foreconstruction acts require the satisfication of the Union, the Legislature, as a provisional body, can not peasing the test cath. The reconstruction acts require the satisfication of the United States before the Blate can be admitted to representation is Congress.

The diminution of the public debt during the month of August was over the and one-hold millions. The reduction since March I has been \$20,500,188.

From April 1 to August 31 24,378 immigrants arrived at Toronto. Of these only 1318 remained in Canada, the others coming to the United States.

the others coming to the United States.

The Thomton property, one of the old colonial extracts of Virginia, lying on the Alexandria, London, and Hampshire Railroad, and containing 1500 acres, has been sold to a Northern company for \$150,000 in the divided up into email farms, and colonists from the North are to settle upon it.

On August 31 there was a fire at Cape May, which desiroyed servent hotels, including the United States and Atlantic, and numerous other buildings, havelying a total loss of over a quarter of a million of dollars. The fire broke out at there o'clock is the morning, from the store of Boyton, known as the "pearling," who was arrested during the day, charged with incendiarters.

The election of a Democratic Lastatance to Out.

with incendiariem.

The election of a Democratic Legislature in California will probably postpone the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment by that State.

The Republican State Convention of Wisconsin on the 1st Instant nominated for Governor Lucius Fairchild, the present incumbent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The monument commemorative of the Council, submitted to the Pope by his architect, Count Vespiguani, has been approved. It will consist simply of the column of African marble from the emperium, raised on the faces, with bas-ecticils, representing the five of its faces, with bas-ecticils, representing the five parts of the world, while the sinth face will bear the arms of Flus IX., and the date of the opening and close of the Council. The column will be surmounted by a states of Pins IX. pronouncing the benediction arise of the Wall of the Council in St. Peter's, and evinced the greatest interest in every detail. The Pope has decided that the universal Catholic arhibition of 1870 shall be opened on February 1, and closed on June 1, and is reserving a large sum for the prices and other expenses. Tur monument commemorative of the Council, sub-

tion of 1870 shall be opened on February 1, and closed on June 1, and is reserving a large sum for the prince and other expenses.

The German Governments are cridently seriously moved by the projects imputed to the Pope. They believe that the Chemonical Council will modify the syllabors on an increase to the state all control over the Catholic deergy. So grave is this dauger considered, that the Bavardan Government has entered into a league with the Procedon to resist any innovation to this sense, and Prince Hodenlote is furiously attacked in Boure as a traitor to Catholician. It is afferned semi-ufficially that the league covers all Germany, and that the Governments are determined not to recede one step. According to the Roman correspondent of the According to the Roman correspondent to a continuent to the Roman correspondent to the Roman correspond

tion, but they dread, and will, we imagine, secretly resist, the first. An infallible priest might authorize resistance to a civil law.

The story of the imprisoned run of Cracow has led to a very important anti-civical agitation, both in Austria and Hungary. In the latter country, especially, it has given additional strength to the opposition which has for some time been graving up there against the preteasions of the Boman Catholic Church, and the Hungarian press now not only demands the suppression of all coursets and monasteries, but also the abolition of the celibary of the clergy. The laity of the bishoptic of Treves have politioned their hishop in reference to the Grumenical Council, asking for the abolition of the Index Librorum Frobibitorum. The people want to read what they choose without pricetly dictation.

On the 1st of September Prince Napoleon made an important ejeech in the French Semie upon the Sentant Councilum, in which be gave expression to very libered views, calling for additional reforms.

The French Emperor is reported to be in a very

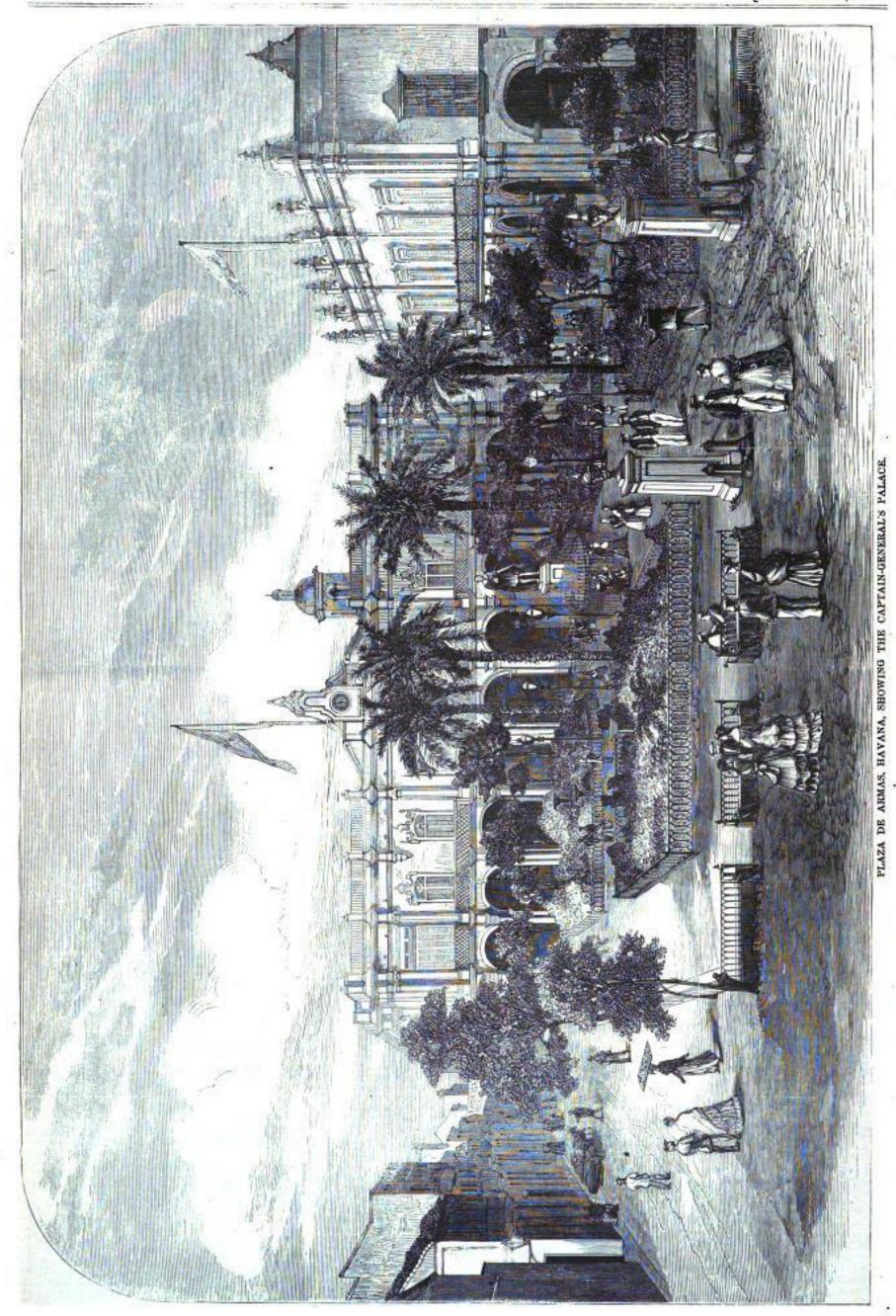
illiberal views, calling for additional reforms.

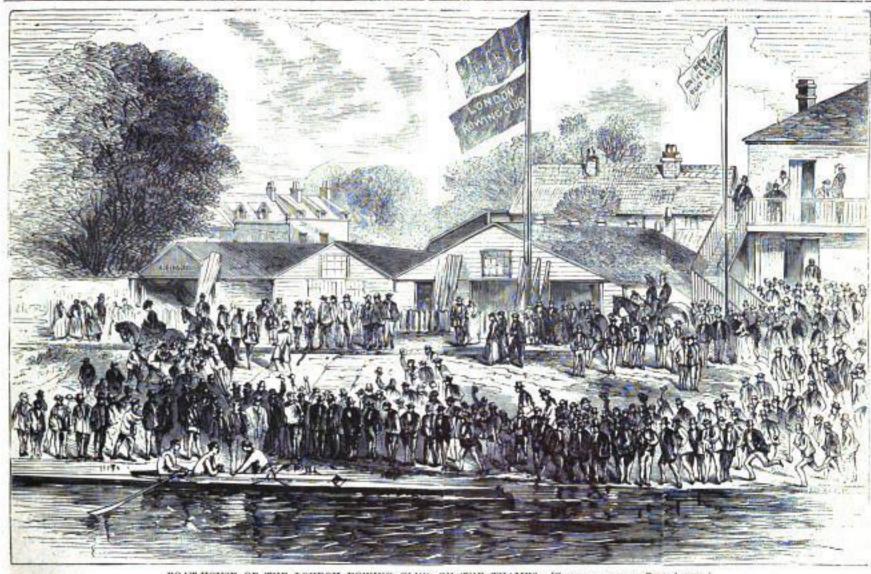
The French Emperor is reported to be in a very critical condition of health.

The Prench Senace on the 4th, by a vote of 115 to 9, rejected an amendment to the Senatus Consultant proposing liberal reforms in the constitution of the Senate. Prince Nepoleon seconded the amendment.

A thermometer which has been kept for seventy-five years in the vanits of the Paris Observatory, at a depth of ninety-core fact below the surface, has not varied more than half a degree during the entire interval.

The great ship-canal which is to connect Ameterdam with the North Sea, at a cost of \$1,000,000 guilders, is now once more in progress, the Government of the Notherlands having relieved the contractors of certain difficulties which for a time hindered the work. The casal will be about affects miss in length. The opening of the new port as a harbor of reflage will be a boun to all the mariners who navigate the North Sea.





BOAT-HOUSE OF THE LONDON ROWING CLUB, ON THE THAMES .- [SKETCHED BY OUR OWS ARTIST.]

VIEWS ON THE THAMES.

THOSE of our readers who have perused the ecounts which have been given of the late inter-

national boat-race between the Harvard and Ox-ford crews will be interested in the views given on this page. They are views upon the Thames along the line of the race. One of them repre-

we gave inst week several equally characteristic representations connected with the great race. Before this reaches our readers the Harvard crew will have returned home



THE CRAB-TREE INN, ON THE THAMES.-[SERFCHED BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

A SUMMER SUNSET.

Gazza islands in a golden sea,
With amethyst cliffs that melt away
At every wash of the sleepy wave,
White towering Alps that great the day;
And still through rents in the further spa
Glimpess of distant ocean bed,
Burning with restless changeful light,
And velaced with finishes of glory specad,
Far as the living are from the dead,
Par as the blessed are from hell's night.

Then the islands grow to radiant realms,
And shoot forth golden tongues of land,
And the Alpe fade down to a level plain,
Where monetors troop in a threatening band;
Then marky towers, where ghosts can reign,
Rice like a wissed's dying dream;
While low in the west in a narrow vein
There specads, through the duck, one golden beam,
Like heaven's last and linguing gleam
Seen through hell's vista by those in pain.

Nature is changeful, and, like the sea. Has its autumn cbb and its summer flow. Cloudlets of morning pass with dawn; Who can tell where the sunbeams go? Dead flowers turn to mere earth at last, Earth to blossoms breaks forth in May, Life and death are ever at war. Life and death are ever at war.
On this great chameleon world, I say;
Yet cloud or river, or leaf on the tree
Is not so changeful, it seems to me,
As a woman's mind—that a feather can eway.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In fibe Books .- Book #.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. PLEW.

Ar Shipley-in-the-Wold people dined at two o'clock, and took ten at six or seven. "Ten time" was the vicar's favorite hour of the twen ty-four, especially in the winter season. The work of the day was over. The fire blazed up companionably, and filled the pauses of conver-sation with light and warmth. And if a forlorn

wind went meaning without upon the "gloom-ing flats," its voice only heightened, by imagined contrast, the comforts of the ingle nook.

The family sitting-room—named in Daneshire

parlance, the parlor—was no exception to the assertion that Shipley vicarage was an ugly house. Yet even here the magic of the leaping flame and glowing coals worked wonders. It sent flickering shadows to play over the bare ceiling; it made the glass panes of a tall book-case sparkle with flashing rubies; it found out every gleam of gilding on the tarnished bindings of the well-worn books; is mellowed the bue of the fided crimson window-curtains, subdued the staring pattern of the wall-paper, and made the old-fashioned chintz covering on the furniture seem rich and harmonious as an Indian car-

pet.
"Give me another cup of tea, Vercoica," said the viear, sitting in the parlor on a drear March

evening.
His daughter and his ward were both with him. On each of the three faces there was, for once, a look of cheerfaltess. That morning their guest had been prenounced ont of danger. The shadow which had darkened the house was passing away.

"Give me another cup of tea," said the vicar once more, rubbing his hands together. And then he pursued the discourse which his demand had interrupted. "Yes; and I assure you I am very much pleased with Sir John altogether. Nothing could be better chosen than his man-

ner of expressing himself."
"What did be say, papa?"
"Oh, well! I can not recollect word for word. Thanks, of course, and gratitude, and—and so on. But not overdone. Very earnest and gentlemanlike. He appears to be a man of the world, yet not exactly worldly. He has, in short, I should say, a great deal of savoir vivre."

"Savoir vivre!" repeated Mand, musingly.

"That would be an art to learn; how to live!

"The quintessence of all arts, Maudie,"
"Yes; and it would include—would it not?—
how to die; if one did but consider aright."
"Mand!" cried Veronica, with a little shudder, "I do beg of you not to be solemn. Don't talk of such things. It makes me cold. You are worse than a northeast wind blowing over the snow-drifts."

Veronica inherited from her mother a mon than childish horror of death. The slightest al-lusion to it suffeed to cloud her bright face and make her irritable.

Well," answered Mand, quietly. "Sir John Gale is not going to die just yet, they say, so there is no need to be selemn, as you call it. It is to be hoped he will give up hunting, or learn to get a better seat on horseback. Joe Dowsett says that that hunter of his is as gentle as a lamb, and has such a mouth that a baby might ride him. And yet Sir John could not contrive to stick on his back."

"That's not quite fair, Mand," observed the vicar. "When Sir John was thrown opposite the garden gate he was in a helf-fainting condition, you must remember. But it was not then that the mischief was done. It was an ugly fall begut earlier in the day from a fresh, hot-tembeast. He changed borses afterward, and persisted in continuing to 'assault the cluse,'as Mugworthy says. So I do not think we are justified in concluding any thing to the disadvantage

of his horsemanship."
"But don't you know, papa," Veronica put in, "that Joe has inoculated Maud with the true Daneshire notion that only Daneshire folks, born and bred, can ride?"

Maud smiled and shook her bead.

"Sir John charged me," said the vicar, "with a thousand heart-felt thanks to my amiable daughters.

Thanks?" exclaimed Veronica. "Truly we have done nothing for him. Faul takes care that his master shall lack no service. So, then, Sir John thinks that Maud is your daughter a well as I ?"

"I suppose so. It matters nothing. In a short time he will go away, and in a—perhaps— rather longer time, will have forgotten all about is; so that it was very unnecessary to trouble him with family details.

"If he forgets all about you, it will be very ungrateful, Uncle Charles," said Mand. From the earliest days of her coming to the vicarage, Mand Desmond had been used to call Mr. Levincourt and his wife "uncle" and "aunt;" although she was, of course, aware that no relationship really existed between them and

herself.
"Ungrateful? Well, I don't know. It would scarcely have been practicable to leave him out-side the garden gate all night. Do you know any one who would have shut the door and gone in quietly to bed under the circumstances?

"Forget us!" cried Veronica, with an impa-tient shrug of her shoulders; "no doubt he will forget us! Who that once turned his back on Shipley would care ever to think of it again?"
"I would," replied Mand, very quietly.
"Would you? I am not sure of that. But

"I would," replied Mand, very quietly.
"Would you? I am not sure of that. But at all events the cases are widely different. Six John is wealthy. He can travel. He has seen many countries, Paul says: France, Italy, the East. He can go where he pleases; can enjoy society. Oh, Shipley-in-the-Wold must be a mere little ugly blot on his map of the world!"
The vices sighed, uncrossed his legs, and

The vicur sighed, uncrossed his logs, and stretched them out straight before him, so as to bring his feet nearer to the fire.

"What made him come to the little ugly blot,

then, when he had all the sunny places to ci from?" demanded Mand, indignantly. "He came for the hunting, I suppose."

"He came for the hunting, I suppose."

"Very well, then; you see there was something in Shipley that he couldn't get in his France, and his Italy, and his East!"

Veronice burst out laughing. She seated herself on the rug at Mand's feet, and leaning back looked up into her face. "What a child you are, Maudie!" she exclaimed. "His France and his East! Yes; I suppose rich people find good things every where—even in Shipley."

"And they get pitched off their horses, and are bruised and cut, and hurnt by fever, and prostrated by weakness, in spite of their riches," observed Mand, philosophically.

"Children," said the vicar, anddenly, "do you want to go to Lowater on the nineteenth?"

"Of course we do, papa. What is it? Have

"Of course we do, pape. What is it? Have you had an invitation?"

Vercenica's eyes sparkled, and her rosy lips smiled, and she clapped her slender hands to-gether joyously. Mand, too, looked eager and interested

"Yes," answered Mr. Levincourt; "I have had an invitation for us all to dine with the Sheardowns on the nineteenth. It is their wedding day.

How exquisite!" cried Veronica, seizing one of Mand's hands that rested on her shoulder, and squeezing it hard. "A dismer-party! A well in the desert! A tuft of palm-trees in a barren

"I suppose we must go," said the vicar, plaint-

ively.

1 'suppose we must,' indeed. Why, papa, you know you like the idea of it as much as we

"I am always charmed to meet Mrs. Shear

down and the captain."
"No doubt of it," cried Veronica, now in a full glow of excitement. "We know that you are Mistress Nelly Sheardown's most devoted cavalier. But it isn't only that, pape mio. You like the idea of a change, a break in the monotony, a peep at something beyond Shipley. You would like to go, if it were even to dise at Haymoor with old Lady Alicia. And quite right

The vicar made an attempt to assert his pre-rogative of victim-bood, but in vain.

The varying thermometer of Veronica's spirits had risen to fever heat, and she rattled on volubly, speculating as to who there would be at Lo-water; whether Mrs. Sheardown would contrive to give them a dance in the evening; what she should wear (exhaustless theme), and so forth. At length the stream of words slackened, and

then ceased. The rival merits of scarlet and amber ribbons demanded an absorbed and silent

"Don't you think, Uncle Charles," said Mand. "that Mrs. Sheardown is the sweetest woman on ever saw?"

"She is charming, in truth; charming and excellent; and, moreover, possesses a mind of a very superior calibre."

"Bravo, Uncle Charles! And then she isin my eyes, at least-so pretty. That quality must not be omitted in the catalogue of her perfertions.

"I am not quite sure on the point, Mandie.

Is she very pretty? I don't think that any man
would ever have fullen in love with Mrs. Sheardown for her beauty."
"Perhaps not. And if so, all the better.

Sure I am that any one who once loved her would never cease to think her beautiful."

Verenica looked up. "All true," she said. "I agree with your enlogism. And observe

know that to Mrs. Sheardown I am not sim-

"Simpatica! Nonsense. Whenever you use an Italian word where an English one would serve, I know that you are saying something that won't bear daylight. Why should not Mrs. Sheardown like you? Veronica clasped her hands behind her head, and rested both head and arms on Mand's knoc.

Then, with her eyes cast contemplatively up-ward, "Because I am not good," said she. The vicar's brows contracted into an uneasy pucker as he looked down on his daughter's

packer as he looked down on his daughter's beamtiful face.
"Veronica," he said, almost sternly, "I wish you would not say such things."
"Very well, papa; I won't."
"Still more, I wish that you would not think such thoughts."
"Ab questo poi..."

"Ah, questo poi--"
"If you please, Sir," said Catherine, the maid, putting her rosy face into the room, "here is Mr. Plew."

Mr. Plew was hospitably invited to enter. Mr. Frew was nosposory invited to enter. The surgeon of Shipley was a small man, with a fringe of straight, light hair round a bald crown. His eyes were of a weak blue tint, his skin conally pale yellow. On the present occasion, however, it burned with a fiery red, in consequence of the change from the piercing outer air to the temperature of the vicar's well-warmed and welllighted parlor. His eyes watered, and his frost-inflamed nose glowed like a hot coal, above the whise woolen comforter that enveloped his throat,

"I fear I am intruding at an unseasonable hour," said Mr. Plew, speaking with a strong provincial accent and a gentle, deprecating man-

"By no means. Pray come in. It is our idle hour, you know. Veronica, ring for a clean cup, and give Mr. Plew some tea," said

e vicar.

**Not any, thank you. Pray don't move, Miss erincourt. I have just left our patient's room. "Not any, thank you. Pray don't move, Miss Levincourt. I have just left our patient's room. I could not resist coming to congratulate you on the favorable verdict that Dr. Gunnery pronounced this morning. Paul told me. I was unable to be here earlier in the day. But from my own observation of Sir John's condition this evening, I am quite able to indorse what Dr. Gunnery said. Danger is over for the present."

Mr. Plew spoke in a rather hesitating, shy way. And, although he seemingly tried to control his wandering giances, he could not help turning his eyes at every minute toward the

turning his eyes at every minute toward the hearth, where Misa Levincourt still remained in

hearth, where Miss Levincourt still remained in her nonchalant attitude on the rug.

"Voronica, get up," whispered Mand.

"Why? I am very comfortable. Mr. Plew is an old friend. We don't treat him with cere-mony; do we, Mr. Plew?" said Veronica aloud.

"Oh dear, Miss Levincourt, I trust not. I heg—that is—I hope you would not think of disturbing yourself on my account."

"Then you must neek another enshion," said

"Then you must seek another cushion," said

Mand, bluntly. "I am weary of your weight. You are as well able to support yourself as I am support you."
With that, Miss Desmond rose, crossed the

room, and took a chair beside the vicar. Mr. Plew's face untered a mute and disapproving commentary on the action.

Veronica caught his look, and instantly an-

Veronica caught his look, and instantly answered it by speech.

"Is Miss Desmond bound to give way to my whims, pray? I have more selfishness in my little finger than she has in her whole composition. She is worth three times my weight, in pure gold. Ain't you, Mandie?"

"I should say," answered Mand, stiffly, "that a discussion of our comparative merits would be highly uninteresting to Mr. Plew."

Mr. Plew looked amazingly uncomfortable, "The view came to his rescue.

The vicar came to his rescue.

"We are much obliged to your unremitting attention, Mr. Plew. And to it is owing, under Providence, the happy issue of this affair. venture to say that Sir John is very sensible of his debt to you. I have seen and spoken with him to-day for the first time."

"Oh, indeed, Sir?" "Oh, indeed, Sir?"

"Yes; a very agreeable man, Sir John."

"I dare say he is, Mr. Levincourt. But you know the circumstances under which I have seen him have not been favorable exactly." Here Mr.

Plew tittered faintly.
"H'm! Not a good patient, eh?"
"I won't say that, Sir. But I should say he had not been accustomed to be restrained in any

way. His servant manages him, though."
"Paul is a capital fellow; one of those excellent servants that one never finds in England." Indeed, Sir?

"No, our soil won't grow them. Or, if one is to be found here and there, they are, at any rate, not indigenous to Daneshire."

"Daneshire people, high or low, are not re-markable for civility," observed Veronica.

"Nor servility," added Maud.

"I suppose we shall soon be losing our great," resumed the vicar. "He spoke to-day of re-lieving us of his presence, et cetera. The fact

is, that to us personally his stay involves scarcely any inconvenience. But he will naturally be anxious to be gone as soon as may be. How soon do you think he will be able to travel?"

Mr. Plew could not tell. He would be able

should have left his couch. He anticipated that Sir John would find himself very weak. There

had been much prostration.
"I hear," proceeded Mr. Plew, "that Sir
John Gale's groom and three hunters have been "I agree with your enlogant. And observe that it is pure magnanimity which prompts me to do so. For sweet Mistress Nelly does not like me one bit."

"Oh, Veronica!"

"Oh, Mand! It is so. I have a sixth sense which never deceives me in these matters. I He is immensely rich, from what I can gather."

As thus Mr. Plew gessiped on, in a monoto-neus tone, the vicar listened, or seemed to listen, with half-closed eyes. His thoughts were in reality harking back to Veronica's phrase that Shipley must be "a mere little ugly blot" in Sir John's map of the world. And then the vicar included in some "sweet self-pity;" contrasting his days spent among Daneshire hinds, and un-der Daneshire skies, with the brightness of his three years' sojourn abroad. And yet those years spent in foreign lands had been haunted by the ghost of a lost love, and by a vain re-gret.

Presently Mr. Plew's talk turned on the choir of St. Gildas, the progress it had made, and the desirability of introducing still further improvements. Then Mr. Levincourt roused himself to attend to what was being said. He began to talk himself, and he talked very well. Veronica and Mand sat a little spart, away from the glare of the fire, and held a whispered consultation as

to their toilets on the nineteenth.

Maud had her share of natural girlish interest in the topic; but she tired of it long before her companion. With a quiet movement she drew a book from beneath a heap of colored wools and canvas in her work-basket, and began to read, almost stealthily, half hidden behind the vicar's

arm-chair. Veronica advanced to the hearth, drew her chair up opposite to Mr. Plew, and disposed one foot, coquettishly peeping from under the folia of her dress, on the polished steel har of the

Mr. Plew stumbled, stammered, and lost the thread of his discourse. "I beg your pardon," said the vicar, "I don't the partial of the following serious comprehend your last remark. I was saying that there are some pretty quaint bits of melody in those scenars of Kozeluch. Miss Desmond plays the piano-forte part. Bring your flute some evening, and try them over with her. The piano-forte may be unlocked again now, I suppose. When I said that Sir John's stay involved no retracted incomprehence to us. I recleased on our personal inconvenience to us, I reckoned on our being allowed to hear the voice of music once

"Mr. Plew's flute has the softest of voices, paps. I am sure its serial breathings could not penetrate to the blue chamber."

penetrate to the blue chamber."

"Ah, there, now—there, Miss Veronica—Miss Leviacourt—you're chaffing me."

"Eh?" (with wide-opened eyes and super arching of the brows.)

"I beg pardon—laughing at me."

"How can you think so, Mr. Plew?"

"Oh, I know. But you are privileged, of course."

course Am 17"

"I mean young ladies in general are privi-leged to say what they please. I'm sure, now, that you don't really care about my flute playing. would not like to hear it."

"But it is papa and Miss Desmond whom you play for. If they are satisfied, all is well. I don't pretend to be a virtuosa. And I will say this for your flute, Mr. Plew—it is very unob-

The sparkle of raillery in her eyes, the saucy smile on her lip, the half-disdainful grace of her attitude, appeared to entrance the little surgeon. His eyes blinked as he looked at her. There was no revolt in his meck soul against the scare

ly disguised incolence of her manner.

The vicar was a man of fine breeding. His daughter's behavior to-night jarred on his taste. Mr. Levincourt did not usually trouble himself to observe, still less to correct, such shortcom-ings. But his interview with Sir John Gale had awakened old associations. He was conscious of the impression which his own polished address

had made on his guest. When Mr. Plew had departed the vicar said, in a tone more of complaint than rebuke: "You should not tease that mild little man, Veronica. He does not understand raillery, and will either presume on it to become familiar, or else suffer from wounded feeling. Neither alternative is to

be desired."

"Papa mio, he likes it!"

"But I do not. Besides, it is of you that I am thinking. Flippancy in a woman is of all things the most detestable. Not to speak of the matter on higher grounds" (the vicar habitually avoided all appeal to "higher grounds" in his non-professional moments), "it is utterly in had

ste—mauvais genre." Veronica floabed high with anger, for her amour propre was stung; but by the time that she and Maud retired for the night the cloud of temper had dispersed. Veronica came into Maud's room, and began chatting guyly about Mrs

Sheardown's dinner-party.

"Maud," said she, "Maud, I have decided on amber—a good rich amber, you know. I shall wear an amber satin sash with my white dress, and a streak of the same color-just a band of it—in my hair."
"Very well."

"Very well? Are you in one of your frozen moods, Maud Hilda Desmond? If so, thaw as quickly as may be; I want to talk to you."

Maud wrapped a white dressing gown around ber, seated herself by the fire, and proceeded to loosen her straight silky hair from its plaits. After a pause she said: "I do not wish to be frozen, Veronica; but your sudden changes of

tremperature are fatiguing. Just now you were like a brooding thunder-cloud. At present all is sunshine and blue sky. Do you suppose you are likely always to find persons able and willing

to follow these capricious variations?"

Veronics took this speech very meekly. "I can't help it, Maudie," said she.

"Yes, you can; you can command yourself when there is a sufficient object in view. You don't exhibit these vagaries in the presence of people whom you desire to charm."

"I wonder why I let you talk so to me. I

um your elder by two years, you little solemn

Mand quietly released the last coil of her hair from its bonds, and said nothing. Suddenly Veronica knelt down by her companion's side and clasped her arms round her waist. So she still and silent, for some minutes. Then she slid down into her favorite posture on the rug, and exclaimed, without looking up, "I wish I could be good like you, Mand!"
"Nonsense! Good like me? I am not very

good. But we can all be better if we try hard."

"I can not. No; I can not. I-I-want so many things that good people despise-or preto despise.

What things?" "Oh, I don't know; all sorts of things. Is

there nothing you want?"
"Plenty of things I should like. But I don't see how wanting things should prevent your be-

ing good."
"But I want vain, wicked, worldly things,

"And do you think vain, wicked, worldly

things would make you happy?"
"Yes, I do. There! Don't look so scared, and open your eyes so wide, white owl. That's the truth. You always advocate speaking the truth, you know. Good-night."
"Good-night, Veronica. You are in one of

your perverse moods to-night. There is no use in arguing with you."
"Not a bit of use!"

"But you are wiser than your words. You

'That's the worst of it! I wish I didn't know better. The fools are never troubled by knowing better. I know the better and want the worse. There, now, you are frozen into an icemaiden again!"

Mand remained pale and silent, gazing straight before her.

Veronica waited a minute, lingering near the door, and then, with a little defiant toss of the head, shrugged her shoulders and left the room without another word.

The house was still; the vibrations of the last stroke of eleven, boomed out by the deep-voiced bell of St. Gildas, were dying away; the glow of bell of St. Gildas, were dying away; the glow of the fire had died down to a faint red glimmer, when a white figure glided noiselessly to Maud's

"Mandie! Mandie! Are you asleep?"
"Veronica! What is it? What is the mat-

"Nothing. Kiss me, Mand. I can not sleep until you have done so.

Maud raised her head from the pillow and kissed the other girl's cheek.
"Good-night, dear Veronica," she whispered.
"God bless you, Maudie!"

VACCINATION.

Ir Chinese chronicles tell the truth, mankind had been scourged by a loathsome disease, which maimed the few whose lives it spared, for nearly whose lives it spared, for nearly three thousand years before an obscure medical practitioner in Gloucestershire atumbled upon a neans of palliating, if not altogether an its ravages. To be more precise, the existence of small-pox in man is traced back in the records of the Celestial Kingdom as far as 1122 years before Christ, and in 1798 Dr. Edward Jenner published an unostentatious essay setting forth the results of several years of careful investigation into what at first seemed a rustic superstition, and modestly expressing a "hope of its becom-ing beneficial to mankind." This superstition was, that cow-milkers who contracted sore hands was, that cow-mixers was contracted sore hands from cows suffering under a peculiar and then prevalent eraption on the unider, were thereby given immunity from small-pox. Jenner heard the village goesip, had his attention drawn to certain corroborative facts, pondered the matter, tested it in various ways, and finally promulgated his scheme of "Vaccusaryov." his scheme of "VACCINATION.

In connection with Jenner's researches, and as showing his superior perspicacity, two circum-stances are noteworthy. The first of these is, stances are noteworthy. The first of these is, that a popular belief in the protective power of the infection, derived from this peculiar kine disease, was not confined to Gloucestershire, but existed in the dairy districts around Göttingen, where acute medical observers have never been wanting. The second is, that the similarity be-tween the "epizootic" in cattle and small-pox in man was noted by Italian writers before Jenner announced his belief that the two maladies were identical. Subsequent experiments have conclusively proven the validity of this hypothesis. Small-pox was transmitted from the human subject to the cow and other animals in 1801; and in 1836 a Russian physician named Thiele pro-duced on cow's udders, by inoculation with the the cow and other animals in 1801; and virus of human small-pox, the characteristic vesicles of the kine-pox proper, and found that the lymph from these retained its specific power after seventy-five successive transmissions through human subjects. Among the results of other interesting experiments it may be stated that hu-man small-pox has been transmitted through the horse to the cow, and from the latter children have been vaccinated with genuine cow-pox and furthermore, that when a cow is inoculated with roccise matter from a human arm, the lymph produced in her has comparatively little activity, but gains intensity by successive transmissions through human subjects.

It seems certain, from these and other data, that the same cause which produces small-pox in man gives rise to a specific disease in cattle, but that in the latter the vivus undergoes a modifica-tion which renders its manifestations much milder, without, however, destroying its essential attributes; in other words, by vaccinating a child we communicate to it a very light form of smallpox, and thereby prevent it from contracting a graver form of the same malady.

That this protective power is really exerted by vaccination, statistics show beyond the possibility of dispute. In England, during the last half of the eighteenth century, out of every 1000 deaths 96 were caused by small-pox, while in the half century from 1800 to 1850 the rate was relevant at 25 1, 1000. reduced to 35 in 1000. In the German States vaccination reduced the mortality due to smallpox from 66.5 to 7.26 in every 1000 deaths. Every where experience has shown that the more thoroughly vaccination is enforced the fewer deaths occur from small-pox. Thus, in Glasgow (when vaccination was voluntary and rure) this disease killed 36 out of every 1000 deaths, while in the Rhenish Provinces (where vaccination was compulsory) its ratio was but 3.7 in 1000. During the twenty years from 1817 to 1837 several epidemics of small-pox visited the West Indies, but among the British troops stationed there (an aggregate strength of 86,661 whites and 40,934 blacks), out of a total mortality of 6803, there was not a single death from that disease. Statistics of this several minds to added above the statement of the several statement. tistics of this sort might be adduced almost ad injustum, if it were requisite to give further evi-dence of the safeguard afforded by vaccination. Strange to say, in the face of all these facts,

Strange to say, in the face of all these facts, there has been, since Jenner's time, a dogged spirit of opposition which has periodically manifested itself against his discovery; and at the present day, more particularly in England, not only the ignorant classes, but even many persons of intelligence and culture, have declared open and organized hostility to vaccination, and accuse it of committing ravages worse than those of the disease which it supplants. According to popular belief, scrofuls, consumption, fevers of various kinds, erysipelas, and indeed nearly all the ills that flesh is beir to, are transmitted by vaccine lymph; the more intelligent opponents of vaccination, among whom are included a few medical men, confine their argument to the pos-sibility of communicating syphilis and certain forms of skin-disease. The first of these theories is thus chearly answered in the recent work of Professor Niemeyer, than whom no higher au-

thority on such subjects exists;
"Leaving out of consideration certain foolish objections that have been advanced against vaccination, it can not be denied that it sometimes endangers life, and in other cases leaves permasent impairment of health, especially outaneous eruptions and other scrofulous affections. The hypothesis that scrofula was transferred by the vaccination from one child to the other is false, however, as can be proved. Sometimes children become scrofulous after vaccination, although become scrotulous after vaccination, although the lymph have been taken from the arm of a perfectly healthy child; and sometimes chil-dren remain perfectly healthy after being vac-cinated with lymph from a decidedly scrofulous child. The occurrence of scrofula after vaccina-tion seems to be due to the debilitating influence of the fever accompanying the vaccina, and the prominence of the exanthema among these scrof-ulous affections appears to depend on the disorder of the skin, artificially induced at the point of vaccination. At least, other febrile diseases, as well as all debilitating affections occurring in young children with a tendency to scrofula, have the same influence in developing this disease that raccine has. And we know that blisters and other irritants to the skin not only induce in-flammation at the point of application, but also increase the predisposition to other cutaneous affections. Many children who have never previously suffered from any exanthema are affected for months with moist ecrame of the feet months with moist eczema of the face after having their ears pierced, as well as after vaccination. But it is only in rare cases that the occurrence of scrofulous affections is due solely to vaccination, and is not influenced by other causes, such as weening and teething, which usually take place about the time that vaccination is done; and it is still rarer for life to be endangered by the operation. Complete ignorance of statistics of mortality, which show a decided decrease of mortality since the introduction of vaccination, must be the only excuse for urging these exceptional cases as grounds against vaccination. It may be readily seen why more children die of messies, scarlatina, croup, and hydrocephalus, since small-pox leaves a larger number for these diseases to attack, as it were. But the slight increase of mortality in bove diseases does not, by any means, equal the diminution of mortality in variola (small-Unless the occurrence of a small-pox epidemic throws all other considerations into the shade, I do not vaccinate weakly children, inclined to scrofula, during their first year, but wait till the second or third, after the teeth have developed, because I am satisfied that, in such children, very much depends on protecting their first development from injurious influences."

With regard to the skin-diseases attributed to vaccination, the common experience of skilled physicians shows that in the majority of such cases the eruption is of a kind not communicable by inoculation, and therefore to be viewed as a previously latent tendency, roused to activity by the vaccinative disturbance, as it might have been by any other exciting influence. To the question: "Have you any reason to believe, or to suspect, that vaccinated persons, in being renless susceptible of small-pox, become more susceptible of any other infective disease, or of phthis; ?"—a question addressed by the English Board of Health to eminent medical men at home and abroad—542 answers were received, all decidedly in the negative. Sir W. Jenner, Dr. West, and Mr. Marson, in an aggregate of 79,000 vaccinations, had not a single case giving color to any suspicion of a taint thus transmitted, and a long list could be given of the most dis-tinguished and experienced members of the med-ical profession who have written to the same

That certain forms of applifitic disease may be inoculated from one person to another is cer-tain, but it seems equally certain that the trans-mission can not take place through vaccination, if properly performed. Just as the virus of scar-let-fever will communicate only scarlet-fever, the contagion of whooping-cough only whoopingcough, as the syphilitic poison itself produces nothing but syphilis; just so the vaccine virus transmits cow-pox and nothing else. The vesi-cle which forms and matures in a vaccinated arm on the eighth day contains a clear lymph which represents the specific virus of the vaccine disease, totally independent of the condition of the tissues which surround it. As Dr. Ballard, in his "Prize Essay on Vaccination," says: "The quality of vaccine virus is not regulated by any healthiness or unhealthiness of the child who furnishes it, in the sense that it partakes in any way of that child's particular constitution. It is the same from a scrufulous or rickety in-fant as from a robust one; it is vaccine virus, weakened and deteriorated somewhat, perhaps, in its energy, but nothing more." Now, if the lymph from this vesicle be procured on the eighth day, we may be sure that it possesses but one specific property, namely, that of reproducing the disease of which it is the product. If we want want the content of the product of th wait until the contents of the vestele have degenerated and become purulent, not only are the results of vaccination less certain, but there may even be an inoculation of something besides vac-cina. If, again—and here is the important point -instead of merely puncturing the vesicle, the surrounding tissues be wounded so that blood be mingled with the lymph, then the use of such lymph becomes dangerous. That syphilis may be communicated by the blood is no longer a matter of doubt; but if we inoculate both blood and lymph it is obviously unfair to impute the bad result to the lymph itself. Such cases, how-ever, are exceedingly rare, and nothing but the most inexcusable clumsiness can cause the dangerous admixture. A. L. C.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A special Committee of the Prison Association and the Inspectors of State Prisons recently met in the Senate Chamber at Albany to consult in regard to the best methods of discipline in our State Prison. Af-fect considerable discussion a paper was read by one of the Coumittee, in which the opinion was expressed that one of the most successful means of preventing had conduct in value, accessful means of preventing had conduct in prison, encouraging the inmates to one conduct in prison, circularing the inmates to conduct themselves correctly, and proving to them the advantage of good behavior, was the law which rewards them for it, by an abbreviation of their sen-bances. Moreover, that the effect would undoubtedly be marked if had conduct and disobedience of the prison rules should increase the length of senten prison rules should increase the length of sentence in the same proportion as good conduct and obedience now reduces it. If, when sentence was pronounced upon a convict, the Judge should inform him that good behavior in prison would diminish the time, and had conduct increase it in the same proportion, it was thought it would in many cases at once influence the convict in regard to his deportment. It was sho suggested that improper conduct and violation of suggested that improper conduct and violation of prison rules should not be punished by whitpping, showering, and similar physical penalties, which sel-dom have any improving influence, but that the of-fender should be confined alone until he evinced a change of spirit. But it was highly desirable that ev-ery close cell should be well applied but the ery close cell abould be well ventilated, kept free from any foul air, and perfectly clean, that the phys-ical and mental health of the occupants be preserved. It was thought desirable to make a thorough exam-ination of the prisons, and report concerning them. The conference is to be renewed at Sing Sing some time in October.

It is stated that the Right Honorable Stephen Losh ington, who was consulted by Lady Byron in regard to a separation from her husband, is alive, and will doubtless be able to clear po the accelled 100 doubtless be able to clear up the so-called "Byron slander." Dr. Luchington is now eighty-seven years

A sad report is current that Miss Grinnell has be come insane since learning of the recest accidental death of her brother, who was killed by falling from a window at the lele of Wight.

On one occasion during the recent Presidential tour in Vermont, when the President and his wife alighted from the cars, such an eager crowd gathered to catch a glimpse of the General that Mrs. Grant was for a a gamps of the General Lan are, terms, was for a moment lost in the throng. Her simple, unpreten-tious dress and manner prevented her being recog-zized, and she was somewhat amused at being re-quested to "stand back, and let the President's party

international boat-race was intense. A public an nouncement was to be made as soon as the telegram was received from England by ringing the fire-bells-S to be struck if the Oxfords were victorious, and 5.5 if the Harvards gained. Many "Harvard boye" had assembled in Boston to obtain the earliest information; and when the heavy \$-8 sounded the disap-pointment was great. Yet when faller details of the race cares, many a hearty cheer went up for the plucky

A daugerous new counterfeit \$10 greenback is thus briefly described: It is one of the new series, No. 53, letter D. A good test is to fold the note, bringing the two ends together. The counterfeit note is not per-fectly square at both ends, but the genuine is, the being made at true right angles, and when fuldd the discrepancy between the genuine and counterfelt can be discovered.

There must be some chapte of confusion in the books of the Burk of England, there being no less than 5429 Smiths who receive dividends on various some in the public stocks. There are also 2478 Browns,

A povel association has been formed in Portland, Maine - the Aged Men's Society, it is called - and though no one under cirty-five years of age is admit-ted, there are already 111 members. It is stated that Judge Luther Fitch is the oldest member, he being

According to President Woolsey, of Yale College, "Connecticut is at the hottom of the list" in regard

to the number of divorces in proportion to the num-ber of marriages. From tables which have been prepared in some few of the States, it has be tained that the ratio of divorces to marriages has annually averaged, since 1860, in Vermont, one divorce to twenty marriages; in Massachusetts, one to forty-four: in Ohio, one to twenty-six; is Connecticut, one to ten. In twenty States the Constitution prohibits to the Legislature private bills of divorce; yet in sev-eral States the courts have power to grant divorces for what shall seem to them "sufficient reasons."

The so-called Professor Jenkins has, according to announcement, crossed Niagara Elver on what was termed a "velocipede," The machine used in this termed a "velocipede." The machine used in this foolish feat was not in any sense an ordinary velocipede, therein a bicycle. The wheels, three inches wide, were made heavy, without threa, but with grooves nearly two inches deep. The connecting-rods were iron, so also the behavior-pole, which was eight feet long and tipped with ten-pound balls, and weighed twenty-eight pounds. The propelling power was a pluton cog-wheel made of brass, about nine inches in diameter. The cable was require featured. inches in diameter. The cable was securely fastened on the American shore, and on the Canada shore colled around a windlass, so that it might easily be cotted around a windnass, so that it night easily be tightened. The front whoel of the bicycle was piaced on the rope, and standards from the under side so ar-ranged as to bring two strong bors of fron on either side of the rope. Every thing was securely fastened, and the whole arrangement each as to throw the en-tire weight of machine and rider under the rope. Some little disappointment was evinced among the 8000 speciators when this was apparent. But, dressed. in costume, the lion of the day slowly started on his ride, the crowd preserving deathlike stillness. When he reached the middle of the abyes he waved his hat, in response to which a faint cheer arose. When, after a passage of eleven minutes, he reached the edge of the cliff, the applicase was load and long.

A story is told in a Paris paper of a new method. for recovering one's febra. A crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Odion round a girl with a wooden leg, whom a gentleman at an edjoining window was aptrophising with load cries and gesticulations. It turned out that the girl was a washer-woman who had gone to the gentleman to ask for payment of her bill, and finding that the money was not forthcoming, she had seized her customer's wooden leg, which was lying in a corner, and had walked off declaring that ab would not return it till she was paid.

A mechanician named Gensoul has invente chine which reports speeches verbatim. The idea is the same as that which governed the "mechanical compositor," from which such great things were once hoped. The reporter sits down before a plane and plays, as it were, upon the keys, each stroke placing part of a word upon his copy. When in fall practics he can outstrip the swiftest speaker, a

Corporal punishment is not inflicted so frequently in American schools as in English, public opinion every where out of New England being against its continuance. It is prohibited by law in the case of every where out of Now England being against its continuance. It is prohibited by law in the case of girls, and in night and primary schools. Ten New York schools, with an aggregate attendance of 1600 scholars, recently tried the experiment of doing without it; and it was found that discipline and good order were as effectivily preserved by other means. Another batch of schools was content to adopt extreme moderation instead of total abstincace in this matter, it being resolved only to revert to the black when other means had failed. The result here was that out of nearly 1606 boys only sleven were found impervious to the new method of permasion. It is impervious to the new method of persuasion. It is an interesting question what would have become of these eleves if they had happened to be in the schools where the rod was totally forbidden.

It is said that the thread of a certain species of spider, Sound in the Shouth, emproves a weight of 54 grains. As this fibre is only the one-four-thousandth of an inch in diameter, this is at the rate of 138,407 pounds, or 41% tons, per square fach. Good from wire sustains 57 tons per fach; good steel 66 tons: good gun-metal 60 tons.

Paper garments promise to displace cotton and woolen fabrica one of these days. Moreover, imitation leather is made from paper, which supplies a cheap and useful covering for furniture, and even serves für shoes.

The Grissoffscope is the most ill-natured invention. of the times. The savie de visite of a lady friend, for example, is placed in the apparatus, and she appara distorted in a thousand hideous ways, the innumerable combinations of the kaleidoscope being successfully applied to the art of making ugly one's fellow-

An exchange, evidently regarding Rochester as a monomentar, writes a jocuse half column about the devotion of that city to the famed Century Plant. It develops of that city to the famed Century Finn. It declares that for the last three months business has been entirely suspended in Rochester, and Jack's been stalk has been completely left out in the wet. The language of the people has become so betanical that even at restaurants the bills of fare offer Aloc Soup, Roast Beef with reredute Stigmas, Leg of Mutton reticulated, Lamb with Pericarp Sauce: while Pods, Pistile, Stamene, and Petale come into Entrees; and Baked Cones, Endocarp Pie, Coraline Jelly, and Anricaliste Meriugues help to make up the list of Pastry. Moreover, "seventy-three of the largest lake steamers and all-through railroad lines have been chartered for the transportation of the gigantic Agave to Chicago?"

The cause of "woman's rights" is advancing rapidby in Great Britain. The women of England have obtained the municipal franchise, the Bouse of Com-mons has passed the married woman's property bill, and it has been read a second time in the House of Moreover, the provisions of the endowed school bill will give young women a fairer share of educational privileges than they have hitherto en-

worth \$220,000,000;" and sugar, wheat, behaven, and other crops which "will bring \$150,000,000 more," making a very large income "for a population of making a very large income "for a population of about 11,000,000," Reconstruction certainly has not ruined the South, as was so dereely prophested by many not long ago; and Northern friends will rejoice in what seems to be only the beginning of a brighter

APPARENT DEATH.

CERTAINLY we manage some things better than they do in France; among them being the interval allowed to clapse between death and interment. Still, there are circumstances and cases which, even here, afford matter for serious re-

It will easily be supposed that the dangerous briefness of this interval has been urged upon the attention of the French Legislature, and been ably discussed by the French medical press. In 1866 a petition was presented to the Senate from a per-son named De Cornol, pointing out the danger of hasty interments, and suggesting the measures he thought requisite to avoid terrible consequences. Among other things he prayed that the space of

twenty-four hours between the decease and the interment now pre-scribed by the law should be extended to eight-and-forty hours. A long debate followed, in which Cardinal Donwhich Cardinal Don-net, Archhishop of Bor-deaux, took a leading part. He was decidedly of epinion that the pe-tition should not be set aside by the "order of the day," but that it should be transmitted to the Minister of the Interior for further con-Interior for further conséderation and inquiry. Some of the venerable prelate's remarks pro-duced so great an effect on his auditors as to merit particular men-tion. He said be had the very best reasons for believing that the vicwere more numerous than people supposed. He considered the regulations on this head prolations on this head pre-scribed by the law as very judicious, but un-fortunately they were not always executed as they should be, nor was sufficient importance at-tached to them. In the village where he was sta-tioned as assistant curate in the first period of his sacerdotal life, he saved two persons from being buried alive. The first was an aged man, who lived twelve hours after the hour fixed for his interment by the mu-nicipal officer. The secnicipal officer. end was a man who was quite restored to life. In both these instances a trance more prolonged than usual was taken for actual death.

The next case in his experience occurred at Bordeanx. A young lady, who bore one of the most distinguished mames in the depart-ment, had passed ment, had passed through what was be-lieved to be her last agoitered to be hor last ago-ny, and as, apparently, all was over, the father and mother were torn away from the heart-rending spectacle. At that moment, as God willed it, the cardinal happened to pass the door of the house, when in preserved to him to call is occurred to him to call and inquire how the roung lady was going on. When he entered the room, the nurse, finding the body breath-less, was in the next of less, was in the act of covering the face, and indeed there was every appearance that life had departed. Somehow or departed. Somehow or other it did not seem so standers. He re solved to try. He raised his voice, called loadly upon the young lady not to give up all hope, said that he was come to cure her, and that he

The words of hope reached her ear and effected a marvelous change, or rather called back the life that was departing. The young girl sur-vived, and in 1866 was a wife, the mother of children, and the chief happiness of two most respectable families.

The last instance related by the Archbishop is so interesting, and made such a sensation, that it deserves to be given in his own words:

"In the summer of 1826, on a close and sultry day, in a church that was excessively crowded, a young priest who was in the act of proaching was suddenly seized with giddiness in the pulpit. The words he was uttering became indistinct; he soon lost the power of speech, and sank down

upon the floor. He was taken out of the church and carried home. Every body thought that all was over. Some hours afterward the funeral hell was tolled, and the usual preparations were made for the interment. His evesight was gone; but if, like the young lady I have mentioned, he could see nothing, he could nevertheless hear; and I need not say that what reached his ears was not calculated to reassure him. The doctor came, examined him, and pronounced him dead; and after the usual inquiries as to his ago, the place-of his birth, etc., gave permission for his interment next morning. The venerable hishop, in whose cathedral the young priest was preaching when he was seized with the fit, came to his bedside to recite the Du Profundis.

The body was measured for the coffin. Night with blue; a thick and yellowish froth exuded

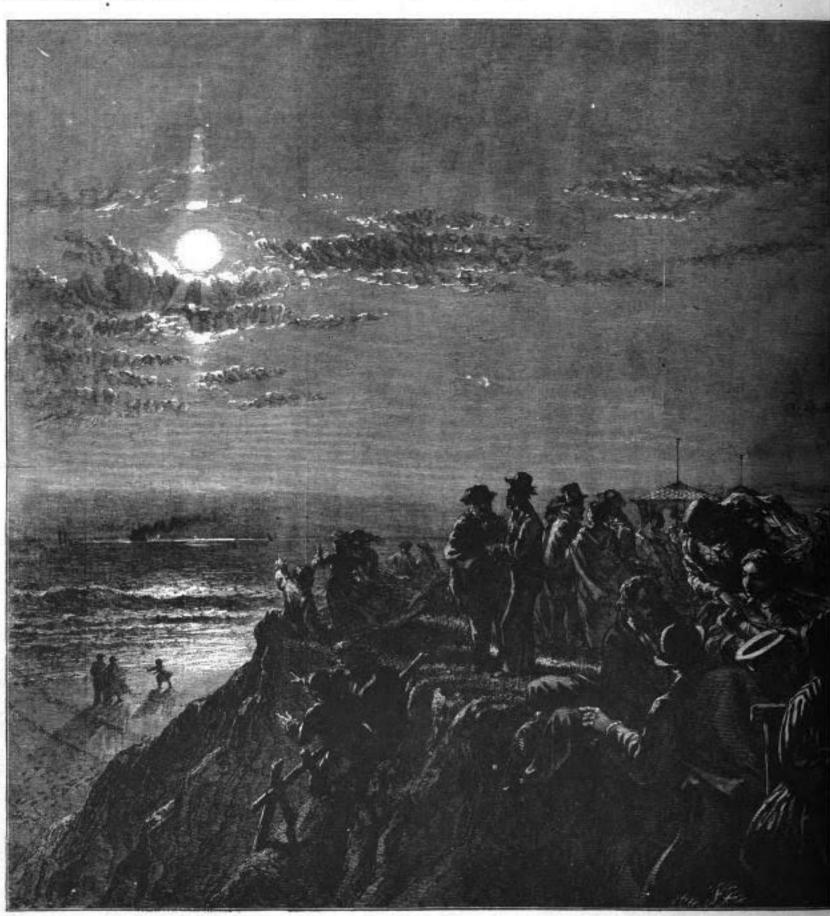
The body was measured for the coffin. Night in the arternoon, near the Post des Arts, Paris, convection than his own would have refrained from making. These facts lead Dr. Londe to death. The most appearable his bring, the conclusion that, every day, dreamed individual strongly built. The corpse was discolored and strongly built. The corpse was discolored and strongly built. The corpse was discolored and tinged gas a rare form of death. It is possible that

Apparente, Les Conséquences Réelles des In-humations Précipitées, et Le Temps Pendant lequel peut persister L'Aptitude à être Rappelé à la Vie, by the late regretted Dr. Charles Loude, records accidents which are more likely than the preceding to occur in England. Even were the bathing season not at hand, deaths by drowning are always to be apprehended. We therefore cite the following:

therefore cise the following:
On the 13th of July, 1829, about two o'clock in the afternoon, near the Pont des Arts, Paris,

over the inanimate body, with watchful eye and attentive ear, to catch the first rustling of the heart, had left the drowned man, after half an hour's fruitless endeavor, as often happens? The unfortunate young man would have been hid in the grave, although capable of restoration to life! To this case, Dr. Bourgeois, in the Archives de Médecine, adds others, in which individuals who had remained under water as long as any more of the parient taken into the decoration of the left of the limits of the manned under water as long as any more of the results a drowning the results a drowning the results. had remained under water as long as atx mouns were recalled to life by efforts which a weaker conviction than his own would have refrained

drooping, the pupils trace either of breathin or arteries; in short, t



"LONG BRANCH BY MOONLIGHT."-[ENGRAVED BY

was about to pray by her side. "You do not see came on, and you will easily feel how inexpress-me," he said, "but you hear what I am saying." The was the anguish of the living being in such Those singular presentiments were not unfound-a situation. At last, amidst the voices marmuring around him, he distinguished that of one whom he had known from infancy. That voice produced a marvelous effect, and excited him to make a superhuman effort. Of what followed I need say no more than that the seemingly dead man stood next day in the pulpit from which he had been taken for dead. That young priest, gentlemen, is the same man who is now sp before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones, in order to pre-

from the mouth; the eyes were open, fixed, and motionless; the limbs limp and drooping. No pulsation of the heart nor trace of respiration was perceptible. The body had remained under water for a considerable time; the search after it, made in Dr. Bourgeois's presence, lasted fully twenty minutes. That gentleman did not besion of the lookers-on, tate to incur the derist proceeding to attempt the resurrection of what, in their eyes, was a mere lump of clay. Never theless, several hours afterward, the supposed corpse was restored to life, thanks to the nate perseverance of the doctor, who, although strong and enjoying robust health, was several times on the point of losing courage, and aban-doning the patient in despair.

But what would have happened if Dr. Bour

suspended animation may now and then have n mistaken for the absolute extinction of life. Dr. Londe gives an instructive case to the pur-pose. At the extremity of a large grocer's shop a close narrow corner, or rather hole, was the sleeping-place of the shopman who managed the night sale till the shop was closed, and who opened the shotters at four in the morning. On opened the shorters at four in the morning. On the 16th of January, 1825, there were loud knocks at the grocer's door. As nobody stirred to open it, the grocer rose himself, grumbling at the shopman's laziness, and proceeding to his sleeping-hole to scold him. He found him mo-tionless in bed, completely deprived of conscious-ness. Terror-struck by the idea of sudden death, he immediately sent in search of a doctor, who suspected a case of asphyxia by mephitism. His vent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes." But what would have happened if Dr. Boursuspected a case of asphyxia by mephitism. His seen to move A remarkable pumphlet, Lettre sur La Moet goois, instead of parsistently remaining stooping suspections were confirmed by the sight of a night-

opened his eyes, regain able to converse with t his resurrection. Dr. conclusions as before; focated by mephitism when they might be sa We have had cholen have it again. At se hurried interments are almost unavoidable. peculiarities of that for some of the symptoms the coldness, and the d life has taken its dep

states, as an acknow pronounced dead of ch

outh well supplied ortable store con-al partly reduced

immediately had air, and kept on vertical as possir hong loose and conless, with no

to Poland to study the cholera) was opening a subject in the dead-house of the Bagatelle Hospital in Warsaw, he saw another body (that of a woman of fifty, who had died in two days, having her eyes still bright, her joints supple, but the whole surface extremely cold) which visibly moved its left foot ten or twelve times in the course of an hour. Afterward the right foot participated in the same movement, but very feebly. M. Traches sent for Mr. Scarle, an English surgeon, to direct his attention to the number of single participated in the same movement, but very feebly. M. Traches sent for Mr. Scarle, an English surgeon, to direct his attention to the number of single participated in the same movement, but very feebly. M. Traches sent for Mr. Scarle, an English surgeon, to direct his attention to the number of the corps in its winding sheet. Suddenly a rattling noise issued from Thérèse's chest. Suddenly a rattling noise issued fro course of an hour. Afterward the right foot directs, with no participated in the same movement, but very said the signs of the heart wall the signs of restoring along while with-tree in the after-dominand exerting and the region grand in the region grand the region grand the patient. Tracket draws the inference: "It is allowable to the patient of the heart foot the same movement, but very the mounts. In Germany coffins, with the corpses laid out in them, are placed in a building where a keeper watches day and night. During the forty years that this system has been in force not a single case of apparent death has been proved to occur. This negative result can not be cited as conclusive, either for or against the system. In a country where a million of people annually die, an experiment embracing only forty-six thousand

state of lethargy the pupil, under the influence of a few drops of atropine, dilates in the course of a few minutes; the dilatation also takes place a few instants after death; but it ceases abso-lately in a quarter of an hour or half an hour at the very longest; consequently, the enlargement of the pupil is a certain sign that death is only

This premised, imagine a little camera-obscura, scarcely so big as an opera-glass, contain-ing a slip of photographic paper, which is kept unrolling for five-and-twenty or thirty minutes by means of clock-work. This apparatus, placed

Docteur Bouchot has shown that atropine has rolled marks the time during which the experino action on the pupil when death is real. In a
state of lethargy the pupil, under the influence
of a few drops of atropine, dilates in the course
to or one of the notables of every parish. Such a system would silence the apprehensions of the most timid. Fears—natural enough—would disappear, and the world would be shocked by no fresh cases of premature burial.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

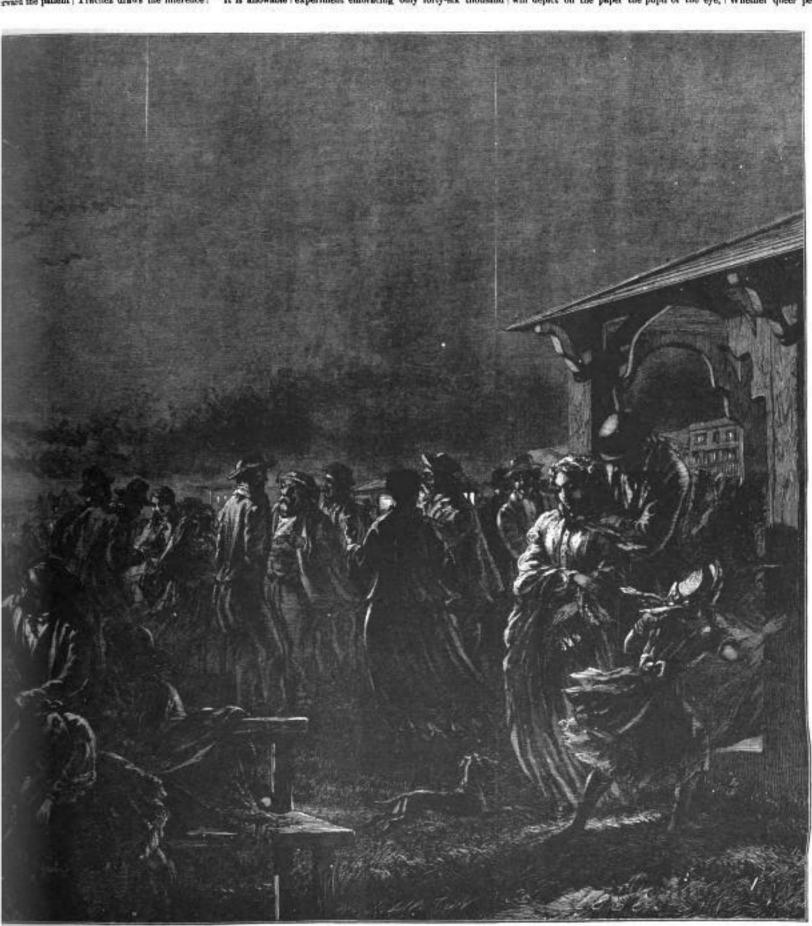
THE innocent eccentricities of certain mem by means of clock-work. This apparatus, placed a short distance in front of the dead person's eye, will depict on the paper the pupil of the eye, Whether queer people were more plentiful in

by-gone times than they nre at present; whether the world be less or more fatuous than it was, we have not the slightest totion. As it gets old-or, we should hope it grows wiser; though this does not, in indi-vidual enses at lenst, al-ways follow. But that ways follow. But that we have still eccentrics amongus, persons whose doings are just as outré as any vagaries pre-viously recorded, there seems no reason what-ever to doubt.

The newspapers cently announced that a married lady in New York had left the whole of her property for the purpose of building a church, on the condition that her hody and bones should be made into mortar, in which to lay the corner-stone of the edifics. What a very eccentric lady she must have been! Think of the originality of the no-tices! None but a per-son of irregular mind could have conceived it. Her object or motive we do not and can never know, but her last will and testament is certainly one of the most extraordinary curiosities of testamentary literature on record.

A short time previous-we read that Professor W. B. Powell, an eminent American physician and phrenologist, lately dead, bequeathed his bead to one of his pu-pils, a Mrs. Kinsey.— The executor of the decensed employed Dr. Curtis, of Cincinnati, to take off his head, which is now in the possession of the fortunate legatee. What will she do with what will she do with it? We never heard of a foot being bequenthed by any body. There is, however, the legacy of a hand on record. The will of Philip Thick-nesse, Esquire, who died during the last century during the last century, runs thus: "I desire that after my death my right hand may be cut off and sent to Lord off and sent to Lord Dudley, that he may see the hand dead which when living had not only often given him many guinean in his youth, which his father wanted in his age, as well as an expensive education, with a view of what he was to be, rather than what he then was; sineerely hoping thereby that such a deadly sight may awaken his deluded mind, and teach him his duty to God, that he may obtain pardon for his neglect of a fa-ther who once loved him with unbounded affection, and who dying for-

An inhabitant of London, who lived about four centuries ago, left eight shillings to be expended annually in the purchase of fagots with which to burn heresics. John Hodge has kept his name out of oblivion by giving twemty shillings a year to a poor man to go about the purish church of Trysall during sermon-time to keep people awake and dogs out of church. Henry people nanke and dogs out of church. Heavy Green, of Melbourne, Derbyshire, gave his prop-



LANTON, FROM THE URIGINAL PAINTING BY ROSENBURG.]

draws the same that persons saffrequently buried

country, and may g times, if ever, sly excusable, but size, one of the se is to bring on the prostration,

Dr. Veyrat, attached to the Bath Establishment, Aix, Savoy, was sent for to La Roche (Department of the Yonne) to visit a cholera patient, Thérèse X., who had lost all the members of her family by the same disease. He found her in a complete state of asphyxia. He opened a vein; not a drop of blood flowed. He applied leeches; they bit, and immediately loosed their hold. He covered the body with stimplant spokesiations. Dr. Veyrat, attached to the Bath Establishcovered the body with stimulant applications, and went to take a little rest, requesting to be called if the patient manifested any signs of life. The New, Dr. Londe night and next day passed without any change, ict, that patients While making preparations for the burial they noticed a little blood cozing out of the lecchbeir limbs after bites. Dr. Veyrat, informed of the circumstance, entered the chamber just as the nurse

Moreover, mortnary chambers exist only in a few great centres of population; and it is espein small towns and country districts, where medical men are too busy to inspect the dead, that premature interments are to be apprehended.

M. de Parville announces the possibility of distinguishing every form of lethargy from real death. He professes to place in any one's hands a self-acting apparatus which would declare, not only whether the death be real, but would leave in the hands of the experimenter a written proof of the experimenter a written proof of the experimental states. The doctor and the civil officer are relieved from further responsibility. The paper sesses the property of considerably dilating the pupil of the eye. Oculists constantly make use of it when they want to perform an operation or to examine the interior of the eye. Now M. le

gives him, as he does all his coemies, and was to think that many cholera patients have been previously moistened with sons, we dare say, would be inclined to consider the attracted by buried alive."

Corpses is too partial to be relied on as evidence, which will have been previously moistened with sons, we dare say, would be inclined to consider the state of the local st a few drops of atropine. It is evident that, as the paper slides before the eye of the corpor, if the pupil dilate, its photographic image will be di-lated; if, on the contrary, it remains unchanged, the image will retain its original size. An inspection of the paper then enables the experi-menter to read upon it whether the death is real

or apparent only.

By this simple method a hasty or careless certificate of death becomes impossible. The in-strument applies the test, and counts the min-

bor:

the second second second second

tached to his family name that the bulk of his property was given in charity for the support and maintenance of such poor persons in England as shall appear to be of the name of Nicholson—a very carbolic benefaction, certainly. Then we have "The Brown Bequest," published a short time ago. Joseph Brown, Esq., of Goldsworth all, left a splendid estate to endow a hospital in Sillerton for the education of boys of the name of Brown, preference being given to those who combine the prefix of Joseph with the surname. According to one of Brown's executors, the enormous sum of £50,000 is being expended upon the buildings, and all for the accommodation only nineteen boys. We incline to think that so magnificent a fortune might have been turned to much better account. The executors purpose to exhibit "in a glass case, in the great entrancehall of the institution, the original ragged coat in which the founder came to Sillerton, in March, 1794." This story of the tattered coat reminds us of another instance where an extraordinary penchant for present as well as posthumous admiration may lead a man to commit an act of the most egregious folly, vanity, and had taste. In the museum of the Chembers' Institution, at Peebles, which was founded at a cost of some £20,000, there may be seen, carefully bracketed to the wall, a small box or chest, on the lid of which there is an inscription to this effect:
"This box belonged to William Chambers when an apprentice in Edinburgh, between the years 1814 and 1819, and which then contained all be possessed in the world." Incredible as it may seem, the inscription, as we happen to know, is in the handwriting of the founder himself, who is no other than the senior member of the wellknown firm of publishers. Surely this is push ing "Chambers's Information for the People" to the very utmost. While one man endows a college, another provides for a cat. With others the ruling passion has been for dogs, horses, and parrots. Thus the will of Sir Jacob Hanslar, who died so recently as 1867, contained an annuity to his servant, and £10 to provide food for his parrot. Mrs. Hannah White, in 1798, left in trust to one of her servants the sum of £25 per annum for the maintenance of five favorite cats "during the term of their natural lives.

About the same date (1790) we find the Right Hon. Henry Morrice, of Grove House, Chelses, bequeathing his seat to Mrs. Lother, under the following very singular restrictions: All the orses and dogs on the premises were to be carefully fed and attended to until they died a naturul death, and his own servant was to have two rooms in the house as long as he lived. In default of such attention to the animals, Mrs. Luther would have only a life-interest in the prem-ises; but if she fulfilled the intentions of the will estate would be absolutely at her own disposal. All the animals and the servant being doad, the estate was put up for sale in 1819. Begarding Mr. Morrice, Colman, in his "Ranfrom Records," says, "I remember seeing this place, and the then master of it, one morning, when I was a lad. On entering the court-yard we were assailed by a very numerous pack of curs in full cry; this was occasioned by Mr. Morrice's humanity toward animals. All the stray mongrels which happened to follow him in London he sent down to his villa. He had a mare in his stables called 'Carious,' who, though attended with the greatest care, was almost a skeleton from old age. Many of his horses enjoyed a laxurious sinecure. During summer they were turned into his park, where, in sulry weather, they reposed beneath the shade of the trees, when a boy was employed to flap the flies from their hides. The honors shown by Mr. Morrice to his beasts of burden were only inferior to those which Caligula lavished on his charger, The testator, in this instance, showed his : tion for his horses and dogs by conferring annu-ities upon them. A very different feeling, how-ever, operated with the late Mr. Borlase Wing-field. Mr. Wingfield was a wine and spirit merchant near Harwood, where he died in Angust, 1867. In his will be requested that his horse, to which he was much attached, should follow him to the grave, afterward have a good feed of com, and then be destroyed. The injunction was strictly carried out. The horse, with the closed earninge of the deceased, followed in the rear of the hineral procession, and the next day, after being well fed with corn, it was taken to the side of a pit which had been dug in a field adjoining the residence of its late master, and there "blown" by a veterinary surgeon. The operation was performed in the following man-ner: The jugular vein was opened, and an iron pipe having been inserted in the vein, the pipe was blown down until the horse expired, which occurred in about half a minute. Mr. Wingfield had also requested that the whole of his domestic animals might be destroyed at the same time, and buried with the horse. Several ents were accordingly drowned, and the remains of a fairly ful dog which had died alyout a mouth before were exhumed, and all were buried in one granu. The testator left bequests to the whole of his servants, but, as was jorniarly remarked at the time, the servants were not to be destroyed! We have had more than one instance of late of a per-son disposing of his or her surplus rash to found a Refuge for homeless cats; and a few yours ago one of the partners of a wall-known firm of drapers in London left the enormous sum of £30,000 with which to build a Home for stray dogs. The dereased's relatives have been striv ing hard ever since to get the will set uside, but apparently without success.

Mrs. Marguert Thompson's last will and testa-

ment is semerbing arrique. Her passion was not for dogs or ents, but for Scotch small. She died at ber house in Boyle Street, Burlington Gardons, in 1776, and her will set forth that as it was usual to put flowers into the coffins of de-parted friends, and she had never found any

flowers so fragrant and refreshing as the precious powder, her old and trusty servant, Saral was to take care her body was covered with the best Scotch snuff. Six men, the greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James, were to carry her to the grave, each wearing a snuff-colored beaver hat instead of mourning; and the halfdozen old maids, selected to act as pall-bearers, were to be supplied with boxes of snuff where with to refresh themselves on the road. The officiating clergyman was to be paid five guineus on condition that he walked in front of the coffin. and "took a certain quantity, not exceeding one pound" of the same. Sarah got £20 on condipound" of the same. Sarah got £20 on condi-tion that she strewed at least two bushels of the said smuff at the door of the testatrix's residence, and walked before the corpse for the purpose of and walked desore the corpse for the purpose of distributing "every twenty yards a large hand-ful of Scotch snuff to the ground and upon the crowd." Lastly, to every legacy bequeathed by Dame Thompson was attached a gift of one pound of what she called "the grand cordial of nature." The story of another old lady and The story of another old lady and her tea may appropriately follow. Mr. Day, the founder of Fairlop fair, had a housekeeper who had lived with him for thirty years, and was equally eccentric. She had two strong at-tachments; one to her wedding-ring and gar-ments, the other to tea. When she died Mr. Day would not permit her ring to be taken off. If that were attempted, he said, she would come to life again. He directed that she should be buried in her wedding-dress, and a pound of tea in each hand. These directions were literally obeyed. It is a sad reflection on the frailty of human nature that some persons do not allow their resentments to sleep with them in the grave, but leave behind them wills which excite the bitterest animosities among their surviving relatives and friends.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER LIL

AND THE WORLD RUNS MERRY AS

It was evening at Auriel; a sad-hued even-ing, full of damp vapors and wan colors; only in the west was the dull, sodden earth glorified, and there every leaf that quivered in the glow of the rosy light appeared a tiny blaze of gold; elsewhere all was desolate-looking; the bare boughs were soaked black by rain, the tawny foliage lay thick over the rose-beds, or made bronze colored circles round the dead-looking

It was very dreary, Lady Diana thought, as she walked up the avenue on her way to the house. When she draw mearer to the huge red building with its long range of windows glitter-ing in these last force beams of the winter sun, she paused with a sudden terror lest eyes by her unseen might be watching her approach from be-hind those uncanny-looking squares, 'Then she reasoned herself into composure.

Who even of her intimates would recognize her thus, muffled up in dark clothes—a thick veil obscuring her face, a black velvet net concealing the brightness of her hair; even her gloves were black, and her pretty feet were disfigured by clumsy-looking sho

She walked on toward the door, but her heart beat so fast as she stood on the threshold that she felt suffocated, and it was some minutes before she nerved herself to give a tap, so feeble that a quick-eared mouse would scarcely have been startled by it, far less the deaf old woman who sat crooning over the kitchen hearth. Find-ing her appeal futile, and dreading, she scarce to rouse the echoes in that wast house, Lady Diana pecred in at the only window through which she saw a gleam of fire-light, and looked intently at the scene before her.

Only one person was visible, and that was old Sally, who crouched over the fire with her hands crossed on her lap; she was half asleep, and her lips were marmoring some little lullaby which

had stilled her bube's cry many weary years ago.
"There can be no one else in the house," the
watcher thought; "she would not be so still and inactive if she were not alone."

Emboldened by this idea, Lady Dians lifted

the latch of the side-door, and finding that it yielded to her touch, she walked in, and, directed by the fire-light, made her way to the kitchen.

Who's that?" the old woman said, saddenly waking up and looking at her visitor with an air

of suspection.
"I hope I haven't startled you," Lody Dian-said, kindly. Then she explained that she had been sent to Auriel by some friends of the girl who had lately died. "They wish me to make some little compensation to you for all your trou-"she added, judiciously, producing some gold; and old Sally's confidence was won at once,

"So you're a friend of the poor thing that's gone; well now I've often thought it strange no one come to see the last of her. Ah! how she did suffer, to be sure," the crone said, in a tone of melancholy satisfaction. "And she was carried out, ma'am, by that very door you just come

Lady Diana shivered and looked round imcomfortably.

"Don't talk about it," she said, hastily. "I hate to bear of death.

"Well, it ain't much good shutting your eyes to him when you're sure to see him some day,"
Sully answered, composedly. "For my part,
I'm rendy for him. P'raps, if you spent fifty
years in working to keep hunger from your inside and rheumatics from your limbs, you'd be tired out as I am. Poor Miss Azalea, she used to whirl about the house gay as a kitten, and sing something about life's being beautiful; but, bless you! that's all according to one's weekly wages and state of health. My life's been ugly i

enough."
"Did any one but yourself take care of that Lady Diana asked, abrupely,

ust make amends to every body, you know."
"There was only the old doctor. Maybe be won't be sorry to have a present for all his new carriage; and there's Mr. Douglas, but—"

"But what?" the other broke in with impa-

"I was thinking, dear," the old woman answered, slowly, "that no one can comfort kin, since not the Great Power of all has done it; he sits there—up stairs where she died—and he sleeps there at night, and sometimes, when I pass the door, I think I hear him calling her name; but softly, as if he feared to wake some-

Is he there now?"

"I count he is."
"Could I look at him? Could I see him "Could I look as name without his seeing me? I should like to carry back word how he looked; they would be serry

back word now he souce; they would be serry if he were ill; but I should be afraid he might be angry if he saw me," stammered Lady Diana, "I don't think he'd take notice," Sally suggested, "if you was to go to the door (it mostly stands open) and look at him."

But her companion turned a shade paler un-der her veil, and shook her head.

"I dare not risk it," she murmured.

She had come to seek out this man that she

might face the truth; but if her suspicious were correct, she would have met the awful eyes of the arisen dead sooner than his glance.

"He could never forgive, for he can never forget what my fault led him to," she thought. "And so my sin (a venial one after all) is mag-nified by his consequent crime; what a fool he was to come back that night! But what a fool I am—it may not be he after all. I declare, if it is not, I'll put up a memorial window to him in his parish church!"

"If we go to the top of them," Sally said, in-dicating the last flight of stairs, "you can stand behind me, and I warrant he won't notice us."

Lady Diana walked up to a dingy fragment of mirror which hung on the wall, and took heart when she observed how complete her disguise was; at the same time, with a pang of vexed vanity, she noted what an ungainly appearance she made.

"If he did recognize me by any chance," she meditated, "I should pull down my back hair as if by secident, and toss aside this ugly bon-

When they reached the door of Azalea's room she hung back with a desperate dread creeping over her beart.

She experienced that sudden sense of failurefailure of nerve, purpose, and physical power, which sometimes afflicts us when we are brought

which sometimes article is when we are prought face to face with the peril which at a far distance we have wood holdly.

4 Then her heart attempthemed with resolution, such resolve as sustains the wretch who welcomes the final agony which puts an end to unavailing torture.

With a long-drawn sigh, and a face contracted with the pain of that moment of sharp anxiety, Lady Diana advanced to the threshold of the room indicated by the old woman, and leaning against the door-post saw into the interior of the chamber; and saw also in the recess of a window the bowed form of the man she sought.

The wan rays of the fading sun fell on his head and face, but not all the glory of full day could have evoked any responsive brightness from the deep gloom of those desolate eyes. He was looking, not at the rosy drift of clouds, nor at the flights of birds that blackened the red face of the sun. There was, in his glance, a certain and wistfalness—the pathetic doubt of one who seeks an answer out of silence, who impiores hope from darkness; but there was no in erest or sympathy expressed in external objects. His countenance was set in the dull immobility of despair—despair such as no human being might remove or console. Lady Diana looked might remove or consose. Lasy Linux con-intently at the gray silken masses of hair, at the deep lines under the eyes, at the ashen checks and withered hands, crossed listlessly one over the other, and breathed more freely. The man the other, and breathed more freely. The man she remembered, the man whom she had feared to recognize to-day, had worn a very different aspect. Stuart Merton's hair was of a sunny brown, his forebead white, and his full lips red; his cheeks had always been pallid, but when they last touched hers in his parting embrace they user touched bers in his parting emboard they were as smooth as ivory, and suscerred by a single wrinkle; he had been tall and broad-shouldered, carrying his head with a certain proud grace, not unbecoming to one whose heart was rich with happiness. This aged and withered man, sitting so strangely quiet in the gathering dusk, bore no resemblance to him whom the sea had sucked down into its depths eighteen years ago.

Some books were lying partially open on the table, and written papers, on which the ink was dry, were sprend before him.

The wan streaks of sunset that were narrow-ing toward the west presently streamed over a vace filled with dead flowers, which stood near him, and over a piece of blue ribbon, which, trailing close to the glass goblet, cast a dim re-flection of its hue on to the slender transparent

fiertion of its hue on to the slender transparent stem of the cup.

Glaneing mechanically at the varying color of the glass. Douglas's eyes presently fell on the ribbon, and in an instant the whole expression of his fare changed; the lips quivered, the eyes shone out under a sudden bigs of tears like stars dimened by mist. He took the ribbon in his hands gently, as if it were a living thing which would shrink from a rough touch. As he caressed this with tender fingers, babbling some inarticulate murmur of love, every hard line relaxed as all the tense composure of de-

spair gave way. Something of youth's fire and youth's mobility returned to his face in the sudden storm of passion which swept over it. As the dying light shone on his eyes, all after with the pain of memory, on his lips, tremulous in their struggle to keep grief restrained, his changed expression was revealed to the watcher at the door. She involuntarily shrank back a few steps, and, as she put her hand to her heart, she could scarcely repress a groan, as, with a great throb of terror, she admitted the suspicion that this man's countenance was not, after all, unfamiliar

"I can not tell, I can not be sure," she mounted to herself; "how am I to decide it without risk of detection?"

She stretched out her head, so as to get a faller view of the occupant of the room without obtracting herself on his notice. She did not again stand in the doorway, but peered round with the little grace and attitude of a bird watch-ing an inimical approach; then, with a sudden access of resolution, with a desperate desire to terminate this great pain of doubt, she cronched yet farther out of sight, and called, in a tone strangely hourse and troubled-"Stuart-Stuart Merton!"

She was conscious of his startled gesture; of a pale face looking in the direction of the door; and then, as his tall figure uprose and moved toward her through the gloom of that lonely chamber, she put out her hands with the desire to clutch at those of the old woman who had arcompanied her; praying, in a choked whis-per, "Take me away; keep me from his sight:" but the old woman was gone. She had wearied of standing there in the dark, cold atmosphere, when her little fire down stairs was blazing a welcome for her, and so she stole away while Lady Diana lingured; and the latter felt voice and hands alike become powerless, as with a sick sensation about her heart, and a dull film clos-ing over her eyes, she lost all consciousness, and

dropped down in a heap at her husband's feet. When Lady Diana awoke to the pain of returning sense she felt like one who moves in the dull atmosphere of a dream; a dream encumbered

by the presence of a hideous terror.

What was this dark chamber illumined only by the fitful blazes of a wood fire? and who he who sat opposite to her, looking intently at the flaring light?

It was not until she saw the sheen of a blue ribbon, which dangled from his neck, that she thoroughly realized the full trouble of her waking state. This was Start, then; the Start whom for so many years she had believed to be physically naught; this was the body which was thought to have resolved into dust; and from his deep-set eyes gleamed indications of the scal which she had imagined to be existent in the realms of unknown beatitude.

She dared not give herself time to reflect, fearing lest her tongue might again freeze with fear, and feminine weakness interfere with what she felt it to be best to do. She was agitated and unnerved by the mental struggle of the last two days. She was in part afraid, and in part re-morsoful. Imagination with her sometimes supplied the place of what in a nobler woman would be called a heart; and a strange pang of repent-ance pierced her; a glow of shame made her cheek hot as she remembered what her life had been since she parted from this man, who sat there motionless in the twilight; the very sight of him, and the memories he evoked, were, in

themselves, her punishment and condemnation.

Douglas was wearing the same absent look in his eyes as when she first saw him in the light of the dreary winter sun. He did not notice her return to consciousness, of which, indeed, she gave no outward sign, excepting in the irre-pressible quiver of her lids, and a slight tremu-

lous movement of her pale lips.

For a while she looked at him stealthily, not daring to break the grim silence. Then, with a quick movement of her hand, she disengaged the masses of fair hair from their disfiguring net, freed herself of the beavy shawl which conrealed her figure, and rising up before him, stood for an instant as if irresolute, and then sank down, clinging to his kness, an embodiment of Correggio's Magdalen—a Magdalen in grace of in softness of disheveled tresser which made a glory of soft light over Douglas's black garb and folded hands; a Magdalen in penitence of face and in her shamed attitude; a Magdalen who believed herself to be suffering the pangs of remorse, but who was in reality only writhing under the wound of detection one, in fact, who would sin again as soon as she had secured herself against the mischances of

discovery.

Still clasping his knee, she cried out, give! forgive!

She did not venture to lift up her face to his; she did not dare to counterfeit joy in meeting his eyes : she felt that such an assumption would be impossible to her, and would seem incredible to him; she could only wail out all her terror and remorse in a passionate entreaty for pardon.
"Oh, forgive me!" she cried. "Oh, Stu-

art, speak just one word to say that I need not

fear a curse in your eyes."

A flush of color had come back to her cheeks, and her hair gleamed like gold in the light of the fire. Her sleeves had fallen back from her outstretched arms, revealing their fair roundness. As she wound them tighter about his knees, he was reminded of the strange sinuous

"Won't you know me?" she said, at last, in a subdeed, caressing tone. "Have you not one word to give Ana?"

He removed her quietly; not as if she was an object of aversion, but simply as something which inconvenienced him.

"Yes, I know you very well," he said, quiet-ly; "but what then?"

Something in his tone exasperated her.

"Is that all you will say to me?" she answered, with somewhat of reproach in her tone.

A gleam of anger lit up his deep gray eyes.
"I will say, if you will, that you are the devil who led me to do a murder. You have made memory a hell to me...... Do you remember that man who kissed you in the fond conviction that I was far distant and unconscious of my shame?..... Do you ever recall his living face as you last saw it, flushed with the feeling of your parting embrace?..... and did you see your parting embrace?..... and did you see him afterward?"

She shivered, and bent her head lower. "No," she whispered. "I never saw him again. I knew he was there, close by; but I would not

look at him."

"But does he never look at you?" Douglas said, his face brightening with nervous excitement. "Do you not see his dim set eyes, his pinched nostrils that never dilate with breath, but which grow every day more shriveled and contracted? Don't you see how all the proud blood had gone away from his wax-like face—all the brightness from his lank, dull hair? Does he never reuroach you in your draams, for Does be never reproach you in your dreams, for not having given him 'more time?'—two bot, angry minutes sent his soul to God. I have thought sometimes, Ana, that those two minutes would be repaid to me by an eternity of bell; but God's mercy is the grand altar, the asylum for those who fly from the ban of their own consciences, and it is my hope that He has let me work out some of my penance here, so that I may yet meet her bereafter."

His voice died away in a murmur of prayer.

He seemed to be appealing for the Divine con-solation of which he had just spoken, and as he communed with Invisible Glory, his withered face became transfigured with a beauty surpassing that of youth.

CHAPTER LIIL

THE END AT LAST.

The woman at his feet felt inexpressibly awed and humbled. Was this the husband who had gone mad for jealousy of her?—who had wrecked his whole because of her sin? Was his great love, and his great wrath for love's sake, all merged into a religious frenzy; or had much sorrow unsettled his fine intellect, making him a prey to all the troubled funcies and weird ter-rors of an infirm imagination?

"Is it you, Stuart?" she moaned, as she still crouched at his feet. "Are you the Stuart I knew—the Stuart who loved me?"

He looked at her with sudden anger in his face.

"Why did you come to torment me?" he said, impatiently. "Have you not worked me trouble enough? Can not you let me be at rest? How can I obtain peace when you intrude on me all the cruel memories of the past? I look me all the cruel memories of the past? I look at you, and I see that dead man's eyes shining in the wicked light of yours. I see your tricks of gesture, your caressing hands; and I am reminded of the lie which blasted my prime of life. I tried to put it away from me—all the old sickening despair, the keen, deep wound of that blighted time. I succeeded so har as you were concerned, as your weeth. concerned; as years went on, and your worthlessness became more evident to me, as the glamour of love died away in my heart, and my eyes saw with the relentless clearness of truth, I loathed you for all the pain you had caused me. I shrank from the thought of you as a prisoner shrinks at the sight of the rack which has tortured his every limb. Passion was wept away in tears; the memory of you was more hitter than gall, and I prayed that your image might never cross my thoughts even in the unreality of dreams.

"Am I so horrible to you, then?" she fid-tered, looking up at him with deprecating eyes. "Can you not grant me one forgiving thought? I was guildees of actual sin, Stuart, I swear it;

"Bah!" he interrupted, impatiently; "what matters it? You were guilty enough to ruin me, and to murder that other. I have no sympathy for those women who desecrate their souls with the assumption of vices of which they are practically free. You feign love in your speech, polluting your lips the while with affirming kisses; you, for mere last of vanity, draw on men toward a hell of temptation which ends in their damnation; your counterfeit love arouses in them all the hot tempest of disordered passions; you inflict real pain, while your assumed emotion is nothing but a pleasant diversion for your idle hours. Such women as you, Ana, are infinitely more contemptible than the poor wretches who grovel in actual sin, to escape the crave of famine and scorch of thirst; or those for the body's pleasure, and who are at least sin-cere in the iguoble indulgence of their brutish animal souls, mere slaves of the flesh, that err

"You are too hard-at least you should hear "I had Diana said, in a low, broken voice.
"I do not care to hear you; I know you,"
the other answered, briefly. Then he looked
down on her, and saw by the wavering light of
a flame which played on her flushed cheek, and the golden threaded hairs which overswept it, that she was weeping.

"I dare say you think I have spoken too harshly," he said, in a gentler tone. "I have no wish to reproach you with my injuries. I "I have no wish to repreach you with my injuries. I have forgiven them. I had, in truth, forgotten you until you thrust yourself on me to-night -an evil memory of the past; but when I hear you, and such as you, boast yourself guildess, I-can not forbear the truth. I can not think God will hold you innocent. And I would recommend you to spend such future time as He al-lows you here, in endeavoring to secure a hope for the future.

She crept nearer to him, and once more entwined her arms in his in the movement. All the picutoous warmth of her tresses swept like a soft veil over his hands and knees. Then, find-ing that he did not repulse her, she arose for an ing that he did not reputse her, she arose for an instant, and then dropped down on his breast, softly and tenderly, as a bird sinks its bosom over the speckled darlings of its nest.

"Kiss me once before I go," she whispered, "that I may know that you forgive all."

Who can count the various phases of a co-

quette's nature?

She had sought him in fear and trembling, dreading lest be might burden her present with the old bitter claims of the past. She had encountered this man with the despair of him who turned to confront the awful shadow which dogged his steps, preferring definite misery to that haunting dread. She had thought of him with nervous loathing, and now, lo! she lay with her heart beating on his, her eyes, lips, and arms serving as so many allurements to woo back in his heart some of the old fire of his dead

She had been almost stunned by his indifference. It was so unexpected and so galling to her pride. She had expected reproaches and denunciation; she had not calculated on the contempt of unconcern. It was her exceed-ingly that he should be thus careless of her. Every instinct of her nature rebelled at his disn; her pampered vanity was mortified, and

passion; her pampered vanity was mortified, and intuitively she sought to retrieve the mortifica-tion by the aid of her personal charms. "Oh!" she mermured, as she tightened the coil of her fair arms round his threat; "do you forget that you once loved me, that for many happy nights my eyes closed in slumber on your heart? Will you not forgive for the sake. breast? Will you not forgive, for the sake of those memories? Stuart, my husband, you are so dear to me still!" Her voice died away in a

sigh.

The fire burned in a level red line in the grate; the wind outside sobbed and plained, like an echo of her grief; the darkness was thick in the room, save where the embers glowed, and her hair made light over his shoulders.

He bent his head down near to her face, his eyes lit with sudden fire; his lips trembled, his hands involuntarily taking such a flerce grip of her arms that she well-nigh wept afresh with

pein and terror.
"Oh!" he groaned, "you are a devil, woman!—a deril sent from bell to wake a tempest in my soul. You would fain be omnipotent in your own low degree. You would arouse the gloom of the thunder, the fury of the whirlwind, and the blasting streak of flume, and then, with a light word, bid all be at rest, since you tire of the trouble you have made. When you grow weary, and perchance afraid, of the horror of your work, you cry in vain for heavenly peace, for the stillness of summer and the brightness of sunshine. You fling the fire-brand for the of sanshine. You fling the fire-brand for the brief pleasure of seeing it blaze, and take no head who weeps over the blackened ashes. Do not tempt me to feel the strife of earthly passion once more, lest all my penance be wasted. Take your beauty from my sight, lest I curse it in the name of an utterly lost soil. Go, go!"

He unclasped her lingering arms from around

weeping, oh so piteously; and entreating for one lock of kindness—one kiss of forgiveness.

"Give me your pardon," she cried, "or I shall die with the sting of your wrath in my

heart. You know, you know, that I did love you, Stuart!"

She sought to twine her hands in his as she spoke; but accidentally she stirred the blue ribbon which shimmered on the deep black of his mourning clothes. He recoiled from her, and pushed her hands away.

pushed her hands away.

"I know that you Re!" he cried, fiercely.

"Woman, you would profane death with dishoner. I am as one dead; I died with one whom I loved more dearly than ever I did you, and now my corpse shall not be shamed. For you, I damned my soul; for her, with God's belp, I will work out salvation through repent-

ance, and thus save my future."

He arose and left her crouching by his seat, her hair bright in the dull red of the fire, her face and clasped hands in dense shadow. He walked to the window, and, throwing it open, looked out into the darkness.

Outside was the lonely-sounding wind, the plash of rain, and the weird sense of measureless gloom; but the rough air was welcome to Douglas after the stifling oppression of her sweet, guilt-tainted breath. Presently a murky bank of clouds drifted away from the moon's face and revealed its pale glory, obscured only by a few troubled streaks of rilvery-gray vapor.

sided and the rain ceased; and in a little while all Auriel was luminous with their weird light.

Douglas's face was turned in the direction of the Auriel church-yard, as though he could see, through the masses of gray woodland, the glimmer of one little grave-stone, near which the winter flowers looked white, like all else in the moonlight.

When he next looked on the woman by the fire his eyes were gentler and his voice less

"Ana," he said, "I do not presume to judge I can forgive all, even this last attempted fraud of your guileful nature; but a senson may come when the Master of all Worlds, the Creator and the Preserver, the Destroyer and the Regenerator of all earthly atoms, will grow impatient of your impenitence. Take heed, lest you injure even mercy too greatly to be forgiven. You have lied all your life; you have come to me to-day with your old sins, stronger, and with-out the saving excuse of youthful folly. In earnest of my forgiveness, I ask you to repent: but do not molest me again. In arousing in me human passion, you may invoke the human de-sire of vengeance. I dbure to be left with my God and my memory. Now go!"

She arose humbly enough, and without one

more wasted word or gesture, went straight to

She stopped there, and gave him one last look such a one as a chidden bound may turn on the master band. And then, finding her glance was not returned, she slowly passed through the doorway and disappeared in the darkness. As the soft rustle of her trailing robes was heard no more Douglas's face recovered somewhat of the repose which had distinguished it before her voice broke in on the solemnity of his desola-tion. When the trouble of doubt again pertion. When the trouse of course again per-turbed his eyes he turned them upward, and sent the passionate appeal of his broken heart to the world which faith images as the pure soul's reward-

"O God, give me hope!"

.

What hope remains for such as these? I do not set up for a philosopher, and I dislike stories written on purpose to point a moral; but I affirm that life is more sad and more incomplete than writers are apt to admit. In the finis of the novelist we hear often of remorse which is assoiled by penitence, of ambition which seizes its crown, of passion jubilant with success, of bridal bells which clang joy for evermore to the ficti-tious heroes and heroines. But how is it in truth? Does hope always grasp its fruition? Is to repent to forget? Is love an Arcadian pastoral? Is it not rather a splendid tragedy? pastoral? Is it not rather a splendid tragedy? Whether its end be an agony of frustration or the despair of satiety, who can say that such

The motto of life is imperfection. I have ventured to describe some phases of its failure, caused by defect of feeling in some of the personages I have introduced to the reader by excess of feeling in others. But life's soreness and life's delight, life's endeavors and life's indifference, are best embodied in the four lines from which I have taken the title of this story :

Why, let the strucken deer go weep, The hart ungalled play; For some must watch, while some must sleep; So runs the world away.

PRODUCTIVE AND UNPRODUC-TIVE POPULATION.

THAT very industrious statistician, M. Manrice Block, in his latest publication, "L'Europe Politique et Sociale, 1869," enters into some detailed calculations on a minute and curious portion of his subject, which is not commonly taken into account in economical generalization. The birth rate, as we all know, is very different

in different countries of Europe, and so is the death rate. France may be taken as an example of the minimum of birth rate, together with a low death rate, though not quite so low as in the United Kingdom. In France, whatever the renson for the phenomenon may be, there are fewer births to a marriage than in any other part of Europe. The numbers vary from 4.77 children to a marriage (Russia) down to 2.55 to a marriage (France). On the other hand, the death rate in Russia is 3.59 per cent, per annum; in France, only 2.31 per cent.; in England, 2.10 per cent.

Now one obvious result of this state of things is the following, that France contains relatively a larger proportion of adults to children than any other European country. To follow again M. Block's calculations: France contains out of 10,000 inhabitants about 3500 only under twenty years of age, nearly 3500 above forty; Great Britain, 4500 under twenty, 2400 above forty; Ireland, nearly 5000 under twenty, only 2200 above forty. France is, comparatively, a land without children; Ireland, a land without old people.

Now, economically speaking, a country with a large number of children is one in which a large unproductive expenditure takes place. Children do not create wealth. M. Block reasons as He supposes that every child under five costs the state \$80 per annum, and produces nothing. Every person between five and twenty costs, on the average, \$20, after making deduction for what his labor produces. Every person between twenty and sixty produces \$200 net. Using these data, and using also those respecting the medium age of each individual of the population, we arrive at the following results: In France, the mean gain of each indi-vidual to the public—his contribution to the na--amounts to upward of \$98 60; in Great Britain, to \$80 60 : in the United States and in Ireland, only to \$72 20.

Of course, the fallacies attending on such a calculation are obvious enough, and M. Block The labor of an makes full allowance for them. individual is more or less profitable to the state, individual is more or less problem to the state, not according to his age only, but according to his skill and energy, and according to the fertility of the soil, the wealth of the mines, and so forth, to which that labor is applied. Tried by these tests, it is very possible that the day's work of an inhabitant of the United States is worth twice that of an inhabitant of France. The mere test of age is, therefore, obviously insuffi-cient. But it does not follow that because insufficient it is useless. Its application shows summers it is useess. Its approximation shows this: costeris periless—supposing, that is, labor to be in itself equally productive—a country like France, in which marriages are late and children few, has a great economical advantage over lands

more affinent in young life. In Ireland-to take the opposite extreme—it seems as if a very large portion of the wealth of the country must be spent every year in feeding and bringing to ma-turity children who will emigrate to America when adult, and employ their whose wealth-pro-ducing power to enrich a foreign country. The case is precisely the same as if any given society were to devote its energies to the production of machinery, exporting the machinery when made without any return. There are many causes for the unbappy economical condition of Ireland; but we suspect that this one, indicated by the figures of M. Maurice Block, lies deeper at the root of it than politicisms or economists have conjectured.

STEEL WATCH-CHAINS.

Tun small steel chain which winds round the fusee of a watch is about eight inches in length, and contains upward of five hundred links, riv-eted together. It is not thicker than a horsehair, and the separate links can but just be per-ceived with the naked eye. Modern invention has as yet discovered no substitute for this chain it in slenderness, strength, and flexibility. Most of these watch-chains are manufac-tured at Christchurch, in Hants. The links are penched out by girls from plates of steel, and very young girls pick up the links, and rivet one to the other. Wasch-chain manufacture has been the staple of Christchurch for nearly a century—in fact, ever since pocket watches began to be generally carried.

HUMORS OF THE DAY,

Wear is that which we often eatch hold of and yet ever see !-- A passing remark.

Man is like a potato, never sure when he will get into bot water."

He was a foolish fellow and inclined to go to ex-tremes who, because he had a horror of capital pun-labment, refused to even execute a commission.

Some lawyers resemble folks who can sleep in any position. It is immaterial on which side they lie.

A Fir or Passion-Getting married.

An liftnois editor, speaking of a rogue who lived in his vicinity, says: "The rastal has broken every bank, jall, and Sabbath we have had in this vicinity for the last five years."

CINCULATING MERICH-A clown to the ring.

The good people of R——, a small village not many miles from Cleveland, Ohlo, were talking of moving their church-holiding to a pleasenter location. One Sabbath moving the minister took for his theme the "Eack of Ages," and in the middle of his discourse said, with considerable emphasis, "Who can move its". A little Englishman, who had been uspoing, and was one of those desirous of having the church moved, longed up, and started the congregation with "Fill bring over my yoke of steem and help." The which proposition was subsequently accepted.

The first chapter in a Western nevel has the follow-ing: "All of a sudden the fair girl continued to sit on the sand, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heav-ing bosom the tall ships went merrily by, feelghed— ah! who can tell with how much of joy and sorrow, and pine lumber and emigrants, and hopes and sait fab.?"

ODE TO A WATER-CART. Sprinkle, sprinkle, water-cart! How I wonder why thou art More preferred than dust that flies Sometimes in our face and eyes!

When the blazing sun is high, When the streets are very dry, Then you pour your drenching food, Changing dust to sticky mod.

Then the traveler in the street Owes to you his dirty feet; He scarce can tell which way to go, While you squirt and drivele so.

Through our crowded ways you dash: Crossings and eidewalks both you splash; For your drivers never care How they make good people swear.

As you really lay the dust— Through you raise my own diagnet-Still, as others take your part, Sprinkle, sprinkle, water-cart!

"But if I got my money in the savings-bank," in-quired one of the newly-arrived, "when can I draw it out again?" "Och," replied his friend, "sure an" if you put it in to-day you can draw it out again to-merow by giving a fectulght's notice."

An old Raptist minister enforced the necessity of An end Hapter interest energies are account of difference of opinion by this argument; "Now, if every body had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman."

One of the deacons who sat just behind him responded: "Yes, and if every body was of my opinion, nobody would have her."

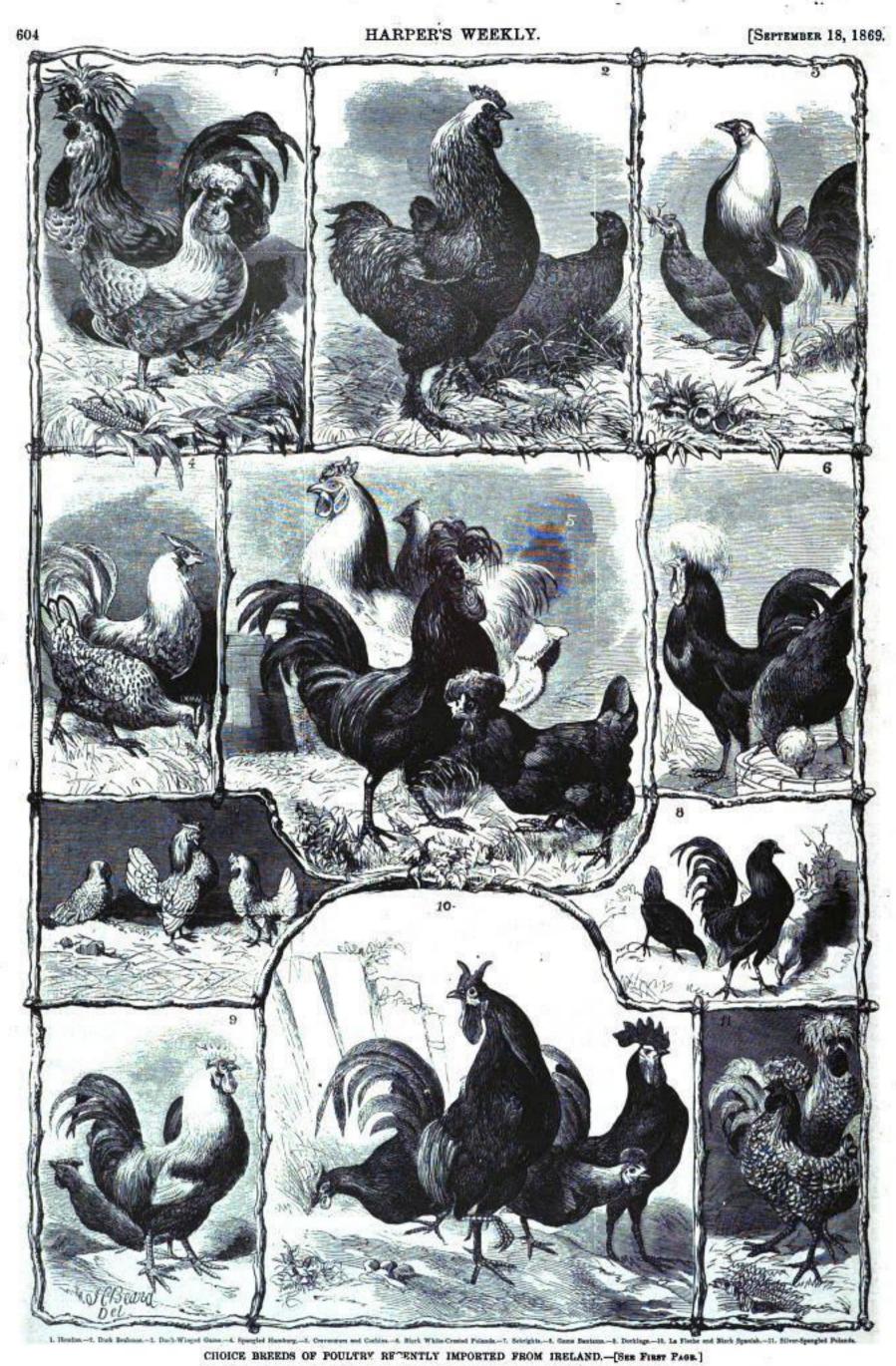
A cockney conducted two ladies to an observatory to see so cellipse of the moon. They were too late: the collipse was over, and the ladies were disappede-ed. "Ob," exclaimed our here, "don't frei: I know the astronomer well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure will begin again."

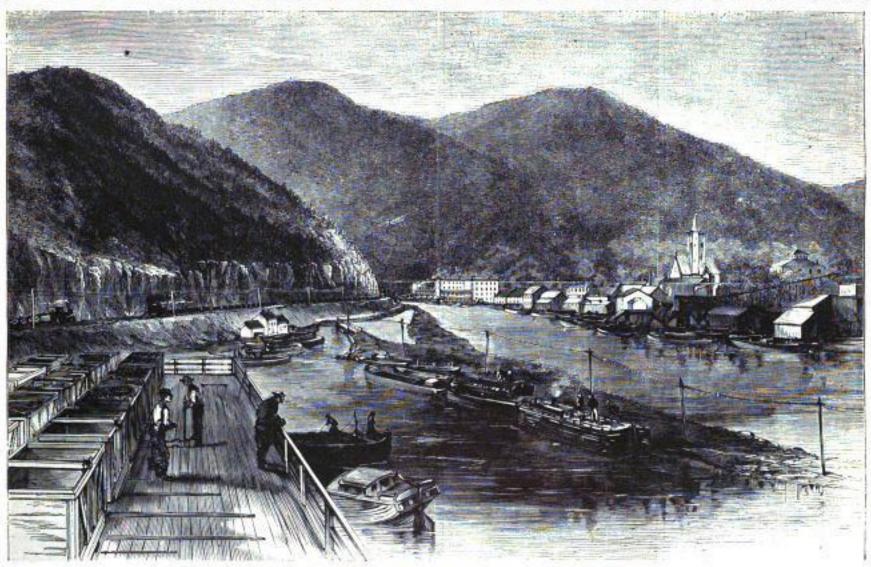
At Brocen recently a valiant officer of the National Guard was decorated by the Emperor. "Sire," be ex-cisimed, with offizion, "I am yours in life and in death: I served your usede faithfully: I have received two wounds, use in the leg and the other at Wa-gram..." Here the Empress giggled antibly, and the voteran's speech came to an abrupt termination

A richly-dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked, "My little boy, have you got religion?" "No, ma'am," said the innocent, "I've got potatoes."

At a reliway station an old lady said to a very pempous-looking gentleman who was talking about starm communication, "Pray, Sir, what is seem?" "Steam, ma'ers, is—sh, steam is steam;" "I knew that thep coniden't tell ye," said a rough-looking fel-low standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a trumendous pempiration."

A boarding-house keeper in the city has bu'lt him a subtribut critiage. At the breakfast-table last Sunday the question of what it should be called was discussed, when a merry little lady present suggested "flash Villa;" but it wou't be called by that name.





VIEW OF MAUCH CHUNK, CARBON COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA .- [SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

MAUCH CHUNK, PENNSYLVANIA.

MAUCH CHUNK, PENNSTLVANIA.

MATCH CHUNK, the capital of Carbon County, is situated on the west bank of the Lehigh River, where that stream passes through the Mahoning Mountain. The town lies on both sides of Mauch Chunk Creek, and between the Mahoning and Sharp mountains. It is a location so contracted in breadth that it is really a long cation. No room is affected for gardens. The hills on either side rise precipitously to the height of several hundred feet; some of them are a thousand

feet above the river. The name of the town is Indian, and signifies Bear Monntain.

The narrowness of the valley in which the town lies added greatly to the destructiveness of the memorable flood of 1862.

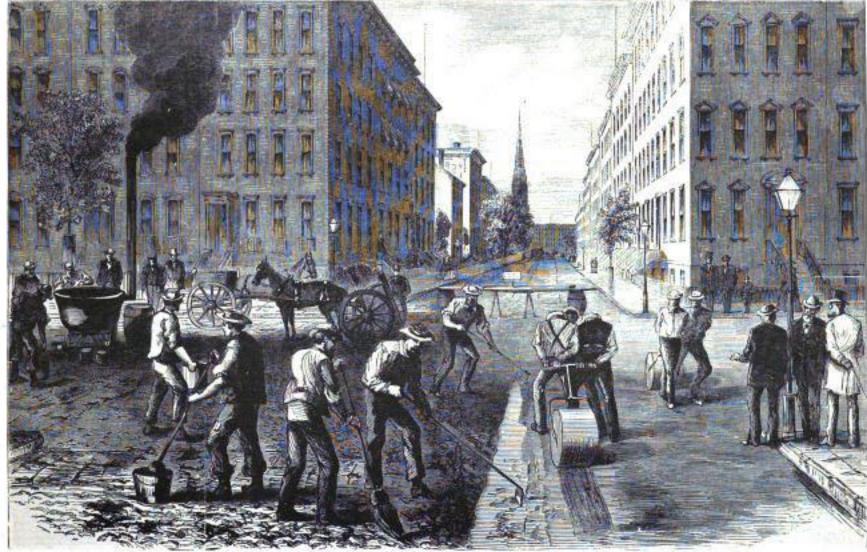
In 1818 the whole country in this vicinity was a complete wilderness. It was known, indeed, that anthracite coal was to be found here, but every attempt to get it to market had been baffed. In 1817 Jossas Watte, accompanied by G. F. Haxro, visited this region for the purposes of reconnoissance, the object of which was to as-

certain the feasibility of using the Lehigh River to convey the coal to market. The prespect was any thing but encouraging, but it was determined to commence operations. Accordingly, roads were made from the mines to the Lehigh, and upon the latter were built a series of dams to aid the navigation by slack-water. Thus was established the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. In 1832 the dependencies of this Company gave work to 400 men, principally miners, who, with their families, made a population of 2000. After passing through many a perilons crisis,

and after an expense of \$2,500,000, the enter-prise was at last consummated.

The town is at present in a flourishing condi-tion, the coal shipped from this point amounting to some millions of tons per annum. The Le-high Valley Reilrond, which is one of the best-managed roads in the country, affords the trav-eler admirable facilities for renching this region, which is so remarkable for its picture-squeness that it has been termed the "Switzerland of America." America.

Judge Asa Packer, the Democratic candi-



WORKMEN LAYING THE CONCRETE PAVEMENT IN NEW YORK CITY .- DRAWN BY STANLEY FOX .- [SEE PAGE 606.]

date for Governor of Pennsylvania, resides at Mauch Chunk; and the grounds around his place, originally laid out by the exiled gardener of Louis Philippes, form one of the chief attractions of the town.

The tourist who has not ascended to Mount Pisgah in this region, and taken a trip over the Gravity Roads, has failed to experience one of the most novel of the pleasures incident to mod-

THE CONCRETE PAVEMENT.

THE number of experiments which have been made in the matter of street payements in this city, and the partial or total failure of these ex-periments clearly illustrate the deficiency of the system adopted by our municipal government. This fault cun be repaired only by the establishment of a bureau of construction and repairs, consisting of compesent engineers, not subject to the inserference of the Common Council, except possibly in the matter of expenditure. The suc-cess that has attended the limited independence of the Central Park Commissioners is a proof of the policy and economy of eliminating the ques-tion of politics from the conduct of public works. The statistics of the several kinds of pavement

laid down within twenty years, presented by a survey of the city, would stand approximately as

37,000	Square yards.
Bione-block	1,913,545
Nicolana	
Fisk concrete (estimated)	5,000
Stafford (estimated)	700
Cubble-stone (estimated)	3,000,000

Since 1866 the cobble-stone pavement has go ont of use. During that year 17,254 square yards were put down—under contract 10,222, and at private expense 7002—but one ordinance looking to the laying of it in any part of the city being passed while the previously mentioned work was going on. This ordinance provided for a cobblestone pavement on Bank Street from West Street to the river. The career of the Nicolson pave-ment began with the disuse of the cobble-stone, in the patting down of 490 square yards on Nassan Street in 1865, of 29,001 in 1867, and of 29,073 in 1868. A contract was also made for laying the Fisk concrete payement along One-hundred-and-seventy-fourth Street, from Third to First avenues, and an experiment with the Stafford pavement was tried at private ex-pense in Wall Street, between William and Hanover. An ordinance in fevor of the latter on Seventh Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fiftyninth streets, was also passed, together with six ordinances, amounting in all to 50,000 square yards, in favor of the Nicolson; six ordinances, amounting to about 60,000 square yards, in favor of the M Gonegal; two ordinances, amounting to 40,000 square yards, in favor of the Brown & Miller; and three ordinances, involving about 20,000 square yards, in favor of the Fisk concrete; fifty-six ordinances, summing about 400,000 square yards of stone-block paversent, complete the provisions for the year. complete the provisions for the year,

It has been estimated that in the course of twenty-four hours 17,000 vehicles pass the Astor House, in Broadway, up or down. This would wear out the stone-block pavement once in every fifteen years. Estimating the number of horses and vehicles in use in this city at 150,000, it is calculated that not less than \$10,500,000 might be seved anumally by the adoption of some less grinding substitute for the hard trap of the Russ and Belgian and stone-block superstructure; and the inference may be drawn that the question of expense of construction and re-pairs is not the only important economical ques-tion involved. The relative cost per square yard of the several pavements in use may be averaged as follows:

| Nicolaot: 4 10 | Fisk concrete 2 60 | Stafford 3 50

In Paris, since 1854, a strong preference has been manifested for the asphultum pavement upon a concrete foundation. This pavement is very similar to the Fisk concrete, which is now being laid in the most fashionable streets of this city laid in the most fashionable streets of this city and in Central Park. As a rule, competent en-gineers express doubts as to the merits of the Nicolson and of wooden pavements of all par-terns. The Stafford type of wooden pavement, though later in the field, possesses some advan-ages over the Nicolson, the principal of which are its simplicity and the case with which it may be required. The woselen pavement question has been exhaustively settled in the negative by English experiments during the past twenty years. Its merits are its noiselessness, its reduc-tion of the mortality of houses, its reduction of tion of the mortality of broses, its reduction of the wear and tour of vehicles, and its effecting a utilization of the utmost percentage of draught force, and these are all merits to an equal degree of the asphultic road—may be made merits of any concrete whatsoever. The increased morany concrete whatsoever. The increased mor-tality in horses occasioned by the Russ and Belgian and other stone payements in this city is estimated at 3500 numally—no item of consider-able importance in the discrimination between pavements for thoroughfares. As between the two typical structures, the Belgian and the Nicolom data already supplied, it may be estimated that, with the attrition of Broadway, the former would last fifteen years against a duration

of half that period in the case of the latter.

The concrete pavement—the value of which hus been happily settled in Paris-effects a unlon of the better qualities of both the wooden and the stone block, without the objections appertaining to either, and, as the monds of enwill be developed from the present crude concretes.

Our illustration on page 605 shows the manner in which the Fisk concrete pavement is laid. This pavement is composed of gravel, broken stone, cinders, and coal ashes (free from all stone, cinders, and coal sames (not propor-foreign substances), mixed in definite proportions with tar, rosin, and asphaltum. The road-bed, properly prepared, the composition is spread on in layers of moderate thickness, suc-cessively rolled with heavy rollers for uniformity and compactness. These layers form a suffi-ciently strong roadway of from a half to threequarters of a foot in depth, and can be put down at an expense, per square foot, not ex-ceeding the expense of the asphalt road as con-structed in Paris. It remains for years and at-trition to test the practical value of this con-crete; but, in general, it may be remarked, that it is heartily and highly commended by thought-ful engineers as a term in the right directions. ful engineers as a step in the right direction. The sonorousness of the hoof-beat, as enabling the pedestrian to measure the imminence of passing vehicles, is an element of concretes over wooden pavements, illustrated in an eminent de-gree by the asphaltic road, the value of which as a preventive of accidents can not be overestima-This style of pavement has been adopted by the Central Park Commissioners.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE CHINESE.

Was Columbus the first discoverer of America, or did he only rediscover that continent after is had, in remote ages, been found, peopled, and forgotten by the Old World? It is curious that this question has not been more generally raised, for it is very clear that one of two things must be true: either the people whom Colum-bus found in America must have been descended from emigrants from the Old World, and there-fore America was known to the Old World before Columbus's time, or else the aborigines of the western bemisphere were the result of spon-taneous human generation—the development of man from a lower species of animal, or descended from a second Adam and Eve, whose origin would be equally puzzling. Unless we are pre-pared to cast aside Holy Writ, and all our general notions of the origin of the human race, we must believe that there was at one time communication between the Old World and the New.
Probably this communication took place on the
opposite side of the world to ours, between the
eastern coast of Asia and the side of America
most remote from Europe; and I believe it is
quite possible that the inhabitants of Eastern Asia may have been aware of the existence of America, and kept up intercourse with it while our part of the Old World never dreamed of its existence. The impenetrable barrier the Chinese were always anxious to preserve between themselves and the rest of the nations of the Old World renders it quite possible that they should have kept their knowledge of America to themselves, or at any rate, from Europe. The objection that the art of navigation in such re-mote times was not sufficiently advanced to enable the Chinese to cross the Pacific and land on the western shore of America is not conclusive, as we have now found that arts and sciences which were once generally supposed to be of quite modern origin existed in China ages and ages before their discovery in Europe. The aris of paper-making and printing, among oth-ers, had been practiced in China long before Europeans had any idea of them. Why, then, should not the Chinese have been equally, more, in advance of us in navigation? stately ruins of Baalbee, with gugantic arches across the streets whose erection would puzzle our modern engineers, the Pyramids, and other such remains of stupendous works point to a state of civilization, and the existence of arts and sciences in times of which European historians give no account,

One fact, corroborative of the idea that the Old World, or at least some of the inhabitants of Asia, were once aware of the existence of Amer ica before its discovery by Columbus is, that namy of the Arabian alcost with whom I have conversed on this subject are fully convinced that the ancient Arabian geographers knew of America; and in support of this opinion point to pssages in cid works in which a country to the west of the Atlantic is spoken of. An Arab gentleman, a friend of mine, General Hussein Pasha, in a work he has just written on America, called En-Nessr-Et-Tayir, quotes from Djeldeki and other old writers to show this.

There is, however, among Chinese records not merely vague references to a country to the west of the Atlantic, but a circumstantial account of its discovery by the Chinese long before Columbus was born.

A competent authority on such matters, J. Hanlay, the Chinese interpreter in San Francisco, has lately written an essay on this subject, from which we gather the following startling statements drawn from Chinese historians and

geographers. Fourteen hundred years ago even America had been discovered by the Chinese and described by them. They stated that land to be about 20,000 Chinese miles distant from China. About 500 years after the birth of Christ, Baddhist priests repaired there, and brought back the news that they had met with Buddhist idols and religious writings in the country already. Their descriptions, in many respects, resemble those of the Spuniards a thousand years after. They called the country "Fusany;" after a tree which grew there, whose leaves resemble those of the hamboo, whose bark the natives made clothes giveers and inventors are already beginning to turn in this direction, nothing is hazarded in predicting that the ideal or coming pavement | These particulars correspond exectly and remarkably with those given by the American his-

torian, Prescott, about the maquay-tree in Mexico. He states that the Azzecs prepared a pulp for paper making out of the bark of this tree. Then, even its leaves were used for thatching; Then, even its leaves were used for thatching; its fibres for making ropes, its roots yielded a nourishing food; and its sap, by means of fermentation, was made into an intoxicating drink. The accounts given by the Chinese and Spaniards, although a thousand years apart, agree in stating that the natives did not possess any iron, but only copper; that they made all their tools, for working the contraction of t for working in stone and metals, out of a mix-ture of copper and tin; and they, in comparison with the nations of Europe and Asia, thought but little of the worth of silver and gold. The religious customs and forms of worship presented the same characteristics to the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago as to the Spaniards four hun-dred years ago. There is, moreover, a remark-able resemblance between the religion of the Axtecs and the Buddhism of the Chinese, as well as between the manners and customs of the Axtecs and those of the people of China. There is also a great similarity between the features of the Indian tribes of Middle and South America and those of the Chinese, and, as Haulay, the Chinese interpreter of whom we spoke above, states, between the accent and most of the monosyllabic words of the Chinese and Indian lan-guages. Indeed, this writer gives a list of words which point to a close relationship; and infers therefrom that there must have been emigration m China to the American continent at a most early period indeed, as the official accounts of Buddhist priests fourteen hundred years ago notice these things as existing already. Perhaps now old records may be recovered in China which may furnish full particulars of this ques-tion. It is at any rate remarkable and confirm-ative of the idea of emigration from China to America at some remote period, that at the time of the discovery of America by the Spaniards the Indian tribes on the coast of the Pacific, opthe Indian tribes on the coast of one a man, or posite to China, for the most part, enjoyed a state of culture of ancient growth, while the inhabitants of the Atlantic shore were found by Europeans in a state of original barbarism. If the idea of America having been discovered before the time of Columbus be correct, it only goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun; and that Shelly was right in his bold but beautiful lines—"Thon canst not find one spot whereon no city stood." Admitting this, who can tell whether civilization did not exist in America when we were plunged in barbarism? and, stranger still, whether the endiess march of ages in rolling over our present cultivation may not obliterate it, and sever the two hemispheres once again from each other's cognizance? Possibly, man is destined, in striving after civil-ization, to be like Sisyphus, always engaged in rolling up a stone which ever falls down

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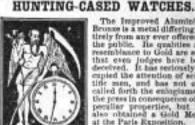
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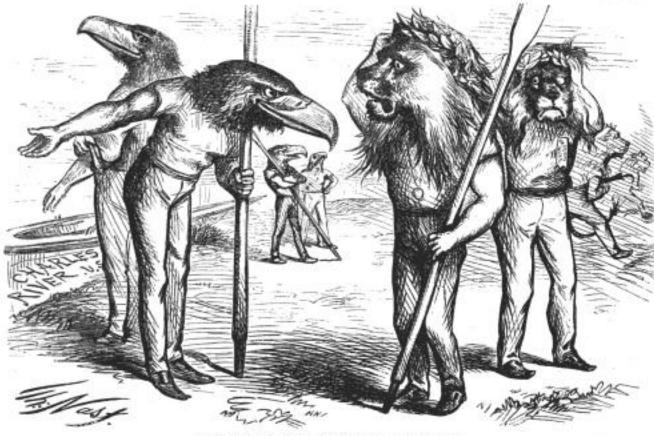
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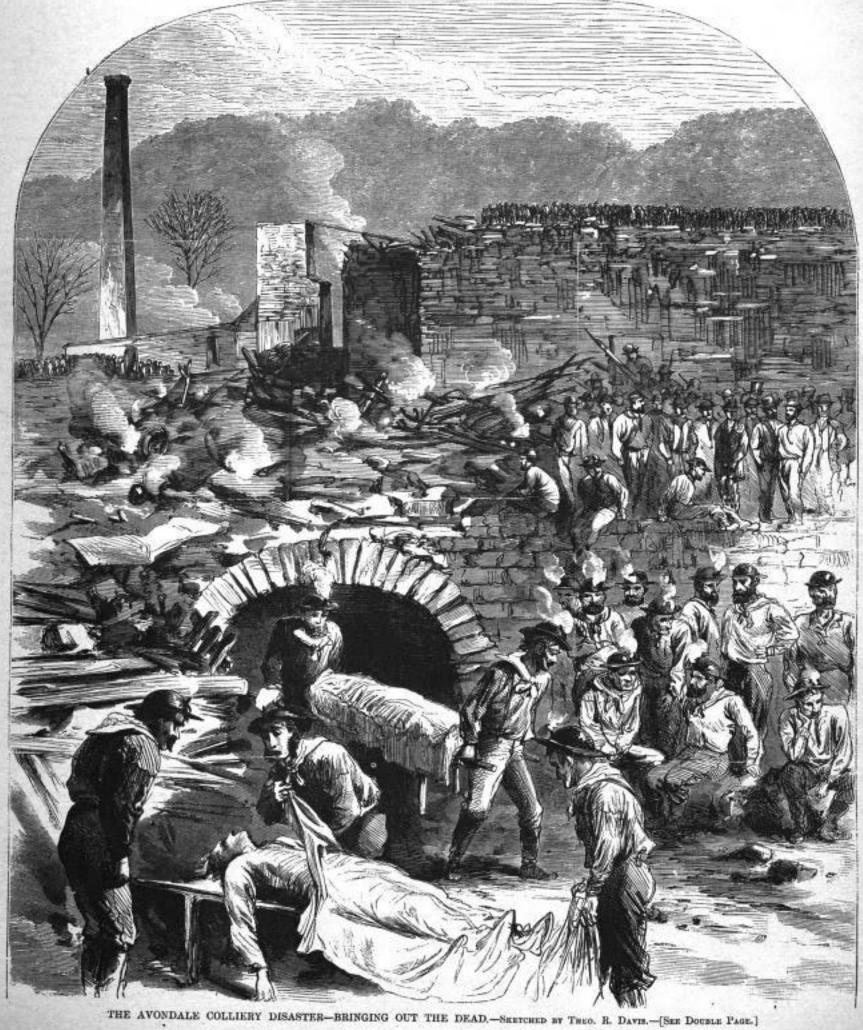


HARPERS WEEKLY. OURWAL OF CIVILIZATION:

Vol. XIII.—No. 665.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

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THE CHIEF OF STAFF.

Oven his war worn face has come.
The still, white sign that he knew so well,
Hushing afar the rolling dram,
Stilling the noise of shot and shell,
The hely sign that wiped the stain
Of blood from the faces of the slain.

A strengous soul, deep-built within,
The years were few from the coal pit's flame
To beleaguered Richmond's dying din
And the glory that settled on his name;
But not of years was his strength of deed;
The man was based on a full-grown creed.

Out from the dusk of common fate.
He stepped when the cry was loud for men;
Measure him, dead, by his chair of state;
Is his stature greater now than then?
Did he get or give by his country's trust?
Behold what shrunken form of dust!

He stood where but few had strength to stand In the wild face front of a giant time, With the great commander, hand in hand, Doing humanity's work sublime; Nor even in triumph put it by, But under it hid him down to die.

No more for him is the burried day,
Blind with threads of the tangled light;
His, now, the eternal lines that lay
Drawn out when the battle closed at night;
Their orders are deep in brow and breast,
And the weary Chief of Staff may rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

A S we suggested last week, the resolution of both wings of the Democratic party at the North to resist the Fifteenth Amendment gives a peculiar and unexpected importance to the political situation. That amendment provides that no State shall disfranchise a citizen by reason of color, and it is opposed upon two grounds: first, that the subject should not be regulated by the National Government; and, second, that colored citizens ought not to be allowed to vote upon equal terms with others.

The tone adopted in pressing the first objection, as if there were some outrage in submitting a proper question to the country in the constitutional manner, is merely ridiculous. Even if it were undesirable that the conditions of suffrage should be determined by the National Government, it is certainly not improper that the people should be asked to decide the question in the manner that they have themselves provided. Consequently the assertion of the Ohio Democratic platform that "the attempt to regulate suffrage in Ohio by means of the so-called Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment is subscrive of the principles of the Federal Constitution" is transparent folly. The Fed-eral Constitution is the body of fundamental laws, to which additions are made as experience and reflection suggest. The principle of the Constitution, so to speak, is that it shall be su-preme over all the States in every particular that shall seem expedient for the general welfare. Thus, the Thirteenth Amendment forbids any State to tolerate Slavery; the Fourteenth secures the equal civil rights of every citizen of the United States in all the States; and the Fifteenth proposes to prohibit unreasonable disfranchisement,

Is it desirable, then, that the States should he allowed to prescribe a qualification for the suffrage founded upon color? Unquestionably not, because nothing is gained by it but the gratification of a prejudice. Color does not determine intelligence or political espacity. The color of the skin is a disqualification as unreasonable as that of the hair or eyes. Moreover, it is a disability which, by perpetuating a dis tinction of caste among the citizens, forever renews the freshness of the feelings from which the war arose. The Pennsylvania Democratic platform declares that the party in that State is opposed to conferring upon the negro the right to vote." It gives no reason, and how could it? How could a party which courts ignorance, and which does not consider habitual drunkenness to be a valid bar to the suffrage, of fer any plausible reason for excluding bonest, intelligent, soler colored men from the polls? It is opposed to the voting of the colored citizens because is knows that the votes of a class which the Democratic party has done its best to degrade will naturally be cast against it. If the colored vote of Pennsylvania and Ohio were sure for that party, does any observer suppose the party would object to the voting of negroes? If the same vote were not sure to be thrown ngainst the party in New York, is it supposable that the Democrats would insist upon the present inequality of the suffrage in this State? The Democratic party endeavors by every kind of frand, as at the last election in New York, to secure the voting of the most ignorant foreigners, who have, and can have, no possible knowledge of the merits or tendency of the issues; is it conceivable that such a party opposes the equal voting of intelligent native citizens because they are colored?

Until this question is settled there can be no escape from the old issues; and the question may be postpound, but it can be settled in one way only. No man in his senses can imagine that this State, or this country, will finally rest in a policy of discrimination among citizens so baseless and infamous as this. A qualification of residence, of education, of familiarity with the language, is reasonable and intelligible, but one of color is contemptible and exasperating. Apparently the Democratic Convention in this State will declare against the Fifteenth Amendment, and against the provision of the new State Constitution that equalizes the suffrage, It will then be for the orderly and intelligent citizens to determine how the public welfare is to be promoted by the success of a party pledged to perpetuate upon such grounds the difference that has so long and so cruelly vexed us,

Or are there other considerations in favor of its success that make this objection insignifi-Ohio will, undoubtedly, reject Mr. PEN-DLETON; but shall New York virtually declare in favor of him and of his repudiation? If there is general discontent with the character of the Legislature, let the voter reflect whether it is likely to be improved by being composed entirely or in a majority of such members as the city of New York now sends. The Republican party is the friend of the Fifteenth Amendment, of the national faith, of equal suffrage in this State, of a strict registry, and of the atmost protection of the ballot-box against frued of every kind. It is certainly not less honest and economical than its adversary. When it is added that it is in favor of settling the long disturbing difficulty of our politics in the most just, reasonable, American, and inevitable manner, can any man who has hitherto sustained it doubt as to his duty?

THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

Tue decision of the Attorney-General in the Virginia case ingeniously compromises the difficulty. The dilemms, however, should not have arisen; and we confess it seems to us that it would have been better avoided by leaving Congress to interpret its own law. The registered voters of Virginia have, indeed, voted in favor of a Constitution which, when accept-ed by Congress, becomes the law of the State. But, until accepted, it is not the law of the State, which is still a Military District, subject to the laws passed for its regulation, and among these laws is that which requires the oath of all officers, including the members of the Legis-The Attorney-General says that it is impossible to suppose that Congress could in-tend that a Legislature under the Constitution of a State should be regulated by the military commander. But is this Legislature, before the Constitution has become valid, properly defixed by the Attorney-General as "a Legislature under the Constitution of a State?" it is certainly not a provisional Legislature, as the Attorney-General afterward asserts. And if it be provisional, all its acts must be equally so, including the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. But is a provisional ratification

It is plain that the Legislature is not a Legislature of full functions until its action is approved by Congress; and is it not therefore equally plain that Congress, notwithstending the Attorney-General's remarks, does "undertake to furnish the State with a suitable Legislature to start with ?" If this Legislature does not do what Congress wishes, it will be held to be musuitable. If, on the other hand, Congress is satisfied with it, it will, for that reason, and for no other, be considered suitable and valid. But in considering the action of the Legislature, Congress will necessarily investigate its origin and authority. The Reconstruction laws do not compel Congress to approve the assent to conditions which is made by a body that is not qualified to make the assent; and although General Canny will not exact the oath, under the circumstances, and the Legislature will therefore probably meet and ratify the amendment, yet Congress will have to satisfy itself of the justice of the Attorney-General's decision before it accepts the Legislative action.

Of course we have no desire to prolong the controversy, still less to favor a course which at the manifest will of the rea voters of the State. In the dilemma which the law of Congress has itself occasioned, we would have postponed the proclamation of the commanding General, which would have en-abled Congress to deal with the subject before the Legislature assembled. It will be much more difficult to manage the matter when the Legislature has organized and acted, without any clear conception of the limits of its authority. If it chooses to do no more than the Attorney-General suggests-namely, ratify the amendment, and then wait and see if Congress will clothe it with full Legislative functions by accepting the Constitution and approving its action-the difficulty will be passed. Or if Congress is willing to necept the action of those who by existing laws are incompetent to act, thereby suspending the laws in their favor, there will also be no trouble. But was it not better to avoid both contingencies and all the questions that may consequently arise?

WALL STREET.

Tun cable telegraph has produced effects nowhere greater than in the financial centre of the Union. It brings us into immediate contact with London, Paris, and Frankfort, with this advantage, that the business-day is over in each of the great European markets before it commences in the United States, and can be studied and weighed before entering upon the conflicts of the trade in which we are respectively engaged. The foreign and domestic markets for cotton, food, manufactures, public debt, etc., and whether money is plenty or otherwise at any controlling point, constitute the essential subjects of inquiry at the outset of the business-day, and fortunes are lost or won as information is accurate or false in these matters.

The morning press furnishes information of the markets of the previous day, but private telegrams sent by leading houses to their correspondents here give the latest advices, and constitute the basis of immense transactions. Only those who deal largely can afford the expense of frequent telegrams, and in a time of excitement the lines are incessantly used.

The great bankers in England and on the Continent have access to all the important sources of information in their respective localities; and if the press telegrams are erroneous with respect to the health of NAPOLEON, or some other topic of interest at the time, furnish their agency or branch here with exact knowledge, upon which it acts with effect while the public at large remain in the dark.

Perhaps in no matter has the cable been used more effectively than in transactions relating to United States bonds. The Germans were the first to invest in them largely, which they did with great pecuniary advantage to themselves, while at the same time they have aided to establish over Europe the credit of the Union, which alone was wanted after the successes of the war to elevate us to the condition of a firstrate power. In the course of these transactions, on the part of the great bankers on the other side, news would reach us of a glut; apprehensions would exist here of a return of bonds; purchases of gold on speculation would follow in this market, to end in disappointment and loss on finding that the absorption of our securities still continued, and that those who held the latest advices had become free sellers of gold. The turn in the market would be immediate and overwhelming.

We have from time to time shown how the cable was used to accomplish not only a sale of the bonds, but of their proceeds in the shape of "cable transfers," so as to produce instantaneous results, and drive out of the market those who were speculating for an advance in the gold permium. The anticipated shipment of gold on which the speculation for a rise was based became unnecessary from the sale of cable exchange; which sale, effected here on the afterneon of one day, wellded here on the afterneon of one day, wellded here on the afterneon of the morning of the next, to the dismay of those who supposed the foreign purchasers oversupplied with our securities.

Perhaps never again in the history of the country will such grand opportunities for amassing fortunes be found as the negotiation abroad of our securities has furnished. We hope that at an early period our credit will be such as to enable us to substitute a four per cent, bond in the place of those earning six and five per The ability to do this will depend on the skill with which the national finances are managed. If, on the one hand, the Repudiator is kept down by the pressure of public opinion, and a sufficient amount of tax is regularly collected and applied to pay the interest as it accroes, we shall in time reach that position of safety which arises from having to pay only a low rate of interest. It is our highest policy to look to this with never-failing engerness, or the country may be tempted by heavy burdens to lose sight of the great truth that there is a mysterious, but undoubted and powerful connection between our prosperity as a people and our punctuality in meeting every obligation. We shall not reach the solid land until the debt is fixed at a low rate of interest, as the result of confidence in the integrity and strength of the country.

The change which has o by being introduced into hourly intercourse with the principal European markets is equally great in domestic business. In the latter there is a constant tendency toward the accumulation of business on the part of those who wield large capitals, as they are enabled to command success in a variety of ways. If they speculate for a fall in prices, they will lock up capital at a moment when money is already scarce from the application of large amounts in moving cotton or breadstuffs; and as the small houses know nothing of the combination or the moment of its termination, they must proceed tamely, and never without risk of being eaught by such sudden changes of policy. These speculations ordinarily embrace in the combination outsiders who are admitted on the strength of their sunposed wealth, on the agreement that they shall not be required to make a deposit as security for the result; and such is the temptation to do a large business that the plan of buying stocks

without any margin is invited by the smaller houses, who, in truth, take the risk of the speculations of their principal. The rerklessness of a corner—which can not be engaged in without an abandonment of all claim to high commercial or moral position—is communicated to too many for public advantage. The policy of issuing convertible bonds and suddenly converting them into stock; of watering stocks without the consent of stockholders, and sometimes without the knowledge of Directors; and the appendage of a Court, armed with lockbreakers and Receivers, belong to the new state of things.

Great uncertainty is communicated to business in the street by these events; for it is scarcely possible to tell what portion of the price of particular stocks is due to the power of outside capitalists, and when they will unload their watered stock upon the unwary. It is painful to find that at Chicago and other Western cities the dealings in grain are subjected to the uncertainties and the vicissitudes of Wall Street gambling.

A large amount of the business of Wall Street is conducted upon proper business principles by bankers of high standing, who earn their profits by baying bills of exchange representing cotton or grain purchased for expert, and who sell their own bills, drawn on bankers in Europe, to the merchants engaged in importing foreign goods. The profits of the transactions of this character are large, as the banker takes the risk of the foreign market for the cotton or grain on which his purchase of exchange is founded. The merchant can not buy these bills founded on the produce which the country exports, because the business requires the close attention and particular knowledge which bankers only from long experience reach.

Many young men start in the street determined to avoid speculation and confine themselves to legitimate business, and some, greatly to their profit and honor, continue on in this course, securing respect and confidence; but the general tone is adverse to this, and leads the majority away from the true path.

THE COAL-MINE TRAGEDY.

THE fearful catastrophe at the Avondale coalmine should stimulate the inquiry whether there is not great carelessness in the general management of the mines. It seems incredible that there was no ventilating shaft into the pit where the miners were at work, and that their sole hope of safety lay in a shaft whose safety was constantly and peculiarly threatened. It will be easy hereafter to avoid this especial peril, but why was it not perceived before, and what other dangers as appalling still menace the miners? It is a sad life, away from the fresh air and the sunlight and the green earth. There are no gloomier tales than those which tell the story of the miners; and legislation has been chliged to interfere to save little children from the thoughtlessness of employers at the mines.

Government is, first of all, founded upon experience and good sense. The theory of the laieser-aller, of letting "things look out for themselves," may be abused in practice, like every other. When women and children were worked sixteen hours a day in English fectories, it seemed almost impossible to pass a "short time" bill. Hundreds of thousands of starving laborers were ready to starve more in order to release wives and children from the horrible bondage; and at length the bill passed. It was not theoretically correct, but it was actually most humane. No individual steekholder in a coal company would be unjust to the miners; but corporations have no sonls, and managers and superintendents must spend little and make much, or they are in danger of losing their places.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that this terrible tragedy will lead to the most searching and thorough investigation of the general management of the Pennsylvania coal-mines; and that every security which experience may suggest may be made obligatory upon the companies. There is a vast mining population in that State, and its character must necessarily affect that of the Commonwealth. It is the interest of the State that the miners do not feel themselves more and more excluded from general sympathy, and this can be done by wise evidence of the care of their fellow-citizeus.

MR. FESSENDEN.

By the death of Mr. Freshners the country loses one of its most patriotic and able statesmen, and his party a man who commanded the confidence and respect of the Opposition. His name is not especially identified with any single measure, nor with any positionly memorable speech, but it will be always conspicuous among the leading advocates of the wise and humana policy of the Republican party.

During the anti-slavery debates that preceded the war Mr. PESSENDEN'S intellectual acuteness and stern logic, and the sharpness of his sarcasm, were always most efficient in exposing and ridiculing the sophistry and malice of the slavery leaders. Through the struggle as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, and for ! some time as Secretary of the Treasury, his sagacity was of the utmost service. And after the war ended, his Report to Congress as Chairman of the Committee upon Reconstruction, in which the principles of the policy afterward adopted were set forth, is one of the most admirable political documents of the time,

With the Republican Senators TRUMBULL and Guinus, Mr. Frankxous voted against the conviction of President Jourson when he was impenched. The guestion had been made one of party, and the abuse of these Senators by a large part of the Republican press, and espeby the New York Tribuse, was unsurpri ed for its unscrupulous vehimence. It is hardly accurate to say, as that paper states since Mr. Fraskyngn's death, that he was "every where condemned" for his vote. There were many of the most radical Republicans who differed with him, but who no more condemned him than they did Mr. SUNNER; and it was the influence of those men which prevented the censure of Mr. FESSENDEN and the Senators who voted with him by the Convention that nominated General GRANT. Of the fidelity of all these gentlemen to the great purpose of the Republican party there has never more reasonable doubt than of their ability and spotless integrity.

Mr. FESSENDEN'S feeble health for many years, joined to a peculiarly sensitive temperament, made him especially impatient of mere display, and sometimes too irritable in the vidainful independence, a scornful hopesty, which indicates the character most desirable in a publie man amidst the tendencies of our politics. In many ways be recalls the men of an earlier day: grave, simple, devoted, with a profound conscionsness that this is a government of laws, not of persons. Of the sycophancy of the politician he had no trace whatever. His character and his career were full of the dignity of self-respect; and the loss of such a living example of the rarer civic virtues is not the least cause of regret at his death. It will be very difficult to fill adequately the place of such a man, who in the one act of his political career for which he was most severely censured by a large number of his party friends performed not the least valuable moral service of a most honorable and useful life.

GENERAL RAWLINS.

Tun general assent of the country to the words of Attorney-General HOAR's touching message, in speaking of General RAWLINS-" a man so upright, able, and faithful"—shows how deep is the public sense of his loss. It shows also the sagacity of the President's course in selecting for so important a position a man with whose character and capacity he was thoroughly satisfied, although his name might not be familiar to the public. From the beginning of the war intimately associated with General GRANT, General RAWLINS constantly proved his shility; and the testimony of all who knew best, since his accession to the War Department, proves the vigor and sagacity with which, even in his extreme ill health, it was conducted by the Secretary. Had he been a conspicuous politician, is it likely that he would have been a better officer, or that the country would more truly mourn his death &

In selecting his successor we hope the President will look among those whom he knows rather than those whom the politicians expect or present. We understand the necessity of party sympathy and support, and we also insist that it is the duty of every man to be a politician, so far as that word implies a knowledge of the principles involved in the questions upon which he votes. But the word politician has come to mean distinctively the bucksters in politics, the doers of dirty work claiming to be the party, and in that sense we use it. General RAWLINS could not have been the candidate of the politicians; but the party that supported General GRANT, as well as the country at large, were satisfied with his appointment. They will be equally pleased with a successor whom upon his appointment they may not know, if his adcase of General RAWLINS, that the President has selected a man "upright, able, and faith-

THE THORNS OF TRAVEL.

"A SUBSCRIBER" writes to the Timer the story of his experience upon a railroad. He went to the Eric station at the foot of Twentythird Street, and asked for a ticket to Niagara Falls, the advertised price of which was seven dollars. He was asked by "the bland and gentlemanly agent" if he intended to return by the same road. He said no. Thereupon he was politely informed that the fare would be eight dollars and seventy-five cents. He was unwilling to turn away, and paid the sum demanded, with the impression that he was swindled. When near Buffalo the conductor informed him that he must wait at that place for three hours, and gave him sixty-five cents to pay his fare to Nisgara Falls. He im-

his fellow-citizens of the snare into which he had fallen.

And he did well. He did what every traveler ought to do under the circumstances, and what most travelers are too lazy or thoughcless to do. It is only of the great catastrophes that the public hears, not of the myriad small vexas that sting the traveler. The constant failure to make time, and the consequent "mak-ing up"—the minor miseries at the Mugby Junetions—the runnings off the track, and the slight collisions without serious results—the toleration of drunken passengers, and all the annoyances which the traveler habitually suffers, seem to him not worth talking about, and he half fears to be called an old Betty. But the public pays quite enough for its railway accommodation to have it of the best; and it will certainly not be of the best without the incessant spur of expo-

The posted placard announces, "To Niagara Falls via Eric Railroad for \$7." It seems that the condition is, that you will take a return ticket by the same road; but the coudition is not mentioned. This is mere petty swindling, and of a kind that we have known before. Perhaps the Company will explain it. If not, we shall all have cause for still greater gratitude to Governor HOFFMAN for continuing the present direction of the road beyond the term for which it was elected.

NOTES.

Tax Democratic Bourbons who are victorious every where else must attend to Wisconsin, where the Democratic Convention lately resolved that is "rejoices in the extinction of slavery; in the prompt and general acquiescence of the Southera people in the results of the war; in every well-directed effort for the enlightenment and elevation of oppressed humanity at home and abroad; and in every measure compatible with good government and public order to broaden the basis of suffrage and extend the blessings of free institutions to all classes of the people It then proceeds to deplore that the policy of the Republican party defeats all these desirable ends; but that is of course. Here is a Demoeratic Convention that turns ONESTRUS out of doors, and finds no revelation in heels and shinbones of the right of a man with a white skin to "wallop" a man with a black. But, as if to show that this is merely a cutaneous virtue, the same Convention resolved that the national bonds ought to be taxed. The Wisconsin Democracy, after all, is a "humanity" that needs "well-directed efforts for its enlightenment.

JUDGE DEST has been nominated for Governor in Mississippi by those who are called the Con-servhive Republicans, and who are a party com-posed of some fifty Democrats to one Republican. Meanwhile, the Republican party is well organized, its platform is published, and its nomina-tions made. The platform is wise, generous, and progressive, including amnesty and educa-tion; nor is there the least reasonable ground alleged for the Dent which & few of its friends are trying to make, with the aid of its enemies, in the party. The "Conservative" movement in Mississippi is as suspicious as all other movements which take that line name. It is really the attempt of those who are least dis-posed to acquiesce in the settlement of reconcraction to obtain power under false pretenses And as Judge Dayr, whatever his excellent qualities, is a most undoubted "object-bagger" —a fact so repulsive to the Democratic press—we shall expect to have it duly set forth with gibes and grimaces in the "Conservative" journals.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE has written a cheerful letter to Mr. James A. Barggs, in which he says, "I want nothing whatever of a political character, and desire that my name may be disassociated in men's minds with all political action." When he was younger he says that he thought he might do a great deal of good if the people should trust him with great powers; but now that he is older, he is not at all sure that he could do better than those who have been trusted with them. There is no reason to doubt that the Chief Justice says precisely what he feels; but he is too old a poli-tician to suppose that he will be understood as meaning finally to withdraw from political life-to the point, let us say, of refusing to allow his name to be used, with a certainty of success, for a Presidential nomination by the surely winning party. In his "Reminiscences of Men and t published, and full of intere political correspondence and history, James A. Hamperon quotes an anecdote from the commonplace-book of Mr. Jose Jourston, as old merchant of New York, General Washington one day expressed a low opinion of Mr. JEFFERsos, saying that when he resigned the office of Secretary of State Mr. JEFFERSON said that he was tired of public affairs, and meant to live in private, even forbidding newspapers to be brought to his house. Speaking of this with General Ham-ILTON, WASHINGTON said that he hoped Mr. JEF-PERSON would be happy in his retirement. introx replied that for his part he should not be surprised to see the ex-Secretary a candidate for the Presidency; and when Mr. JEFFERSON aft-erward became a candidate, even General Washregree thought that his renunciation of public life was not sincere. Such is the fate of public

The great public services of Mr. VANDERRILT in buying and controlling the Harlem and Hud-son River railroads, and in going round the world in his own steam yacht, have been recog-nized by Captain Albert Dr. Gnoor and some

other friends, who have caused the erection of a huge bronze statue, surrounded with emblematic designs of the methods by which Mr. VANDER-HILT has necumulated an immense fortune.

ROCKWOOD'S very elaborate display of pictures at the Fair of the American Institute stitutes one of the leading attractions of the American Institute Exhibition. Among the pictures is a large oil-painting of the late James Harrer, copied from the photograph taken a few hours before the lamentable accident which caused his death,

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE AVONDALE DISASTER.

THE AVONDALE DISASTER.

We publish this week, on our first page, and on pages 612, 458, and 617, a large number of illustrations of the recent calimity at Avondale, Perseyvissia, accompanied with a detailed secretic. The subjected of its a diagram of the collery, showing the position of the shaft and the uncertor galleries. Among the papers in the possession of the company there is to be found no plan of this mine, which was companitively a new one. But our artist, Mr. Theodere E. Davis, who risited the scene of the disaster, and from whose selectedes our illustrations have been perpared, has succeeded in producing an accurate diagram from his own personal observations, aided by the effects of J. Tisdale, the superintendent of a neighboring colliery. The scene presented during the exhamation of the unfordunate victims can never be forgotten by any one who witnessed E. Upon the side-bill, as in a vast amphitheaire, stood the waiting multitude with anxious faces. The scene immediately about the shaft was gloomy in the extreme. The rains of the breaker; the descent of the brace, stalwart miner, detail after detail; their reappearance at the top of the shaft with their sed bardon from below; their crident exhaustion from the deadly gases which they had encountered; the recognition of the dead by friends, followed by the amorancement, one by one, of their names—all these features made up a picture which can scarcely be readered by pen or pencil.

But there was another scene that would baffe the kelli of Boet to reproduce—a scene of which no record is left, for there is no one to tell the tale. This was down in the interior of the mine after the bracking out of the fire, when all the fresh air in the mine was being drawn lower the fail gases were being driven hack into the interior. Trient, hitherito separated, how had not. Their forensia, litegies, was there, and to the front. Who can describe the tumolis of that gathering, or the pasic which followed when it was known that there was no hope of escape or dresses? At

and died.

Most of the victives—all but eight or nine—were Welsh miners. They had recomed work only a few days bedies, after a suspension of three months. For for that suspension a connection would have been made with the old terms, and through the outlet thus given the miners would have been secure against any calamity like that which has now proved fatal.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. James J. Brooks, a special United States Revenue officer on duty at Philiadelphia, was shot by a party of ruffans September 6.

The Vermout election took place September 7. The Republican majority was \$0.00.

The President has appointed General Sherman to act as Secretary of War until the vienney caused by the death of General Rawline shall be filled.

The Aliantown fron-Works, at Allentown, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by fire September 7, and a theorem works and workness thrown out of unployment. The box is estimated at \$500,000.

There have been sixteen cases of suicide in Lowell, Massachusetts, within eight months, mostly of young stills.

The new Smale of Kentucky will consist of two Republicans, two Independents, and thirty-four Democrats. The Bouse of Representative will consist of right Republicans and ninety-two Democrats. The Fifteenth Amendment will n-1 stand much of a chance in a body thus composed.

The Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio,

The Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, George H. Pendicton, and a speech at Cincinnation Friday last, in which he opposed the adoption of the Fritzenth Amendment, because he regarded it as a material and radical change in the preced system of reservances, and as destroying the constitutional relations of States to the Federal Union.

The Warreneburg coal-mine at Carbon Bill, Missouri, caught fire in the main shaft on September 4, while fifteen near were in the retire. Seven of the measuremeded in getting on the riging to the ropes of an seconding car, although they were badly burned; but the remainder were forced to remain in the mine until the fire was callinguished, when they were reserved in a more of less injured condition, the foreman, Mr. Halver, probably fatally.

On September 9 General Carby toward his proclamation declaring the result of the interdiction in Virginia. Gilbert C. Walker will be installed as Provisional Governor on September 13, and John V. Lernis Provisional Heatmann-Governor on teclober 5. The Legislature will be called together October 5. The Legislature will be called together October 5. The Legislature will be called together October 5. The Legislature of the Emparated Convention of Minnesota met at St. Peat 18 September 9, and nominated Judge Austin, of 8t. Petars, for Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Tax French Senate has closed its sessions, after adopting the Senatus Consultant. The amendment giving that body the power to elect its own President and which had been preciously rejected, was finally passed at the Emperor's own recommendation.

There is a remor, reaching to by a recent cable telegram, that the Emperor Napoleon may abdicate in favor of the Prince Imperial.

A fearful harricane has swept over the north of France.

favor of the Prince Insperial.

A fearful intricase has swept over the north of Prince.

Ministerial responsibility is to be proposed in a measure to be infraduced by the Liberal Party at the next session of the Princips Dict.

There are 17,000 men, women, and children starring in two English countles. They have been reduced to want by a strike among the mit-makers.

The most carbonate preparations are being made for the Geomenical Council. Twenty-three shorthand written are engaged to make arecond of the proceedings at the Cunnit. They have been exherted from different parts, as that some of these may be acquainted with every variation in the promotestion of the Latin tougue. The Prope's data has been played its St. Peter's, and sears have been scranged for Lish histops. "The seats are to be covered with surge, says the correspondent of the Marsing Part (Landon). "They are considered just be milion parton, so that obser profaces will be somewhat expressed in them. Each stall has a writing-desk in front, with a spiling on underneath."

Each stablibes a writing-desk in front, with a spittoon underneath."

The Reights Government has declined to join Bavaria in carrying out Prince Holsenduc's policy respecting the forthcoming Geometic Council. The Government has also determined to send no official delegate to the Council.

Republican organizations in Portugal are said to be increasing in suiciters and influence.

Lady Palmerston, wholes of the late Lord Palmerston, died September II.

Arrangements have been made to reprat the Boston Punce Jubilee at the Crystal Palmer at Sydonham, England.

The London Merston Part 2278; "His Hollows the

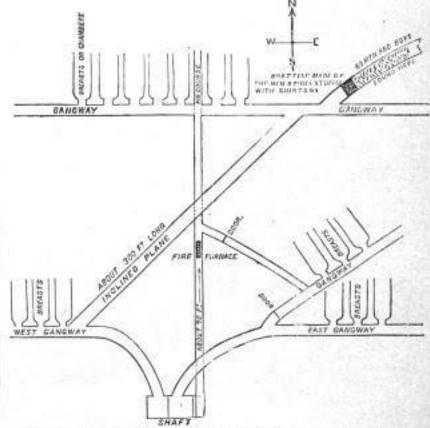
Pares dublice at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, Espland.

The London Mercine Past says: "His Hollness the Pope is about to make great effects to convert the negues of America. Two bundred of them are now studying for the privathosal."

Letters received, from Cuba at Washington see September 8, by way of Key West, purport to give full recounts of the bettle at Las Tanas, which is regarded as the most important that has yet taken place. The fight lasted due home. The Spanish forces were ander General Valumerita, and numbered over 4000 effective troops. The interprete were about 500 counts of the bestle at Las Tanas, which is regarded as the most important that has yet taken place. The first feet over 1000 effective troops. The interprete were about 500 most over fifteen of the bestle and wounded over 601. Two bundred of their dead and wounded were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were about 50 cm 100 most over 601. Two bundred of their dead and wounded were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were approach over 601. Two bundred of their dead and wounded were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were approach over 601. Two bundred of their dead and wounded were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were approached were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were approached were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were approached were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were approached were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were approached were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were approached were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were approached were 10% on the first, \$50 prisoners were \$50 prisoners

shal Scramo will be extended.

Ring Vistor Emanuel, of Italy, in reply to overtimes made to the Duke of Acots in connection with the Spanish throne, declares that his sun shall sever reign in a free country unless by the manimous call of its Constitutional Chambers.



PLAN OF THE INTERIOR OF THE STEUDEN MINE, AVONDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

The 14th of September, 1869, was the contaminal anniversary of the birthday of Baron Alexander von Humbolder, the great German traveler and savant. This anniversary was to his German countrymen a day of great interest, and in this country it was ecloheated by them with peculiar endoustann. We give on this page an excellent portrait of Baron Humbolder, who in many respects was the greatest man of his age. He died at Berlin, May 6, 1859, at the uge of ninety years.

For, if any, possessed so varieda rango dattainments; no one ever used vast knowledge more nobly than he. The sciences — astronomy, chemistry, geology, minoral-cy, natural history, physics, anatomy—were not more familiar to him than politics, law, and bolles-letters: in all he was a master. Whesher we consider the sum of his additions to the general stock of known facts, or the valuable generalizations and laws which he deduced from the discoveries of others, we shall find it difficult to more any philosopher of the present day who can be compared to him. Personal advantages enhanced the fame of his mental triumphs. After a youth spent in the successful

yours spent in the succession pursuit of knowledge under surprising difficulties and in spite of formidable dangers, he enjoyed a screne and beautiful old age, and set an example of rare industry and unvaried equanimity at a time of life when seither the faculties nor the temper are expected to be bright. Unlike many benefactors of humanity, he was fortunate enough to reap his reward in his lifetime. He saw his fame surpass that of conquerors and monarchs, and received, for the last quarter of his life, a homoge more universal than any other man of his day. No functal honors or posthumous entogies can enhance the reneration with which the name of Humpotor has been worshiped for a quarter of a century throughout the civilized

He was born at Berlin on September 14, 1769; his father was a soldier of distinction and a man of wealth. Left fatherless at the age of ten, Farmanca Hartsmen Alexandra—this was his name—was earefully educated by judicious relatives, and spent a creditable currer at the universities of Berlin and Gaitingen. His taste for scientific pursuits led him to devote especial attention to getdogy and mineralogy; and, after a couple of years' study at Fribourg, he became, at the ago of twenty-three, a director of the works at Bairenth. He had perciously traveled extensively through Germany, Holland, and England, and had published a small work on the bastle rocks on the Baire. His labors at Bairenth increased his love for science; he made himself master of all that was then known of chomistry, galvanism, botsny, and geology; and the death of his rocker placing him in possession of independent property, he sold his estates, there up his situation, and determined to devote himself to seience.

himself to science.

Having decided to choose a new field for his sesercations, he was somethat embarrassed in his selection. War was raging throughout Entrope at the time. He proposed to explore scientifically Southern Italy, and actually set out with a friend; but the British cruisers compelled the relimpuishment of the enterprise. He planned a rour through North Africa, and got as far as historially have the war again introfered, and he abandoned the project. He had uset at Paristica late M. Boxyriaxe, then appointed naturalist to a scientific expedition to South America; but the war put a stop to this too. Almost in despair, he and Boxyriaxe project to desore them; edges to a series of scientific experimence and



DARK OR PAIR?-(SEE POEM, PAGE 614.)

observations in Spain, and left France accordingly. While they were in Spain the Government of that courtry became acquainted with

On June 4, 1799, Humnoapt sailed from Coruma on his great voyage. Even to give a brief summary of the results of his five years' journey-



BARON ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

Humanor's extraordinary attainments, and unticipated his foulest hopes by soliciting him to undertake the exploration of Spanish America. The offer was joyfully accepted. ings would exhaust far more than the space allotted to this sketch. It must suffice to say that, having touched at Teneriffe, and obtained some valuable observations of and from the Peak, the

illustrious traveler landed at Cumana, in the middle of July, and devoted eighteen months to a thorough ex-ideration of the wilderness which now constitutes the State of Venezuela, laying down the true course of the Orinoco and other rivers, and collecting the materials for an accurate account of the physical geography of that section of country. From thence he went to Cuba, traveled over the island, and made so thorough an examination of its resources and peculiarities that his work on Cuba, old as it is, is the most valuable we have. In March, 1801, he left Cuba for the main land, intending to make Panama his starting-point. Accident drove him further south. He made Bogota his point of depart-are, and from thence, in spite of the rainy season, crossed the continent to the Pacific, and carefully survoyed Peru, Chili, and the whole Pecific slope of the Andes. It was during this tour that he made his famous ascent of Chimborazo; he attained an elevarion of 19,300 feet-over three miles above the level of the sea; and amidst mists and cold so intense that the blood started from his eyes and ears, planted his instru-ments on a rock which the wind had bared of the eter-nal snows, and enriched sci-

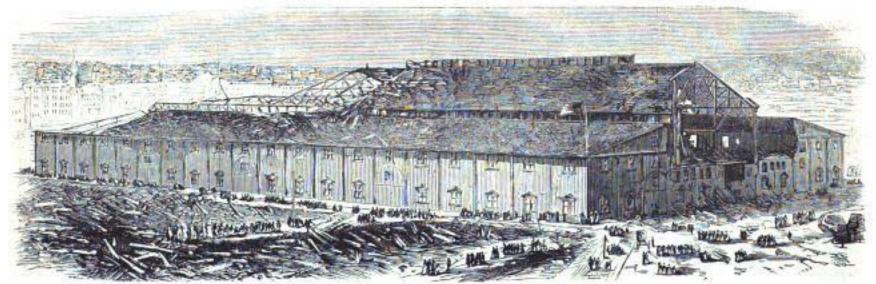
ence with an unprecedented series of observations. In Chili he was enabled to study the phenomena of earthquakes, as, in Venezuela, he had studied meteoric showers; his views on these important subjects have never been controverted. After spending twenty-two months in South America he repaired to Mexico, visited its great volcanoes, hald down the course of several of its rivers and mountain ranges, and obtained a thorough knowledge of the country. From Mexico he sailed, by way of Havana, to Philadelphia, and spent a couple of months in this country; from whence, at length, in July, 1804, he sailed for France, with the fruits of five years' indefatigable and intelligent travel—such a store of facts, drawings, and observations as no previous traveler had ever been able to collect.

Some idea of the value of his American harvest may be gathered from the fact that his published account of his travels in South America and Mexico comprises seventeen volumes folio, and eleven volumes quarto, and costs \$2000 a cony. It took him twelve years to write.

copy. It took him twelve years to write.

After the completion of this gigantic labor he traveled through parts of Italy which he had not seen, and speat some time at Rome at the villa of his brother Williams. He was enabled to witness a great eruption of Vesuvius, and obtained some valuable observations. In 1818 he finally took up his residence at Berlin, where he was eagerly wedcomed by the king and court as well as by the source. The Prosisins were so proud of him, and so fearful of losing him—strong inducements were held out to him to settle in Prance—that he was made a concilor of state, and given to understand that no favor would be too great for him to ask. He had no political ambition, however, and was happy in being able to prosecute his stadies.

In 1820 the Emperor of Russia resolved to have a survey made of his Asiatic possessions, and offered Humana. In the direction of the work. The offer was accepted, and in company with two distinguished sozess, Humana. Traveled through Siberia and Tartary, spending nine months in collecting ample material for an account of the physical geography of Central Asia. His travels were published by the Russian Government in a magnificent form, and at his suggestion a series of observations was undertaken which has been of great use to science. Nicreotas would gladly have retained Humanard in Russia, but found him inflexibly attached to his



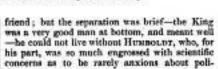
THE COLISEUM AT BOSTON AFTER THE TERRIBLE GALE OF SEPTEMBER 8 .- PROT. BY JORN A. WHIPPLE, BOSTON .- [SEE PAGE 614.]





On his return home Husmount found the revo-lections of 1830 in progress, and filled his first diplomatic part by going to Paris, on behalf of Prassis, to recognize Louis Patterra. He was much occupied then and for some years after-ward in political concerns. With the King of Prassis he lived on terms of almost brotherly in-

Prassia he irred on terms of almost brotherly in-timacy; and though his political opinions were much too liberal for his sovereign—he was, in fact, a thorough republican—he represented Pras-sia faithfully and honorably on several momentous occasions. The crisis of 1848 is said to have led to some decided expression of his liberal views, and for a time to have estranged him from his royal

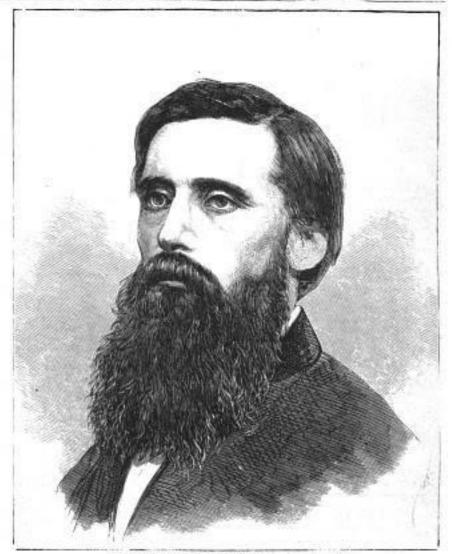


Shortly after his return from Russia he planned Shortly after his return from Itassia he planned his magazin epins, which, he intended, should contain the sum of his acquirements, and should demonstrate the harmonies of the universe. To this grent work he gave the appropriate title of "Cosmos"—the World. He began it is 1831; but for a long period the work was interrupted, and the first volume did not appear till many years afterward. The fifth was published shortly before his death. The work is so well known as to need no description here. It is enough to say of it that it contains the sum and reason of the knowledge of the most comprehensive mind of

The problem he sought to solve—the demonstration of the perfect unity of the divine purpose, and the harmony of all the divine laws—has not been solved, because all science is yet in infancy, and the sum of what we know is small in comparison with that which we have yet to learn. But any one who vants to know how much the human mind grasps, and how far the human eye

has groped into the mist of knowledge, will find what he seeks in "Cormus."

One of the most striking characteristics of HUMHOLDT was the remarkable quickness with which he turned every thing to good account— even accidents and disappointments. Every man was for him a teacher of something; every object a theme for study; every event a new problem solved, to be stored away in the proper shelf in his capacious mind. TUCKERMAN says of him: "If delayed by the events of war from embarking on his American expedition, he occupied him-self in ascernaining the height of the central plains of Castile; when becalined on soundings,



THE LATE HON. JOHN A. RAWLINS .- [See Page 514.]



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER-FRIENDS CLAIMING THEIR DEAD.-SERTORED BY THEO. R. DAVIS .- [SER DOUBLE PAGE.]

he examined the weeds collected on the lend to gain new light for the theory of the coloring of plants; the haze that for many hours correlled from his right the Prok of Teneriffe induced inpressure speculations on the effects of atmosphere on viscon." Our countrymon, Mr. Square, who visited him at Berlin, thought, after a few house in his company, that the raparious socress had pumped him dry about Central America; but he was mistaken, for, before his departure, an org-cut note reached him from Hr unstart, imploring how to say whether the petato diseast had comted in Nicoragua?

Petroen Americans and Human or there al-yous existed a strong bond of sympathy. His carle tracels; the respect shown him on his visit to this country; his republican opinious, and his intimacy with some of our greatest men, always had been to seek a strong affection for the United States, and to show to American travelers more artention than to foreigners generally. It is not emorph to see that his regred was reciprocated by the American people. No foreigner enjoyed such general veneration in this country is Baron He another. The proposal which was made to leave the Oregon dispute to his arbitration was one of the many evidences of the unexampled esteem in which he was held on this side the

DARK OR FAIR.

S. a. Pittar Continued on Plage \$13.

Marney fair With the golden hair-Sweet Primette With the locks of jet, As you roun side by side. On the morge of the tide, I know not on which my beart I should set.

The hazel orb Will the heart about, And the eye of blue Is tender and true: But when both are together This sombling weather, Their powers combined must our peace undo.

Beautiful pair. that become spore? The more and the sun Shine never as one, And why should you two Both rise on our viou When either alone had our worship won?

From crown unto feet In beauty complete, Take the Night and the Day Together you stray. Past the pier and the shipping So dointily tripping. In your pretty, besideling, unconvious way:

The maiden fair Would I gholly declare My durling- and yet There's the dark-eyed Brunette? And I vow on my word To say which I preferred Is a question with terrible doubt beset.

What shall I do To decide 'twist the two?' So beautiful both That to choose I am both, And which was the fairest The sweetest and rarest I could not declare, were I put on my early!

Brunette and fair maid Like Sunshine and Shade-Each in her sphere Is the Inteliest here, And I own I'm as fond Of Bruncare and of Blonde-A shocking confession I very much fear.

THE LATE HON, WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

For some days before Mr. Frascinnen's death we were informed that his illness was serious, and that there were no hopes of his recovery. He died at Portland on the morning of Peptember 8, in his sixty-third year.

With an extraction year.
With an Ever Franchism was born October
16, 1806, in Boscawen, New Hampshire. He
was graduated at Bowdein College in 1823, and
after four years' study of law was admitted to
the bor in 1827. He began the penetice of his
profession in Bridgeton, Maine, but in 1829
moved to Perdond, where he ever after resided,
Gaining terminature as a bover he covered.

Gaining prominence as a lawyer he entered SI he was elected to the In 18 State Legislature from Portland, and was distinguished in that body for his skill and legal nearon as a legislator, and for the power which he displayed as a deluter. At the expiration of his term he returned to the practice of his profession, and was soon known as one of the most distinguished members of the bar in his Sease. In 1839 he consented to run again for the Legislature, and was elected. He was then a strong Whig, while a majority of the Maine Legislature was Democratic, this fact Mr. FESSESUEN was placed on the Judiciary Committee, and afterward elected Chairman of the Committee for the revision of the

State Statutes, In 1840 he was elected to Congress, His speeches on the Loan bill, Bankrupt law, and either measures, and his reply to Caten Cran-ring fully sustained his reputation as a lawyer and as an orator. He declined a re-election, and but for the Democratic majority in the Maine Legislature would have been chosen Senator. In 1845 we find him again in the Legislature,

having been elected by the prohibitionists. From 1846 to 1852 he took no active part in polities, except as a member of Whig National Conventions. In 1848 he was a member of the Con-tention which numinated General Taylor for Pre-ident, though not Taxion but WEBSTER was his tacceite candidate. Four years later be supported the nomination of General Scorr, During this time, while engaged in the practice of law, Mr. Fassennen, in conjunction with Mr. Winstein, gained a decision in the Supreme Court against an opinion previously rendered in a lower court by Judge Stoux. The case in-volved the question of the liability of the owner of property for the fraudulent acts of his auc-

Though supporting General Scott as candidate for President in 1852, Mr. Fessestors op-posed the platform of his party, and predicted His mind at this time was occupied is defeat. with the imminent question of succey, and, after the action of the Southern Whigs on the Nebrus-La bill, he advocated the formation of a new perty. So ort was defeated; but by a combination of Whige, Democrats, and "Free Soilers," Mr. Frasciscots was chosen Sonator. His colleague in the Sonate was Hannian, Haman, then a Democrat. Mr. FESSENDEN's speech on the Nebroska bill on the night of March 3, 1854, established his reputation as one of the ablest deletors in the Senate. He served on the Finance Committee, and on the experation of his term, in 18-2, was manimously re-elected. From this date Mr. Fassexpers's reputation

was a national one. He held his position on the Finance Committee during both terms, and his knowledge of monetary matters led Presi-dent Laxenax to appoint him Secretary of the Treasury upon the resignation of Mr. Chase in 1861. He consented to retain his position un-pl March, 1865, when he was succeeded by Mr. M'CCLLOCH.

Mr. Freenen's course in the Senate during Axons: Joursson's administration was emi-nently conservative, though he was a sound Re-publican from first to last. One of the most nemorable acts of his Senatorial career was his vote against the impeachment of President deutysons.

Personally, Mr. FESSENDEN was a pleasant. affetés gentleman. He was tall and dignified in his appearance; but his natural severity of demeasure was relieved by the souvity of his

GENERAL JOHN A. RAWLINS.

GENERAL JOHN A. RAWLINS, late Secretary of War, died on the afternoon of September 6. The loss to the country will not easily be repaired; that sustained by the President is totally irreperable, for the latter has not only been deprived of a faithful severant, but also of a trusted friend.

Jours A. Rawaass was born in Jo Daviess Courty, Illinois, February 13, 1821. At his death, therefore, he was in his thirty-ninth year. He received a common-school and sendemic ed-ocation, and until twenty-three years of age was regaged in agricultural pursaits. In 1853 he ensered the law-office of J. P. Stramusza, of Galena, where he made the acquaintance of President Gravet. In 1854 he was admitted to the lar, and was afterward tolerably successful in his profession.

Previous to the uni General Rawanne's en-Previous to the unit General RAWLIN'S en-reor was comparitively obscure, but he had that strength of character and sturdy patriotism which, in the new ern that opened in 1861, made him a prominent soldier. From the beginning of the war his record is closely associated with that of General Grant. Soon after the fight at Sumter a large public meeting was held at Galena at which Grant presided, and Rawlins spoke. The latter had been known as a Democrat, and his declaration in favor of coercive measures to his declaration in favor of coercive measures to maintain the Union had on that account a great-

In August, 1861, he was a Major in the Fortyfifth Illipois, known as the lead-mine regiment; last at the request of GRANT, then a Brigadier-General, he received an appointment as Assist-ant Adjutant-General, and was assigned to the officer at whose request the appointment was given. From that time he accompanied General GRANT in all his campaigns, He was made a Lieutenant-Colonel November

1, 1862, aild a Brigadier-General of Volunteers August 11, 1863. He was first appointed Chief-of-Staff to General Grant in November, 1862, and retained this position after the elevation of the latter to the rank of Lieutenant-General. On March 3, 1865, he was confirmed herves Ma-jor-General. His faithful services as Chief-ofjor-General. Staff were fully appreciated by General Gasser, who in no small degree owed his remarkable our-

ress to General Rawaiss.
For a short time after General Grass's inanguration General SCHOPIELD remained at the head of the War Department. But the Presi-dent derided to appoint General Rawlers to that place in his Cabinet, and finally prevailed upon him to proept it. He was unanimously apon him to accept it. He was unasanously confirmed, and his appointment was satisfactory both to Republicans and Democrats. Under his charge the affairs of the army have been con-ducted with increased efficiency, and with a wise

economy of expenditure. General RAWLINS was a victim of consumption, a malady continued by exposure during the war. His private character was such as to win the esteem and affection of all who knew him. His temper was equable, and his domestic relations were of the most pleasant nature. His first wife, whom he m: ried June, 1856, died in 1861. In December, 1863, he married Miss MARY E. HURLBURY of Dunbury, Connecticut. This lady, who survives him, is herself an in-

THE LATE GALE IN BOSTON.

A TEMMENT Southeasterly gale visited the entire line of the New England coast on the evening of September 8. Before nightfull it grow
into a harricane, causing great damage to property, accompanied with loss of life. The Boston
Common was literally carpeted with foliage, and
a few trees were blown down. The Old Elm,
however, still stands. Awnings were torn to
shreds, chinneys were thrown down, and churches and other edifices were unroofed.

One of our litestrations on page 612 shows
the effects of the gale upon the Coliseum, in
which the grand musical festival or Peace Jubilee was held last July. This once imposing tire line of the New England coast on the even-

lee was held last July. This once imposing building is now butle better than a mere wreck, and its ruinous and dismantled condition gives and its rumous and dismantled condition gives a more striking proof of the fury of the storm and the havoc which it wrought than any other instance that can be cited. Shortly before six o'clock a furious gust of wind struck upon the orchestral end of the building "like a hammer," as sailors say. In a few minutes the large cir-cular window, which is twenty feet in diameter, yielded to the blast, and the wind getting inside, the building oningeral like a reset. The whole the building quivered like a reed. The whole orchestral end now crashed in, and the blast, sweeping with resistless fury to the other extremity, as speedily forced out that end. In a few moments the whole edifice seemed to be the sport of the elements, and the wind, getting underneath the roof, playfully lifted it off piece by piece until the whole of the transept was rapidly unroofed. The air was darkened with falling and flying timbers, which were tossed and blown about like shavings. The crush was and blown about like shavings. The crash was tremendous, and struck ave into all beholders. The organ was speedily leveled to the ground and buried in a chaotic mass of timbers. The big drum was also laid flat and pierced in sev-eral places by the falling timbers. Immense pieces of the roof were carried considerable dis-tances, and fall on every ride.

tances, and fell on every side.

A large number of vessels were wrecked along

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

Is I pride myself upon any mental endowment hatever, it is upon that humble one of Common-Is I pride myself upon any mental endowment whatever, it is upon that humble one of Common-Sense. I live what is called by the intellectual people a conventional life. I have my pew in the neighboring church, and sit in it twice every Sunday. I know one captain in the army—just such a person as he should be—polished, and yet ferocious, gentle to ladies, but rather insolunt to civilian males, boastful of his clubs, and giving all his leisure time, which is considerable. giving all his leisure time, which is considerable. to the cultivation of his mustaches; but other-wise I am ignorant of the fashionable world and all its gay doings. I have made no endeavor to break through the gifted pale that separates it from the steady-going middle class to which I belong. I do not understand the feeling which prompts my superiors to be ashamed of being seen in an omuibus. Once every day I return from the City in one; and if it is wet I use the same conveyance in the morning to reach my office. I pay my tradesmen weekly. My best sherry is 48s. a dozen; and when the captain alks of vintage wines (as he will do by the hour at my table), I often wonder what he thinks he is drinking. However, with true good-breeding, he imbibes it in great quantities, as though it were the best. I do not keep a man-servant. Our cook can not compass an outlette roughle. My wife trims her own bonnets. We have eight children, who all know the Church Catechism by heart, except the beby and the last but one. In short, a more respectable and unfashionable family than our own does not exist in all Bayswater.

Under these circumstances, it may be easily imagined that we are as free from the vices of the great as we are without their privileges; and this was, I honestly believe, the case until with-in a very recent period. When I used to read in the papers that the Lady Day Coltay (of Ner-man ancestry and bluest blood) had left her hus-bend's roof, and fied with Major Flutterby of the band's roof, and fied with Major Flusterby of the Life Guards; or that it was rumored among well-informed circles that the gentlemen of the long robe would soon find employment in the domes-tic affairs of his Grace the Duke of Belgravia. I used to give a prolonged whistle, and remark: "Here they are again," in general reference to the habits of the hand ton. I know that our bereditary aristocracy were given to these esca-pades, which in my own rank of life would cer-tainly be crimes, and I perused such details as the press could furnish with an avidity unalloy-ed, I am afraid, with much reprobation. I seem-ed to be reading of a class of persons whose way of life was too far removed from my own to affect me, except as a spectator; just as when I went to the play I found myself in an atmosphere of intrigue, and misunderstanding, and jealousy, al-together unreal, and with which I had not the

ost of an experience in common. Jealousy! Why, I had been married sixteen years without entertaining that passion, so that it was not very likely, however well acted, that that passion should entertain as. Misunder-standing! The thing was impossible, for when-ever there promised to be "a row in the parity" —and every married man will understand me when I make use of that metaphorical expression-I brought it to a head, and had it out, and off we started again (speaking for self and Mrs. it—) on the smooth current of our lives, with the little fraces buried forever in its depths. As for the mother of eight falling in love with another man—it is all very well in a stage-play, and particularly where the hashand is a black man, and, as I have said, beditting enough among persons of quality; but upon the Notting Hill side of Baystrater any such mischance would. I felt, be out of place, and ridiculous—a social presumption, as well as a grave to the crime.

Imagine, therefore, my astonishment when my opposite neighbor, Peabody, who also calls himself my friend, did me the honor to call upon me a few weeks ago, to speak, in confidence, of the alarming conduct of my wife. Having demandedtand obtained a private interview, this scandalous old person, who was once an indigo mer-chant, and yet remins the trace of his calling upon his nose, set before me in detail a number curious circumstances connected with the goings on," as he was pleased to call them, of my wife, which he was not, indeed, prepared to say, "might not possibly be only coincidences, after all," but which he felt it his duty as a fellow-creature, and one who had been a husband in his time—here his lips made a dumb motion of gratitude—to let me know. Even as a neighbor, and an inhabitant of a common Crescent, hitherto remarkable for its respectability, and which, as I doubtless remembered, had declined to permit Mrs. Jones to put up Apartments in her window, lest we should be confounded with the lodging-house localities; nay, which, by the more force of its public opinion, had percented No. 484 from being let to a playactor—even in this character, said Peabody, he would have felt it his duty to make me aware of what was being snid, though doubless falsely, respecting the be-havior of Mrs. R----. Here I should have lock-ed the door, and informed Peabody that his last hour was certainly arrived, and that he had better make his peace with Providence before I cut his threat; but from ignorance of the proper conduct to be adopted in such exceptional circumstances, and perhaps from the knowledge that there was nothing but a paper knife in the

that there was nothing but a paper-knife in the room with which to effect this righteous punishment, I only burst out laughing, and called him a meddling and importinent old fool.

"Very true," returned be, for he always makes use of that form of words—"very true; but still the facts are worth investigating, even from their singularity. To you know, for instance, that at eleven o'clock, three days a week, your wife goes out in a cab by herself?"

"No," said I, "I do not; though, if she does, it is surely better than if she had any ineligible companion. As a matter of fact, however, she

companion. As a matter of fact, however, she does not do so, for I'have offered to go shopping with her twice this week, and she has declined to accompany me upon the ground of having a

sore throat."
"Upon what days did she give this excuse?"
inquired Peabody, taking out his pocket-book. Last Monday and last Thursday," returned

"Well, here's a memorandum: Monday 4th. Some Mrs. R.—— start, as usual, at 11; Thursday 7th, direct, direct. She could not be going to a morning concert, because she had no white gloves on.

gloves on."

"I will grant that much," quoth I, sardonically, and yet not by any means unmoved by this neexpected intelligence, "My wife does not nnexpected intelligence,

go to morning concerts."
"Very true," observed Peabody. "Then the

"Very true," observed Peabody. "Then the question arises, where does she go to? Now, as an inhabitant of the Crescent—"Peabody," interrupted I, severely, "I acknowledge the right of no man—no, not of the man in the moon himself—to meddle in my as fairs upon that ground. I am obliged to you for the interest you have taken in this matter, but the simple fact is, that it has been entirely mispleced. I have been perfectly well aways of my placed. I have been perfectly well aware of my wife's movements, and they have had my fullest permission and approbation. I only wanted to see to what lengths your impertinence and love of interference would carry you. That is your hat, I believe; your umbrella is the alpaca one;

I wish you a very good-morning."

I whered my visitor out, and then sat down in my private parlor with my elbows upon the table, and both my hands thrust into my hair. I had temporarily extinguished Peshody, but I was on fire with jealous apprehensions myself. What could it all mean? For sixteen years my wife had never taken any excursion unless in my company, upon which, she had always given me to understand, she doted; and yet, after refusing to go out with me upon Monday and Thursday last, on the plea of sore thront, she had started, the instant that my back was turned, in a Hansom—or even supposing it was a four-wheeler— in a cah, without white gloves on, and— Con-found it, here was a row in the pantry, and one which my peace of mind demanded to have cleared up at once. "Anna Maria," cried I, huskily, from the bottom of the stairs—"Anna Maria, I wish to speak with you immediately."

"Loc bless me," answered my wife from the top story, "it isn't one of the children, is it, lobe 2. Prove sell me the worst at once."

top story, "it isn't one of the current."

John? Pray tell me the worst at once."

"No, Madam, it is I," replied I, stiffly.

"Then it's the kitchen chimney," exclaimed

"And didn't I tell

"And didn't I tell

Mary to have it swept a week ago; and now the fire-engines will spoil every thing, even if we are not burnt out of house and home."

Was it possible that this woman could have deceived me, as Peabody had said, and yet talk so simply of her children, and of house and home? By the time Anna Maris had got down to the drawing-room flight I began to be rather ashamed of myself. When the mother of eight reached my sitting-room door, with her honest face aglow with animation, and her voice so carnest about the soot, I did not dare to mention what I had

in my mind.
"I called you down, dear, to say that I was going to give myself a holiday to-day, and to ask you to come with me to Hampsterd Heath, and dine at Jack Straw's Castle this afternoon,

A ray of joy passed for an instant over her features, and then, as if recollecting herself, she began to stammer that she was very, very sorry, but really she had so much to do about the house just then; if I would only wait till Friday week,

which was my birthday, then we would go somewhere, and she should enjoy it above all measure. This afternoon, however, the thing was

impossible.
"Well," said I, gravely, "we have not many holidays together, and I am sorry. You had a sore throat on Monday and on Thursday, when

"Oh yes," answered she, shaking her little head, which is very prettily—could it be too pret-tily?—set upon her shoulders; "it was quite impossible that I could go out with that throat."

"Here," thought I, for she could not have gone out without her throat, "is some dreadful falsehood; but Peabody may have told it, and not she. Perhaps she never went our Should I not rather believe the wife of my bosom than that scandalous old retired indigo-merchant i Was it not base even to suspect Anna Maria of

deception? Doubless it was: but yet I thought I would just satisfy myself with my own eyes."
"Very well," observed I, quietly; "since you can not come with me to-day, I shall go to the City, as usual. I don't care for a holiday by myself."

"Poor, dear fellow," said Anna Maria, coaxingly, as she helped me on with my great-coat, "I am quite grieved to disappoint you. Good-by, John. Mind you have a good luncheon; it's very had for you enting those huns and rubbish."

Ah, what a tangled web we weare," says an, want a tanged wer we weare, says somebody, "when first we practice to deceive," though after but a little trying, there's nothing easier than lying. I protest I felt like a pick-pocket, as I designed and lurked about our Crescent, watching in the distance my own door, to see whether Mrs. R--- would cross the thresh-old. I suppose I have none of the attributes necessary to the profession of a detective; for whenever a passer-by cast his eyes on me I felt myself blashing all over, and hanging my bend on one side, as a dog hongs his tail. I dared not, of course, stop in the Crescent, but loitered at the corner of a street which commanded it, now trying to dig up the tops of the coal-cellars by inserting the nozzlo of my umbrells in their circular holes, and now eliciting mournful music by dragging it against the area railings. Ex-hausted with these exercises, I had been learning against a lamp-post for about ten minutes, when the door of a house opposite opened suddenly, and a widow lady of vast proportions came swiftly ont upon me, with her cap-strings streaming in

"Now just you go away, my gentleman," said she, in a menacing voice, "before the police makes you. I know who you're a-looking for, and I can tell you she ain't a-coming, for I've got her locked up in the conl-cellar. I know you although you you, although you have not got your red cost on to-day; and mind, if you get another slice of meat in my house, I'll prosecute you as sure as my name's Mivins.

Gracious Heavens, Medam!" cried I, "do

you take me for a common soldier?"
"No, Sir," answered she, maliciously; "but

for a tuppenny-habenny Life Guardsman, who never saw a shot fired in his life; and if ever you come after my Jumima again-"
I turned and fled-into the very arms of the

I turned and fled—into the very arms of the abominable Peabody. "Make haste!" exclaimed he; "there is not a moment to be lost. No; the cab is coming this way; you may see for yourself whether I am not right this time."

And sure enough, who should drive by, at a rapid rate, but Anna Maria, in a four-wheeled cab, and without her bonner, and with a flower to her high the first the head of the cab.

can, and winson her tonner, and arm a power in her hair! This blow, coming so closely upon the attack of the widow lady, was almost more than I could bear. "Where can she be going to?" gasped I, half unconsciously. "It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of."

"I have heard of similar things," returned

Penbody, quietly, "although I never experienced any thing of the sort myself. Of course, I don't know where she is going to; but the direction she has taken is toward St. John's Wood.

I hastened back to my own house, and with the air of a man who has forgotten something, began to search in the pockets of a great-coat hanging up in the hall. "By-the-by," said I as the servant who had let me in was disappear ing, "I think your mistress must have got it after all. Just run up, and tell her I want to

see her for a minute."

Emily Jane, who has been in our service ever since we were married, turned as scarlet as her cap-ribbons. "Sir," said she, bolder than brass, cap-ribbons. nissis has just stepped out; she has taken two

of the little girls for a morning walk."
"Which two?" inquired I, looking this ahandoned young person fall in the face. Her subtle spirit was cowed by this course of procedure; she didn't she replied that she did not knowrecollect-she hadn't paid particular attention. but she rather thought that it was the two youngest-all in a breath.

"In that case," rejoined I, pointing with with-ering scorn to the perambulator, "how comes this here? No, Emily Jane; your mistress must have taken out with her to-day the same two children that she took on Monday and on Thursday, when her some throat was so had that she could not go out with me."
"Yes, Sir," replied she; "it was the same

"Emily Jane," said I, solemaly, "always tell a truth. I know all. Where is your mistress the truth. gone to all by herself to-day, with her hair so neatly arranged, and a flower stuck in the lefthand side of her head? and that after telling me she was too busy to move out. Conceal-ment is worse than useless. Where is she?"

"Wild horses shouldn't do it," returned the domestic, resolutely. "I told her I would keep it dark, and I won't betray no confidence as he been reposed in me. You must find it cut all of your own head, Str. Oh dear, oh dear!" Here, to my confusion, Emily Jane cast her apron, by a sudden and dextrous movement, over her features, and in that blinded condition rushed down the kitchen-stairs like a bull stung by boes.

At that moment the front-door bell rang with a violence such as none of our visitors, except the captain, ever dare to use. My wretched heart seemed to experience a little throb of joy. He at least, then—and I confess my suspicions had been turned in his direction, for was it not his profession to guard us from foreign foes, and stroy our domestic peace—he at least, I say, saless there was more than one- I dured not trust myself to finish the reflection, but opened

the front-door with my own hands.
It was somebody in uniform, but not the captain. "Telegraph for Mrs. R.—," squeaked the boy, in his shrill thin voice; "please to sign on the right 'and side." Then dancing a double shuffle upon the door-step, in ceder to keep himself warm, he broke forth into bellad, "There's somebody in the house with Dinah, there's somebody in the house I know; there's somebody in the house with Dinah-

I didn't like his impodence, and I didn't like his song, but there was nothing for it but to sub-mit. What could Anna Maria be doing with telegraphs? From Rupert Merrington, 6 Cupi-don Villan, St. John's Wood. Pray, be punctu-al this time. I am engaged after twelve. I trust and this time. I am engaged after twelve. I trust
you will be looking your best, not pale, as on
Monday and Thursday.

"There's somebody in the house with Dinah,
there's somebody in the house I know—" I

rushed out with the receipt in my hand, and the buy snatched it, and took to flight, for he saw that I was dangerous. What could this dreadful message mean? or rather what meaning could it have but one? Rupert Merrington! not at all a steady-sounding name, to begin with: the sender, too, was evidently no business-man, or he would not have exceeded his twenty words so foolishly. It had a military smack all over (and I didn't like that notion—a military smack!). Merrington was of course an assumed name. The handwriting was good, and so far unlike the captain's; but then people don't write their own telegraph messages. I felt that some immediate action was necessary, or that I should be sufficient. In a couple of minutes I was in a Hansom bound for Cupidon Villas, in a state of mind easier imagined than described; and yet I had often read descriptions of it in rovels which professed to describe aristocratic life, and often had seen upon the stage (although princi-pally in farces) the husband racked by jealous

pangs.

What had there been to laugh at in that, I wondered now? Why should the tenderest emotions of the human heart be made the subject of huffoon— But what a wicked-looking set of houses were these which I was now passing! If bricks and mortar—and especially stucco—coa-look vicious, certainly St. John's Wood possess-

es a patent for—

"What number, Sir?" shouted my driver,

"What number, bale in the roof. "This is through the little hole in the roof. Cupidon Willas."

"I am sorry to hear it," grouned I, passing my pocket-handkerchief over my brow. mind me, my good man" (for his countenance evinced much dismay at my voice and manner); "I know it is not your fault that I am miserable. Please to pull up at No. 6." Of all the wicked-looking houses in Cupidon

Terrace, No. 6 was, it seemed to me, the wicked-est. The round eye which formed its staircase window winked victously in the sunlight, and in the garden door was a little grating, as though for the purpose of reconnoissance before admit-tance, which was not a little grating to me. The drawing-room shutters were closed. This latter circumstance gave me some satisfaction, since it might signify that Mr. Merrington was dead, but a glance at the gay attire of the servant-girl who answered my summons cut away this ground of consolation. "Is Mrs. R——within I" inquired I, with a tone of assumed indifference.

"Well-yes, Sir-but you can't see her just at present. Mr. Merrington has a great objec-

tion to-"
"Confound Mr. Merrington!" cried I, push-

ing my way in. "I want to see my wife."
"Oh, your wife is it, Sir?" replied the maid, with a giggle. "Then of course you can go up, if you please, although it's as much as my place is worth. You will find them in the drawing-

"What! there?" exclaimed I, passionately, pointing to the closed windows. "Yes, of course, Sir! That's the room they

it in? Then this sort of thine

must have been going on for years! I cleared the two little flights of stairs in a couple of bounds, and hurled open the drawing-

room door like a catapult.

I found myself in a large spartment, darkened,

indeed, upon one side, but well lit by a huge win-dow (invisible from the front of the house) at its northern end. In the centre of the room was a raised structure, hung with purple, and rather resembling a scaffold decorated for the execution of royalty, and upon the scaffold sat my wife in an uncomfortable attitude, and with an expression of countenance that she only wears upon those ceremonions occasions which demand what are called "company manners Between her and the window stood a gentleman with mustaches, and in a velvet cont-at an easel, and evidently painting her por-He elevated his eyebrows at iar mode of entering the roces, and looked toward my wife, as if for an explanation of the

"It is only my husband, Mr. Merrington," returned she. "Oh, John, I am so sorry that you found me cut, for I had meant my picture to be a pleasant surprise to you upon your birth-

day next work. This was to be my last sitting | but one; and nobody knows the trouble I have

taken to keep you ignorant of my coming here.
That stupid Emily Jane must have let it out."
"No, my dear," said I; "I discovered the fact for myself through the telegraph; and really I—I couldn't help coming down to see how the picture was getting on. It was so very kind of you. And, dear me, Mr. Metrington, what a charming likeness!"

"Well, it's not in a very good light, you see," related by descreptions."

rejoined he, deprecatingly, "Not having a room with a sky-light I'm obliged to block up those windows, and manage how I can. It makes the house dark, and, I'm afraid, caused you to stum-

ble at the drawing recent door."

"Yes," said I, "that was just it; I very nearly came in head first. I—I only thought I'd look in on my way to the City. I won't interrupt you another moment; and, indeed, I have myself noting to look."

I gave the maid five shillings, and-thinking it would be more likely to insure her silence -a chock under the chin. Then I wrote to Peabody from Bunhill Row (where my place of business is situated), to tell him that I would not make a fool of him any longer; but the fact was that, during the last few weeks, I had been making my wife sit for her picture, which he was to come and pass his judgment on as soon as it was finished: there was a question as to whether the flower in her hair was an improvement or

But I know that Emily Jane would tell Anna Maria all about it. However, nothing was said until my birthday arrived, and with it the portrait, for which the dear creature had saved up her pin-money, and put herself to the greatest inconvenience. I declare my heart smote me for my base suspicions when I looked upon that honest face, which had never worm point before. Upon that day she said: "By-the-by, John, when that telegraph arrived for me from Mr. Merrington, it didn't make you jen'ou at

1. Oh dear no, my darling! Jealous of you? Impossible! Not, of course, that you are not benetiful enough to make all the world fall in love with you; but I never dreamed of such a

thing."
"That's all right, John," said she, kissing ne; but there was a wicked twinkle in her kind eyes as she added, dryly: "I am glad to hear you say that, for, do you know, my dear, I al-most thought you were just a little jezious."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Westevan Geove," at Oak Bloffs, Martha's Vine-yard, is a small dity of cottages. Entirched by the for-est trees—so sheltered and secluded that they only est trees—so sheltered and seconder may very peop out amidst the learning foliage—there are not far from one thousand tasteful cottages of every conceivable style of architecture. They are all small, and most of them but one story high. The streets of this most of them but one story high. The streets of this most unique village are simply paths through the woods; and so diminutive and functful are the cottages, and so lovely the grove, that the whole aspect is more like fulry-land than a real place in this prosale world. In this beautiful location the "Marc Vineyard Camp-Meeting Association" annually holds its religious services. Tents are erected, each capable of bolding two or three hundred persons, and around the "preachers' stand" comfortable seats have been the "preachers' stand" comfortable sense have been placed, sufficient to accommodate about three thousand neonle have been

upon the ground this year.

Oak Bluffs is not simply a camp-ground: the place is sought by many as a health, quiet, bosulfs! watering-place. Its natural advantages are superior. Picturesque bays indent the coast: the sea view in unsurpassed; boating and fishing are excellent; there is a fair beach for surf-bathing. Many prefer quiet enjoyment in a spot where dissipation is unknown to life at a fashionable summer hotel, find their way to this sequestered nook.

Reports of every kind continue to arrive from the Wilderness. One visitor, who seems to have had a pretty good time, advises "those who love good fish-ing, clear, fresh air, delichtful ear, fresh air, delightful scenery, and honest to visit the Adiroodack region. But if a man rt, to visit the Adirondack region. But if a man ables at the song of a mosquito, or the sight of a black fly, or if he looks upon a visit to the country as a business investment which will not pay unless he catches so many fish for so many dollars, he had better put a pin-hook on a piece of cord and deh in his

A most singular natural phenomenon is reported from South Carolina. During the war a young Con-federate soldier was wounded, and his leg was ampotated near the thigh. The wound bealed rapidly; but about a year afterward a fleshy protuberance began to grow from the place of amputation. It took the shape grow from the place of amputation. It took the bange of a foot, and since that time it has been growing leg growing from his thigh, which, in a year or so, promises to supply the loss of his leg.

Biorstadt, the artist, has an elegant villa at Irving-The house is of stone, and provided with a large

Switzerland is the first foreign country which has entered into an arrangement with our Post-office De-partment whereby money orders may be transmitted between this country and Europe. The Series ex-change office is at Basle. Money orders from this country will first be sent there, and then the money due will be transmitted to the proper person in an part of Switzerland.

A gas engineer in London has patented a new porta-A gas engineer in London has passened a new perta-ble gas-making machine. The gas is manufactured instantaneously without the application of heat, and consists simply of an admixture of atmospheric air with the vapor from mineral oil. The air is admitted into the machine while the gas is in process of con-sumption, and is regulated in accordance with the demands upon the machine.

The "Euradelpha" recently invited Mr. Horsce Greeley to breakfast with them at the Woman's Ra-reau, and for a couple of hours discussed their favorite topics, apparently with mutual satisfaction. Anna Dickinson is President of the "Emadelphia," and the society is composed of those only who take a

decided stand on the question of woman suffrage, and have for their special object the general wolfare of woman. It is ramoved that one feature of the society is to give breakfasts to different public men whose in fiscuce would be helpful to the court.

A Senator recently sent one of his speeches addressed to "Hon. Weedell Phillips, care few. H. W. Beecher, Brooklyn." Mr. Beecher sent the MSS, "in the original package," with the addition, "Beston, Massachusetts," and the measureadum, "Mr. Phillips is under my care, but for safety I keep him in Maron chasetts. H. W. B."

Another scientific feat is promised at Ningara. A during fellow designs taking an aestal flight across the chases on wings, which are now being constructed at Handlion, Outario.

Rev. W. H. Murray did not seeme of the newspopers suggested he should—preach shoul wandering in the Wilderness when he first met his congregation on his return. On the contrary, taking for his text the passage, "And let us not be weary in well-tring ; for in due season we shall roup, if we faint not," he ondenoured to improve his heaven with the importance of vigorous Christian activity. Park Street Church was traveled to its nimost; and Mr. Murray gate extdence in his appearance that life in the Wilderseas had been beneficial to his beaith.

There is a report that the Rochschilds are to invest \$500,000,000 in Putted States Bords.

A singular ecene occurred in Buffalo early one morning not long ago. A drawe of ninety Texan cattle, that had just been landed from one of the ferry-boats, became infuriated, and run in every direction through the streets, goring and transpling every thing that came in their way. One man was tossed by a mad ball into Niegara Street Park, a woman was fatally gored, and several other persons injured. Some of the cattle swam across the Ningom River and scatterred on the Canada side. Had the stampede curred later in the day, when the streets were crowd-ed, the casualties would have been fearful,

The "perils of vaccination" scent to be exciting much alarm in London, especially among the poorer classes. One woman refused to have her child vacclusted, and was sentenced to seven days impriron-ment in consequence. One of her children had died, evidently from the effects of impure vaccination. In Esgiand vaccination is now compniory. Most phy-sicians, in this and other countries, are firm in their belief, founded on long experience, that vaccination, when properly performed, is see effectual presentive of small-pox. Dr. Ward, of London, after farty years' service in the National Vaccine Establishment, during which time he vaccinated 45,000 persons, says that none of them have died of small-pox, and only a small proportion have been revaceinated, which proves to his mind most satisfactorily the delusion of the idea that the protective powers of vaccination are diminlehed or worn out in course of time. One physician of the New York Dispensary, who had vaccinated 40,000 in sixteen years, has stated that none of them had taken small-pox after his vaccination.

Worth, the Parisian "man-milliner," does not think it worth while to cover every dress with trimmings. Recently, on being consulted in regard to trimmings. for a dress he had just finished, he declared that none should be put on R—that "it was only an 800 franc dress." The general idea is good. If some of the superabundant trimmings were emitted from cheansuperabundant trimmings were emitted from cheap dresses—to say positing of expensive ones—ladies would manifest far better taste then is shown now in tramerous cases.

According to an English physician of distinction, According to an angina paystern or definitions, extreme ritualistic services have a special tendency to produce insenity; the increase and colors and perpexing geneficitions so act upon the nerves and imaginations of excitable persons—young ladies especially—as to destroy or impair the reasoning faculties; in abort, that they make people crasy.

A few days after the International boat-race a complimentary hanquet was given at the Crystal Palace, by the Lendon Rowing Clab, in honor of the Harvard and Onford boaterwas. A hundred and twenty invited guests were present, including Charles Dickors, Thomas Hugher, Edmund Yates, Captain Anderson, and many other notables. 'Mr. Dickers made a pleasant great, in which he said many course in contract. ant speech, in which he paid musty compliments to the

A nugget of gold weighing 106 pounds, and valued at \$25,000, was recently taken from a mine in Downic-ville, California. This is, within a few pounds, the largest ever found in modera gold mining. From the Monumental Quartz Mine in Sierra Baties, Sierra County, two men obtained in one day gold valued a

A couple of Brooklyn burelaw attempted a short time ago, to transfer a quantity of dry-goods from a certain shop, in which they were employes, to an accomplice on the sidewalk. One of the burglars, while pulling a piece of goods from a bale on the upper floor, slipped and fell through the hatchway. His companion fied, leaving the wretched man to writhe in ag Toward morning his wife, becoming anxions at unusual absence, went to the store in search of him, and he was discovered lying in a mangled and increa-thic condition. He was removed to the City Hospital, where he died in the afternoon of the same day,

In a biography of the Cear Nicholar, which has recently been written by a Russian prince, the following incident is mentioned in connection with the commencement of his last sickness: The Emperor had ordered a review, and, in spite of the entreaties of his doctor, insisted on riding forth in the cold. Even when he was in the court ward of his palace, Dr. Maudt renewed his supplications; begged his Majos-ty at least to throw a closk over him. The Carr remained denf to every warning. "Sire, you are ith; it will be your death;" and, at last, "Sire, it is suicitin you are about to commit." At this exposinistics. you are about to commit." At this exposinistion. Nicholas turned sharply and asked his physician by He held his review, got a chill, and expired after a short illness

Oregon will earn a good name among the lovers of salmon. There are twenty-five salmon fisheries, conploying over two hendred men, between the month Willamette Hiver and Astoria, in that State, Over a million posseds of this favorite fish have been pet up to the cane, and also about two thousand barrele have been packed.

The superintendent of the new port-office intely received numerous proposals for the use of the feace surrounding the government property to the Park for advertising purposes. We understand that a firm has obtained the privilege two years for \$15,000.

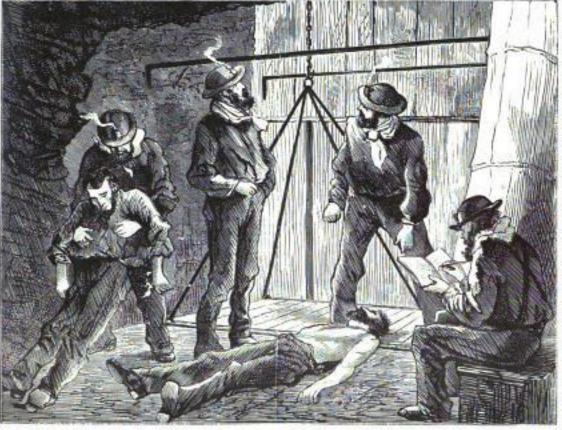


THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER-STREET VIEW IN AVONDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE AVONDALE DISASTER.



DRINGING OUT TI



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER-BRINGING BODIES OUT OF THE TUNNEL.

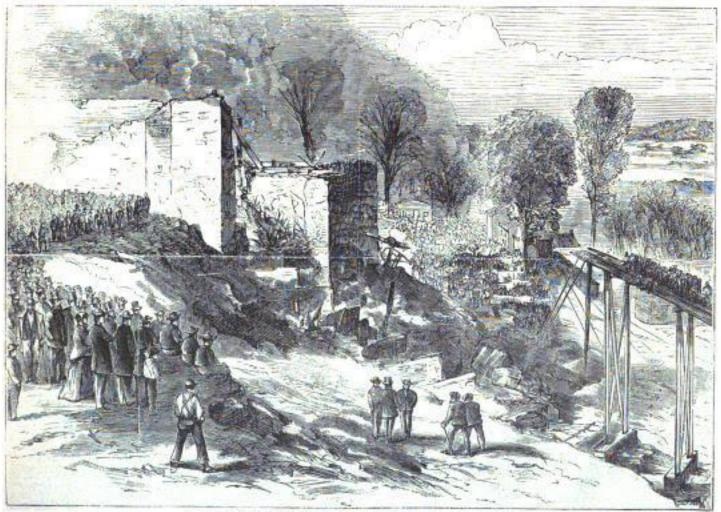
THE AVONDALE DISASTER.

The scene of the terrible disaster which we profusely illustrate in this Number was at the Avondale Colliery at Plymouth, about twenty miles south of Stranton, Pennsylvania. It is situated in the Wyoming Valley, on the steepest and most commanding side of the Shawnee Hills. This colliery was reputed to be the best and largest in the valley. When in full working order it produced 700 tons of coal per day. For three months previous to the first of September it was idle, owing to the miners' strike. It was leased by the Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, who also lease many other mines in the valley; and by this ingenious plan of leasing in place of opening mines themselves, they avoid the charge of being held responsible for the manner of their construction.

There is no doubt that the Avondale mine was one of the best and worst in the valley. The masonry-work, running down the sides of the shaft some twenty feet, was as strong as stone and cement could make it. The engine-house was firmly built, the machinery of the finest kind used in the colliery business, the breaker that covered the engine-house, and through which the broken coal was dispatched through a long shoot to the milroad track below, was built in the most substantial manner, and altogether the works to the casual observer seemed to leave no room for improvement. The shaft was sunk to a depth of 237 feet, with a space twenty-six feet by twelve, divided in the centre by a wooden partition, on one side of which the pure air descended to the mine, and on the other the impure vapors ascended to the top and were dissipated abroad. After going



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISISTI



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER-RUINS OF THE COAL-BREAKER.



AUSTED MINERS.



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER-CLEANSING THE FACES OF THE MINERS PREPARATORY TO THEIR SEPULTURE.

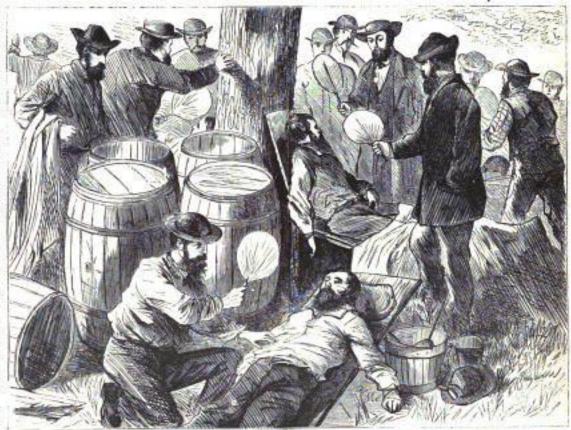
in a sheer descent to the bottom of this shaft the explorer of the mine found on either hand two long golleries, or avenues, one branching east 1200 feet, and the other west 800 feet. Moving straight onward at right angles to the shaft, and at a distance from it of 220 feet, the furnace for creating a draught of air through the galleries and chambers of the mine might be found blazing away in danger-

the galleries and chambers of the mine might be found blazing away in dangerous preximity to the wood-work lining of the passage-way reserved for the admission of the fresh air currents.

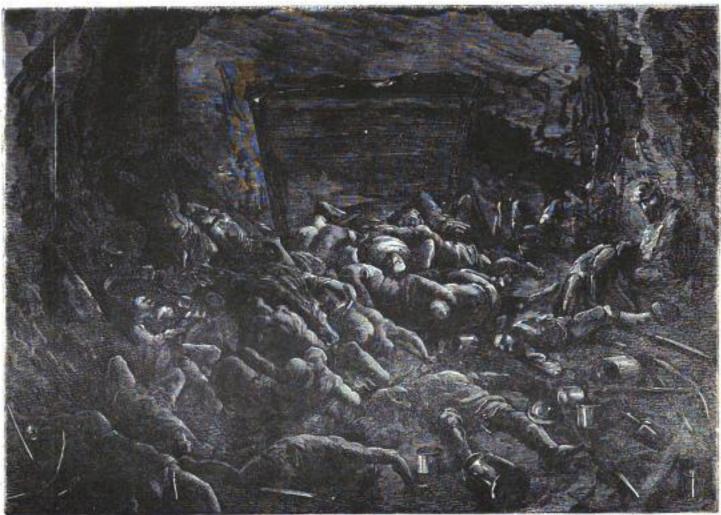
On the morning of September 6 a fire broke out, originating, as it appears, from this furnace. A spark ignited the dry scantiling adjacent; the flames leaped forward to the bottom of the shaft, caught the wooden partition above-mentioned, climbed to the top, and involved the coal-breaker and the surrounding buildings in the configgration. Whatever fresh air there was in the mine went to feed the fierce flame, while the sulphurous gases, having no longer an outlet, were forced back into the chambers and galleries of the colliery. As the buildings at the top of the shaft were consumed their ruins fell down and obstructed the only means of entrance to or of excess foun the wine.

somed their rains fell down and obstructed the only means of entrance to or of egress from the mines. But what had become of the miners, of whom, by the first report, there were two hundred or more at work in the mine? This was the absorbing question of the hour. Their families were congregated about the opening in great numbers; and the miners from all parts of the region model, if possible.

About 6 o'clock r.m. a dog and lamp were sent down to test the air. The dog was found to be alice when drawn up, and the lamp had not been extinguished.



THE AVONDALE COLLIERY DISASTER-REVIVING MINERS AFTER THEIR EXPLORATIONS.



THE AVONDALE CONLIERY DISASTER-THE HEAP OF BODIES FIRST FOUND BEHIND AN EXTEMPORIZED BARBICADE



TERS DESCENDING THE SHAFT.

Soon offerward a man went down, and ofter seven animates returned and reported no diffiesdry in breathing, but soid there were obstruc-tions half-way down the shaft which he could not pass. The obstructions were removed so as to reach the lattom of the shaft by 7.15 r. st. The two men who had engaged in this work also penetrated a gangway plant sixty or seventy yards, finding three dead mules, and reaching a harricade which the miners, retreating for safe ty, had extemperized to shut out the noxious

The next two men who descended-Thomas W. Williams and Davin Joses-were suffi-cated to death. Except to recover the bodies of these beare men no further attempts were made to descend the mine until fresh air was forced down into the mine by means of a fan driven by a small engine. These preparations were not completed until D a.N. on the 7th. In the mean time a body of forty-six experienced miners was organized as a volunteer force to descend the shaft and make explorations. Several parties descended between 10 A.M. and 1.30 r.M., but they returned so completely exhausted that it was not considered safe to make any further descent until the gangway was cleared of gas. Still four or five descents were made before midnight, but without effect.

Before 3 a.m. on the 8th two of the dead were

found in the stalds of the mine. At half past 6 o'clock A.M. a large number of miners were found dead on the cast side of the plane. The next party which descended reported that they went up the plane, just beyond which a harner was met, consisting of a car packed around with coal "colm" and clothing. This was cleared away, and n little further on a similar herrier was found. One man was found dead outside of the harricade. Upon the removal of this sec-ond harrier a pile of dead miners was discovered. These were found in all conceivable attitudes. These were found in all concessator arminos. Futhers had died embracing their children, and comrades locked in one another's arms. Evan Huganes, the Superintendent, was found sitting down with his head resting upon his knees. The work of exhumation continued all day, and by 3.30 r.m. seventy-two bodies had been brought up. As the hodies were brought to the top of the shaft their faces were cleaned, and they were thus prepared for the recognition of their

By noon on the 3th one hundred and eight bodies had been exhumed, after which none were found—so that the first reports as to the number of victims must have been greatly exaggerated.

is impossible to consure too severely the coloable carelessness of a mining company who, rather than provide, at the expense of a few thousand dollars, a second shall for the safety of their workmen, proferred to risk this terribo loss of life. It is to be hoped that such a warn-ing will not be lost upon other companies who have been equally negligent. We are glad that measures have been promptly taken to provide relief for the families which have been made des-titude by this sudden calamity. It is a charity which appeals to all.

Our illustrations on the two preceding pages and on our first page are from sketches made by our artist, Mr. Tuko. R. Davis, at the scene

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

En gibe Books .- Book E.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVALENCENT.

"Paul!" cried a harsh, querulous voice from behind the curtains of the bed in the grest-cham-ber at Shipley vicamge. "Paul! Where the

Then followed a string of eaths in English French, and Italian; not pretry rose-water ex-pletives, such as are occasionally attributed in the pages of fashionable novels to irresistible young guardsmen and such-like curled durlings of the world. There was no odor of rose-water about these oaths. They were vile, fierce, blasphemous parases, borrowed from the vecabulary of the ignorms and degraded.

Sir John Gale was the speaker. Sir John Gale was impotient and engry. When that was the case, Sir John Gale was apt to express himself in the strongest, coarsest, most ferocions languarge with which his tongue was acquainted,

Presently the door opened, and Paul came into room. Poolo Paeli was a Piodmontese. the was a short, thick, ugly, middle-aged man, ash grave light-colored eyes, set nucler overranging brows. He had a shock of grizzled lair, and a broad forebead, and his fare was clean shaven.

Paul had been a courier, and in this capacity had attracted the attention, and won the favorable ponion, of Sir John Gale. The latter had elevated Paul to the post of confidential and personal attendant on himself. A "confidential attendout might seem at first sight to be of small value to Sir John, considering that he never voluntaly made a confidence to my human being. But here are involuntary confidences which we all is ide daily and hourly respecting ourselves. The ipieut of these in Sir John's case needed to be

ch, potient, and Jisercot. Paul was all three. He entered the chamber, bearing in his hand a ray covered with a unpkin, on which was placed

a rotall basin of soap.

Ills master saluted him with a volley of abuse

for baying delayed.

Paul very gravely set down the trny, raised his master in the bed, supported his back with pil-lows, threw a dressing-gown over his shoulders,

and then, polling from his waistcoat pocket a large sifter watch attached to a black ribbon, "It is time for your soup, Nir."

Nir John tasted the soup, made a grimace of disgust, and launched another volley of onths at

This is uneatable-heastly! They have put

sage, or some damned thing into it. Ugh!"
"Very good soap, Sir," replied Paul, imper-turbably. "No sage. I saw it made. You eat it warm, Sir. It will give strength. Very good

The convalescent continued to gramble at every spoonful; but he smallowed the savery, nourisdang broth to the last drop. And then Paul removed the tray, mended the fire, and proceeded to lay out his master's clothes; for the invalid was to leave his room to-day, for the first time

since his necident.

Sir John looked upward from among his pillows to where the window gave a glimpse of pale libre March sky, frested by the skeleton branches

of the yet bure trees.
"It's a fine day, ch?" he asked.
"Yes, Sir. Cold. You must be well wrapped,

"What sort of place is the sitting-room?" Paul described, as well as he could, the spartment which he called the salon, and with the aspect of which the reader is already acquainted. He further stated that there was a comfortable arm chair at Sir John's disposal; that a screen and a curtain had been arranged behind this chair so as to exclude all draughts; and that a

foot-stool had been placed in front of it.
"How devilish weak I am!" excluimed Sir John, with an almost piteous expression of face, as he essayed, with his servant's assistance, to

This was not the first time that be had left his bed. He had been wrapped in a dressinggown, and seated in an easy-chair by the fire-side in his own chamber, on several previous occasions. But now he was to venture into the sitting-room, have tea with the vicar's family,

and make the acquaintance of the young ladies.

On the port of these latter there was a good deal of curiosity respecting their guest. two girls did not even know with any accuracy what his personal appearance might be. True, they had seen him—if it could be called soring when he was swooning, bleeding, mud-bespat-tered, on the ground at their gate. But who could judge of a gentleman's looks under such

When Sir John Gale stood for a moment at the open door of the parlor leaning on Paul's arm, and looking his first look at the vicar's daughter and ward, this is what their eyes be-held: a man of middle height, slenderly made and somewhat high shouldered, dressed with scrapulous neatness-even with elegance-and bearing traces in his face and his attitude of re cent severe illness

How much of the worn aspect of his face, and the unwholesomeness of the skin-which looked as though it should naturally have been ruddy and plamply filled out, but which now hung white and flaccid over the chocks, and in beggy wrinkles beneath the prominent dark eyes—how much of the sickly whiteness of the bony hands, white as a woman's, but knotted and plowed with deep lines like those of a very aged man-bow much, in brief, of the general debility, and air of being used-up, now perceptible in Sir John's aspect, was due to recent suffering, and how much of all this had belonged to it for years past, the vicar's family could not tell. They accepted his appearance as being the natural ap-pearance of a man no longer young, who had just arisen from a bed of sickness where his mind and body had both been severely tried.

He had sandy hair, slightly grizzled, carefully broshed, and so disposed as to hide, as far as possible, a build patch on the crown of the head. He wore a pointed beard, and mustaches that curved fleucely upward. His nose was well shaped, although rather sharp and beak-like. The tell-tale month was partly concealed by the fringe of mustache. Altogether he might have been pronounced a handsome man; and he was pronounced to be so by many persons.

In the sitting-room awaiting him were Mr.

Levincourt with Mand and Veronica. The lat-ter were a winter dress of rich claret color, reter were a winter cross of rach chareful coor, re-lieved at the throat and wrists by ruffles of white lace—very fine old lace that had belonged to her mother, and that was, in truth, a little out of place on her plain stuff gown.

Mand was an inch or two shorter than her con panion; she had broad, flucly moulded shoulders, and a noble white throat supporting a head whose form and proportions were almost perfect.
Her features were irregular, and not one of
them could be called handsome, save the almond-shaped blue eyes set rather deeply under broad brows. Her wide mobile mouth was not beautiful, though its sweetness, when she spoke or smiled, was irresistible. But one beauty or smiled, was irresistible. But one beauty Mand Desmond possessed which appealed to the lenst cultivated appreciation: this was her hair, which was of a rare golden line. When the sunlight fell on it, it shone as though each separate hair had been drawn out of burnished metal. and it was softer to the touch than silk.

On these two girls, and on their surroundings, looked, for the first time, Sir John Gale.

The vicar hastened forward to offer his gnest the support of his arm, which the latter gentle-

man accepted after a moment's hesitation.

"I am aslamed," said Sir John, with a frank smile, which showed a bright range of false teeth, "ashamed and sorry to be such a bore and a suisonce. But the truth is, I had no interest in the smile false teeth and a suisonce. idea, until I began to dress just now, how en-tirely my strength was prostrated. It seems tirely my strength was prostrated. It seem absurd, but I am absolutely as weak as a haly.

"We are truly rejoiced, most truly so, to welcome you among us. Your strength will

come back, undoubtedly. It is now only a question of time. Have patience yet a while. My daughter, Sir John Gale. My ward, Miss Des-mond. Paul, be so good as to wheel your master's chair a little more this way."

The baronet took the hand which Veronica

had half offered, half withheld, and bowed low. Mand saluted him by a smile and a bend of the head, which he returned by a still lower bow

than the first.
"I trust," said Sir John, when he was seated,
"that Mr. Levincourt has been so very kind as
to explain to you how impossible I find it to express in any adequate way my sense of your great goodness and hospitality." His glauce, as he spoke, included the two young

"We are very glad to see you so much better," said Maud.

"And the truth is, we have done nothing at all for you, Sir John; Paul would not let us, added Veronica.

"That man of yours is an excellent fellow," said the vicar, when Paul had left the room. "There are no such servants to be had in Eu-gland nowadays. Veronica, give Sir John some ten, and then ring for another large cup for me. I can not be persunded to drink my tea out of a thing no bigger than an egg-shell," he added, turning to his goest.

"Not to mention, pape, that these tiny tea-cope are quite old-fa-blooned now!" exclaimed Veronica, with a bright, saucy smile, which be-

came her infinitely.
"Are they? How do you know? We live here, Sir John, in the most countrified of coun-try parsonages, and yet— But, upon my hon-or, I believe that if you were to stick a woman on the top of the column of St. Simeon Stylites, she would nevertheless contrive in some myste-rious way to know what was 'in fashion' and what wasn't."

"Perhaps it is a sixth sense implanted in us by nature, Uncle Charles," said Maud, demure-ly. "You know the inferior animals here these

mysterious instincts,

Sir John's eyes had hitherto been contempla-Sir John's eyes had nitherto been contempla-ting the glossy coils of Veronica's ebon bair, as she bent her hend over the tea equipage. Now, he turned and regarded Mand more attentively than he yet had done.

"I beg pardon," said he to the vicar. "I thought that when you did me the honor to pre-

sent me to Miss-Miss Dermott-you called her

your ward?

"Yes; and so I am," answered Mand, taking no notice of the mispropunciation of her name. "I have no right whatever to call Mr. Levin-court 'Uncle Charles,' Sir John. But I have court 'Uncle Charles,' Sir John. But I have been let to do so ever since I came here as a very small child. I began by calling him 'Zio,' as Mrs. Levincourt taught me, in Italian fushiost. But very soon my British tongue translated the appellation, and my guardian has been 'Uncle Charles' ever since."

Sir John did not appear profoundly interested in this explanation, although he listened with politic attention while Mand spoke.

Presently he and the view herem discoursing

Presently he and the vicer began discoursing of foreign travel and foreign places, and the girls

istened almost in silence.

"Ah!" sighed the vierr, plaintively. "Bel cielo d'Italia! I know not what price I would not pay for another glimpse of that intense living blue, after the fogs and clouds of Daneshire."

Mr. Lerincourt had succeeded in persuading himself that the three years he had spent abroad had been years of unmixed enjoyment, "I tell you what it is, Mr. Levincourt," said

Sir John, passing his bony white hand over his mustache; "Italy is not the pleasant residence for foreigners that it must have been when you next knew it. What with their unionism, and constitutionalism, and liberalism, they've sent the whole thing to the —; they've spoiled the society altogether," concluded the baronet, discreetly changing the form of his phrase.

"Heally?" first knew it. What with their unionism, and

"Well, in fifty ways, things are altered for the worse, even in my experience of Italy, which dates now, at intervals, some twelve or fourteen years back. For one thing, that British Moloch, Mrs. Grundy, has begun to be set up there."

Veronica raised her eyes and uttered a little exclamation expressive of disgust, "I should not think that mattered very much,"

said Mand, half aloud.

Sir John caught the impulsively attered words, and replied at once. "Not matter? Ah, Jea-nesse! I assure you, my dear young lady, that it matters a great deal. Mrs. Grandy is a very terrible and hideous old idel indeed. She can

bully you, and worry you, and rap you on the head with her twopency mooden staff."

Mand colored high at being thus addressed, but she answered bravely. "Still I can not see that she has power to hurt good people. thought it was only the professional pickpocket who objected to seeing a constable at every

Sir John Gale's studied good-breeding partook less of the nature of polish—which beautifies and displays the natural grain of the wood—then of veneer. The veneer, though not unskillfully ap-plied, occasionally cracked, revealing glimpses of a rather coarse and ugly material beneath it. He had especially an egotistical proneness to at-tribute chance allusions to himself.
"Really!" he exclaimed. "I am to conclude

that you suppose that I dislike Mrs. Grundy be-eases I fear her? She is the policeman at the street corner, and your humble servant is the professional pickpocket?"

Mand looked politfully shocked. The color

receded from her face, and then fushed back brighter than ever as she said, "Oh, Sir John! How could you suppose—? I—I beg your par-don. I had no intention or idea of any such

But Sir John had already begun a discussion with the vicar as to the comparative merits of Tuscan and Neupolitan wines, and seemed to have dismissed Maud's unlucky speech from

The rest of the evening passed pleasantly, un-til the early hour at which it was deemed well for the invalid to retire.

The vicar was delighted with his guest, Levincourt declared that he felt like some shipwrecked mariner who had passed years in a sav-age island, and to whose door the winds and the waves had drifted a stranger from the distant

waves the united a stranger to the lands of civilization.

"It would be more civil, pape, if you had said that we were three shipwrerked mariners. A kind of Swiss Family Robinson," observed Ve-

kind of Swiss Family Rosenson,
ronice, laughing.

The exaggeration of all this grated on Maud's
common-sense. But she repressed the protest
which trembled on her lips.

"Maudie looks sagely disapproving," said
Veronica, glancing at her.

"I am disapproving myself," replied Mand.
"How pert and flippant Sir John must have
"I me! My impulsive speeches are always "How pert and flippant Sir John must have thought me! My impulsive speeches are always getting me into trouble."

"Oh! I do not believe that Sir John will give

the matter snother thought. But if it weighs on your conscience you can explain, the next time you see him, that—"

"Ah, no: there are some things that can not be explained—to Sir John Gale."

"Why not to him? He is not stupid."
"No, he is not stupid, hut— He is like some richly embroidered stuff I once saw: very gurgeous and magnificent at a distance, but a little coarse in the grain, and not to be touched with impunity by a sensitive skin."

"It'm! You little shy, proud, English owl!" exclaimed Veronica.

And then for a full half hour she remained

staring silently into the fire, until her sotin cheeks were quite scorehed and crimson.

The next day was the nineteenth, and the two girls were in a state of agreeable excitement at the prospect of the dinner-party which awaited

The kitchen was pervaded by a smell of ironing. Josuma was smoothing out dainty little tuckers and a long white muslin skirt, over which Veronicu's gold-colored asah was presently to stream gracefully. Early in the after-noon a wooden box arrived by a special mescen-ger from Danecester, and was found to contain

ger from Dancester, and was some to contain two bouquets carefully wrapped in cotton wool. Sir John Gale—who had not yet left his room at that early hour—sent Paul into the vicar's study with a little note, in which Sir John begged that the young ladies would do him the bonce to

wear a few flowers that he had taken the liberty of procuring for them.

"A few flowers!" cried Veronica, with spark-ling eyes. "They are exquisite. They come from Covent Garden. There's the man's name in the law. from Covent Garden. There's the man's name in the box. Look at these white moss-roses and

in the box. Look at these white moss-roses and the Cape jasmine! Your bouquet is mixed, Maudie; mine is all white. How perfect! Do look pleased, little icide!"

"I am pleased," said Maud, with a certain constraint. "And very, very much obliged."

Veronica carried the superb exotics into the kitchen, and exhibited them with transport to the servants. The young lady had a genuine passion for applause and admiration. She could not be entirely happy without an audience to witness her happiness. It had been the same from her baby days. When, as quite little girls, they had owned a shaggy pony which was sup-posed to be the joint property of the two chil-dren, Maud had heartily enjoyed trotting out into the wildest hits of country she could find; but Veronica's delight had been to find an ex-cuse for riding through the village, or even, if that might be, into Shipley Magna. And her chubby cheeks would glow and her eyes would chancy cheeks would gow and her eyes would beighten when she beard passers-by exclaiming that that was the vicar's little lass; and hadn't she a pair of eyes? And didn't she look like a fairy, flying along with her black curls streaming over her shoulders? So now, when she had the could focuse in her hand she could not be a second focus in her hand she could not seem to be a second of the could not be a second of the could not be a second of the the costly flowers in her hand, she could not resist displaying them to the servants; and she took a creamy spotless camellia from the outside of her own bouquet and laid it among the rich waves of her hair, and stood with a beaming face to be admired.

Catherine was in ecstasies, and declared, when her young mistress had gone away again, that she liked Miss Veronica, that she did, for she had such pleasant, good-natured ways with her.

But old Jounna smiled shrewdly, a that the lass was the very moral of her poor mo-ther in some things; and that a bit of show-off was the breath of her nostrils. "Not but what," added Jonnen, "Miss Veronica has more sense in her little finger than the poor missis had in all her body. And a will she has, has the lass, that's as stont as steel! A will for any thing she fancies, I mean: she can't be stubborn and strong about doing things as is only her duty. But if there's summat as she wants for her own good pleasure, you'll see she'll get it. It was the same wi' her since she could toddle, poor lass! Many a forbidden fruit she's aten, an' many a stomach-othe she's had for her pains!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE DINNER AT LOWATER.

VERY jolly Captain Sheardown looked, and very radiant his wife, as they welcomed the party from the vicarage into their warm, well-lighted

drawing-room,
"Your reverence has had a cold drive," said Captain Sheardown, jocularly. And then he and the vicar and Mr. Snowe-who, with his son, Herbert, had arrived not many minutes

previously-stood on the hearth-rug and talked | of the weather, and the hunting, and the Colenso | controversy, or whatsoever topic was then chief-ly arousing the attention of the British public. Mrs. Sheardown, meanwhile, welcomed the girls, and installed them in comfortable arm-chairs, me on either side of her. Nelly Sheardown was about thirty-five years old. She had not been married more than eight years, for she and the captain had been constant to each other through t long engagement; and Tom Sheardown's head was gray before he could declare that his fight with fortune was fought out, and could claim Nelly Cherbrook for his wife. He was twenty years her senior; and there appeared to be even more difference between their ages. For Mrs. Sheardown looked younger now than she had done before her marriage, during the weary years of waiting that had sickened the heart with hope deferred, and graven lines in the fare.

How is your guest?" asked Mrs. Sheardown of Veronica.

"Sir John is getting much better: nearly well, thank you. It is such a comfort for papa to feel assured that all danger is over. It was a great responsibility, you know, having a total stranger in the house in that state;" thus, Verenica. "None of his relations came to see him?"

"He has lived abroad, and has no family ties

in England, Mrs. Sheardown."
"Poor old man! It is a louely position for

Verenica gave a rapid glance at her hostess's honest face, and then buried her own among her

Mand laughed heartily. "Dear Mrs. Shear-down," she said, "do you know I have a notion that Sir John Gale does not by any means look upon himself in that light."

"In what light?"

"As a 'lonely old man.'"
"Oh! I thought—I didn't know

"Lady Alicia Renwick," cried Captain Shear-down's old servent, throwing open the door. And the hostess rose and went to welcome the new arrival.

edy Alicia Renwick was the daughter of a Scotch peer, and the widow of a gentleman who had made a large fortune in some iron-works. Still further to the south than Danecester was a great black district whose horizon glared at night with a hundred lurid fires. And there the de-ceased Mr. Renwick had owned strange-looking brick structures, like pyramids with the angles rounded off, and with smoke and flame issuing rounded off, and with smoke and flame issuing from their summits. Lady Alicia did not in-herit all the gold that was melted out of the iron ore in these grimv crucibles. Mr. Renwick had a numerous family by a former wife, and had-provided for them all, handsomely. But his-relict enjoyed an income which would have ap-peared princely in her mailen eyes, and which she now characterized as "gented starvation," For there is nothing we become more easily accustomed to than the possession of riches. And a genuine love of money is one of the few passions that age, with its hollow voice crying "All is vanity!" has no power to weaken.

Alicia was a tall, handsome, stiff old lady, who took a gloomy view of life, and whe had a good deal of wit of a dry, bitter, biting

flavor.

Her ladyship's entrance into the room was closely followed by that of a gentleman. Cap-tain Sheardown, after having greeted Lady Alicia, called to him,

Come here, Hugh. I want to introduce you to the vicar of Shipley. Mr. Levincourt, this is my young friend Hugh Lockwood. You may have beard me speak of his father."

"Who is the gentleman?" asked Lady Alicia, half aside, of Mrs. Sheardown, and looking across the room as she spoke, with a not unfavorable

glance,
"Mr. Hugh Lockwood, Lady Aliria, You has his farber was a may remember, perhaps, that his father was a great protege of the old Admiral many, many years ago, that is, before I ever saw my hus-

"Oh, ay, to be sure! I recollect it all very "Ob, ay, to be sure! I regollect it all very well, now. Robert Lockwood was a Daneshire man born and bred. He came of humble folks, small tradespeople in Shipley Magna, but he had an aspiring soul, and he got it into his head that he was born to be a great painter. Admiral Sheardown had a taste for the arts, and helped the lad to an education. And that is his son, eh? Not had-looking!"

Mrs. Sheardown explained in a few words that

Mrs. Sheardown explained in a few words that Hugh's father had done credit to his patron's discrimination, and had attained a good position among British artists. Robert Lockwood had died some years ago. His son was articled pupil to an architect in London; and having bad occasion to visit Dancesters on reofessional having casion to visit Danecester on professional busi-ness, Captain Sheardown had invited the young

man to stay for a few days at Lowater House, Presently arrived Dr. Begbie, rector of Hammick, with his wife and daughter, and Miss Boyce, a lady who was staying at the rectory on a visit; and these completed the number of invited guests.

Botsy Boyce, as her friends and acquaintances called her, was a simpering, lively old lady who prided herself on her thorough knowledge of "society." She lived in London when she did not happen to be visiting at some country house. But her residence in the metropolis was never protracted; and her address when there was not revealed to many persons. She called cousins with half the sames in the Peerage; and indeed Miss Boyce found a phrase or two out of that august volume act as on "open sesame" to many a comfortable home where bed and board were at her service for as long as she chose to remain. She was herself perfectly good-humored and humble minded; and, despite her eccentricities, she was liked and esteemed by those people who knew her best. But she had taken up the Peer-

Mussalman divine adopts the Koran. She lived by its aid very comfortably; whereas Miss Eliza beth Sophia Augusta Boyce, with very few pounds per annum to call her own, and without any aristocratic connections, would have found it a rather hard task to make both ends meet. "Besides, my dear," she would say, confidentially, to some intimate friend, "I don't really humbug may hody. Papa and mamma were both thoroughly well connected. It never did them any good that I know of; but you see it is a great mercy for me. If it were not for my family and my knowledge of who's who, I might mope by myself in a dingy lodging from January to December. And for me, who am the most sociable creature living, and who detest solitude, it is really and truly a blessing and a most providential circumstance that there are persons who care very much for that kind of thing."

Miss Hoyce, then, was not undely proud of her descent, but she had a pet vanity, founded —as are not most of our vanities?—on a much less real and solid basis of fact; she had somehow lost her reckening of time, thought berself

still an attractive-looking woman, and devoutly believed that markind was deluded by her wig. Captain Sheardown gallantly led out Lady Alicia Renwick to dinner, and the rest followed

in due order. To old Mr. Snowe, the banker, was allotted the honor of conducting Miss Boyce. Mr. Snowe was a slow-witted, matter-of-fact man. His manner was pompous, and the habitual expression of his heavy face seemed to say, with an air of purzled surprise, "God idess my soul! If I did not know myself to be so very important a personage, I should suspect you to be laughing

During the early part of the dinner Mr. Snowe was too honestly engreesed in eating and drink-ing to pay much attention to his neighbor; but when the later stages of the repast arrived he found himself compelled to observe Miss Boyce's lavish coils of false hair, flowing curis, and colos sal chignon. He became a prey to a species of fascination that obliged him to watch some delicare artificial flowers which erowned the lady's head-genr, and which nodded, shook, and trembled, without intermission, in dumb accompaniment to their wearer's vivacious flow of talk.

The dinner-party passed pleasantly under the genial influence of the best and hostese. When Dr. Begbie rose, and, in an effective speech, rolled out in his richest tones, proposed the health of his dear friends, Captain and Mrs. Sheardown, and wished them many happy returns of that anspecious day, the general enthu-siasm was quite andent. Even Lady Alicia de-sired the servant to fill her glass a bumper, and grasped her bost's hand with her bony fingers as she tossed off the Champagne.

Mrs. Begbie shed tears. But that may have been from hahit; for Mrs. Begbie always made a point of crying at her husband's sermons. And perhaps his manly voice, alone, had power affect her. As compensation, how when Captain Sheardown returned thanks, Mrs.

Begbie was perfectly dry-eyed.

When the ladies left the table—by which time Mr. Enowe was openly and undisquisedly con-templating Miss Boyce's luxuriant locks with a fixed and stony glare-and returned to the drawing-room, they resumed a theme which had been discussed at the dianer-table, and on which Lady Alicia and Betsy Boyce were the chief talk

ers.
"Gale? Gale?" said Miss Boyce, meditative ly. "No such name among the people I know. Sir John Gale! Never heard of him."

"How very strange!" marriard of him."

"How very strange!" marriared Mrs. Begbie.

"But there must be some people, I suppose, of whom Miss Boyce never heard?" said Lady Alicia. She spoke with a strong Scotch accent, rolling her r's very much, and pronounced "never heard" "never hard."

"Millions!" exclaimed Miss Boyce, absolutely squeaking in her desire to be emphatic.

"Oh, millions! Your ladyship's married name, for instance, was quite unfamiliar to me, al-

for instance, was quite unfamiliar to me, al-though I remember very well—that is, I have often heård mamma speak of your father, Lord Strathgorm.

Lady Alicia smiled grimly. "Well," said she, "my dear Miss Boyce, ye might very well remember poor page yourself, for he only died in the spring of "thirty."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Miss Begbie, clasp-ing her hands. "Suppose Sir John Gale should

turn out to be an impostor! A highwayman, or something. No: I don't mean a highway-man; I believe there are no highwaymen now, but I mean a swindler, or something; don't you

know? Goodness!"
"Nonsense, Emmy!" said Miss Begbie's Verenica's face looked unutterable mamma. scorn, but she said nothing. The hostess asked Miss Beghie to play for them, and that young lady complied, not unwillingly. She drew very good music out of the grand piano. Her mother was complacent. Lady Alicia listened with a softened face. Betsy Boyce's ringlets quiv-ered again as she nodded her head in time to a walts of Chopin. Upon this peaceful scene the gentlemen entered in a body. Captain Sheardown took a seat beside Miss Boyce, and made her a few gallant speeches.

her a few gallant speeches.

"Go along, you false crenture!" cried Miss
Betsy, smiling and tossing her head, "Men
were deceivers ever. One foot on sen, and one
on shore. Exactly! And you sailor animals
are the most faithless of all. But I always loved
the blue jackets from a girl, from a mere child! I recollect a most charming creature with whom I once fell desperately in love. He was an Ad-miral of the Red, and had only one leg, and a frightful scar on his face where a cutless had gashed one of his eyebrows in two. He was seventy-four, and I adored him. It was in Ire-

age as a kind of profession, just as rome reverend | land, at Delaney Park, in the year after-in

short, I was a more buby, not fifteen!"
"At Delaney Park? Really! That was your grandpape's place, Mand, was it not?" asked

Mrs. Sheardown.

"Possible! Are you of the Delances of Delancy, Miss Desmond? Ah, I remember the youngest girl married Sidney Desmond. To be sure! The eldest, Hilds, made a great marriage laney, Miss Desmond? at the end of her first season. Poor girl? II'm, h'm, h'm? What is she doing, poor Lady Tallis? And where is she? No one hears or sees any thing of her now,"

"We do not hear very often from my Aunt Hilds," said Masol, gravely. "Do you want me to accompany that song of Schumann's for you, Mr. Snowe? Mand walked away to the plane, and Betsy

Boyce poured into the greedy cars of Mrs. Beg-bie and the old banker a rorical of Lody Tallis a

"It was considered a great match, the match of the year (excepting, of course, the young Earl of Miniver, who was, you know, the richest minor in England, and married Lady Ermengarde Ermine, the day after he came of age;; and, I remember, poor old Sir William Delaney was so delighted."

Mrs. Beglös, who was transported with delight at heating &r friend and visitor so fluent and fa-miliar with these noble names, shook her bead gently, and said that that was what came of worldliness. And how strange it was that pa-rents should seek beartless grandeur for their children! For her part, she fervently trusted that Emmy would choose the bester part, and look for sound principles in her hasband, pre-ferring them to wealth or rank. Though, on the score of birth (if Emmy were influenced by such mandane attractions), there were few families to whose alliance she might not aspire, her grandfather on one side having been a Gufferand it was unnecessary to say that the Gaffers were among the few old pure Sexon families extant-and her paternal great-grandmamma a De-

Wynkyn,
"How was it, then?" asked Mr. Snowe, senior,
deliberate tone. "Do I follow in his pompous, deliberate tone. "Do I follow you? Was Lody Tallie's marriage an inauspiclous one, hey?

"Mercy on us!" cried Betsy Boyce. auspicious! Her husband is one of the most dreadful persons! Hilda Delaney was a pretty, good-natured fool when he married her. It was like the wolf and the lamb; he gobbied her up in no time—crimehod her bones. 8
" Law!" exclaimed Miss Emmy.

"Law!" exclaimed Miss Emmy.

Mr. Snowe cast a redling and rather bewildered glance around. "That," said he, impressively, "is shocking, indeed."

"But how do you mean, Miss Boyce?" said Emmy, who took things a little literally, and was excessively inquisitive. "Of course I know was excessively inquisitive. "Of course I know that Lady Tallis was not really gobbled up-he, be, he! you have such funny sayings—but what did her husband do?"

Herbert Snowe's song ceased at this moment, and the conversation at the other end of the room

came to an abrupt close.

Before the party broke up Mrs. Sheardown came and sat by the viear of Shipley, and told him, smilingly, that she had a potition to prefer to him. Não wanted him to allow Maud to remain at Lowater for a few days. The captain and she would bring Mand in to Shipley when they came to Church on Sunday; meanwhile they would send to the vicarage for any thing she might need. In short, they had set their hearts on it, and Mr. Levincourt must not re-

fuse.

"I suspect you are not often accustomed to have any request of yours refused, Mrs. Shear-down," said the virar, gallantly. "If Mand be

have any request or yours refused, Mrs. Shear-down," said the vicar, gallantly. "If Mand he willing—as, no doubt, she is—I consent with pleasure to her remaining."

Presently, Mand made her way quietly across the room to Veronica. The latter was scated on a small ottoman, which was made to hold only two persons, and was so contrived that one of its occupants must turn his back on the com-pany in the descriptor room while the other forced pany in the drawing room while the other faced them. Veronica was leaning back against the crimson cushion. The dark rich back-ground enhanced the purity of her white dress and the pearly tints of her shoulders. Familiar as her beauty was to Maud, she yet passed an instant to look admiringly on the picture presented by the vicar's daughter. Veronira was radiant with gratified vanity and the consciousness of being admired. It heightened the bloom on her cheek, and made her eyes bright with a liquid

As Maud approached, a gentleman, who had been occupying the other seat on the ottoman, rose to yield it to her.

Do not let me disturb you "I merely wished to say a word to Miss Levin-court."

The young man bowed, and walked a few Maud told her friend of Mrs. Sheardown's in-

vitation.

A strange look passed over Veronica's face, At first it seemed like a flash of satisfaction; but then came an expression of regret; almost, one would have said, of a momentary alarm. "Shall you stay, Mandie?" said she, taking the other girl's hand in both her own.

"Uncle Charles has said that I may, and—

"Onese Charles has said that I may, and—
But I will not stay, dear, if you think it solfish,
or if you finey you will miss me."
"Of course I shall miss you, Mandie,"
"Then I won't stay. I will tell Mrs. Shenr-

At this moment Emma Begbie came up to them, giggling after her manner, which was

half spiteful, whole silly.
"My goodness, Miss Levincourt!" she ex-claimed, bending over the ottoman, "what a

flirtation you have been having with that young Lockwood! What is he like to talk to?

"Very much like a gentleman," answered Verenica, with cold hauteur.

"Oh gravious! But he isn't really one, you know. Ludy Alicia knows all about his father, He was quite a common person. But isn't be handsome, this young man? You must mind what you are about if you stay in the same house with him, Miss Desmond, for I am sure Miss Lesineourt would never forgive you if you were

Levineourt would never forgive you if you were to make yourself too agreeable to him. She eridently looks upon him as her conquest. Don't you, Miss Letineourt? He, be, he?

Veronien looked after her scornfully as she went away. "What an ill-bred idiot that gird is?" she said. Then, ofter a moment, she added, "Of course I shall nois you, Mandie. But you must stay. You will not be away very long?"

"Oule till Sanday. Was that gentleman who was talking to you Mr. Lockwood? I had not been introduced to him."

"Yes. Good-night, Mandie. The fly is come, I suppose, for I see paper telegraphing arross the room. Good-by."

Veronien three herself back in a corner of the

Verenica threw herself back in a corner of the fly, wrapped in her warm shaul and hood, and remained sileur. The vierr fell asleep. In about ten minutes their vehicle drew aside to allow an-other carriage to pass. It was the well-appointed equipage of the rector of Hammick. The dashed along swiftly, their silver-mounted har-

ness glistening in the mounlight.

Vermica drew still further back into her corner and closed her eyes. But she did not sleep. Her brain was busy. And the joking of the emzy old by from the Crown Inn at Shipley Magna kept up a seet of rhethmic accompani-ment to the dance of strange fancies, hopes, and plans that whirled through her mind.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Event thing has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drankard's deep red nose?" asked one of the papils. "H's a light-house," answered the professor, "to were no of the little water that passes undermeath it, and reminds us of the shoule of appetite, on which we night otherwise be wrecked."

At a fishionable church, where pews are eagerly snapped up at about a thousand dollare each, a young man and his newly-married wife recently attended public worship for two or three fishbaths, and were so well pleared with the preacher that they resolved to attend regularly.

Accordingly, as they passed out one Sanday, the gentleman, calling the sexton saide, says, paircolaingly:

"Nee here, I think, on the whole, I'll come here to thurch. New, I want to hire two seats—good sexts, mind you on the lower floor, and now let me see all that you have to let."

"To let! did I understand you?" inquired the exaten.

ton.
"Yes; I don't mind paying four or five deliars extra for two choice broad aisie seats," replied the op-

"Young man," said the somewhat practical cus-tedian, "we have so seats 'to let," we do not do a retail business at this home."

A GAME OFTEN HEARD OF, BUT NEVER PLATED-"Cricket on the bearth."

* A DOMESTIC SONG.

From rows more to dewy eve, who is it makes my soul to grieve, and after all doth take Preach leave? My Biddy. Who rousts my meet into a cool, who breaks my nicost china bord, and was she "didn't on her sew!?" My Biddy. Who polithes the hitchen floor, said is helf an hear or more has it portiely as before? My Biddy. My pocket handkerchiefs and hose, who confective, under the rese, and wears by turps my nicost clothes? My Biddy. Who comes and goes whene'er she chooses, injures whetever thing she uses, and now and then to work refuser? My Biddy. Who clams, not beings, and breaks, and amachos, who town, and reofs, and knocks, and dashes, who tipe, and splits, and elpidy. And shall I ever cover to be is hondage unto such as thee? My way is dark—I can pot set. For Biddy. I only know my misery; I only wish thee over the sea; I only wish that I were free. From Biddy.

We have often heard of ships running into one another, but the other day we actually saw a bouse fly.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

Let no repugnance to a simple state.
Lead to a unjon with a worthless mate;
Although 'lis true you'll find full many a fool
Wunkl make old maids the best of ridicule.
A single lady, though advanced in life,
Is much more happy than an ill-matched wife.

Some one was talking the other day of the inconveniences which the Siamere Twins must suffer in being bound together by a ligature which could serve be severed, when Robinson excludence, strack by a happy thought, "What a good thing it is that they are brothers! Just longing what they would suffer if they were strangers to each other?"

"Do you," said Frany t'other day,
"In carnest love me sa you say?
Of late those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside."

"Bear crost girl," oried 1, "forbear, She stopped me as the oath I took, And cried, "You've aween, now kiss the book!"

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclained, "I am glad to have it." But refecting a normant, he added, he a tone of compassion and furgiveness, "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm."

REPARTEE.

"The brase upon your face," he said,
"Would make a four-quart shalle,"
"Your Hone's bend," the girl replied,
"Has sap enough to fill it."

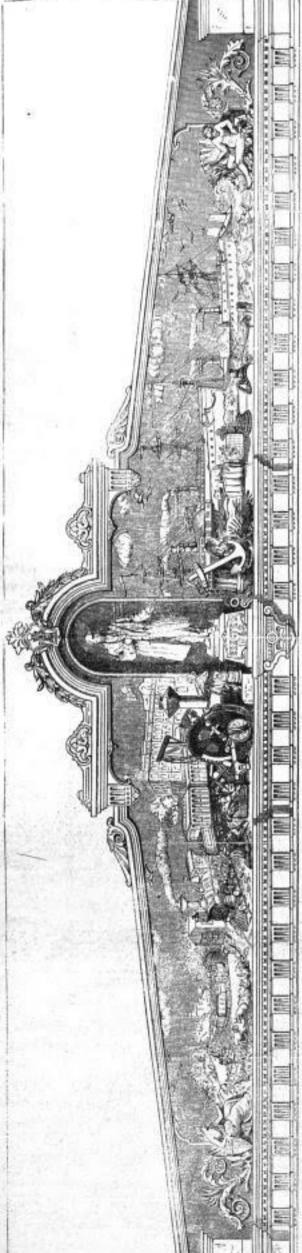
A Shourd Distraction.— This medicine," said Dr. Squills, "after having been taken for a few days, will produce the change desired."

"What!" exclaimed the thunder-strack patient, "you don't say as, doctor?"

"It's a fact, Nir," said the doctor; "the science of reedfries has now reached."

"Well," said the patient, interruptine him, "It is sensetful! If you'd said pertage-exampe, doctor, I sensid not have said say thing; but the desired change, doctor, it seems impossible."

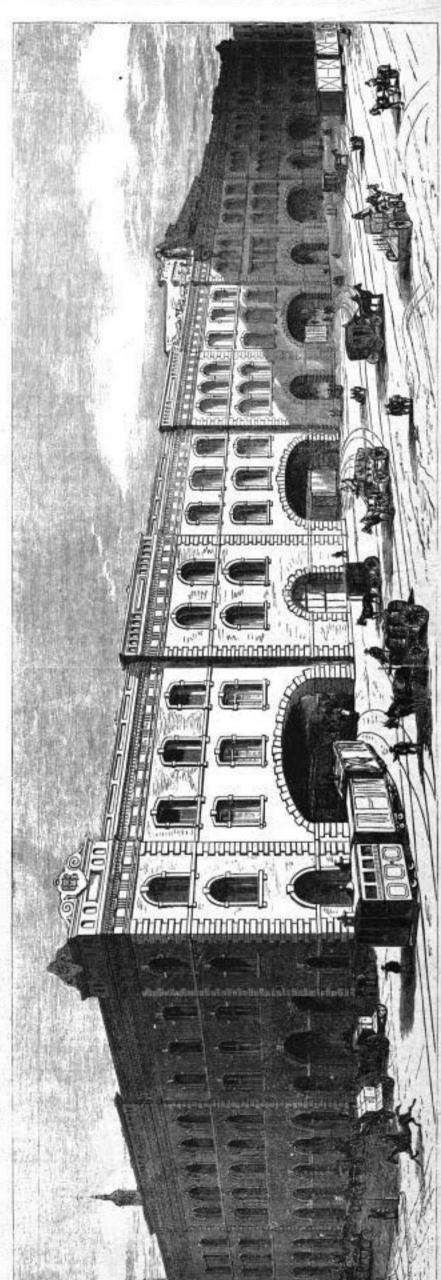
A little girl, whose father had forgotten, at a dis-ner-party, to help ker, on swelly the many but to his dog, exclaimed, "Paper, the manually does "



BRONZE MONUMENT AT THE NEW HUDGON RIVER RAILROAD DÉPOT, HUDGON STREET, NEW

EARLY in October is to be merelial the ca-le-cal beams state of Commodore VANDER into with its allegoried scressories, of which we give an illustration on this page. This mone-ment is exerted on the simmle of the western wall of the zerr Hudson River Railroad Dejot, THE VANDERBILL MONUMENT.

situated or at the cor This work Dugmoor, rently con the Hudso of the Nio



ARCHITECT; PETER T. O'BRIES, BUIL. HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD DÉPOT, HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.-J. B. SNOOK, THE NEW

feet in extreme height; weighs, we believe, nearly 100,000 pounds; and cost, as nearly as can be ascertained, over \$500,000. It consists of an immense broaze statue of Commodure Vaxtuazantz, placed in the centre of a colossal bass-relief, which is contrived not only to illustrate the career and achievements of the Commodore, but

career and achievements of the Commodore, but also to represent the marvelous inventions of the nineteenth century, and at the same time to pertray allegorically the growth and prosperity of the great American Republic.

The hase line upon which the bass-relief is creeted is a narrow tier of blue-stone. In the centre, just beneath this, and solidly inserted in the dejot wall, is a huge carved block of genuite weighing eleven tons. On this rests a bronze pedestal 5 feet square, 15 feet high, and bearing the inscription, "Erected 1868." On the pedestal, within a spacious arched recess, stands the stance. This is 12 feet high, nearly solid, weighs four tons, and is the largest in America, if not statine. This is 12 feet high, nearly solid, weighs four tons, and is the largest in America, if not in the world. It represents the Commodore with head uncovered and wearing a heavy for-trimmed over-coat, his left foot slightly advanced, his right hand inserted beneath his vest, and his left extended. The bass-relief is 10 feet high at the ends, and is surrounded by an elegant granite comice, which slopes gradually upward for about one-third the length from each extremity, turns suddenly up, runs along harizontally, and finally suddenly up, runs along horizontally, and finally forms an arch in the centre over the statue. The middle portion of the cornice is decorated with ornamental work in bronze. The beas-relief is

ornamental work in bronze. The beas-relief is terminated at each end by massive scroll-work representing leaves and plants.

On the right hand, between the statue and the scroll, is represented the Commodore's marine life, and on the left his railroad life. At the right hand, in the fore-ground, appears, in a reclining position, Neptune, with flowing beard, a wreath of leaves on his head, his right hand grasping a rudder, a sea-monster rising from the water at his feet, and a raccoon peering around the corner of the rocks on which he rests.

In the back-ground at the right arise the forest-

In the back-ground at the right arise the forest-crowned Palisades of the Hudson, then a lighthouse is seen, and then appears, rocking on the waves of bronze, the Dred, the little two-masted "perianger," in which, half a century ago, young Mr. VANDERBULT carried passengers from New York to Staten Island at 25 cents a head. Next comes, much greater in size, completely rigged, and under full headway, the famous steamer North Stor, in which the Commodore made his well-remembered voyage round the

world.

Finally the climax is capped by the huge form of the steamer Vanderbilt, also completely rigged, and plowing along at full speed. In the middle fore ground a dock appears, on which are coils of rope, bananas, pine-apples, and other tropical fruits, a huge and savage watch-dog crouched on a cotton hole, and lastly, next to the statue, a massive capstan, anchor, and chain. At the extreme left, to match the figure of Neuture on the treme left, to match the figure of Neptune on the right, Liberry, guardian of the scane, sits error with flowing tresses and drapery, her left hand holding a sword, and her right arm resting on the national shield, from behind which an engle



GENERAL EDMOND LEBOUF, THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.

is emerging. In the back-ground rises a woody slope, and in the front a rude fence appears, and then two cows, one idly whisking her tail and the other lying down. Back of these an engine drawing a train of cars is entering a tunnel be-neath a forest-covered hill, and still farther in the rear is a gentle eminence crowned with a villa. In the middle of the fore-ground a switchman, flag in hand, is just stepping from the door of his little house.

Captain DEGROOT is certainly catitled to great penise for the boldness and originality of his de-signs in this great work, and also for the faith-ful and assiduous labor he has devoted to it from its inception to its final completion. The Fischer Brothers, and the sculptor, Plassman, are

entitled to the lest praise for the admirable manner in which they performed their labors, and may be congratulated upon the success that has attended their efforts.

GENERAL LEBGUF, FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.

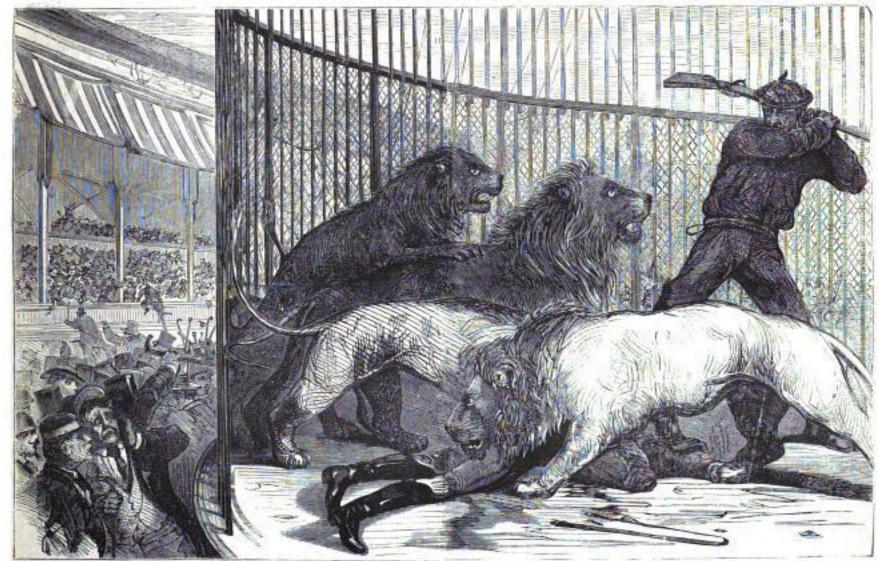
By an imperial decree, dated August 21,

By an imperial decree, dated August 21, General Laboure, communiting the Sixth Corps d'Arnée, was appointed Minister of War to succeed Marshal Nica, deceased,
General Edonous Laboure is physically the biggest man in the French army. He was born in 1803, and entered the service through the Polytechnic School, and the Ecole d'Application of Meta, whence he energed a full-blown Lieutenaut of artillery in 1803. His promotion was very rapid. His brilliant conduct at the engagement rapid. His brilliant conduct at the engagement of the Iron Gates in Algoria attracted the attention of the Orleans Princes, who took a lending just in that engagement, and he obtained his t apraincy in 1847. Like his predecessor, Mar-shal Nava, he distinguished himself greatly at the siege of Constantina, and was rewarded by the Cross of the Legion of Henor, and a montion in the general orders of the army. In 1840 he got a further step in the Legion of Honor for the skill and sang-freid with which he protected the retreat of a French column which was in the retrent of a French column which was in danger of being cut off by the Kabyles. Two years later he was made a Colonel. In 1854 he went to the Crimea as head of the artillery staff with the rank of Major-General, and took a prominent part in the battle of the Alma. He was appointed Lieutemant-General in 1857, and two years later the whole of the artillery of the Italian expedition was placed under his supreme command. The French say but for his timely aid in bringing up an overwhelming number of guns to bear on the Austrian right, commanded by Benneuer, Victor Emanuel's army at folferino would have been crushed, and the position of the French army seriously compromised. Since then he has commanded the camp at Chalons, and in 1866 it was he who was dispatiched to Venice to receive the province from the Austrian Government. From 1848 to 1850 he was in command of the Polystehnic School, and at that time be was popular with his advancion account of his liberal views, and his abborrence of matteriors. count of his liberal views, and his abhorrence of martinetism. His friends state that he is an able and fluent speaker, and a good administra-

DEATH OF THE LION-TAMER LUCAS, IN PARIS.

Thu tragedy which we illustrate on this page took place at the Hippodoune at Paris on the 18th of August.

About four o'clock the great lion-cage, as was the custom every day, was brought into the areun, All four of the lions unliked around with such calmness as to in-pire no fear. Puring some days just Leeas had noticed their agitation; the previous Sunday, on beginning his second Tharing some



THE LION-TAMER LUCAS, IN THE PARIS HIPPODROME, ATTACKED AND FATALLY INJURED BY HIS LIONS.

representation, he had said, "Two exhibitions in one day are too much.

The lion-tamer entered the cage and commenced his exercises with a few strokes of the whip. The animals awoke and began to growl; then, when Lucks undertook to make them lie down by the power of his eye alone, a lioness sprang on him and threw him on the ground. The erowd uttered shricks of terror, tried to rise, but the great lion threw himself on his breast and thus rendered it impossible for him to stir. In this position two of the beasts seized their keeper, one by the thigh and the other by the neck, and buried their teeth in his Then a servant of Lucas, who had never before been near the animals, entered the cage, and seizing a musket, begun beating the terrible enemies with all his might, "Go away, go away!" cried Locas, "leave me to die alone." the groom redoubled his blows, answering, "I will die with von."

Indeed, the unhappy man would doubtless have been devoured, like his master, had not one of the four animals, a blind lioness, thrown herself furiously into the midst of the sanguinary group and thus dispersed them.

Lucas was at last drawn out of the cage, mu-tilated and covered with blood. His servant followed him, not having received a wound. This brave fellow, whose name is Perk, is of Spanish Before belonging to Lucas, in whose service he had been for about eighteen months, he was attached to the Madrid circus, kept by Revis. M. Revis is now the owner of the four lions of the Hippodrome, which have been previcesly exhibited at the Cirque and Porte Saint Martin, and which have already caused the death

After receiving the attentions of a physician, the keeper was carried to the house of his fatherin-law. The physicians counted twenty-five wounds, three of which were very severe; one in the threat and right check; another in the left arm, at least an inch and a half deep, and presenting a gaping opening as large as a silver dollar; and the third in the thigh. The other twenty-two were in the mouth, hands, breast, and other portions of the bode.

The admirable devotion of the servant, PRPS, was serveranded. The hon-tomer, Lucas, died August 23, in the most terrible agonics.

FRENCH SENATUS CONSULTUM.

THE Paris Journal Official publishes the text of the Senatus Consultum, which is promulgated in the name of the Emperor, and is signed by Rouber and countersigned by Duvergier. The following is a synopsis of the document:

Act. 1. The Emperor and the Corpe Logicistif have the jetvilege of isotiating have,
Act. 2. The Ministers are dependent on the Emperor; they deliberate under his providency, are responsible, but can only be impeated by the Senate.
Act. 3. The Ministers reay be members of either Chamber; they have free access to said the right to speak in both,
Act. 4. The eithings of the Senate are upon to the public, but on demand of five members the Senate may be into access the senior.

many po into secret secolos.

Act. 5. The Senate, wher pointing out modifications in a fell, may seed it took for further consideration in the Corps Legislatts. It may in my care oppose the promotigation of a bill, and in such case the till can not be proceeded in the Corps Legislatif again during the same secolors.

not be proceeded in the Corps Legislatif again during the same scholor.

Art. 6. The Corps Legislatif elects its own officers at the optising of each review. The bende and the Corps Legislatif make their own internal regulations. Act. 7. Every individual mamber of the Sente and Corps Legislatif make their own internal regulations. Act. 7. Every individual mamber of the Sente and corps hard-building the right of mirror latings. Volume of consistence or visual of confidence context to be received to the Barceira and mathematic fight whenever the towermound deniends it, and the lineaus will then appoint a companion to consider the matter, on whose report the Corps will decide printing in everyl or reject the vote. Corps will decide whether to accept or reject the vote.

Art. 8. No amendment of a bill ran be discussed un-

Art. 8. No americant of a full ran be discussed unless it has been previously sold to the committee which considered the bill, and also commonly act to the discussion of the forestment and the committee disagree on the americant, the Council of State chall pronounce its opinion; but the final decision rosts with the Coups Legishiti.

Act. 8. The tendents are persented and wated by chapters and articles.

Act. 16. All modifications in customs to postal facility made through province with feesing nations will require a law to make them binding.

Act. 16. The relations of the Empene, Sense, and Copp Legislatic fire changes only in so for as they are modified by this Sensitis Coupsting. Their formal increasure will be settled hereafter by Imperial decree.

Act. 12. Crytain articles of the Constitution, Incomeletent with the above provisions, are almogated

POWERS THAT MAY BE.

THE English are inquiring very anxiously, what are we to do when our cool is all hurned and before a century has rolled away this question will be a distressing one for Eu and. manufactures depend upon coal Is it possible for her to utilize petroleum instead of coel? A series of elaborate experiments, authorized by the Government of the United States, resulted in the decision, "That convenience, comfort, health, and safety are against the us of petroleom in steam vessels; and that the only advantage thus far shown is a not very important reduction in bulk and weight of feel corried. One American scientific periodical strongly deeried its superiority from an economical point of riew, and proved that the heat from oil costs double that from ceal, the quantity being measured by the work done in evaporating water; but this estimate was based upon the present relative cost of the two materials. When coal grows dear, the aspect of the comparison will be al-tered, especially if, as is pre-anable, oil should become cheaper.

Among the undeveloped sources of host, of

which greater or less reservoirs are contained within or upon the earth, natural gas suggests itself to the mind that has been thinking of minitself to the mind that has been thinking of min-eral oil. What are the processes at work in the subterranean laboratories it is not our purpose i

to question; but it is certain that the result of one or some of them is the generation of com-bustible gas like that which we are barning in our streets and houses, and squandering with a recklessness fearful to contemplate, if we at all heed economy in the matter of the blessings that Nature has vouchsafed to us. It may be that this gas is distilled by the earth's internal heat from beds of coal or coal oil; and if so, we may look for the vapor where we find the substance. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the Chinese are, and doubtless were centuries before us, great consumers of gas, if not manufacturers of it. Their borers for salt-water often pierce beds of coal, and the inflammable vapor streams out in great jets that reach to a height of twenty or thirty feet. With the tart of civil-ized gas-fitters, the mit-makers eatch the gas from these fountains, lead it by pipes to their works, and consume it in beiling down and eraporating the water for recovery of its sa-line constituents. Then, too, the tubes are hild through the streets and into houses and kitchens, and the gas is burned for illuminating purposes. The excess-for more is given of than is wanted-is conducted out into the try, and burned for the sake of getting rid of it. are not told that the Chinese work engines with their copious fuel, but one would not be surprised to hear that they have been doing so for ages; indeed, we would not be astonished if it should turn out that they have been telegraphing since the Deluge, and have photographic portraits of their great-grandfathers,

The American oil regions furnish an abundant supply of rendy-made gas, which has sometimes given gas companies cause to be apprehensive of failing profits. The town of Fredonia, in New York State, is lighted throughout by the outpourings from the terrestrial gasometer, and in many places the natural gas is extensively burned for steam generation. A notable instance is that of a large brass factory in Erie belonging to Messrs. Jarecki & Co. For more than two years they have drawn their fire and light from an unproductive oil well, which makes up for its barrenness of fluid by an inexbanstible yield of gas. A three-inch main is constantly charged, at a uniform pressure, and conveys the gas from its source, over a distance of 1200 feet, to the factory. The gas is of good lighting quality, and when it is not wanted, as on Sundays and during the night, it is led up a high shaft and set alight pro bows publics. What has become of the larning wells once known in England? Have they given out? or is their gas still escap-ing? or is it flowing into the coal mines, to the endangerment of the miners' lives? Supposing there is still a supply, is it worth collecting? Not now, perhaps; but if it lasts, its time may come.

A power that not only may be, but can be now, and ought to be utilized, is that which is derivable from the rise and fall of tidal waters. This is one, too, that especially concerns us, seeing the extent of our sea-board and the number of our tidal rivers. The source of motion that is here offered us is of incalculable extent; it is surprising how little has been done toward turning it to account. Not only is the rise and fall of water to be taken advantage of; there is the convard motion, the convey Water-wheele may be streams to be employed. Water-wheele may be turned by this means, while the head of water gained by the rising tide can, if projectly hardened to drive turnels or reservoirs, he made to drive convard motion, the closing and flowing of tidal streams to be employed. Water-wheele may be vested by pouls or reservoirs, be made to drive other wheels and machines of the turbine chararter-n class of movers not very well known at the present time. There is no reason why our sen side towns and fishing villages should not be the sents of manufacture, and the time may come when they will be so; or if the work can not be carried to the sea-rosst to be done, there is no reason why the power should not be impped there, and conveyed wherever it is wanted, know that electric wires are capable of carrying considerable amounts of motive force over long distances. A little battery in London mores a needle in Edinburgh; a weak current generated at the Greenwich Observatory traverses a telegraph line and pulls the trigger of a gun at Neweastle, while another current from the same place rens to Deal and works certain levers that let fall a time-signal ball. There does not appear to be any strong reason why the principle here involved should not be extended to the transmission of great powers from places where the force is most easily generated to others where it can be most advantageously applied to mechan-ical jumposes. It may be asked, what a tide-mill has to do with a galvanic battery? To which we would reply that the modern doctrine of the correlation of forces shows that any one description of force can be converted into any other description. Mechanical force, like that of a water-mill, can be turned into heat, or into electricity, or first into hent and then into electricity, or vice versa. Leaving electricity out of the question, there are other means of transporting power from place to place. One of the most simple of these is by compressed air, a medium not yet half appreciated. There is no question but that a deal of wasse is involved in the practice of making locometors carry with them the means of generating their power, instead of carrying that power rendy made—a plan that might be used in some cases, though of course nor of universal application. It has been tried, or suon is to be, in this country: a locomotive ear is to be driven by bottled-up air, highly com-The car station is to be formished with present. an engine to pump the air into reservoirs, two of which are to be attached to the car for each journey of ten miles length, and the stored-up force is to be converted into wheel-driving power by a small engine tixed underseath the carriage. May success attend the trial, and induce engineers to give attention to the important problem—the storage of force! This is the one thing needful for turning to useful account more than one

powerful element of nature that is at present wasting itself on nothing, or else doing fearful damage. What a grand thing it would be if the hurricane's power could be entrapped and made a slave of! and why should it not be? Look at what the wind has done for Holland, and what it is doing all the world over on small scales: it is ready for work, a willing and a powerful servant, wanting only tasks set before it. True, it is intermittent, coming in great force when it is not wanted; but this only shows the necessity for that means of bottling power, to the perfection of which our mechanics ought to be looking.

Electricity is often spoken of as a power that may be. We have alleded to it as a medium may be. We have alleded to it as a medium for transporting power, but we hesitate to dwell upon it as a source, because no present prospect appears of any means of generating it upon a scale of chespness that would enable it to compete with other sources of energy. If we are to consume mechanical force to get electricity, as is done in some of the most recent electrical erators of great power, we might as well use the original force at once. Where metals have to be consumed to obtain galvanic currents the cost is high, too high for economical use while other power-producing materials can be procured at chesper rate in proportion to the work that is to be got out of them.

Chemistry gives us better hopes. The terri-ble powers of explosive compounds may one day be tamed down to manageable conditions. A gunpowder engine savors of the chimerical; but we lately heard it proposed, and it is to be presumed that the projector had, in his mind's eye at least, some method of rendering violent ex-plosions so continuous and governable as to yield a motion having some approach to uniformity. The gas engine is only a few removes from such a machine, and it answers perfectly. Here we have successive explosions of a mixture of gas and air, on alternate sides of a piston in a cylin-der, converted by crank and fly-wheel into a smooth continuous movement, perfectly under control, and very economical. But if gunpowder, or nitro-glycerine, or dynamite, or any mild-er source of expansive vapors, should prove in the end unfitted for direct application, why should not their energy be employed to compress air, or otherwise charge a force-reservoir that would pay out its store as leisurely as circumstances

But there may be powers capable of exhaust-on; one of these is the power of patience. So let us play our last card, which stands for a source of energy that has been forcing itself spon us for centuries, but that we have not yet utilized to a tithe of its capabilities. We allude to the power of the sun. The theoretical amount of heat that the earth receives from the sun is so normous as to appear incredible; but setting theory aside, the actually available quantity is startling enough, seeing that every hundred square feet of sun-lit earth receives an amount equivalent to the work nominally derivable from a single horse. You may doubt the accuracy of such n deduction, from your knowledge of the com-parative coolness of objects that are exposed to sunshine for hours together. But the fact is that a body subjected to ordinary insolation loses its heat by radiation and by contact with the air almost as fast as it receives it. Prevent the escape of the heat, and then see to what a height the temperature will rise. Last summer, on the tropical 22d of July, a steak and pointoes were thoroughly cooked by the sun on the south side of Westminster Bridge. The only appuratus employed was a eiger-box blackeness inside, and with a lid formed of several plates of glass. solar beams poured into this oven, and their bent was trupped; there was no ready escape for it, and in twenty minutes from the time of their

first exposure the steak and pointoes were done. Ericsson's name alone has been cited as a solar engineer. But there has been another toiler in the same field: M. Mouchot, a French professor of natural philosophy. The principle involved in the eight-box oven is that which he has adapted to the construction of what he calls a se receiver. A metallic vessel, blackened outside, is mounted on a non-conducting pedestal and covered with a glass case; it is exposed to the sun, and an extra share of heat is condensed upon it by a reflector placed behind. In less than half an hour, the vessel, if empty, is raised to a temperature of 400° Fahr. The receiver may be a boiler to generate steam, or a sauce-pan for collinary purposes, or the evaporator of a still, or an oven for cooking steaks and potatoes. A working steam-engine was among some solar apparatus which M. Mouchot had the honor of bringing before the Emperor, at St. Cloud, in 1866; but his majesty could not see it in action because the weather was unpropitious, ever, he was so pleased with the idea that he gave the inventor another day's trial at Biarritz, which Phebus favored, and all worked to satis faction.

Inquirers of narrow mind ridicule this idea of extracting power out of sunbeams. They say the source is too intermistent—that during cloudy times and in countries not blessed with eternal sunshine it would be useless, because not constant. So they pooh-pooh the notion. But is not the wind intermittent, and water too? Are we to set fire to the wind-mill when it is becalmed, and chop up the water-wheel when there comes a drought? There are scores of mills in the country where wind or water furnishes the power so long as it is available, but where steam is resorted to as an auxiliary when the primary source gives out. And why should not the sun come in as an anxiliary also, to act when winds are hilled and streams are dried? Our mechanics are busstful of their prowess, and just now are complaining of the want of scope for the exercise of their ingenuity. Let them bestir themselves to get the undercloped stores of power to work,

that we may economize the resources of which we are now so reckless, and hand down to our children's children an equivalent—in the shape of perfected means and appliances—for the share of those resources which is their due, but which we are doing our very best to wrest from them.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

To our hearts, there's no denying, Nothing lasting joy can being:
Like the restless swallows flying,
Are our minds upon the wing;
Still for something ever sighing,
Ever longing, ever trying.

Each one in the crowd is hieing Toward a retrograding goal: All things boarding, resping, buying, But contentment to the soul. Still for something over sighing, Ever longing, ever trying.

For some bliss we're always sighing, But possessing, find it-what? That for which our souls were dying? No; we still must seek for that.

After something ever trying, Ever longing, ever sighing.

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HARPERS WEEKLY. OURWAL OF GIVILIZATION

Vol. XIII.-No. 666.7

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REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT, D.D.

The Rev. Peter Carrwatout, the pioneer of Methodism in the West, has now been a Presiding Elder for fifty years. In view of this fact, the last Illinois Annual Conference made arrangements for a semi-centennial jubilec, to take place September 24. Among those who take a prominent part on this occasion we may mention Bishops Semeson, Moants, Janea, Ares, and Thompson. Bishop Semeson, Moants, Janea, Ares, and Thompson. Bishop Semeson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from 1816 to 1858. In connection with this pleasant jubilec a large number of presents were given to Dr. Carrwatout as tokens of the regard in which he is held by the Church.

A complete biography of Perna Cartwarders would include the history of the rise and progress of Methodism in the Valley of the Mississippi. He was born September 1, 1785, in Amherst County, on James River, in the State of Virginia. He is now, therefore, entering upon his eighty-fifth year. In a lecture which he delivered at Chicago not long ago, he said that he was living beyond his time. He had not a father, mother, brother, or sister living. His life had been one of hardship; he had known many crosses; but if he were to live his life over again, he would be a Methodist traveling preacher; he would rather choose that than be President of the United States.

PRIER CARTWRIGHT'S father was a Revolutionary soldier. His mother, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was an orphan. Shortly after his birth his parents removed to Kentucky, then an unbroken wildeness, over which emigrants moved on pack-horses. When Prier was nine years old Jacon Lunaron, a traveling preacher, held religious services in his father's cabim. This Luraron he styles a "real son of thunder. He preached with tremendous power, and the congregation were almost all meised to tears." A small class was soon organized in the neighborhood. This little society was visited by a "mighty reviral" in 1709, and a church was built, called Ebenszer. This was in what was then called Cumberland Circuit, and Kentucky District, in the Western Conference, the seventh conference in the United States.

Logan County, where the Carrwanours lived, was called "Rogues' Harbor." Refugees from all purts of the country fied thither to escape justice. Murderers, horse-thieves, highway robbers, and counterfeiters actually formed a majority of the inhabitants, and were able to set the laws at defiance. The honest people, under the name of Regulators, combined together and formed a vigilance committee for the execution of the laws. It was in such a desperate state of seciety that Param Carrwanour's boyhood was passed. "I'was naturally," he says, "a wild, wicked boy, and delighted in horse-racing, card-playing, and dancing. My father restrained me but little, though any mother often talked to me, wept over me, and prayed for me, and often drew tears from my eyes; and though I often wept under preaching, and resolved to do better and seek religion, yet I broke my vows, went into young

company, rode races, played eards, and danced. Gambling became his besetting sin.

At length, at about the beginning of the present century, Logan County became more civilized. Murderers and horse-thieres disappeared, and preaching became more frequent. About this time the Cane Ridge camp-meeting was held—a meeting protracted for weeks, and attended by from 12,000 to 25,000 people. Preachers of all denominations were present, and between one and two thousand sools were converted. This was the first camp-meeting ever held in the United States. It was about this time (1801) that Param was converted, and joined the Methodist Epis-

copal Church.

The following incident illustrates the igno-

rance with which the early Methodist preachers in the West had to contend. The Rev. Wilson Lee, preaching in Peters Cartwerour's neighborhood, took for his text, "Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross, he can not be my disciple." He urged on his congregation, with melting voice and tearful eyes, to take up the cross; no matter what it was, take it up. He made a very profound impression upon a very wicked Duschman in his congregation, whose wife was a notorious scold. After dismissing the meeting, Mr. Lex mounted his horse and rode away. After riding some distance, he saw, a little ahead of him, a man tradging along, carrying a woman on his back. This greatly surprised Mr. Lex. He very naturally supposed that the woman was a crippie, or had hurt her-

scold all de fime, and dish woman is de greatest cross I have in de whole world, and I does take her up and pare her, for I must save my soul."

In May, 1802, Peters Cartweight was permitted to exercise his gifts as an exhorter. In the fall his father moved down the Camberland River into Lewiston County. Here Presiding Elder Page gave Peters authority to travel through that destinate region, hold meetings, organize classes, and, in a word, to form a circuit. Considering his education defective, he entered the best school to be found in the neighborhood, where he staid for a short time, and then went into the active work of the ministry. In 1806 he was ordained a deacon by Bishop Assury. He was married to Frances Galinia August 18, 1808, and in the following October

early bishops; I have outlived every presiding elder that I ever had when on circuits; and I have outlived hundreds and thousands of my contemporary ministers and members, as well as juniors, and still linger on the mortal shores. Though all these have died, they shall live again, and by the grace of God I shall live with them in heaven forever."

Prese Carriera

Peter Carrwinger, in his journeys upon various circuits in the West, met with many very peculiar characters. And, as he himself was very eccentric, these encounters led often to amusing results. He tells the following anecdate of the conversion of two young ladies, whose mother was the terror of all preachers. He was warned not to visit them, but determined to go. The reception given him by the old lindy was any thing but itstitute, she even emission.

thing but inviting, she even ordering him to take the door. He told her he had come to talk and pray with her two daughters. She said he should not pray in her house, and sluking her fist in his face, she again ordered him out. The contest lasted for some time. The husband was a poor houseled to man, and his wife reigned supreme. At last, telling the woman to be sented, he kneeled to pray. He kept one eye open, for he had to watch as well as pray. In his prayer he gave a description of the woman any thing but flattering. He invoked the Almighty to love her, if possible, and do it quick. But if there was no salvation for her, he prayed to God to kill her, and donn her at once. Afterward he met her, and found her a changed woman.

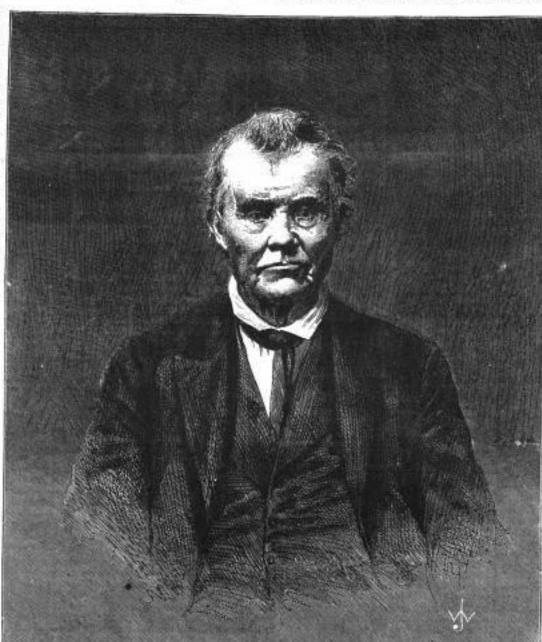
found her a changed woman.

Of course Peters Carrengury was a Jacksonian in politics; but the following incident that occurred in connection with the meeting of the Nashville Conference in 1818, showed that he was not to be scared by even "Old Hickory." "The city preacher," he says, "informed me that I was to preach on Monday evening in Dr. Brackhourse's church, and charged me to be sure and behave noyself. I made him my best bow, and thanked him that he had given me any appointment at all; and I assured him I would custainly behave noyself the best I could. "And now," said I, "Bruther Mac, it really seems providential that you have appointed me to preach in the Doctor's church, for I expect they never heard Mothodist doctrine fairly stated and the dogmas of Calvinism exposed; and now, Sir, they shall hear the truth for once. Said the preacher, "You must not preach controversy." I replied, "If I live is preach there at all, I'B give Calvinism one riddling." "Well, 'aski the preacher, 'I recall the appointment, and will send another preacher there; and you must preach in the Methodist church Monday evening; and do try and behave yourself. "Very well,' said I; 'I'll do my best."

"The preacher's conduct toward me was spread abroad, and excited considerable curiosity. Monday evening came; the church was filled to overflowing; every sent was crouded, and many had to stand. After singing and punyer, Brother Mac took his sent in the pulpit. I then read my text: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' After reading my text I paused. At that moment I saw General Jackson walk-

ing up the aisle; he came to the middle post and very gracefully leaned against it and stood, as there were no vacant seats. Just then I felt some one pull my cost in the stand, and turning my head, my fastidious preacher, whispering a little loud, said, 'General Jackson has come in;' I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damp him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!

Guinea negro!"
"The preacher tucked his head down and squatted low, and would, no doubt, have been thankful for leave of absence. The congregation, General Jackson and all, smiled or laughed right out, all at the preacher's expense. When



REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT, D.D.

self in some way, so that she could not walk. The traveler was a small man, and the woman large and heavy.

Before he overtook them, Mr. Lex began to cast about in his mind how he could render them assistance. When he came up to them, lo and behold, who should it be but the Datchman and his wife that had been so affected under his sermon at meeting. Mr. Lex rode up and spoke to them, and inquired of the man what had happened, or what was the matter, that he was carrying his wife.

The Dutchman turned to Mr. Lan and said,
"Besure you did tell us in your sarmon dat we
must take up de cross and follow de Saviour, or
dat we could not be saved or go to heaven; and
I does desire to go to heaven so much as any
pody; and dish vife is so pad, she scold and

was ordained an elder by Bishop M'KENDREE. In 1813 he was appointed by Bishop Assurry presiding elder of the Green River District, in Transcesses. From that time to the present day the Rev. Peter Cartwright has lived and wrought in the West with characteristic energy, and his labors have been attended with memorable success. "I have lived," he says, in his antobiography, "to see this vast Western wilderness rise and improve and become wealthy without a parallel in the history of the world; I have outlived every member of the class I joined in 1800; I have outlived every member of the class I joined in 1800; I have outlived every member of the first General Lave outlived every member of the first General Conference that I was elected to, in Baltimore, in 1816, save five or six; I have outlived all my

the congregation was dismissed, my city-stationed preacher stopped up to me, and very sternly said to me, 'You are the strangest man I ever saw; and General Jackson will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city.' 'Very clear of it,' said I, 'for General Jackson, I have no

doubt, will appland my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me, as l'addy said, "There is two as can play at that game."

"General Jackson was staying at one of the Nashville hotels. Next morning very early my city preacher went down to the hotel to make an apology to General Jackson for my conduct in the pulpit the night before. Shortly after he had left I passed by the hotel and I met the General on the pavement, and before I approached him by several steps he smiled and reached out his hand, and said:

hand, and said:

"'Mr. CARTWRIGHT, you are a man after my
own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr.
Mac, to think he would suppose that I would be
offended at you. No, Sir; I told him that I
highly approved of your independence; that a
ter of Jesus Christ ought to love every body
our no mortal man. I told Mr. Mac that if
i a few thousand such independent, fearless
rs as you were, and a well-drilled army, I
i take old England."

ARPER'S WEEKLY. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

OUR DUTY TO CUBA.

HERE was never a public question of importance enough to interest the press of ope and America about which less was austically known than the Cuban question. cems to be understood that the United es Government is making representations or of Spain; but nothing is certainly known. day it is announced that a distinct propoin of sale and guarantee has been offered. morrow it is as distinctly denied. One moit General Sickles has written a significant e; the next, he has written nothing. The tor, as we write, is that he has informed the nish Government that there is a strong ssure of public opinion in this country to ognize the Cubans as belligerents. We are y reinctant to believe that any such note · been authorized or written. It is not easy suppose that the Administration would threat-Spain; still less that it would found a threat on an untruth. Public opinion in this counthe efforts of all people honorably striving for

dependence of a foreign power. But it is

rtainly untrue that there is any pressing gen-

al desire to recognize the independence of

the, or to take any positive step until some-

ing more is known. Cuban independence

of annexation are known to be the same thing,

id it would be very far from accurate to say

at public opinion in this country demanded

e addition of nearly two millions of Spanish

coles and emancipated slaves to the present

opulation. That the Spanish government of Cuba has een harsh and cruel; that the Cabana have he right, upon proper consideration of means nd chances, to attempt to secure their indeendence by arms; and that in the struggle hey have the sympathy of all generous hearts, ve have often declared. But it would be unpeakable folly for the United States to take art in every war upon the side which might seem to be in the right to most of those who snew any thing of the facts. Consequently, when the other Spanish-American colonies revolted, in 1810, the United States remained neu-They continued so for twelve years, until the colonies were not only independent in fact, but there was no prospect of their ceasing to be Twenty years and more passed, however, before Spain acknowledged the fact. During all this time the United States maintained the strictest neutrality with the frankest expression of sympathy for the colonies; and they departed from their neutrality only when an organized government, fulfilling all its functions, had been established.

But it can not yet be truly said that Cuba, to e President M. other colonies, has " declared its independence and maintained it." The revolutionary government of Cuba is the military rule of the revolutionary Commander-in-chief. The ports of the island and the large towns have not yet acknowledged it. General Jonnan, of the Cuban army, says that they "need slices, clothing, and medicines; for none are in the country. Hundreds of brave men are standing in my sight almost maked." These are facts which, as in the case of Crete, attest the heroism and the extremity of the revolutionists. As in the case of Crete, also, there is no reason to doubt that the friendly heart of this country will send the needed suc-Crete held out for three years in a just and noble cause. We sympathized, we succored, but we did not recognize her independence nor concede belligerent rights. Would it have been wiser for us to do so? Is it desirable upon any just and reasonable grounds that the United States should become the knight-errant to fight the battles of all distressed pooples? We do not ask the question from any selfish consideration, but from the highest re-

A Contract

gard to liberty and civilization. Would either | be the gainers if we should challenge every Government in the world whose principles or whose practice we do not approve?

There is still another consideration which ought not to be forgotten. We have called England to account for her conduct during the late rebellion in this country, and none are more vehement in doing so than those who demand that we shall recognize the independence of Cuba. Let us be just to England, however unfriendly we may consider her conduct to have been. During four years the Confederacy maintained absolute independence of the United States. It had an organized civil government recognised throughout its entire territory, collecting taxes, holding courts, making and enforcing laws. Generally it repelled our advances upon its lines; and when we broke through the people refused to submit, and we held the territory that our cannon commanded, and no more. The conditions that theoretically justify recognition of the independence of a revolting state can hardly be fairly said not to have existed. We did not relinquish the contest, of course, and it was known that we should not besitate to regard recognition as war. Nevertheless Louis Narolkon urged England, by the joint recognition of both nations, to end a hopeless struggle upon the part of the United States. Had England consented, a treaty of alliance between those powers and the Confederacy would have followed, and our difficulties would have been incalculably increased. England declined: France would not move alone; and we were left with no other foe than the rebels.

What reason is there for our recognition of the independence of Cuba which would not have justified England in recognizing that of the Confederacy? Is there any comparison what-ever between the vigor and duration of the war, the actuality of the government, and the maintenance of independence? It is said that the Cubans have agreed to abolish slavery, and that our interference will lead to emancipation. That is a good reason for recognition when the Cubans show themselves capable of independence, but not before. If they have declared an emancipation which they can not maintain, they have no right to call upon other people to maintain it. The recognition of independence is the acknowledgment of a fact, not of a hope nor of an effort. If Cuba can secure her independence, establish a stable and free govern-ment, and abolish slavery, she will have done a great and good work which the lovers of liberty every where will applaud. But it is not for the interests of liberty and civilization that this work should be done for her by others. Independ-ence is secure only among those who are able to obtain it for themselves.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

Tun result of the election in Maine, where Governor CHAMBERLAIN is re-elected by a good majority, shows the depth and extent of the feeling which would make a separate issue of the prohibitory question. It is, apparently, doubtful whether the prohibitory vote in Maine really exceeds five thousand. By no chance could the movement have done more than elect the Democratic candidate and open every grogshop without restriction. This was plainly seen by the most noted and influential of the temperance leaders, and they very wisely resolved that the cause demanded the success of the perty which was most favorable to it. have little doubt that a result like that in Maine will attend the movement in Ohio: and the prospect invites the candid consideration of all temperance men who are also in favor of a prohibitory law. Is such a law of such superior importance to all other issues that they may properly be imperiled? This truth was certainly not established at the National Convention in Chicago that formed the new temperance party.

The result in Maine also shows that there is not that dissatisfaction with the Administration which has been asserted by some Democratic foreign authorities to be so pronounced an universal. The Republican party would certainly be very unreasonable if it should renounce the support of its own Administration for any reason that has yet been alleged. It certainly can not be so foolish as to suppose that the financial condition would be improved under the suspices of a party that nominates Mr. PENDLETON in Ohio; nor retrenchment and economy secured by a party whose chief leaders in New York are the ring that is stigmatized by one of the party organs as "corruptionists;" nor the general tranquillity and prosperity of the country promoted by a party that proposes to keep open the question of

The Cincinnati Exquirer asserts that the Republicans will certainly be beaten in that Stare. It is possible, but even Mr. PENDLETON has not yet given any proof of the probability of such a result. If, indeed, Mr. Jour Quiscy ADAMS, of Massachusetts, were the type of the Republicans of the United States, the case would be different. If, because of errors of policy, from which no party can be free, and

of corruptions which are inseparable from every party in power, every Republican should think to find a remedy by going over to the Opposi-tion, the prospects of the Democracy in Ohio and clsewhere would be very much more promising than they are. Mr. ADAMS is emulous of that Chinese school of epicures who burned down their houses to roast their pigs. He applies their principles in politics, and not as yet, it must be confessed, with the same success. He has not as yet "tasted-crackling."

In this State the first duty of the Republican Convention is to settle the feads in the city, and to refuse to recognize as the representative of the party here a committee which is merely a brokerage for office. It should make a brief and positive declaration in favor of a searching reform of the whole civil service system. It should declare for the new State Constitution, and nominate candidates whose characters and antecedents would be their platform. It need not fear nor shirk. The future belongs to it if it chooses to take it. A bold reliance upon the intelligence and conscience of the State will be triumphantly justified by the result.

THE NEW STATE CONSTITUTION.

THE new Constitution of this State is to be submitted to the people at the next election, and if its provisions are understood is will unquestionably be adopted. It is a very great improve-ment of the present Constitution, which has been proved to be very far from that master-piece of risdom which it was at one time supposed to be. The fundamental defects of that instrument, however, are only partly corrected in the new; but it may be fairly said that the changes are all improvements. The Couvention was, apparently, unwilling to do more than make such changes as were indispensable, and many amendments which experience and reason justified were rejected as being too radical. It was impossible also to exclude party considerations altogether. But with every objection the amend-ed Constitution ought to be adopted.

The first in importance of the proposed changes is the equality of the suffrage. The new Constitution abolishes the property qualification for colored voters. There can be no argument in favor of this qualification which would not logically lead to the disfranchisement of colored citizens. This was plain enough from the speeches of Mr. MURRHY and Mr. Cassiby against the amendment, which proceeded upon the ground that the colored citizens are of an inferior race. But how the possession of a little money obviated the perils at the polls arising from that inferiority neither those gentlemen nor any body alse remembered to state. The justice and expediency of removing the disability were vindicated by no one with more force and eloquence than by Mr. Magnus Gross, a fellow-partisan of Mesers. MURPHY and CASSIDT.

The term of Senators is to be four instead of two years-half of the Senate retiring every two years. The advantage of such a system in securing a constant element of experience in legislation needs no argument.

The Assembly is to be elected by counties instead of districts, a change which increases the number of members from one hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and thirty-nine. Experience has shown that the election by counties generally secures better men than by The Assemblymen are to be paid one thousand dollars—a change which, if of no further advantage, may tend to shorten the sea-

The changes in the Judiciary system are so excellent that they were supported by almost every lawyer of both parties in the Convention, and will be undoubtedly sustained by all the most eminent men of the profession in the State. To relieve the pressure upon the highest tribunal, the present Court of Appeals, with one judge to be appointed, is continued as a Board of Commissioners for Appeals, with jurisdiction of all pending cases, which must be determined within three years. In 1873 the question is to be submitted to the voters, whether the judges of the Courts of Record shall thereappointed by the Gove or elected.

The new Constitution provides a Court of Claims to settle all demands against the State; it restricts special legislation, and the power of granting the public money; confers local authority upon local officers; concentrates official responsibility for the management of the canals; places the State prisons in charge of a Board appointed by the Governor and Senate; extends the time for the payment of the Bounty debt so as to lessen the annual tax; requires a uniform rule for the assessment and taxation of real and personal property; makes punishment for official bribery practicable; and or-dains free instruction in the public schools for all persons between seven and twenty years of

A constitution is not usually a very attractive study. But voting upon its adoption is one of the most important acts of a citizen, and it is his duty to understand its general character. The new instrument has been widely published, and many of the papers in the State discuse its provisions with intelligence and vigor. The

articles upon the subject in the Western New Yorker, at Warsaw, Wyoming County, are especially good. Between this time and the election we hope to be able to consider more in detail some of the more important changes proposed.

THE ST. THOMAS TREATY.

On the 15th of October the extended time allowed by Mr. SEWARD and the Danish Minister for the ratification of the St. Thomas treaty expires, and unless it be again extended by Secretary Fish the whole negotiation fails. But it can not end in this way without deep and lasting diagrace to the United States. It was a negotiation undertaken at the urgent entreaty of the Secretary of State, approved by the President. It was conducted upon the part of Denmark with the utmost honor and friendliness, and a strict regard for the wishes of the people most nearly interested. treaty was ratified by the agents of both governments, and Senators were informally consulted before the definitive vote was taken upon the island. It was then submitted to the Senate, and it has neither been confirmed nor rejected; it has been contemptuously neglected. Such conduct is discreditable to the Senate, and it is mortifying to the nation. It authorizes every government in the world to decline to trent with any authorized representative of the United States, until it learns whether it can regard his authority as evidence of his accord with the treaty-making power, It justifies England in saying to Mr. Moz-LEY, and Spain to General SICKLES, "We are very glad to see you, but you will understand that we can not possibly tell whether you represent the wishes and sentiments of your Gov-

It is very true that the Constitution regulres the consent of the Senate to a treaty, and that the Secretary of State has no authority to bind the country to do what he may think ought to be done-to buy parts of continents, islands, and other real estate at what may be considered enormous prices. But the facts must be considered. The offer to buy was made by the Secretary and President of a party which controlled the Senate. It was peculiarly fair to suppose, therefore, that the Government was a unit. This probability became virtual certainty when the same Secretary's similar action in regard to Alaska was most promptly supported by the Senate, and when personal inquiry of Senators disclosed no hostility to the St. Thomas project. It was only natural under such circumstances that Denmark should take measures to sever her connection with the island; and that she should feel burt and insulted by the disdainful omission even to consider the treaty enough to reject it. Indeed, the omission can hardly be called disdainful. seems rather an unhandsome evasion of the question, because of a consciousness that no satisfactory and honorable reason could be urged for rejection. There is no doubt that a firstrate power would not allow a treaty negotiated under such circumstances to be left without consideration. It would demand explanation in a tone that we know Denmark can not use, and which, therefore, it is still less pardonable in us to provoke.

It is plain that the Secretary of State and the Senate should save the country from the ill fame of soth conduct, and a friendly power from so gross a humiliation. Let the Secretary extend the term for the ratification of the treaty. Then let the Senate fairly and frankly consider it. If it rejects it let it state the reason, and not content itself with sic volo sic jubo; and then to avoid so unpleasant a complication hereafter, and to make treaty negotiations possible with self-respecting governments, let it strictly define the limits of executive action in the initiation of treaties. But we sincerely hope that a wise regard for the position of a friendly little power and for the fair fame of the United States will, in this instance and under the peculiar circumstances, induce the Senare to rati-

CITY ELECTIONS.

In the following article we propose to point out a few of the grave frauds which in the city of New York are perpetrated upon the people, and by means of which the will of the majority is set aside in more instances than the public would, without examination, suppose possible. It is not our purpose to refer to the iniquity of fraudulent naturalizations, to false registry, or to the voting by repeaters, all of which criminalities are carried on to a great extent, but simply to those frauds which are perpetrated on election-day at the polls, and by the very men who are appointed to protect the purity and honesty of the elections; to the crimes against the principle of self-government and republican institutions, which have made our municipal politics a reproach and by-word throughout the land. We shall expose only one link in a system of fraud which is so powerful in its various ramifications that it above lutely controls elections in our city, and utterly stiffes the voice of the people.

The inspectors, canvassers, and poli-clerks

of the elections are appointed by the Police Board, which is nominally a non-partisan body, composed of two Democrats and two Republic-There are four inspectors, two canvassers, and two poll-clerks in every election distrier, of which there are three hundred and forty within the municipal limits. Of these one-half are selected from among the Repulslicans, and the other half from the Democrats: and were this selection corefully made, a per fect security would be obtained against fraud; but by reason of the many local quarrels, the running of independent candidates, the schisms in party organizations, and the united interest of regues to deplete the city treasury, improper and unfit men are frequently selected. In fact, this is carried so far that it has become a common expression among politicians "that the canvassers and inspectors have been promised to certain candidates and denied to others"-an expression which means that the irregularities we are about to enumerate were to be committed in favor of one person and against another. And it must not be forgotten that for these illegalities the Republican Police Commissioners are almost as much to blame as the Demoeratic ones.

The duty of the inspectors on election-day and to that alone we confine our remarksis to receive the votes and deposit them in the boxes. The canvassers count the ballots at the close of the polls, and the poll-clerks keep the records, which are transmitted immediately to Police Head-quarters, and subsequently to the Board of Supervisors, who are ex official county canvassers, and whose sole duty it is to compute the total result either in Assembly, Senatorial, or Aldermanic districts, and give certificates of elections to those candidates who have a majority in all the election districts with-in their precincts. By this system it will be perceived that frauds by the canvassers and inspectors, if any are committed, are fatal, and can not be corrected at any subsequent stage of the proceedings. The law requires the bal-lots to be returned to the boxes, and the boxes to be sealed up and sent to the station-houses; but this statute is practically disregarded. Consequently there is no legal mode of going behind the returns, except by summoning every voter—a proceeding that is manifestly impracticable.

If an inspector changes the ballot which is handed to him nobody can prevent his doing so; the voter may protest, but if he makes himself offensive he will be ejected by the police, under the orders of the inspectors, who have control in such matters by their general authority for preserring order at the polls. Cases frequently occur where parties objecting to the reception of illegal ballots have been arrested, while those depositing them have been permitted to go free, and any protest against the ac-tion of the inspectors leads invariably to arrest and detention in the station-house. Inspectors have been known deliberately to throw away the bellots of voters and openly to substitute others, and to continue doing this for hours in spite of all remonstrances, while in other cases they have been observed to effect the substitution by a little sleight-of-hand, and more secretly. In the contested election case of M'Kin-VER opt. WHALES, the following evidence was

"Lewis H. Lavray was a register and inspector in this district, and he testifies that during the entire day Enspector M'Quates received the Assembly bal-lets, and he dropped many of them on the foor, and substituted others from his cost pecket, which he de-posited in the ballot-box. Attention was called to it, and Lavray expostrbiated with him, when he replied, "Ton have cot too much to any around here allocation."

and Larran exponentated with him, when he replied,
"Too have got too much to say around here altogether; if you don't hish I will proch you in the head."
"In addition, it is satisfactorily proven that, in other instances, offensive and oven obscene epithets were used to instinuidate voters who declined to cast their ballots for Mr. Winger. That others who instand upon their rights to take the each prescribed by law were violently taken from the polls by persons pertending to act in the capacity of special shriff's deguties, with no intempt on the part of the Board of Inspectors to prevent such violence."

Many other international street in the capacity of the countries of the street of the str

Many other instances equally gross could be given, but these are sufficient for the occasion. They depend not upon more opinion or comon rumor, but have occu frequently proved by uncontradicted syidence in open court. Bad as they are they do not equal in enormity the frands committed by the canvassers. The latter officials, as soon as the polls close, proceed to count the votes. This is usually done by taking up ten votes at a time for a candidate sud calling "tally;" whereupon the entry is made in his favor to that effect. But it is no anneal thing for the canvasser to take fifteen votes before he calls "tally" for one man, and require only five for the opponent, thus making an error fraudulently of five votes against one and five in favor of the other, or ten in all. In such cases the packages are immediately thrown around the room or piled on the floor, to be burned up as soon as the iniquity is completed. In one instance the poll-clerk insisted upon

standing behind the canvassers who were earrying out this scheme in spite of their orders to him to sit down; and the entire canvass was stopended until a telegram could be sent to Po-· Head-quarters to ascertain whether the ree me was not under the domination of the e manner. In this particular case, the Pres-ju m of the Board of Police repaid that the poll-clerk could perform his duties in any part of the room, and the result was that the opposition candidate received a majority in that district, and in no other in his ward.

But a simpler and more effectual way of carrying the election is to change the votes bodily from one side to the other. For instance, if Mr. Brown, to whom the canvassers have been given, receives three hundred votes, and Mr. Jones, who is not approved by the political magnates of the city, obtains six hundred, the six hundred are transferred to Mr. Brown, while Mr. Jones is only allowed the three hundred that were polled in favor of his adversary. By these means the tally between the poli-lists and the returns is maintained, and a cleaner and easier operation is performed, while the effect is equally conclusive. So far and accurately are these and kindred frauds carried out, that certain local politicians can often carry a district by a specified majority established before-hand. In one case a Ninth Ward politician was compelled by party pressure to go against a friend who was a candidate, but promised that the district should be given to the opponent by only eight majority; and he was much chagrined and made many apologies because by accident the majority rose to twelve. In that case there were seventy-five actual voters in the district, but the returns showed over four hundred votes.

Publicity is always given to the names of the canvassers and inspectors who are selected by the Police Board, and unobjectionable men are often chosen in the first instance. But these are changed afterward in those localities where frand can be most readily perpetrated. On the day preceding, or on the very day of election, often as late as three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the canvassers will be changed, and some tool of iniquity substituted for a good There is no time for appeal or protest or argument; the new man appears with his written authority; and if the original appointed makes any trouble be is immediately dragged away by the police. No candidate opposed to the regular organizations of either party is safe for a moment. He may imagine that he has decent and honest canvassers and inspectors, but they may be removed at any moment and the vilest men substituted. In this connection we make the following extract from the points in the M'Krevez case, to which we have already referred:

"The two inspectors, M'Quare and M'Kenna, were both supporters of Whales. M'Kenna admits that he has been arrested several times, that he was last imprisoned in 1864, and that he has since here les leed up in the station-house 'for raising a disturbut or in the house at night with his father and brother,' and M'Quass can't remember whether he has ever been

It must not be supposed that we mean to say that these enormities are committed in every election district; far otherwise; this would be neither desirable nor possible. Elections are rarely carried by other than a close vote, and the manipulation of this in a few districts will usually answer every purpose; where it will not, the regular organizations have to submit to a defeat. But if any of our readers will take the trouble to go to Police Head-quarters on electionnight they will find a number of le sand buggies waiting there. At occasionan intervals a man will be seen to enter one of these and drive off at furious speed. If our readers follow him they will find that he goes to a certain district where the proper men for the purpose are in control, and that he gives them certain directions. The returns have been examined as they come in at head-quarters, the number of votes required to elect has been ascertained, and the orders thus secretly given are to make up that number. It is thus that free expression is given to the will of the people in the city of New York, and Democratic majorities are rolled up which overslaugh the votes of the honest Republicans throughout the State.

We have only referred to a few instances in support of our statements, but we could give dozens of cases; not on hearsay evidence or public rumor, but duly sworn to, either before some committee of the Legislature or in the resence of the court. Every point that have specified can be readily sustained, and is perfectly well known to all the practical working politicians of the city. Nor is the sole injury traceable to the direct fraud, but is a consequence of it and of the knowledge of the impossibility of fighting against it. People become discouraged when they feel that it is useless to struggle against a superior power; they sarrender without an effort when they are assured be-forehand that such an effort would be in vain; and especially are the smaller politicians certain to submit to the dictation of the controlling body, when hy resisting they could effect no good, and would be sure to incur a dangerous camity.

THE PRINCE AND THE EMPEROR.

THE recent speech of Prince NAPOLEON ought to be studied by party orators as an il-Instrution of independent party criticism. The cousin of the Emperor, a probable member of the Regency should the Emperor die, and a possible successor to the throne, is really of the Emperor's party. - But he has outlived many illusions and penetrated many more. He is,

to borrow a theological phrase, a rationalist in ! imperialism. He does not deceive himself by supposing that any glamour surrounds his heavy coasin in the minds of Frenchmen, and he knows that the family glory proceeds from the uncle. He has observed men and stodied history, and he has undoubtedly decided that the only hope for the present dynasty in France lies in its transformation into an entirely constitutional government. In his speech, therefore, he does not besitate to demand it. He does not praise the plan of the Emperor as the only plan, but he points out its serious defects, and he criticises the imperial régime with the vigor of a friend. This is the point which makes his speech interesting as a study of true party oratory. It is serviceable, not servile.

Prince Narothon says that the Senatus Consultum indicates that henceforth liberty is to be the strength of the empire. This he believes to be an imperial tendition, and he makes the remarkable assertion that his studies have satisfied him that his uncle, the great Narotmon, returned from Ella a convert to constitutional principles. He does not deny that the nature of his genius made him prone to adopt old practices, but he is sure that his reason was convinced. The difficulty with the government of Louis Phillipp was, that it represented the electors and not the people, and the catastrophe was therefore inevitable. But now, when there are ten millions of electors, the goverament must represent their wishes, Prince, therefore, logically objects that the Ministers are responsible, not to the Assembly, but to the Senate, which is appointed by the Emperor. Moreover, during the six months' adjournment of the Assembly the Schate may legislate under the Presidency of the Emperor, and even vote the budget. Then the Senate alone has the right to discuss the Constitution, which is proposterous. The election districts should no longer be gerrymandered by imperial decree, and the mayors of cities should be elected by the municipal councils, and not appointed by the Emperor.

These are the demands which the Prince Narot non makes in the interest of liberty. He perceives, with every body else, the suspicious omissions and complexities of the proposed system, and he very truly says: "When you seriously intend to practice political liberty, you will do pretty much what all other free peoples have dense and are doing." That is the substance of the whole matter. If Louis Narolkov intends to establich a free constitutional system, the necessary measures are obvious. If he does not adopt them, his design may very properly be respected. The justice of the Prince's critiions is entirely unaffected by his personal opes and intentions. Whether he appears in in Majesty's opposition to propitinte publie favor, or to act as a scout and feeler for his Majesty, or is merely exercising his wits to amuse himself, or is in fact the honest critic that he seems, his speech undoubtedly points out the discrepancies between the provisions of the Senatus Consultum and a true constitutional system.

NOTES.

THE late Legislature of New York omitted to ask the Governor to send to Washington a cer-tified copy of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. It was suggested that therefore it would not be recorded in the State Department. The acting Secretary of State therefore wrote to The acting Secretary of State therefore wrote to the Governor, who answered that the Legislature had not directed him to apprise the Secretary of State, but that he acceded to the request, and forwarded a copy officially attested by the election of the two Houses. Thereupon the World insists that such an act is not official notice. But the Governor has nothing whatever to do with the amendment except as the Legislature may ask him to send notice of its action to Washington. The "official notice" which the law requires is of course a copy officially attested by the proper Legislative authorities; and this notice has now been transmitted to the State Department.

Tun poem upon this page was evidently suggested by the illustration in the Weekly for August 28, called "An Heroic Boy." It is not the gust 28, called "An Heroic Roy." It is not the first time that our illustrations have suggested good poems. The striking sketch of "Sheridan's Ride," which was peblished in the Weeldy soon after the Battle of Cedar Creek, which has been often attributed to Mr. Nast, but which was really by Mr. Etyphon, furnished the motive for Mr. Thomas Buchanan Ream's poem of the same title. A volume of poems by Hasky Anney, the author of the "Stowawny Boy," has recently been published by A. D. F. Handourn & Co.

Wino makes and unmakes the postage stamps? The old style was neat and excellent, the new is execuable. There was a pleasant sentiment in the portraits of distinguished citizens, but pic-tures of locomotives and jockeys are absurd. We learn that there is to be another change, and we hope that the reform will be a restoration, and that the stamps will "stick."

THE Gold Telegraph, erected by Mesers, ALEX. M. HAYS & Co., in front of their store, No. 23 Maiden Lane, will prove as useful to all persons interested in the price of gold as it is novel and ingenious to the general public. The indicator is placed upon a pedestal ten feet high,

with telegraphic connection at the Gold Room, by means of which all changes in price are instantly and faithfully recorded upon its dial. As nearly every one in the street is more or less interested in these changes, this new arrangement can but be regarded as of great public con-

the second of th

THE Rev. WM. II. MELBURN has just returned to New York after an absence of sixteen months in England, whither he went mainly to submit to an operation upon his eyes by GHARPPR, of Berlin, the most eminent of European oculists. Although his sight is slightly improved, the opemtion was, nevertheless, not a success:

Seasons return, but not to him returns Der, or the sweet approach of ev'n or reors, Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rese, Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine; But cloud instead, and ever-during dark, Surrounds him, from the cheevful ways of men cat off."

While abroad, especially in England, Mr. Min-BURN was made the recipient of much attention from gentlemen eminent in literary, social, and professional life. During his travels he had rare opportunities of "seeing" and heaving what was going on among the notable folk of the Old World, and these observations he has embedded in a couple of lectures: one, "What a Blind Man saw in Paris;" the other, "A Blind Man's Experience in search of Sight." These he proposes to deliver during the coming locture sea-son. They can not fail to be very popular.

THE STOWAWAY BOY.

(Suggested by our Illustration, "An Hereix Boy," in the Westly for August 28.]

Water three days forth upon the salty sea,
There came out to the deck a little boy;
Not wherewithal so pay his way had he,
Yet looked up to the broad fees sky with joy.
His face was brithe said fair, for what is good
Shines cut and issue not to be understood.

But on the boy a doubting eye was cast, And soon there questioned him the master's mate: He said that his step-father, near a mast.
He said that his step-father, near a mast.
Had hidden him, with tood, and look him wait.
Within the place until they reached the shore,
Where a kind aunt would give him from her store.

The mate was slow to fiel the story true, And thought the salient gave the boy his food, And often questioned him before the crew; The boy replied with steadthat forcitude. At last the mate avowed the glaring lie Should be confused or the the boy must die.

Thereat he bade a sailer fetch a repe, And pointing to the yant-arm, somely said,
"Boy, in sea minutes you will be past hope,
And know the soleren silence of the dead, Unless you speak, and sparn the lie away.*
The boy knelt down and asked if he might peap.

Above its hell of fire the tortured steam Shricked, bissed, and ground in terror and in pain; Yet worked the ship's great muscles, shaft and beam. The word second a sea-gall or a crave Beating the denor oir that floods the world. And round and round her watery wings were whirled,

The sky best over the contented sea,

And, like the bey's face, was both pure and clear;
The ship's folk gathered round him acciously.

The Lord's Prayer from his earnest lips to hear.
The mare, in tears, by treelile sore opporated,
Cleaght up the boy and cleaped him to his breast!

Truth's simple grandour is her priceless wear, Truth's simple greateur is her process wear, And virtue is the crown upon her head; So plain is she that even a child may dare. To take her hand and go where the will tread. Not her shall serpost error faccinate, She strikes it down and rules in time and fate.

Cling thou to Truth and heep her rigid line, Nor punder to the false on either side; Truth dwells with windom, makes the face to shine, Leads on to honor, in to God effed; Oh, in thy trial hour, whate'er befull, Trust her with from faith and all in all.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

New York has one mile of railroad to 1885.1 of population; New Jersey, one to 900.5; New Hampshire, one to 900.7 Vermont, one to 586.6; Massachmetts, one to 907.9; Connecticut, one to 586.1; Penneyticut, one to 767.9; Hickingson, one to 680.5; Indiana, one to 760.5; Girle, one to 589; Michigan, one to 680.6; Hilmols, one to 760; Nebraska, one to 283.5; Kansas, one to 160; Nebraska, one to 181; Verginia, one to 160; Nerth Carolina, one to 160; Holl, Verginia, one to 160; Nerth Carolina, one to 160; Florida, one to 548.2; Alabama, one to 1182; Mississippi, one to 860; Tennessee, one to 713.2. Senate Brownlow, of Tennessee, has seld his in-

Senator Brownlow, of Tonnessee, has sold his interest in the Kroxville WAs, and says that betreffeth he owns no part of any newspaper establishment in that State or elevations.

Governor Chamberlain's najority in the Maine election, September 18, is estimated at about 2000 over both the other candidates.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Emperor Napoleon was sufficiently recovered to appear in the streets of Paris September 16. Two days later he presided at a Council of Ministers.

The remains of Lady Palmeraton have been interred by the side of her heshand's in Westonster Abbey.

A letter from Liverpool to the State Department at Washington states that a contagion radiod nurratio, or boof and mooth disease, has broken out among gattle in several parts of England. Although not as fatal as the fisherpool, all are called upon to exercise rend care to prevent its importation into the United States.

Victor Emanuel has consented that Ma son, the

States.

Visites Emanuel has consented that his son, the Buke of Gemoa, shall be a randidate for the Spanish Inteste. The prospects of the Buke of Genoa, as a candidate, and reported to be encouraging.

The Spanish press is quite excited on account of General Stekler's note to the Government indicating that the United States may shortly recognize the Cabans as belligerents. Some formula go so far as to say that he was appointed Masister to Spath simply because be favored the amexation of Cuba to the United States.

Thomas John Penn, the last descendant of William Penn, recently died in Lendon.



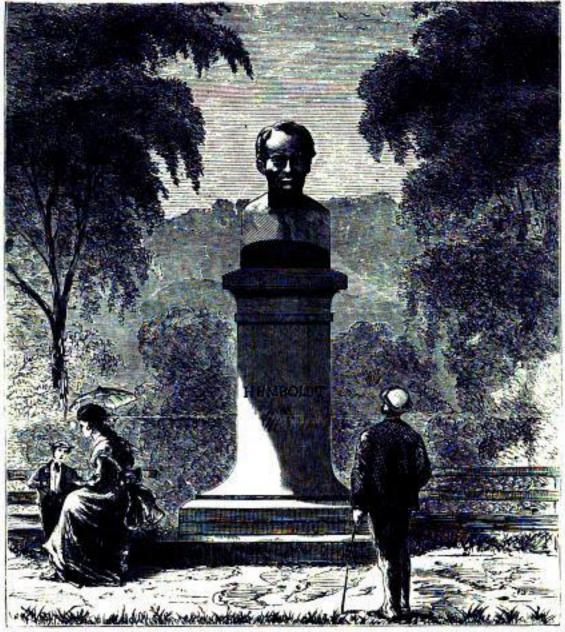
THE HUMBOLDT CENTENNIAL.

THE 14th of September—the centennial anniversary of the birth-day of ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT day of ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT— was celebrated generally through-out the country. In Boston there were three distinct celebrations, the most important of which was at the Music Hall, where Prof. Agassiz delivered an eloquent en-logium upon the scientific career of his great countryman and pred-ecessor in science. But the most remarkable of the celebrations in this country took place at the New this country took place at the New York Central Park, where was un-veiled a bust of Baron HUMBOLDT, of which we give an illustration on shis page.

It is a somewhat singular fact, that the only busts that have yet been located in Central Park are those of SCHILLER and HUM-noller, both Germans. This bust of Humoller is said to be the best in severe and humoller is said to be the best in severe and her was made by or Humbolder is said to be the best in existence. It was made by Prof. Gustav Blauser, of Ber-lin, who was a friend of Hum-monor in his lifetime, and who pos-sessed the only mask ever taken of him. He has recently modeled a best of HUMBOLDT for the King

of Prussin.
The bust of HUMBOLDT in Central Pork is located near the Schol-ars' Gate, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. It rests on a square pediment of granice, and has a total height of twelve feet from the ground. It is about three times the size of life, and presents a most the size of life, and presents a most attractive appearance. In front it bears the inscription, "ALEX. VOX. HUMBOLDT;" on one side the name of the artist, "Gust. Blanker.—fecit, 1869;" and on the other the names of the makers, "Ground Howaldt & Sonn, geg. Braunschweig, 1869."

The number of persons present at the celebration was not less than 25,000. On either side of the bust a platform was erected, covered with a large awaing, and hung around with bunting (the Ameri-can and German flags intertwined). Small American flags also deco-rated the front and sides of these rated the front and sides of these platforms. The one on the right was reserved to the speakers, the Committee of Arrangements, and the invited guests, and the other was appropriated to the reporters. The various singing societies, having filed into the Park, took places in front of the bast, the flags of



BUST OF BARON ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, NEAR THE SCHOLARS GATE, NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK. [Риотопачини вт Воскмоси.]

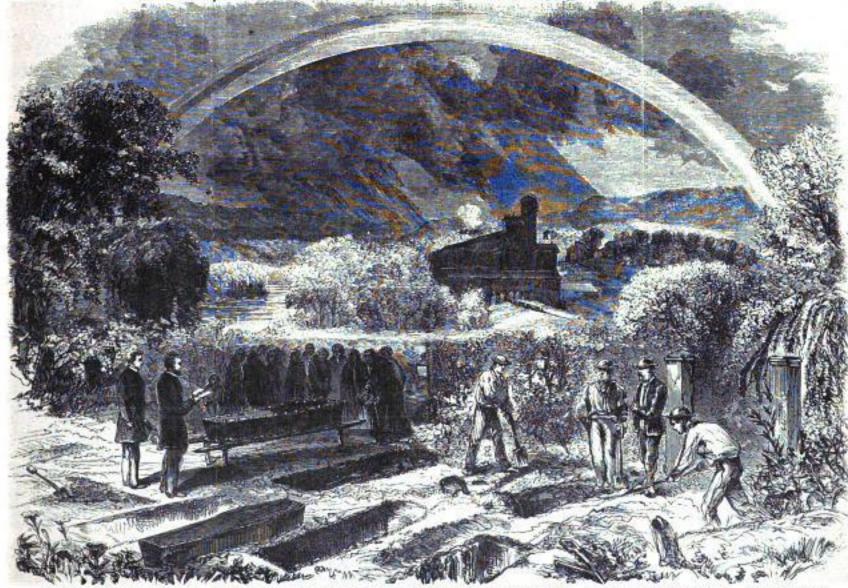
these organizations being grouped together on the left of the orches-

together on the sets of the orchestra, which was seated in front of the northernmost platform.

At 2 o'clock the assemblage was called to order by C. E. DITHOLD, Chairman of the Humboldt Monument Association, and after the ument Association, and after the over-ture to "Oberon," he formally presented the monument to the Commissioners of the Park, with an appropriate address. Then the statue was unveiled by Fren. Kuring, consul at this port for the North German Confederation, and WILLIAM ACPERMANN, AN-DREW H. GREEN replied to the presentation address, and his grace-ful speech was followed by a schol-arly and elaborate address by Pref. Francis Lieuce. Speaking of the appropriateness of locating the bust in this city, he said: "Hewmonor, though a German

in the lineaments of his character and thents, was, of all modern men, the one whose endenvors, as-pirations, and fame were least limited by national demarkations. If we take the word Catholic in a tee by national demarkations. If we take the word Catholic in a sense agreeable to its etymology, he was the most eatholic man in modern times. Europe, Asia, and America were equally his by visit and discovery. He wrote scientific dissertations with equal satisfaction in German, French, and Spanish. New York is far the most international, or, as the Greeks would have expressed it, all-initional place in the world, where Asiatics, Africans, and Entoquans meet, traveling custward or westward. This is the fieness, real and symbolical, of the place where we now stand, for the monumental image of Alexander Humolog—a fitness which will be increased by the proposed Museum of Natural History to be established in yonder building, in former times an arsenal of the United Scates. A German collection of great value has already been purchased for this purpose, by means fornished by liberal citition of great value has already been purchased for this purpose, by means farnished by liberal citi-zens of ours; and the traveler, Bickmore, the pepil of Agassiz, the follower of Hummonn, will be the director of this collection."

It is now ten years since Hum-monn's death. The celebration of September 14 was not simply a recognition of his services to science, but also a tribute to the human intellect.



THE GRAVES OF AVONDALE-SHUPP'S HILL GRAVE-YARD, NEAR PLYMOUTH, PENNSYLVANIA.-SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.-[SEE PAGE 634.]

MY BROTHER LEONARD. By JULIA KAVANAGH.

Ir has always seemed to me, since I passed those goldly but happy years of youth when we feel too much to care to think—it has, I say, almays seemed to me, that some of us are born to act and to suffer, and others to sit passively and look on. From childhood upward to this pres-ent hour—when I sit writing alone, a whitehaired woman, in an old château of Provence-to be the silent witness of my brother Leonard's life has been my lot. No lover ever came to me: no dream of love ever crossed my path. But i do not regret it; no, I do not regret it, though I am now a childless old maid, pale and withered. If love, with its blessings and its torments, had sought me, if a husband had taken me to anoth-er bome than this, what should I have known of that shy and noble heart which grief never conquered, but a great joy broke and stilled for-

According to the world's estimate my brother Leonard's life was not an eventful one. this, too, the parts allotted to the actors in the great drama of life are unequally divided. Some get the glorious destinies. Their star sets or rises in a sort of tempestuous splendor, and leaves a long track of light behind it through the dull pages of history. So far as I can see, they are not more noble, more heroic, more beautiful than others of whom there is no record, who live and die unremembered save by a few faithful hearts. But, after all, what matter? What is it to my brother Leonard in his grave if the world never knew that it lost in him a pure heart, chivalrous and true as that which once heat in the bosom of Bayard—of the knight who knew neither reproach nor four, and who died in all honor after living without a stain? My brother Leonard never wickled lance or sword, but there are other battles fought in life than those in which blood is shed; and of all who ever struggled nobly against adverse fute, who knew how to bear de-feat, or, harder still, how not to triumph over a conquered enemy, some were ever more worthy of honor than this unremembered man,

He was the eldest and I the youngest of a large family of children, all been in this old Provençal next built on a rock above the Mediterranean Sea. It is a fair old manor enough, at least I think it so; I like its yellow sun-burnt front and the square tower which rises above its low roof, and its many tall windows, with small glass panes, which flash again in the fiery light of the setting sun. I like its broad view of an azure sea with a whitening horizon, and even the arid plains which surround our old home I like too. For in that descrit our green garden is like a beauti-ful coris, cool and shady. It is an old-fashioned garden—they have none such now—with straight alleys and clipped trees; here and there a few brathen statues, moss-stained and mildered, appear in the howers; and on the lawn, in front house, a slender fountain ever throws up its waters, however bot the mountay sun may be. But why do I speak of all this? I am the But why do I speak of all this? has of the De Lausacs, and in my languid veins their once hot Provencal blood is dying away feebly.

We were great and rich once, say the records of Provence; but the religious wars proved our undoing. We were Catholies, and had many a fight with our old foes and neighbors, the De Sainte Foys, who held the new faith. We beat them, of course; but though we were fleree and revenerful, we scorned to enrich ourselves with the speak of our enemies; and as they soon bent to the storm, the warfare which well-nigh ruined us left them rich. Better times came for them, and worse times for us; they married hoirosest and throve, while we welded poor girls, had large families, and got poorer and poorer. We had but a slender jettance left under the First Napoleon's reign, but we hated the De Sainte Foos, whose grand old chateau on the opposite hill next on adding wings and building "pavil-lons," while our poor old manor crumbled away. The sight of it fed our hate. As a child I looked at it with weath; and even now, when it holds all that is dearest to me, I never care to gaze at its brond fogade.

My brother Leonard and I were the only survivors of a large family, and many years divided us. Both our parents were dend, and we lived here alone with a maiden man, a pole, faded woman, such as I am now, who glided noiselessly about the old rooms and seldom spoke.

All the De Sainte Foys were handsome, and

all the De Lansacs were tall. My brother was six feet high, a gunu, thin young man, with harsh features, keen eyes, and heavy eyebrows. He was a great sportsman, yet most incomently tender-hearted. I never saw him strike his dogs, I never saw him hurt a fly; once his gan was out of his hands he was the gentlest of creatures. For all that he was a great hater. Es-periully did he hate the Considen, as he called Bonaparte, and perhaps he hated him all the more that the De Suinte Fors were devoted to the new dynasty, and spent all their time in Paris. I remember the scornful looks my brother often east on the closed windows of their cha-ton. "Just like them," he mattered. "Time-servers; any thing for money, any thing for rank; just like them!"

I was sent to a convent when I was ten years old, and I remained there till I was seventeen.

The nems were very kind to me, but spite their kindness I pined for my old home, and the sea dashing up the beach, and the green garden with its mutilated statues and its little fountain. No, when I stepped out of the convent-gates into the little carriole which had been sent for me wish our old servant Saint Jean, I was, spite a few tears shed at parting from my kind companions, as gay as a lark. The sun was setting when we reached home. The sun-burnt land looked flooded with fire and gold, and our old manor seemed.

almost fresh and young again in the glorious light. I skipped lightly out of the little joining car; I ran up the stone steps, still as worn and uneven as of yore; I entered the hare old hall with all the grim De Lansacs looking down at me from the walls—we were not a handsome family—and I felt the happiest creature alive, till my aunt, coming down stairs to meet me, told me that Leonard was away in Paris, and that no one knew when he would come back. This sobered me at once. I felt anxions. The times were troubled. Napoloon had left E'ba and been conquered at Waterloo. Monsiour De Sainte Foy, I knew, was a proscribed man, for we had met a party of soldiers in search of him. Yet, surely—surely, my brother, the Corsican-hater, was safe! "Oh yes, quite safe," answered my aunt. Then, looking at me wistfully, she added, "Roee"—oh, what a mockery that name of mine seems now!—"we have a guest. Our old cousin the Viscount died, you know, leaving old cousin the Viscount died, you know, leaving a widow and child almost destitute; they are both here, and are likely to remain. You will do well to be friendly with them. Madame De Lamac is a great beauty, and has been rather spoiled, and her little girl is very willful; but still, "said my aunt, looking at me in that wistful way, "you will do well to be friendly with them." Youth is inclined to friendliness, and a my count's real meaning never once occurred as my nunt's real meaning never once occurred to me, I cheerfully promised to be all that the beautiful Madame De Lansac could wish. I had no immediate opportunity of showing her how amisble I was; she did not appear, and when my aunt left me to attend to some domestic matters I remained alone.

ters I remained alone.

But does solitude really exist for youth with
the delightful companionship of its thousand
dreams and hopes and wishes, which are ever
flitting about it like gay motes in the noonday
sun? Besides, could I feel lonely in the home
of my childhood? I went up to my old room,
and found it unchanged after all those years;
then I ran down to the garden, so fresh and then I ran down to the garden, so fresh and deny in the pleasant evening; I explored every green nook, I looked fondly at the poor old stat-ues and fancied that they looked back kindly at I was half crazy with the joy of being he again.

Of all the rooms in the manor there was one which, even as a child, I had dearly liked—the upper room in the square turret, whence there was a view of land and sea unrivaled in the was a view of land and sea univased in the province, it was said. Why should I not climb up to it now, like the Lady of Malbroak in the bulled, and gaze at a blue sea and a pale sky, where white stars began to twinkle, though the horizon was still rosy with departed fires! Per-hops I might even see a boat gliding along the waters—one of those low boats with broad lateen sails which I had so often thought of in my inland convent home.

There is a broad central staircase in our man or, with steps of massive stone and balustrades of iron, which takes us to the highest floor of the house, and ends in a long corridor, full of doors, all leading to untenanted chambers save one, which gives access to the dark and narrow spiral stairs that climb up the body of the square tower, and take one to a little room with four win-dows and a terrace around it. I solden go there now, for my breath has failed me of late; my sight, too, is weak and dim, and sees no more as it once beheld them the glories of God's world; but I was light as a bird then, ay, and as keen-eyed too, and in a few minutes I had reached the room in the tower. It was much altered from my childish remembrance of it. I had ever my chinish remembrance of it. I had ever known it blenk and bare-looking, and now it bore manifest signs of being tenanted. There was a flask of wine on a table, and when I cu-riously lifted up an old piece of tapestry which divided the room in two, I saw with surprise a low camp-bed behind it. "I suppose some servant sleeps here," I thought, and stepping out through one of the windows on the previous I through one of the windows on the terrace I looked around me with a delight which made me forget all clso. The evening was very bright and clear, the sen lay calm and lovely beneath me, and far as the eye could reach there spread a noble land stretching to the base of purple-looking hills. It was very fine, but I had no time to linger over the beauty around me. I was roused by a sound of voices coming from the room within. Hiding behind the shutters of the open window I listened and peeped in. "I tell you I can not," said a man's voice; "and I never said that I could. You must

marry him.

The low weeping of a woman answered him. I saw the man first. He was no servant, as I had thought, but a gentleman, and, though long past youth, one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He stood facing me with his arms folded across his breast, and a careless, defiant look in his dark eyes, that gazed steadily on the clear orening sky. The lady was leaning against the wall with one of her hands resting on a chair. I could not see her at first, but when she turned her face to me I was bevildered at her beauty. He was handsome, but enchanting loveliness are the only words that can describe her. If such she looked to me when overpowered by sorrow, what must she have been when gladness beamed from those deep blue eyes, and happy smiles played on that sweet young face with its cloud of golden hair! I had never seen two such handsome creatures out of the fairy tales, and I was all amazement to see them here.

"O Heavens!" she cried, classing her white hands in an agony of grief, "have I betrayed him for that?"

"Why need he know it?" asked her compan ion, drawing toward her. I was very young, very innocent, and would not understand their meaning; but some revelation of it came to me door of the turret-chamber, which had remained ajar, opened, and my brother Leonard came in with such a look on his white face as I cry, and starting back he turned pale as death; had never seen there before. She uttered a low but Leonard raised his hand, and uttered an im-perious "Hush!" which silenced them. For a moment the room was so still that I could hear

the low dash of the water on the shore below.
"So that is the end," said Leonard, looking at them in sorrow and in scorn; "that is the end of trust and faith in men and woman. Do not answer—hear me both. Madame, I shall not answer—hear me both. Madame, I shall deal first with you. As the widow of my cousin you asked me for a home, and I gave you one. When you came to this house with your child, your beauty, I confess it, touched my heart; but if you had not one day given me to understand that you had seen my love, and that it might be welcome, I never should have woodd a lady so young and so beautiful as you are. On such a hint, however, I stude, and was accepted. such a hint, however, I spoke, and was accepted. I promised to become your protector and the father of your child; and you, I suppose, agreed to be true to me. How have you kept your pledge? Speak—but no, do not answer; be silent—let not Speak—but no, do not answer; be silent—let not at least your lips be perjured, even though your heart is false." He ceased: he was dreadfully agitated, and the lady sobbed pitifully: but he soon recovered, and turning to her companion he said, almost calmly: "You, Monsieur De Sainte Foy, earne to me in your peril, and, trusting to my generosity and honor, hade me revenge the old fend of our ancestors by saving your life. How did I receive you? Like a brother. And how have you repaid me? You know on what errand I went to Paris. Well, Sir, I have succeeded; you are pardoned. You can leave this ceeded; you are pardoned. You can leave this house; you need its shelter no more. You can go back openly to your own home, where you, too, have a child, Sir, a boy, for whose sake you

implored my compassion; but mark my words, do not forget to take this lady with you."
"I can not—I am married," sulkily said Monsieur De Sainte Foy, for the first time attempting to answer my brother.

You are a widower, Sir," answered Leonard, gravely; "your wife died while I was in Paris. I repeat it, you can take this lady with you, And, Sir," he added, his eyes flashing angrily And, Sir," he added, his eyes flashing angrily from beneath his heavy eyebrows, "let me advise you to do her justice. She is the widow of my cousin, and I will not see her wronged. I say no more; you are my guest, and though you have forgotten it, Sir, I remember it still." So saying, he turned away and left them. My eyes were blind with tears, and my heart was full of sorrow for my brother Leonard. I stood a while behind down the median between the same of the median of the same o

looking down at the swelling bosom of the sea; then, when I was, or at least when I looked calm,

then, when I was, or at least when I looked calm, I entered the room. The guilty pair had vanished: they left the manor that night, and this was the story of my brother's youth.

From that day forth Leonard was an altered mad. He took to books, and became a great reader. His gun was added to the rusty old armor in the hall, and remained there unused; his days were spent in the library. His two bounds, Capitaine and Diane, used to go and seek him there, looking at him with wistful questioning eyes; but though they always got a caress and a kind word, they could not lure him forth. "Why should I go and murder poor es creatures that never wronged or betrayed me?" he once said, and that was the only alimsion I ever heard him make to the treachery that had darkened his existence. The blessing of a long life was not granted to the betray ers. Both died within a year of their marriage Young De Sainte Foy was brought up in Paris, and seldom came to Provence; his step-mother's child was adopted by a distant relation of her mother, and taken to Tours; she, too, married and died young; we never saw her. And thus time passed, and I became a sedate old maid, and after my aunt's death kept house for my brother Leonard, a hale and vigorous old man, whose locks were gray indeed, but whose step was as firm and whose eyes were as keen as ever. He was cheerful, too, and the joyous heartiness of his laugh was something to remember in a man of his years. We left home rarely, and the last time that business took us forth our return was made memorable by a very unforeseen event. We had been a week away, and I felt heartily glad when I saw once more the square tower rising above the yellow front of our old manor. Leonard, too, uttered a relieved "Ah!" as he helped me to alight, and Geneviève, our trusty old female servant, came forth to meet us with

"Thank Heaven!" she said, crossing herself, "it had seemed a hundred years since we had gone away, but all was right now, and the little girl had come quite safely, praised be Heaven! A real cherub! For though her grandmother had been foolish and wicked enough to marry a De Sainte Foy, the child-glory be to all the

saints!-did not belong to that brood.'
Here was news for us! The relation The relations of that poor little orphan, our sixth or seventh cousin, had with rare coolness transferred her to us, and taken advantage of our absence to deceive poor Geneviève. Without uttering a word my brothor opened the door of our sitting room. It is a large room, with brown oaken walls and a pol-ished floor. A stream of red sunshine from the west was pouring in through the farthest win-dow, that at which I always sit, because it has a deep recess and a broad ledge on which I put my work. To this ledge the little stranger had my work. To this ledge the inthe stranger said climbed, and there she now sat in a forforn atti-tude, with her feet gathered beneath her, and her little hands clasped around her knees. She might be six or seven years old. She looked fair as a lily in her deep mourning, and when she turned toward us, and shook back her yellow curis to look at us with wintful wonder in her deep blue over. I knew at once the lovely face of her heaueyes, I knew at once the lovely face of her beau-tiful grandmother. I looked at my brother Leonard. His heavy brows were bent, and his keen eyes fastened on the child with a stendy gaze.

He smiled, too, rather a grim ironical smile, which seemed to say, "So the traitress has come back to De Lansac after all." But the little thing returned his look very fearlessly, and, to my sur-prise, smiled up in his face, and never minded

me. We had not the heart to send her away. We kept her, and I soon loved her dearly. She was a good, lovely, and Joyous creature. It was like having a bird, or a sunbeam, or any thing bright and gay, to have her in the house. Leonard pever took the least notice of her; I sometimes functed he did not see her, so unconscious did he funcied he did not see her, so nuconscious did he seem of her presence. Yet of us two it was this cold and careless consin whom the perverse child preferred. She would leave me any day to sneak after him. Lucie had been a year with us when Genevière, who doted upon her, came in one afternoon with startled looks. The child was missing; she had been searched for over all the manor, and she was not to be found. My brother looked up from his book, and rose. I followed him up the central stairs, then up again in the tower to the chamber, which he unlocked, and there we found Lucie fast asleep in his chair, curled round like a faithful little spaniel waiting for its master.

My brother never said a word, but took her up and carried her down stairs, still fast asleep, and when Lucie woke below she was on his knee, in his arms, and from that day forth in his heart. They were seldom spart. If you heard my brother's stately step about the house, you also heard a pair of little fees pattering after him. His loud, cheerful laugh was ever echoed by a child-ish voice clear as a silver bell, and if he locked himself up in the library for an hour's lonely reading, his case was rain unless he also closed the window; for Lucia would climb up to the sill, jump down, and, stealing behind his chair, lay her rosy cheek to his and mingle her golden locks with his iron-gray curls. How could be help loving a creature so endearing—one who thought, felt, loved, and hated as he did, and who detested the De Sainte Foys as cordially as if she had been a genuine De Lansac? I tried to check the feeling: in the first place because it was unchristian, and in the second because it was un-christian, and in the second because the De Sainte Foys were in the shade just then. The son of my brother's betrayer lived in Paris, and squandered or gambled all his large property away. The old châtean itself would have gone away. The old chatean itself would have gone if he had not died rather suddenly, leaving but one son, a young man of whom report spoke well, and who, after his father's death, came to Provence with the intention, it was said, of remain-

vence with the intention, it was said, of remaining. It seemed strange to see the windows of the old châreau open again after they had been closed so many years; but we got used to it.

Monsieur De Sainte Foy had not been back more than a month, and Lucie was about seventeen, when he unexpectedly called upon us one morning. I was working, Lucie sat by the unwinding silk, and my brother was reading, when our solitary man-servant, Jacques, came in, and with scared looks announced our unexpected We all rose to receive the hereditary enemy of our house. He was a very handsome young man-all the De Sainte Foys were handsome—with a manly young face, in which I did my best to rend hereditary periody, but could not. There was truth in his dark eyes, truth in his smile, and truth in the very sound of his

"Monsieur De Lansac," he said, coming for-"our ancestors have not been friends om told; but I am young, I feel guiltless of the past, whatever it may be, and have no wish to berish its resentments or its hatreds. I therefore come to you hoping that you will be so good as to grant your neighborly advice and friendli-ness to one who, though a stranger to this place, means to live and die in the home of tho have gone before him.

My brother smiled very kindly, and held out his hand, and thus a league of amity was struck between the last of the De Lansacs and the last

of the De Sainte Foys.

I had always deplored the old fend, but I had my fears about this reconciliation; and when young De Sainte Foy, who did much need my brother's advice, became a frequent visitor at our house, I plainly told those fears to Leonard. Lucie was very lovely and very young. What if she young gentleman should be smitten with her, and win her beart! "Well, and if they should love, where would be the harm?" he replied, very kindly.

Ah! what changes time can bring in its train! My brother actually wished for this thing; and when mouths passed, and no sign of it appeared, I read disappointment in his looks. Well, I too was disappointed. They were both young, both handsome, both gifted and good, and both exactly suited to each other, as it seemed to me. I could not imagine how they met without pleasure and parted without pain, as unconcerned as if the magic of the word "Love" did not exist if the magic of the word "Love" did not exist for them. Heades, I longed for a love-story. There had been none in my own life; my brother's had ended in bitterness. Why would not these perverse young things give me one? It would have been so pleasant to see them adoring each other, quarreling and making it up again, and going through their pretty idyl in the green garden of our old manor. I was sorry that they did not care for each other, and I could not help saving so to my brother one evening as we walked saying so to my brother one evening as we walked alone in the garden. Lucie was up in the tower; she had taken a great fancy to it of late, and went

up to it every evening.

"And I, too, am sorry," replied Leonard, shaking his gray locks regretfully: "for, Rose, I like that young man very dearly; strange that a De Lansac should say so, is it not? But he does not care for the child, and love will be free. Where is she? In the tower, as usual. Let us go up to her. It feels close down here." go up to her. It feels close down here."
I do not know why I opposed Leonard's wish.

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I seemed to have a presentiment of coming evil, and yet all I thought of was that the stairs were steep and high, and that the exertion would be too much for my brother. But he only laughed, and said he would go and see what stars the child was reading up there. He was soon tired, as I had foreseen, and obliged to rest on the dark stairs of the tower. A sound of voices from above came down to us. Lucie, if she was there, was not alone. I heard my brother hearthing heavel.

breathing beavily.
"Leonard," I whispered, "let me go," for it

"Leonard," I whispered, "let me go," for it was a man's voice that mingled with hors.

He did not answer, but he put me by; in a moment, as it seemed, he had reached the door and pushed it open. I followed him in. Lucie was aboue in the room. Without looking at her, my brother went straight to the window, and said, calmly, "You may come in, Sir."

And thus summoned, young Monsieur De Saints Foy left the haloney and entered the room. I looked at them both. There they were—the two ingrates—as I had seen them so many years before; beautiful and deceiving.

many years before; beautiful and deceiving, again betraying the kind friend and the generous enemy; but they were younger than in those by-gone days, and I could read shame and grief on their two faces. My brother looked at them with the very look which I remembered—a cold and angry look; and he said, in a cold, hard

"I have read somewhere that what has been is; that the same men and women live again and again to do the same deeds over and over, and i find the truth of it this day. You, Mousicur De Sainte Foy, came to me, your hereditary enemy, asking our old asimosity to be forgotten; and when I opened my house to you, as if you had been one of its sons, you absed my hospitality. Even so did your grundfather act, Sir, when I saved his life many years ago. Hush! you will apask presently. You," he added, tureing to Lorie, "have betrayed use, your adopted father, as she whose image you are betrayed me, her future husband; and, true to your destiny, you chose to do so with the descendant of the man to whom I was sacrificed. I, too, fulfilled my part in this repetition of an old story, for I was blind, trusting, and easily decrived. Well, as I acted before I shall act again. Let the lot you have chosen be your lot. You want this counts will Measure De Sainte Eur? Toke young girl, Monsierr De Salote Foy? Take har! For the sake of the few drops of De Lan-sne blood which flow in her velus she may remain is the house sill she becomes your wife; but I shall thank you both to have the wedding over quickly, and then let me see either of you no

Lucie buried her face in her hands, and sobbed

pitifully; but the young man became crimson, and said, passionately, "You wrong us, Sir; we have been impru-dent, but treachery was not in our thoughts. I

repeat it, you wrong us."

"Do you think I am angry?" replied my brother Leccard. "Why, you could not help yourselves. It was in your blood to betray me, and it was my lot to be deceived by you."

"Ah! do not say so," cried Lucie, attempting to detain him as he turned to the door; but he who had no lovest her looked at her se could's.

he who had so loved her looked at her so coldly that she shrank back afraid. So we left them; and, turning back, I saw her sinking on a chair, pale as death, while her lover stood looking after my brother, grawing his nether lip, as if he still smarted under the sting of those bitter words: "It was in your blood to betray me." Sad and bitter were the days that followed

this ill-fated evening. I attempted to say a few words for poor Lucie, but my brother's only an-swer was, "Keep her out of my sight till they are married."

He was a willful man—one, too, whom the memory of a great wrong had embittered. It was useless to dispute his commands, and I told

I have deserved it," was her only answer;

and she submitted, and kept out of his way.

The wedding was to be a speedy one, according to my brother's wish; but, oh! how joyless were the few preparations, and with how heavy a heart I made them! Three days before that appointed for the marriage I again tried to move Loonard. It was a clear and calm evening, and we sat together on the wooden bench in the wer where the dilapidated Pan is ever playing on a broken reed. I pleaded for the two cul-petts. I spoke of their youth, of the wish be had felt for their union, of forgiveness and indulgence. He beard me out, then said :

"I trusted them, and they deceived me with-out need, without cause. By what magic can I ever trust them again?"

I felt silenced. What is there, indeed, that

I felt silenced. What is there, indeed, that can restore a lost faith? Still, I was seeking for some argument wherewith to move him, when both startled by a round of steps on the graveled path. Lucie and young De Sainte Foy stood before us. My bruther's pale, thin face took a slight heetic tinge, and he looked angrily at them both, but said not one word.

"Monsieur De Lansac," said the young man and I had never seen a nobler and a more loyal look on man's face than I then saw on his-"we would not thus intrude upon you if we could help doing so, but we can not; he so good, therefore, as to bear with us for a few

"Speak," impatiently said my brother.
"All we have to say is this; our love was

born and ripened in ignorance; our interviews were the result of accident; we never designed to deceive you, or to betray your trust, and you have hid upon us the burden of a sin and a shame which, however much appearances may condemn us. we will not bear. We love each other very dearly, but having no other means to convince you, we have resolved to part forever rather than give you the right to think that we, the descend-

ants of two who unhappily wronged you, have combined to betray you in your old age as you were betrayed by them in your youth. In your presence, therefore, and with her full consent, I give up all claim to this young lady's love. Here I bid her adies forever, and let the bitterness of such a parting atone for the imprudence which has cert up both as done.

has cost us both so dear."

I looked at Leonard; I could scarcely see him,
my eyes were so dim with tears; but he replied, fow bitter voice:

"Yes, the old man has but a few years to live. It will do to wait till he is in his grave, will it

"Ah! we have not deserved this!" cried Lucie.
"No, we have not deserved it," answered her lover. "Sir, you wrong us very much indeed. A thought so cruel as that of waiting for your death never came to us. Our parting is to be ir-revocable. My house and land are to be sold, and the first vessel which leaves Marseilles will take me to India. We may never meet again; and if we do, years will have passed over us-years and their changes. If you do not trust us, if you think we are acting a part and speculating

on your grave, the sin be yours, not curs."

"Marvelous!" replied my brother Leonard, with a low, ironical laugh. "A young man gives up his mistress, a girl gives up her lover, and all for the sake of a gray-headed old man! Do not ask me to believe it."

"Sir, it is not merely for your sake that we part," said young De Sainte Foy, with an angry light in his dark eye; "it is also for the sake of our honor. Our error has sulfied it, but our sacrifice shall redeem it; and you yourself, Sir, you our accuser, shall confess it."

My brother was staggered, but he would not

"Yes, yes, I know," he said, impatiently; "you think I am one of those soft-hearted stage fathers, who forgive the sinners and bestow their blessing in the last act. You are mistaken. If Lucie gives you up, she must give you up entirely. Do you bear, both of you—entirely? I ask for no sacrifice; I expect none. But if you do give up this thing for the sake of your honor, t not look back."

"We mean it so," answered the young man, in a low tone. "Lucie," He turned to her, She twined her arms around his neck; for a few moments they stood before us in the pale moon-light, clasped in so passionate an embrace that it seemed as if they could never again be sundered. Neither spoke, neither wept; but when I looked at them—so young, so fend, so noble, and so handsome—and thought that they were to part, I could not restrain my tears. My brother looked on unmoved, and uttered not a word of relenting. Young Monsieur De Sainte Foy at length put her by, and walked away without bid-ding us adies. She stood looking after him,

pale and tearless.

"Lucie," quietly said my brother, "you may call him back, if you repent your choice."

She looked at him swiftly, with a vague hope, poor child; but there was no reienting in my brother's eye, so her face fell a little, and she only shook her head, as much as to say, "I do

I have often woodered how my dear brother, I have often woodered how my dear brother, so generous, so kind, could be so hard to these two. But he had trusted them entirely, and it pieroed his very heart that they should have deceived him. Indeed, there was no reason why they should have done so. It must have been the waywardness of youth which allured them into this needless secrecy, giving sweetness to a hidden love. I could have made all these allowances for them, it seemed to me: but Laccard ances for them, it seemed to me; but Leceard could not. He was hard because he was him-self the soul of truth and honor, and he was unrelenting because the memory of his old wrong had never left him. It may also be, that in his secret heart he thought to try the two culprits for a time, and forgive them in the end; but is

Lucie bore this great trial with quiet fortitude. She looked pale, and her old joycusness was gone; but if she grieved or wept, she kept both tears and sorrow to herself. To my brother she was as gentle and affectionate as ever. His manner to her was unaltered, save for a slight shade—a very slight shade—of more tender-ness. I think my heart must have been young still in those days, for I kept on hoping to th last. I used to watch my brother Leonard's face, trying to read signs of pity or forgiveness in his barsh features, but I saw them not. Then, I confess it, I acted a little part. I would sigh deeply within his hearing, or look persistently at the château of the Sainte Foys, when we were all in the garden, or marmur a "Poor child!" whenever Lucie left the room; but my brother would not see, he would not hear—he never questioned me, nor gave me the opportunity I wanted. At length I got desperate, and spoke to him one evening.
"Leonard," I said, "will you not relent? Do

you know that young De Sainte Foy's house and land are for sale, and will go to the highest hid-der? Do you know that he sails for India to-

morrow on board the Memphis ?"

"You have seen hisn," said Leonard, knitting his heavy eyebrows, "and he has asked you to say all this to me?"

"I have seen him but not scaken to him." I

"I have seen him, but not spoken to him," I replied, a little angrily. "He is the shadow of his former self—so pale, so worn, so sad, has he grown at all this. Do not let him go, Leon-

"He will come back when I am in my grave," answered Leonard, moodily. It was useless to argue. Mistrust had taken an iron grasp of bim, and would not let him go again.

On the evening of the following day we missed Lucie. Genevière sold us that Mademoiselle had gone up to the tower; I guessed what had taken her there, but Leonard did not seem to think that she might wish for solitude, for he | The dlary will explain that his long term of serv-

anid to me, "Let us go to her."

Never shall I forget the sight that met us as we entered that ill-fated room. It was full of a broad ruddy glow which cause from the sea. lighting up the coast for miles around; a vessel was on fire! My heart seemed to stand still in the horror of that moment, and yet how I re-member the pale evening sky, with the round white moon, and Lucie's glassly face and wild eyes, as she stood gazing on the cruel sight in

mute despair!
My brother stared at the burning vessel. "God forgive me, miserable sinser!" he cried—" God forgive me!" And he sank back with a groan, and would have fallen but for me. he cried-" God

He never recovered that blow; for it was the Memphis whose destruction we thus witnessed, and young De Sainte Foy, who had sailed in her, was not among the few who escaped to tell her lamentable history. He was the last of his name, and with him ended the line of our hereditary enemies.

And Leonard, as I said, never recovered that blow. His vigorous old age gave place to decrepitade; his gray hairs grew white, his form was bent, his steps became feeble and unsteady. The knowledge that his mistrust and hardness had deemed that brave and true young man to a creek death, and condemned Lucie, his darling, to go through the ageny of such a grief, was more than he could bear. He brooded over the

thought incessantly.

The weather was fine, and that part of the garden where he could sit and look at the cha-teau of the De Sainte Foys, now closed forever on its ancient tenants, was that which he liked on its ancient tenance, was been best. He would sit there, gazing at the shut-up mension for hours at a time. When I tried to mansion for hours at a time. When I tried to rouse him from this bitter contemplation he only shock his bead and said: "It was an old quar-rel, a long quarrel; it lasted ages, but the De Sainte Foys had the best of it in the long-run, Rose. Far better perish on board the burning Memphis-better lose love and life for honor, than live to be a hard and revengeful old man. This was the thought that was killing him. "Make him forget," said the doctor whom I called in, "and then you may hope to save

Make him forget! I would have laid down my life for it—oh, how gladly !—bus it passed my power; Lucie herself did her best, and failed. What she really felt and suffered she never showed. She was a generous little creature, and from the first she buried her grief deep in her heart, and kept it there fast locked from our view. Her one thought seemed to be to cling to Leonard. He no longer read new, though when he could not up to the seement to though when he could not go to the garden to look at the chiteau of the De Sainte Foys he would sit in the library with a book lying unread before him, his moody eyes ever seeming to gaze on the tragic ending of the ill-fated Memotis. But no more then than formerly could be escape Lucie. She would steal in upon him as she had so often stolen in her childhood, and lay her cheek to his fondly and silently. I do believe she had never loved him more senderly than she did then, perhaps because of the same deep grief through which they both suffered, and which, as I saw with an aching heart, was wast-ing them both away. This had lasted three weeks—weeks long as years—when the end came. We were all sitting in the garden, I re-member, in that very arbor where the poor god Pan is ever piping away, when Genevière or up to us with startled looks.

"Monsieur! - Mademoiselle!" she gasped. "He is alive—here he is!"

brother rose as with an electric shock He strode toward her; he pushed her away, and then young De Sainte Foy stood living before us. "Sir," he said, "I did not mean to intrude upon you; but my life has been saved by a miracle, and as I am told that the report of my death has been a heavy trouble to you, I

He did not go on.

"Thank God!" gasped my brother. "Thank God! But it is too much; sh! it is too much, And it was too much indeed! The joy wa The joy was

too exquisite and too great for his true heart, for as he uttered the words he sank back on his seat and died. What sorrow, what faith be-trayed and love lost had not done, the joy of seeing his heredisary foe safe and well before him died. him did.

My little tale is told. I am very happy, for my dearest Leonard has only gone before, and the two whom we both loved so dearly are blest. Yes, I am happy; but you know now what I meant when I said that the lot of some is to suffer, and that of others to look on. This was certainly my lot, and maybe that is why, though so happy, I sometimes feel rather useless. My part is ended, and all I can do now is to remem-ber what I can see no more. Be it so; memory,

LORD PALMERSTON'S DIARY.

THE private diary of Lord Palmerston has been discovered. It commences when he was sixteen years of age, and it ends at the close of en he assumed office as Foreign Secre-No continuance of the diary has been It seems to have been originally designed in its present form chiefly to explain why he left the Tories and took office under the Whig Earl Grey; a change which, according to Lord Palmerston's chivalrous sense of honor, could only be justified by the fact that he was himself deserted by the party, when he was unscated for the University of Cambridge, for voting in favor of Roman Cathelic Emancipation, although there bad been an established compact, according to which that subject was to have been an open one.

ice as Secretary at War was not from the want of many eventures to accept higher offices. His lordship was importuned by Mr. Perceval, as Mr. Pitt's successor at Cambridge, to assume Mr. Pitt's effice of Chancellor of the Exchequer. But George IV. thought that he should find a more plians Minister in Mr. Herries, and Mr. Canning was compelled, after a visit to Windsor, to make an awkward spolegy to Lord Palmer-ston, by offering him a British peeragu and the Governorship of Jamaica.

Lord Palmerston's dinry is written in a hand only a little less firm and graceful than Walpole's, but it is quite as legible. It is not a mere record of facts, but a gallery of pictures and aketches, in all of which are clearly to be seen the style of an accomplished master. It is, besides, some-thing more. A scene between the writer and the Duke of Wellington, when Mr. Huskisson's dismissal or his being retained was in dispute, is of the very highest and finest style of serious comedy: graphic, dramatic, and so lifelike that the actors seem bodily before us.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Vary Sixva-vas.—Here we read of a clever invention: A private soldier in California has invested a new method of skinning molk. He fits a fine gaune sieve to a hoop of the size of the pan. The milk is then poured into the pan so as to a little more than cover the sleve. When the cream has risen the hoos is lifted, and the cream is than competely removed. We fear the invention is not likely to come into new in New York. The sleve would have a sincern, for to attempt to remove cream from New York milk would be like shaving a pig for wool.—Sheer nonsense.

Were I court-plaster, I would be A patch upon her lip, And spend my life in ecstary, And sip, and sip, and sip! Were I a pair of speciacles, How dearly would I prize A situation on her nose, To gase into her eyes I 3

A Good Large.—An enthusiastic positry-keeper writes to suggest that the Great Raskers should be now called the Great Res, because it has laid so many cables, and brought some of them up, too!

Little Howard came into the room where his mother had just bung up a clean cartain, and made the astate observation, "Ob, ma, the window has got on a clean shirt!"

An old writer gives the following as the amount of

"Nature requires five; Custom gives seven; Latiness takes nine; And wickedness eleven."

In view of the continually increased recurrence of railway accidents, the following resolution should be adopted by our State Legislatures:

Whereas, human flesh and blood are not valued upon railways so highly as they should be, and this is one of the chief reasons why accidents occur, Be it enacted, therefore, that ne signalman, or guard, or any other servant, shall work on any railway more than eight hours in the twenty-four, which constitute a day.

a day.

Be it enacted forther that, with the view to the en-couragement of proper care and caution. Directors shall be personally liable for damages, to be assessed according to the schedule here annexed:

SOURSETLE. A Broken Leg.

The temperature such that its case of lose of life as arounity of not less than five bundred dollars a year shall be paid by the Directors out of their own pockets, and not those of their shareholders, to each child of the decessed, tagether with a pension of one thousand dollars a year to the widower or widow of decessed, if such survive.

"The woman question"...What shall I get for a fall bottest? The "man question"...Where shall I get money enough to pay for it?

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A coft answer birrieth away wrath," says "that it is better to speak paragorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

THE RAYLORS THAT SUPPORT POLICEMEN -- Corpo

A judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of transmigration of the souls of men-late animals. "Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned isto a home and an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "The ass, to be sure," re-plied the lawyer. "Way!" asked the judge. "Be-cause," was the reply, "I have heard of an ass being judge, but of a horse, never."

A PRETTY MAIDEN'S SOLILOGUY.

Ob, dear me t I
Am ready to cry,
And it sometimes seems as though I should die:
Nobody knows
The number of woes
That beset such a maiden as I.

They call me a flirt,
And try to convert

Me into a hateful, cuntemptible prude:
If they don't mind,
I think they will find
That I'll soon teach them what to conclude.

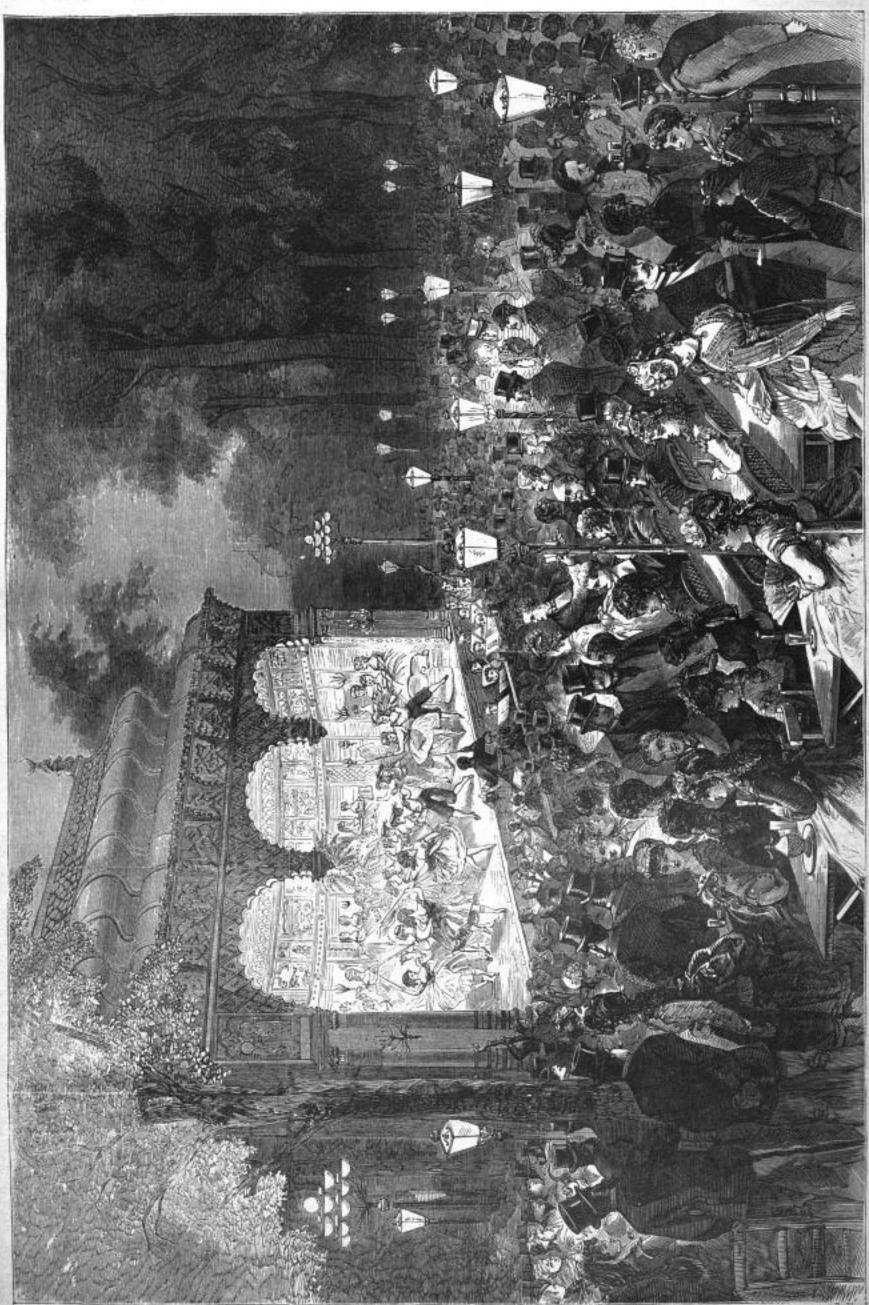
As for the beaux, Heaven only known Why they seem so delermined to prosecute me;
What under the sun
I ever have duse
To make them act so, I can't see.

If they ask me to ride,
Or to walk by their side,
Whenever I think they're about to propose,
I manage the thing—
Contriving to bring
The subject at once to a close.

But then if I wait
It may be too lale—
For men are but fitche at best (so they say);
I think I'll decide
((th dear! how I'm tried)
To accept one without more delay.

Now John will be here
To-night, without fear,
It will be very easy to just bell him "yes;"
But his hair is so light,
And his whisters too bright—
He'll wait a while longer, I guess?

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AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE IN PARIS. -[SEE PAGE 637,]



THE LITTLE PEACE-MAKER.

SEPTEMBER.

FLASH out, thou glowing ember Of a year that is expiring, With the flame of red September The maple woodlands firing; With the sparkle and the glinter, And the flush of royal wine, Warm our chilly hearts are Winter Shall seal thoe with his sign.

The sumach bush is turning To gold and crimson splendor, The majde woods are burning Far in the distance tender; The tinted hill-sides glimmer Within a purple haze,
Their brightness growing diamer
As fade the Autumn days.

The vines, in gorgeous tangle, O'er heary rocks are trailing, Each roughened point and ang With brown and searlet veiling; And where the pine-tree towers The purple asters bloom, Lifting their starry flowers To light the emerald gloom.

The apple-tree commences shed its fruitage mellow, Beside the orchard fences The golden-rod is yellow; And all the green things growing Have ripened to their fall, With Autumn sunsets glowing And golden over all.

Flame higher, foding ember Of a year that now is dying, While the bucs of red September Are on the hill-sides lying; In the beauty and the sweets Of these perfect Autumn days Crown all the year's completeness With a coronal of praise.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble,"

En Plee Boots .- Boot #.

CHAPTER X.

THE GAUNTLET.

Sen John Galk, after his first appearance in the vicar's parlor, came daily to sit there.

Ilis afternoon visit became an established cus-

tem, and, after the second time, it seemed as though he had been familiar there for years.

He grew stronger very quickly. It was not long before he began to speak of departing. There seemed, indeed, to be no valid reason why he should linger at the vicarnge. And yet he

staid on.

"I shall go shroad as soon as we have some assurance of milder weather," he said to Mr. Leviscourt. "Spring is delicious in Italy. I shall wait, however, until I hear that the Alps are not too impressable; for, of all things, I detest a sea voyage, and the two hours in the Channel are always worse to me than a week's land traveling. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile, why not remain here?" said the virar. "There is no need for yen to make a more until you set off for the south."

To this Sir John Gale replied that his intrasion at Shipley virarage had already been long

sion at Shipley vicarrage had already been long enough; that he should never forget his host's kindness, but it behowed him not to trespass on it too far; that, although he certainly had no ties of friendship or relationship which sperially claimed his presence just then in any other part of England, he must nevertheless make up his mind to say farewell to Shipley as soon as the doctor's permission to travel could be obtained.

All this, and more to the same purpose, said

Sir John Gale. And yet he lingered on.

The spring set in early, after a severe winter.
By the beginning of April there came soft, bright days, with a southerly breeze which tempted the inmates of the vicarage forth from the house.

Some such days immediately followed the dim-ner-party at Mrs. Sheardown's.

One afternoon Sir John, beholding from his chamber window Miss Levincourt stralling in the

garden, presently ventured forth to join her.

"May I walk here, Miss Levincourt?" he asked, pausing at the threshold of the glass door that led into the garden.

"Oh, by all means." But is it somy enough

here? The evergrooms give a very damp simile. If you are not afraid to venture further, you aid have more warmth and a southern aspect there, beyond the gate.

So Veronica and her father's guest wandered slowly on and on, looking out over the common dappled with cloud shadows, gazing at the far, hars horizon, passing now and again for a moment, but still proceeding in their course until they reached the church-yard of St. Gildas.

John derheed that the balmy air was a cordial that did him more good than any medi-Still, warm as it was for the senson, he dared not sit in the church-ward to rest, and, as he turned to go back, he was evidently tired.

A flown darkened his fare. "I ought not to have come so far without Paul," he said, "I

am still so der - so unacrountably weak."
"It is my fault!" exclaimed Veronica. "Let me be Pant's substitute." She offered Sir John the support of her arm with perfect test and telf-passession, as though it were the most natand ordinary proceeding in the world.

After that occasion the daily walk became a matter of course.

The temporary absence of Miss Dermond from

the vicarage was by no means regretted by Sir John. In truth, he did not like Maud. Some word to that effect escaped him in speaking to Veronica.

"You must not say that to papa, Sir John," said she, looking quietly up at him.

"Say what?"
"That you do not like Miss Desmond."

"Of course not. I never said so to any one. It would be untrue. Miss Desmond is a very to would be untrue. Miss Desmond is a very charming young lady, very charming and very young, and perhaps her youth explains a slight touch, the very slightest touch, of—self-sufficien-cy. We grow tolerant and skeptical as we get older. Helas!"

" Mand is not self-sufficient. She is only very earnest and very honest.

"Miss Desmond is happy in having so warm and generous a friend. And pray do not accuse me of any want of respect for Miss Desmond. I have no doubt that she possesses the most ad-mirable qualities; only her manner is a little—a little hard and chilly, if I may venture to say so." "As heart she is really very impulsive."

"Is she?"
"But she has great self-command in general."
"But she has great self-command in general." "I am bound to say that she must have. Any thing less impulsive than Miss Desmond's manner I have seldom seen. But forgive me. I will not say another word that shall even seem like disparagement of one for whom you entertain so

warm an affection."

Sir John spoke with a winning deferential softness of manner, and looked with undisguised ad-miration into the beautiful face by his side.

Such looks were now not rare on his part. Veronica, in her retrospective meditations, could recall many such glances; could recall, too, many soft words, so soft as to be almost tender, spoken in her car during the afternoon stroll in meadow or garden. She was flattered and touched by the deference toward herself of this man, whose character she perceived to be imperious, almost arrogant, to the rest of the world.

Others had been admiring and deferential be-fore now. Mr. Plew would endure her scornful raillery with abject submission; but then Mr. Plew was habitually submissive to every one, and was, after all (she reflected), a very insignificant individual indeed

That young man, that Mr. Lockwood, the other evening had shown himself very sensible to the fascinations of her brightness and her beauty. He was not abject, truly. No; he was manly and modest, and he looked, and spoke, and moved in a way which showed that he thought himself the equal of any one among Captain Sheardown's guests. Nevertheless, in Veroni-ca's apprehension, he was not so. Although she had chosen to put down Emma Begbie's ill-breeding, she had been, to a certain degree, mortified by her contemptuous tone.

Sir John Gale was a different kind of person from this young Lockwood, whose father had been educated by the bounty of Admiral Shear-

To be "my Lady Gale!"

The words rung in her ears. She whispered them to herself in the solitude of her chamber, Wealth, station, and all that was alburing to the girl's vanity and ambition, were in the sound. In those earliest years of existence during

which, as some think, the deepest and most abid ing impressions are made on the character, the ideal of happiness held up before Veronica's eyes was an essentially ignoble one. The possession was an esercianty agrees one. The possession of such delights as may be summed up in the vulgar word "finery" she was directly or indirectly taught to look upon as an aim to be attained. As she grow older, and the life that lay before her in Shipley-in-the-Wold became clear to her apprehension, an eating discontent took hold upon her like a slow poison. At times, in recalling her mother's stories of her young days in Florence, a passion of envy and longing would make the girl's heart sick within her. Not that those things which had made Stella Barletti gay and happy would have altogether satisfied her daughter. The inter had more pride and less simplicity. Stella liked to "far figura," as the Indian phrase goes; to make a figure in the workl. But her ambition never scared on a very during wing. She was perfectly contented to accept Bussian hospodaresses Inden with emeralds, or even Prince-ses Della Sestoli da Salsa, crowned with paste diamonds and enameled with effrontery, as her social superiors, and to evjoy the spectacle of their real or sham splenders exactly as she enjoyed the spongles and timed of the ballet in carnival.

Not so Veronica. She would willingly be ond to none. There were moments chance mention of Mand Desmond's family, or an allusion to the glories of the ancestral mansion at Delaney, made her sore and jealous. She rendered irritably impatient would even be Mand's simple indifference on the score of her nocestry; though the least display of pride of birth on the part of her father's ward would have tolerable to Veronica's hanghty spirit.

Yet Veronien was no monster of selfish consistency. She was often visited by better impolses and a longing for a nobler aim in life. But the first shock of practical effort and selfdenial repulsed her like a douche of ice-cold wa-There came no reaction, no after-glow, and she shrank back shivering, with a piteous cry of, I can not be good.

She know herself to be wretchedly dissatisfied. And, although her youth and bodily health at intervals asserted their elasticity, and broke furth into a wild flow of gayety and good spirits, she was yet, at nineteen years old, secretly consumed

by dreary discontent,
Then she told herself that it was easy for happy people to be good. "If I were but happy, I should be good and kind and generous," she

And latterly the thought had taken possession

of her that it would make her happy to become | my Lady Gale.

Opportunity is the divinity which shapes the ends of most love affairs, let them be rough-hewn how they will. Under the favoring influence of residence beneath the same roof, daily walks together, and evenings spent in each other's soci-ety, the intimacy between the vicar's daughter and the stranger sojourning in her father's house grew rapidly. The disparity of age between them offered no obstacle to the familiarity of their intercourse.

There are some men who accept the advance of age, and even make a step to meet it; there are others who painfully and eagerly fend it off; again, there are some who simply ignore it. To this latter category belonged Sir John Gale. You could not say that he indulged in any undue affectation of juvenility. He merely seemed to take it for granted that such affectation would have been entirely superfluous.

From the first moment of seeing Veronica he had been spuck by her remarkable beauty. And not the least attraction in his eyes was the con-

trast between her character and her position.

"Who the dence would have dreamed of find-ing such a girl as that in an English country parsonage!" he said to himself,

In their conversations together Veronica had spoken of her mother's early life, and had not attempted to conceal her own longing to quit Shapley-in-the-Wold, and Danashire altogether, for other and brighter scenes. He had noted, with a sort of cynical good-humor, the girl's as-piration after wealth and display; her restless discontent with the obscurity of the vicarage; the love of admiration which it required no very acute penetration to discover in her. But these traits of character were by no means distasteful to Sir John. Coupled with a plain face or an awkward manner they would have—not disgust-ed so much as—bored him. United to rare beauty and a quick intelligence they amused and attracted him. And then, to complete the spell, came that crowning charm without which all the rest would have wasted their sweetness on Sir John Gale: the fact that this young, brilliant, and beautiful girl desired very unmistakably to be pleasing in his eyes.

If she be not fair for me, What care I how fair she be?

might have been said, and said truly, by the baronet, respecting the loveliest woman ever cast in mortal mould. Time and self-indulgence, in proportion as they had indurated his heart, had rendered his egotism more and more keenly sens-

It remained his egotism to be, from whatever cause, an object of attention to Veronica. He cared not to ask himself whether she would have lowered her beautiful eyes to have regarded him towered her beautiful eyes to have regarded him for an instant had be been poor and obscure. His wealth and rank were part of himself; inseparable from that capital I, which filled up for him so large a space in God's universe.

"The girl would make a furore if she were known," he said to himself. "Her coloring, hair, and eyes are perfect. And she has spirit enough for Lucifer?"

Nevertheless he had not sweet the best of the coloring.

Nevertheless he had not gauged the height of

Veronica's ambition.

Bay by day, and hour by hour, the attraction exercised over him by her beauty grew stronger.

"You are not such a vetary of Mrs. Grundy as your friend," he said to her one day.

"As Mand?" answered Veronica, laughing. Then she continued, with a dischainful toss of her

head, "'No, truly; I suppose my Italian blood renders me incapable of worshiping at that shrine. Dio mio! Life is so short! And so little sweet! Why embitter it voluntarily with Mrs. Grundy?"

"Yet in your heart—confess now—you are a

little afraid of her?" I might answer you as you answered Maud:

am I a pickpocket to be afraid of the police-

"Miss Desmond's retort did not hit the case, The policemen merely administers laws: Mrs. Grundy makes them.

"She shall make none for me," said Veronica looking very handsome in her scorn,

Sir John gazed upon her curiously; but he said no more at that time. The subject, however, seemed to have a peculiar attraction for

him, and he returned to it frequently.

On the Friday morning preceding the Sunday fixed for Mand's return home there came a letter to the vicar from his ward. The purport of it was, to ask his leave to stay a short time lon-ger at Lowater House. There was to be a concert at Danccester, to which Mrs. Sheardown had promised to take her. At the end of the letter were a few words about Hugh Lockwood.

" Do you know, Uncle Charles, wrote Mand, "that Mr. Lockwood knows my Aunt Hilda? He heard accidentally that I was a niece of Lade Tallis, and he then mentioned that he and his mother had made her acquaintance at a watering-place three or four years ago; and that Mis. Lockwood and my aunt became quite intimate. They have not seen her for a long time; but she promised to let them know whenever she came to London. I can not have seen Aunt Hilda since I was seven years old, when she came one day to see poor mamma; yet my recollection of her is a correct one, for Mr. Lockwood describes her as a small, slight woman with delicate feat-ures and benutiful eyes. This is just what I remember. Only he says she is now sadly

"Dear me!" said the vicar, "odd enough that these Lockwoods should have come across Lady Tallis! Here is a postscript for you, Verouses, asking you to send back some dress or other by Captain Sheardown's man. See to it, will you?" Then the vicar, having handed his

daughter the letter, went away to his study. Veronica read the letter from beginning to

end. She read it more than once. There was a good deal in it about that Hugh Lockwood, she thought. She remembered what Miss Bog-bie had said about him, and her lip curled. She care for the attentions of such a one as Mr. Hugh Lockwood! Emma Begbie should change her tone some day. Puzienzu!

her tone some day. Fuzienze?

Veronicz got together the articles for which
Maud had asked, and as she did so she scarcely knew whether she were glad or story that
Maud was going to remain a while longer at Lownter House.

"Dear old Maudie! I hope she will enjoy herself." Then she wondered what Maud would say to her daily walk with Sir John Galé, and whether Maud would perceive the growing devo-tion of his manner toward herself. And then she looked in the glass with a triumphant smile. But in a moment the blood rushed up to her brow, and she turned away impatiently. Was she afraid in her secret heart, as Sir John had said? No; not afraid of the gossiping malice of the world; not afraid of Mra. Grandy. But she had a latent dread of Maud's judgment. Mand had such a lofty standard, such a pure ideal. Bah! People all wished to be happy; all strove and struggled for it. She, Veronica, was at least honest to herself. She did not gild her motives with any fine names. She longed to be happy in her own way, instead of pretend-

ing to be happy in other people's way.

That very afternoon, Sir John Gale announced that Mr. Piew had told him he might quite safely venture to travel. He made the communica-tion to Veronica as they stood side by side lean-ing over the low wall of St. Glidas's church-yard, and looking at the moss-grown graves, all vel-very and mellow under the slanting rays of the

declining sun.

"Mr. Plew was very hard and cruel," said
Sir John, in a low voice. "Very hard and inexorable. I tried to hint to him that my strength was not yet sufficiently recovered to render my taking a journey a safe experiment. But it was Was he not cruel?"

in vain. Was he not cruel?"
Veronica stood still and silent, supporting her elbow on the low wall of the grave-yard, and leaning her cheek on her hand.

"Was he not cruel, Veronica?"
His voice sank to a whisper as he uttered her name, and drawing nearer, he took the unoccu-

pied hand that hung listlessly by her side.

Her heart best quickly; a hundred thoughts seemed to whirl confusedly through her brain. But she stood immovably steady, with her eyes

still turned toward the green grave-yard.
"I—I don't know. I suppose—I should think
not. You ought to be glad to be well enough to

He drew yet nearer, and pressed the hand that lay passive in his clasp.

"You think it natural to be glad to leave Ship-

Very natural." "You hate this place and this life. I have seen how uncongenial all your surroundings are to you. You are like some bright tropical bird carried away from his native susshine, and caged under a leaden sky. Leave it, and fly away into

the sunshine!" "That is easily said!" "That is easily said!"

"You are not angry?" he asked, eagerly, as she made a move to walk back toward the house.

"Why should I be angry? But the sun is sinking fast, and papa will expect me. We had better return to the house."

"Stay yet an instant! This may be our last walk together. What would papa do if you did not return home at all?"

not return home at all ?"
"Really I do not see the use of discussing so

absurd an hypothesis."
"Not at all absurd. It must happen some

"There is Catherine at the gate, looking for

us. I must go back.
"Ah, Veronica, you are angry with me!" "Then it is the shadow of Mrs. Grundy that

has darkened your face. Why does she come between poor mortals and the sunshine?"
"Nonsense!" Nonsense! "I took you that you were afraid of Mrs. Grundy in your heart."
"And I told you that you were mistaken."

They had been walking toward the house, side by side, but apart, and had by this time reached the little iron wicket which gave access to the lawn. Here Sir John paused, and said, softly: "Well, I have been obedient. I have come home; or rather, you came, and I followed. Perhaps there was no great merit in that. But, Veronica, if you are not angry that I have dared

Veronica, if you are not angry that a more care-to call you so, give me a token of forgiveness."

"I have told you that I am not angry."

"Yes; but you say so with your face turned away. Not one look? See—that glove that you

away. Not one look: See that give analyses are pulling off give me that."
"Pray, Sir John!" murmured Veronica, hurrying up the gravel path, "I request that, you will not touch my hand. The servant is there, within sight."

"The glove, then! Fling it down as a gage of defiance to Mrs. Grandy, if you refuse to give it as a token of pardon to me!"

She ran past him quickly, up the steps and

into the house.

As she entered it a little brown glove fluttered in the air and fell at the feet of Sir John Gale.

THE GRAVES OF AVONDALE.

On the outskirts of Plymouth, near the scene of the recent colliery disaster, there is an old grave-yard known as Shupp's Hill, of which we give an illustration on page 629. It is fall, ap-parently, as interments do not seem to have been recently made in the cemetery proper. Tangled briers grow about the graves, and thistles higher than one's bend wave to and fro, while the golden-rod lifts its bright flowers above the most pretentious marble slab. The fences had to be removed to make room for such of the victims of the Avondale calamity at resided in the immetion relative of the collision.

diate vicinity of the colliery.

On Thursday afternoon, September 9, the first bodies were brought to this place for interment. Widows and orphans, townspeople, and strangers were assembled on the knoil. The burial-service in the Welsh hanguage was quickly over, and just as the crowd was dispersing a bright, beautiful rainbow was set among the clouds. Far in the distance is the Nanticoke Gap, near which the smoke may be seen to arise from the rains of the Avondale breaker.

Many of the bodies of the miners were taken direct from Avondale to Scranton and other towns, whence they had come to work in the Avondale Colliery. The Shupp's Hill graveyard is the burial-place nearest to the scene of disaster.

HEAT FROM THE MOON.

A LONG-VEXED question—one which astronomers and physicists have labored and puzzled and even quarreled over for two centuries at least—has at length been set at rest. Whether the moon really sends us any appreciable amount of warmth has long been a moot point. The most delicate experiments had been tried to determine the matter. De Saussure thought he had succeeded in obtaining heat from the moon, but it was shown that he had been gathering best from his own instruments. Melloni tried the experiment, and fell into a similar error. Plazai Smyth, in his famous Teneriffe expedition, tried the effect of seeking for lunar heat above those lower and more moistore-laden atmospheric strata which are known to cut off the obscure heat rays so effectually. Yet he also failed. Professor Tyndall, in his now classical "Lectures on Heat," says that all such experiments must inevitably fail, since the heat rays from the moon must be of such a character that the glass converging-lens used by the experimenters would cut off the whole of the lunar heat. He himself tried the experiment with metallic mirrors, but the thick London air prevented his succeeding.

The hint was not lost, however. It was de-cided that mirrors, and not lenses, were the prop-er weapons for carrying on the attack. Now there is one mirror in existence which excels all others in light-gathering, and therefore necessarily in beat-gathering, power. The gigantic mir-ror of the Rosse telescope has long been engaged in gathering the faint rays from those distant stelhr cloudlets which are stream over the celestial vault. The strange clusters with long outreaching arms, the spiral nebulæ with mystic convolu-tions around their blazing nuclei, the wild and fantastic figures of the irregular nebulæ—all these forms of matter had been forced to rereal their secret under the searching eye of the great Par-senstown reflector. But vast as are the powers of this giant telescope, and interesting as the revelations it had already made, there was one defect which paralyzed half its powers. It was an inert mass, well poised, indeed, so that the merest infant could sway it, but possessing no power of self-motion. The telescopes in our great observatories follow persistently the motions of the stars upon the celestial vanit, but their giant brother possessed no such power. And when we remember the enormous volume of the Rosse telescope, its tube—fifty feet in length—down which a tall man can walk upright, and its vast metallic speculum weighing several tons, the task of applying clock-motion to so cumbrous and ngly unwieldly a mass might well seem taking its part in a multitude of processes of re-search to which its powers were wonderfully adapted. Spectroscopic analysis, as applied to the stars, for example, requires the most perfect uniformity of clock-motion, so that the light from a star, once received on the jaws of the slit which forms the entrance into the spectroscope, may not move off them even by a hair's breadth. And the determination of the moon's heat required an equally exact adaptation of the tele scope's motion to the apparent movement of the celestial sphere. For so delicate is the inquiry, that the mere heat generated in turning the tel-escope upon the moon by the ordinary arrangement would have served to mask the result.

At enormous cost, and after many difficulties

At enormous cost, and after many difficulties had been encountered, the Rosse reflector has at length had its powers more than doubled, by the addition of the long-wanted power of self-motion. And among the first-fruits of the labor thus bestowed upon it, is the solution of the famous problem of determining the moon's heat.

lem of determining the moon's heat.

The delicate heat-measurer, known as the thermopile, was used in this work, as in Mr. Huggins's experiments for estimating the heat we receive from the stars. The moon's heat, concentrated by the great mirror, was suffered to fall upon the face of the thermopile, and the indications of the needle were carefully watched. A small but obvious deflection in the direction signifying heat was at once observed, and when the observation had been repeated several times with the same result no doubt could remain. We actually receive an appreciable proportion of our warmth-supply from "the chaste beams of the watry moon." The view which Sir John Herschel had long since formed on the behavior of the freecy clouds of a summer night under the moon's influence was shown to be as correct as almost all the guesses have been which the two

Herschels have ever made.

And one of the most interesting of the results which have followed from the inquity confirms in an equally striking manner another guess which Sir John Herschel had made. By comparing the heat received from the moon with that obtained from several serrestrial sources, Lord

Rosse had been led to the conclusion that at the time of full moon the surface of our satellite is raised to a temperature exceeding by more than 280° (Fahrenheit) that of bodding water. Sir John Herschel long since asserted that this must be so. During the long lunar day, lasting some 800 of our hours, the sun's rays are poured without intermission upon the lunar surface. No clouds temper the best, no atmosphere even serves to interpose any resistance to the continual downpour of the fierce solar rays. And for about the space of three of our days the sun hangs suspended close to the resist of the lunar sky, so that if there were inhabitants on our unfortunate satellite, they would be scorched for more than seventy consecutive hours by an almost vertical sun.

enty consecutive hours by an almost vertical sun.

There is only one point in Lord Rosse's inquiry which seems doubtful. That we receive heat
from the moon he has shown conclusively, and there can be no doubt that a large portion of this heat is radiated from the moon. But there is another mode by which the heat may be sent to us from the moon, and it might be worth while to inquire a little more closely than has yet been done whether the larger share of the heat rendered sensible by the great mirror may not have come in this way. We refer to the moon's pow-er of reflecting heat. It need hardly be said that the reflection and the radiation of heat are very different matters. Let any one hold a bur-nished metal plate in such a way that the sun's light is reflected toward his face, and he will feel that with the light a considerable amount of heat is reflected. Let him leave the same metal in the is reflected. Let him leave the same metal in the sun until it is well warmed, and he will find that the metal is capable of imparting heat to him when it is removed from the sun's rays. This is radiation, and can not happen unless the metal has been narmed, whereas heat can be reflected from an ice-cold plate. There has been nothing in the experiments conducted by Lord Rosse to show he which of these removes the same which of show by which of these two processes the moon's heat is principally sent to us; nor do we know enough of the constitution of the moon's surface to estimate for ourselves the relative proportions of the heat she reflects and radiates toward us.

THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS.

Is these days of steam and universal exploration there is scarcely a habitable spot on the globe that is not brought to us (in fancy, at least) as close as a neighboring village of a quarter of a century ago. Owyhee and Honolulu sound as familiar to us as Rockaway or Penobscot; and yet every now and then we come, in the course of our reading, upon a description of some out-of-the-way place of the existence of which we had never before heard. Such are the Seychelles Islands, in the Indian Ocean, which the English have made the dépôt for slaves recaptured and released on the east coast of Africa.

Concerning the history of this interesting group of islands little is known. They were in all probability discovered by the Portuguess two hundred years ago. They were first colonized by the discoverers, then by the French, and finally by the English, but by them in name culy. They are situated about nine hundred miles due north of the island of Mauritius, the governor of which colony appoints the officials on the Seychelles.

Although the Seychelies are really English, they are apparently French. French schools, French language, French education; even the divine service is read in the Protestant church in French. All the merchants, and, in fact, almost the entire personnel of the islands, are French. A French man-of-war visits the islands periodically, and an English one rarely, and then only in case of necessity. The little town of Mahe, the capital, is inhabited by about ten thousand French Creoles and Africans, and has lately been brought into notice by the English mail line of the Peninsular and Oriental Scamship Company having made it a way-station between the Red Sea and the Mauritius.

The climate is very healthy, but the morality of the place is frightful. The marriage ceremony is a dead letter. Incest is too common to be taken notice of. The author of "A Crulse in the Gorgoa" makes a very comical statement to the effect that an official in the Mauritius (born at Scychelles) is the son of his grandmother by his own brother! The female population are as five to one of men, and there are very few virtuous girls on the islands.

And these terribly depraved people inhabit a perfect paradise of beauty. The land at Mahé rises almost perpendicularly, fronted by a few miles of flat land, whereon stands the town. The heights, some 7000 or 8000 feet, are of solid rock, and to the top covered with luxuriant vegetation. The houses are built a la Swiss, and only want the pretty little bridges and rumbling streams to make the coverage of the stream to the stream t

bling streams to make the comperison perfect.

On this island there are about half a dozen roads—one running round the bay, the others at right angles to the hills in the back-ground, gently inclined toward them. These are lined with hedges of the prettiest flowers, the graceful palms and weeping-bamboos rendering them refreshing, cool retreats. At evening these walks are delightful, especially on a moonlight night. The aroma from the myriads of pine-apples, limes, and roses is truly delightful; and in the morning, before the sun has taken up the dew, a little walk before breakfast, besides exhausting one's cologistic vocabulary, leaves one in a good termer for the remainder of the day.

a little walk before breakfast, besides exhausting one's culogistic vocabulary, leaves one in a good temper for the remainder of the day.

One of the greatest curiosities to be seen at Seychelles is a kind of leaf-fir, something like the leaf-butterfly described in Wallace's "Malay Archipelago." Close attention is required to discover the insect on a bunch of leaves; to all appearances it is one of them; its body is quite green, with veins, fibres, etc. These leaf-flies are rare, and very difficult to keep, requiring fresh leaves daily. The ant and other insects

perforate and devour them. When first hatched they have the appearance of small dried leaves, but soon turn green as they move about.

The soil is so rich and prolific that a walkingstick stuck into it at random would probably
take root and grow. In a short walk, almost
within a space of a hundred square yards, can
be counted an endless variety of fruits—limes,
pine-apples, oranges, bananas, plantains, lychoe,
the noble bread-fruit, alligator pear, and mangoes, all growing wild, the two former choking
the hedges and emitting a delicious fragrance
of herbs; clove, cinnamon, castor-oil, balsam copatha, manise, taploca, sago, and cassava; trees
of all kinds—India rubber, palms of every description, cocca—mit, traveler's rest—which, tapped
near the root, yields a refreshing drink—cushcw, cocoa de mer, baisualt—from which, being
so hard, they make tiles for houses. The escar
de mer, as the name implies, grows by the seaside; it is peculiar to the Scychelles, and grows
nowhere else in the world; it is valuable for its
fine straw; also it has a large nut which contains a kind of blanc-mange, which is very good.

side: it is peculiar to the Seychelles, and grows nowhere else in the world; it is valuable for its fine straw; also it has a large nut which contains a kind of blanc-mange, which is very good. The females are largely employed in plaining this straw, and they sell the plait, onough to make a very small mar, for fifty cents. They work with ease and rapidity, but charge very high for their manufacture. The whole work of the island is performed by women, the men doing little or nothing.

BIG BELLS.

Is China bells have been made of enormous weight. Nankin was anciently famous for the largeness of its bells. At Pekin there were seven bells cast in the reign of Zoulo, each weighing 120,000 pounds. The sound of the largest Chinese bell was very poor, owing to its being struck with a piece of wood, instead of a metal clapper. given to the cathedral of Moscow by the Czar Godunof weighed 288,000 pounds, and another given by the Empress Ann, probably the largest in the known world, weighed 432,000 pounds. The great bell at St. Paul's weighs bepounds. The great bell at St. Paul's weighs be-tween 11,000 and 12,000 pounds, and is ten feet in diameter. On this bell is inscribed "Richard Phelps made me, 1716;" and Peter Cunning-ham, in his "Hand-book for London," tells us that it " is never used except for striking of the hour, and for tolling at the deaths and fuorals of any of the Royal Family, the Bishops of Lon-don, and, should be die in his mayoralty, the Lord Mayor." We believe, however, that it tolled at the funeral of Lord Nelson, and at the deaths and funerals of the Duke of Wellington and Dean Milman. "The larger part of the metal of which it is made," the same authority informs us, "formed the celebrated Great Tom of West-minster," once in the clock-tower, Palace Yard, Westminuter," We do not know the size and weight of Mr. Denison's portest, "Big Ben" of Westminuter, but believe it is not quite so large as Tom of Lincoln, its vibratory power, however, being greater than that of any other bell in the kingdom. The new Great Tom at Lincoln, cast in 1835, weighs 12,000 pounds. The Great Tom in 1835, weighs 12,000 pounds. The Great Tom at Oxford, 17,000 pounds. The great bell cast in 1845 for York Minster, the heaviest in the United Kingdom, weighs upward of 12 tons, or about 27,000 pounds. This last, though so much heavier, is smaller than St. Paul's. The same spirit which caused people to build immense monasteries, and decorate churches, induced them to vie with each other in the size of their bells. The number of bells in every church gave rise to the singular and curious architecture often found in the campanile or bell-tower. It was a con-stant appendage of every parish church belong-ing to the Saxons, and is distinctly mentioned as such in the laws of Athelstan

The custom of welcoming distinguished visitors by a joyful peal is derived from very ancient days, when abbots, emperors, kings, and bishops used to be thus greeted.

The different uses of bells have given rise to

The different uses of bells have given rise to many poems, some of which are inscribed on the bells themselves. Perhaps the finest is Schiller's "Die Glocke," in which he describes the casting of the bell and its uses. The old inscriptions on bells are in some cases of historical value. Certain bells still remaining in London have historical notes: that, for instance, at the top of the bell-tower in the Tower, which was telled at the execution of Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleye, and other state prisoners; and sounded alarms of fires and other calamities.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The terrific torundo which swept with such fury all along the New England count is believed to have traveled at the rate of forty miles an hour. A pretty good railroad speed was that, and plenty of mischief did old Ecolas cause by thus giving a loose rain to his subjects. Boston will long feel the effects of this most unscanceable equinocital gale. We believe a storm that occurs any time in September is allowed the honor of being reparded as the Equinocitat, unless it is afterward overshadowed by another more furious. The briefest list of the houses, berns, and chimneys blown down, of the tail spires demolished, of the shipping injured in port, of the windows broken in, of the orchards stripped of fruit and foliage, and similar disasters, would fill columns. It is wonderful there was so little loss of life on land. Some wracks at sea

have been reported, and others must be expected.

A few days before the Eastern gale a terrible storm of wind and rain occurred in the vicinity of New Octeans. It seems to have expended its fury upon the Lake shorts, and had the storm continued many hours longer New Orleans would have been flooded, in consequence of breakages in the draining canals, and other unusual casualties. The hotel at Grand Jale was surrounded by water to the depth of two feet; and the guests, about fifty in number, were in a state of great sarriers for mean hours.

It was a regulation of the managers of the Avondale mine that any miner arriving at the mouth of the shaft after the bell tolled seven o'clock should not be allowed to work that day. On that fatal Monday morning two men came late, by only a few momenta. The person in charge refused to let them go down, whereat they grambled and swore, and threatened to be revenged some day; but their lives were saved.

The Rev. Dr. Laushan, the newly-appointed agent of the McAssist Book Concern, it is currently reported, has discovered great unfaithfulness and corruption in that establishment, livelying losses amounting to several hundred thousand delians.

The "Byron scandal" is said to have caused a large demand for his poems. A mysterious amountement is also made that Byron's autobiography, which Moore burned, "will yet see the light." If rumor is to be relied upon, Mrs. Stowe will wait until every body on both sides of the water has discussed the subject before she makes any roply.

The season at the German watering-places has just closed. At Baden-Baden there have been about 22,000 visitors. At Carisbad 11,180 are registered, and at Kissingen and Marihad between four and five thousond each.

The American Institute was founded about forty years ago. Each year it issues 15,000 copies of a volume of nearly 1400 pages, containing a summary of the most practical current information in applied science and agriculture, including the intest and most valuable discoveries. The exhibition now being held in this city is the thirty-eighth annual fair.

It is said there will be a magnificent banquet when the Vanderbilt Bronze is unveiled to the gaze of the world.

Major Powell has successfully concluded his explorations of the Great Caton of the Colorado, and will soon return to give the details of the expedition.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York, the question was discussed whether the professorable of Latin and Greek should be retained in the college course. After an animaled debate it was resolved to continue classical instruction as a measure of sound policy and justice both to the pupils and to the community.

Professor Agassis recently received a present of a banner fish caught at Norwich, Connecticut. It is diamond-shaped and three inches square. From two sides of the diamond feated glutinous streamers of a delicate color, at least two feel long. Between these were smaller streamers gridinused by strips of red, white, and blue. When awimming in the river the fish resembled a crystallized American flag, its sides resplendent with all the colors of the rainbow.

The generosity of the American people has been nobly displayed in the rendiness with which they have contributed to the Rawline fined and that for the Avondale sufferers. Them are plenty of selfah people every where, no doubt; but it is a pleasure to know that our country is not lacking in truly benevoleut ones.

The Harward crew on their serival in New York retently were most cordially greeted, and the hospitalities of New York and Boston were offered them by commiltees from the Common Council of this city and from the City Council of Boston. As a testimonial of respect, a harquet was given at Delmorico's in honor of the Harvards by the associated boat clubs of New York and Brooklyn. The hall was decorated with American and English flags, and many distinguished men participated in the festivities. The Harvards could not fall to feel that their countrymen honored their brave endeavors and manly conduct. Heary Ward Boocher, who was prevented by filmess from heing persent, sent a cordial letter, which was read at the entertainment.

Among the extraordinary stories which gain a certain credence in this age of wonders is one concerning a Mrs. Birney who lives in Ohio. She is over sixty years of age, and for the last twenty-three years has preached every two weeks while in an unconscious state! She does not take the trouble to write a segment, or even to study her subject, as less gifted preaches usually find it necessary to do. But every alternate Banday, about ten o'clock in the morning, after smody strange and painful sensations, she passes into an unconscious siste, and delivers a discourse of an hour or more in length! These discourses resemble in style and matter the old-fashboned exholor, sermons of half a century age. Science has falled—so says report—to fathom the mystery surrounding this wonderful case. The subject herself declares that she is wholly unconscious of what transpires during the "spelle;" but she believes they are caused by a stoke of lightning which she received when about eighteen years old, and which for the time paralyzed the right half of her body.

Brigham Young considers an exemption from medical attendance one of his greatest bleedings. He declares that for farty years he has never had a dector in his house—and that at Salt Lake they had no sickness till the dectors came. Then they, being too lazy to delve and hee like others, made people ill, in order to get a living by dectoring them!

The Empress of the French is said to have given up her intended visit to Jerusalem, but is still expected at Constantinopie early in October. The Imperial party will then proceed to Smyras, thethee to Rhodes and Cyprus, delaying some time at each of those places before continuing the voyage to Alexandria. The preparations which are being made at Constantinopie for the reception of the Empress are on a very imposing scale. Roads are being formed and districts improved for the convenience of her Majesty. The whole of the Turkish fleet, consisting of thirty ships of war, is in go to Corfu to meet her; there is to be a grand performance in her honor at the Opera, be which artists of distinction have been engaged at great cost in London and Paris; and on the evening of her departure the palaces, houses, and shipping all along the shores of the Bosphorus will be brillantly illuminated, and large fires lighted on the adjoining eminences. The cost of these feativities is estimated at fifteen millions of france.

A feeding paper relates a strange and terrible story of the self-destruction of seventeen hundred religious enthusiasts in the Government of Saratow. A few months ago the prophets of a new religion made their appearance in that part of Russia, preaching self-destruction by fire as the only sure read to salvation, and so readily was their dreadful doctrine received by the ignorant and superstitious peasantry, that in one large village to less than seventeen hundred persons assembled in some wooden houses, and, having barricaded the doors and windows, set the buildings on dre and perished in the fames.

The centenary of Humboldt has given an impulse to biographical literature in Germany, and caused the automorphism of no less than seventy-four new books about this great scientific man.



FISH CULTURE IN FRANCE.

Tun French Government maintain a great establishment for fish culture. It is situated near the route from Basle to Strasbourg, and takes its name from the old castle of Huningue, near by. The principal building is a long, low structure, with a pavilion at each end and in the middle. In front are numerous pends and water-courses, in which the young fish treat, salmon, perch, pike, and others—are distributed. The row of populars behind the buildings in the first ricer marks the line of the great state. canal which connects the Rhone and the Rhine. The mountains upon the right, in the back-ground, are the spurs of the Swiss Alps. The mountains Those upon the left are the range of the Black Forest. The Rhine lies in the valley at their feet. All the springs in the vicinity

of the buildings are carried by a canal into one end of the struc-ture, and the fresh, sparkling water, distributed into several troughs. rens incessantly from one end to the other, every part of the course being occupied with the process of imprognating or hatching the eggs, or nurturing the infant fish.

After the eggs have been taken from the fish and impregnated in the way which has been often de-scribed, they are placed in shallow baskets in the running water. At-tendants watch them night and

tendants watch them night and day, remove those that are "sick," separate those which the water masses together, change the bas-kets if they become foul from too long exposure to the water, and pick off every floating straw that might injure the eggs. The salmon eggs are large enough to be counted; and so complete is the organization of the establish-ment that records are kept of the daily changing numbers. Other eggs are too small to be known except by measurement.

except by measurement.

In the other wing of the building are the pools or tanks in which the young fish pass their enr-liest days, and from which, after proper growth, they are transferred to out-of-door pools, or sent to stock the pouls and streams of France.

The establishment at Humingue is for the benefit of the stablishment at Humingue is for the benefit of the stablishment at Humingue is for the benefit of the stablishment.

efit of the public, and the eggs are sent throughout France to all who apply, with no other charge then transportation.

AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT PARIS.

THOUGH it is the customary affectation of the journalists who keep the record of Parisian gayeties to protest, about this time of the year, that the French capital is a perfect desert, abandoned by all its proper inhabitants, and only frequented

GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHMENT FOR FISH CULTURE AT HUNINGUE, FRANCE-GENERAL VIEW.

by the savages of the provincial departments, or by ignorant foreign tourists who have lost their way on the wide continent of Europe, we are nevertheless credibly informed that the native bourgeoisie continue to dwell in that lively city; and we believe they may be found assembled in considerable numbers, any fine week-day or Sunday creating, at the various places, urban and suburban, where popular entertainments are provided at a cheap cost. The open-air theatres in the Champs Elysées and in other favorite hannts of pleasure contrive to draw pretty large andiences for their brisk little vaudevilles or farces, and plenty of spectators willing to be gratified by the performances of the nimble, if not always graceful and decorous, nymphs of the ballet. It is an exhibition of the latter kind, associated with the temptations of social idleness, a cup of some dainty and exhilarating beverage, alternating with cakes, or ice-creams, or comfits, or cigars, and especially with the opportunities of fliration and coquetry under the public eye, which has attracted so many young men and maidens, besides not a few old men and children, who might perhaps have been more wisely

occupied at home. But the world does very much as it pleases; and the illustration we have engraved on page 632 pretends but to show what the Parisians like to do

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Some years ago I knew a lapidary who gnined a considerable fortune by a great misfortune. An excellent workman, honest as the day, Montin had but one fault; he was too fond of good wine, which caused him to neglect his work—sometimes for days together, to the great dissatisfaction of his employer, who in all other respects valued and esteemed him highly, both for his skill and employer.

for his skill and probity.

One day Montin received from his master a diamond of the finest water to cut and polish,

with strict recommendations to keep sober until the work was finished.

"I rely on your activity," said the jeweler, on giving him the stone. "I must have it with-out fail on the 15th of this month; and if you disappoint me this time, it will be the last work

that you will ever have

or the property and

Montin promised exactitude, asked, as was usual with him, part of his pay in advance, and set himself courageously to work. Under his shillful hand the dinmond soon began to show forth its beauty; in a few more hours it would have been finished, when, sufortunately for Montin's re-olutions, a friend collect on him, me old comrade, who had been long absent from Paris: what could they do but take a glass together? Arrived at the enbares, the time passed quickly away, and Montin thought no more of his unfinished

During the morning his coudover came to see how the pol-islang of the diamond proceeded. The concience assured him that Montin had only just gone out, and would not full to return dinoc-ly, as he had for some days been working steadile and unrematingly. Only half satisfied, the jenuter used away, to return in two hours, and to find Montin still absent. Consinced he was at the tasern, the moster charged one of his men to seek him, and induce him to return to his work. This was done, and Montin, grandling between his teeth, quitted his con-rade, and ascended to his workshop; but his head was no longer clear, nor his hand stendy. To add to his trouble, the diamond ho-cume unfixed; be seized it has tily to replace it; his trembling fingers gave a jerk—and, by a strange fa-tality, the precious stone flew out of the window! Sobered in a mo-

ment by this terrible socident, Montin continued gazing out of the casement as if petrified, his pale lips marmuring the words, "Lost! lost!

For more than an hour be remained almost motionless, and was only roused from his lether-gy by the entrance of his master.

Is it thus you work, Montin?" exclaimed, "three times have I called for the diamond, and you spend your time at the tavern. Give me the stone; I must have it, fluished or un-

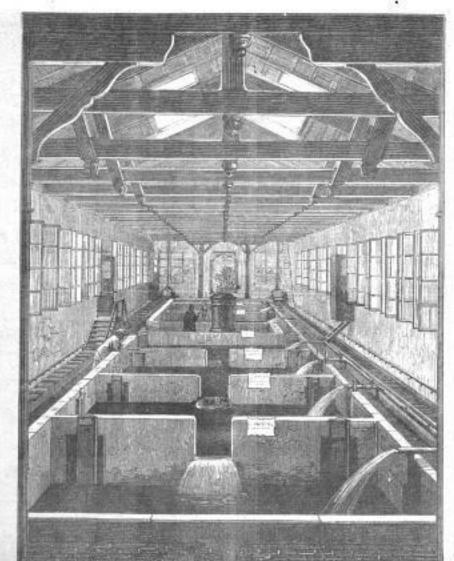
Montin looked wildly at him without uttering

a word.
"What is the matter with you?" asked the jeweler. "Why don't you answer? Have you

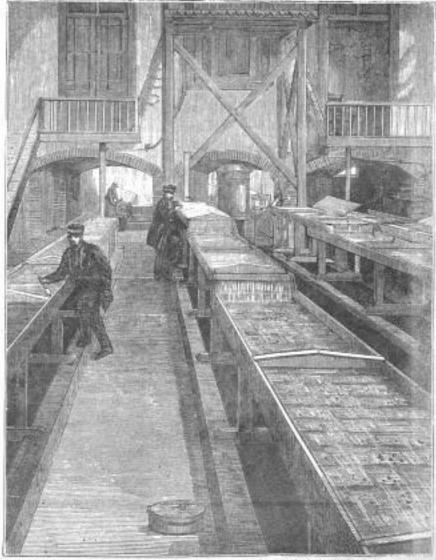
jeweler. "Why don't you answer? Have you drunk all your senses away?"

The lapidary tried in vain to speak. His tongue seemed paralyzed. At last he rose, and hiding his face in his hands, murmured, "It—

- "Explain yourself. What has happened?"
- "Out of the window,"
 "What! when?"
- "The stone."



INTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING THE POOLS FOR TOUNG FISH,



INTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING THE TROUGHS FOR HATCHING.

"Well, well, well; tell me what has occurred.

"The stone flew out."

It was now the turn of the master to become silent with astonishment; then, furious with rage, he cried, "I don't believe a word of your story; you have sold my diamond to pay for your dissi-

This accusation was the coap de grace for Montin. He fell fainting at the feet of his master; and it was not without difficulty that he was recalled to life, or rather to a despair which amounted almost to madness. The joweler, who understood what was passing in his mind, tried to console him, and at last succeeded in rendering him more calm.

It is a most unfortunate accident, no doubt," "but it is not irreparable.

"You do not, then, believe that I sold your diamond for drink?" said Montin, eagerly.

"No, no, Montin; you must forget what I said in the first moment of anger, and let us try to find a remedy for the misfortune. diamond was worth £200; you must endeavor to repay me the half of that sum out of your wages, which, when you work regularly, amount to £3 or £4 a week. With industry and sobriety you will som get out of debt.

"From this time I will work stendily," said Montin, with tears in his eyes. "You shall see, Sir, that though I have been a drankard, I am

not a thief." I believe you," replied the jeweler. "I have every confidence in you; you are a good work-man; I will furnish you with pleasy of work, and in a few years you will be right again. Well!

will that suit you?"
"Oh yes, Nir! only tell me once more that
you do not think I sold the diamond."

I repeat, on my honor, that I only said so in the first moment of anger. I am convinced you are an honest man-in fact, I prove it by trasting you with more work."

Yes, Sir, that is true, and I promise you I will not disappoint you. I will repair my fault; the lesson has been severe, but it will not be without its fruits.

Montin kept his word-he rose early, and worked indefatigably; the lost stone was re-placed by another, which was polished as if by to morning associated by passed to a system of the contraction of the tavern, and became a model of steadiness and indicate. At the end of the year he had paid a considerable part of his debt. Sixteen mostly passed thus, when one fine morning is the house facility of the first passed that it is not be assessed in the first passed that it is not be assessed in the first passed that the first pa in May, having finished his work, he placed him-self at the window, and watched the boats passing and repassing on the river which flowed close to the walls of the house. Suddenly, his eye was attracted by something bright glittering on the extreme edge of an old chinney. What was his surprise to discover his half-polished diamond! It seemed as if a breath would precipitate it into the warer beneath; and yet there it had been for so many months suspended between heaven

At this sight his emotion become almost as great as on the day when he had seen it disappear out of the window; he dured not remove his eyes, fearing to lose sight of the almost recovered treasure

"It is-it is my diamond, which has cost me so many tears," said be; "but how shall I reach it? If it were to fall! But no, I will take every procaution; not too fast!—let me consider well!" At this moment his employer entered the

"Oh, Sir!" cried Montin, "it is there!"

"What?" said the jeweler.

"My diamond, or rather yours. Ah, do not tourh it, we shall lose it forever.

"It is true; it is certainly the diamond that has so termented us; but the difficulty is how to get it. Wait a moment, I know how to do it." So saying, he left the room, but quickly returned, bearing in his hand a net prepared for catching butterflies. With its aid, and that of a long stick, he proceeded carefully to try and get the precious stone-Montin, hardly during to breathe, eatching all his movements with the greatest anx fery. At last his efforts were crowned with sucand be cried, "Here it is, Montin! I congentalate you on its recovery. I am now your debtor to the amount of nearly a hundred pounds. Wint do you intend to do with the amount

"Leave it in your hands, Sir, if you will be

kind enough to keep it for me."

"Most willingly: I will pay you the interest, and if you continue to add to it, you will soon have a nice little sum," replied the jaweler.

This was the beginning of Montin's fortune. In a few years be became a partner with his masone of the principal jewelers in Paris.

HINDOO MARRIAGES.

Sonnay is some antelioration of the Hindes marriage law required. Tied together as infants, there is rarely much love between the Hindoo man and wife; and too offen the hus-hand (if not indeed the wife) seeks chewhere that affection which can not be kindled on the domestic hearth. But to the woman this is not ail. Married while yet a baby, she is by the old Hindoo law married once for all. Her lord and master may die before the marriage has gone beyond the mere betrothal, but she is thenceforth a wislow whom no other men may wed, tild Mr. Weller might, as far as this matter is concerned, have found favor among the strictest Brohmins of the old school, so entirely in accurdance with their views were his sentiments as to widow nurriage. Left a uidow, the Hindoo woman is for the rest of her life a slave in the household of her hashand's family. No hopes may she cherish of having a home and children to 113 her own. She may not even satisfy her womanly vanity by woning the trinkets that her

sex (only in India, of course) delight in. And her existence is one of hopeless drudgery and unsatisfied desires. But the Bengalee Baboo has appeared as a modern Perseus to rescue the Hindoo damsel from her chains. Already, in the face of old-world prejudices, many Hindoo widows have been re-elected to the privileges of matrimony, and as the opinions of young Bengal extend, such marriages will become every day of more common occurrence.

A HEART UNFELLOWED.

Tuz autumn mellowed the year, the year, And by the sea Sat an angel, or fay, or lady rare— I know not which—with a shell at her ear That from the depiths of the ocean near Whispered and walled this melody:

"Oh! if it were mine to love, to love,

"Oh! if it were mene to towe, to towe,

And thou wert abe:
Then should'st to me be an isle of the prime,
Where, reling backward the wheels of Time,
All bilss should meet in an Eden clime,
And I would be the ambient sea. "Oh! if to thee, my love, my love,

But once were given;
Thou should'st to me be the fount of light,
The star of stare in the infinite,
And I, as worlds glowed into sight,
Would be the gazing rest of beaven.

"Oh! if, in the might of thee and love, To dark were mine;
The throne of the world should be my seat,
The neck of the world should bend at thy feet,
And the waves of its praise should break most sw
That they were doubly mine and thine.

"Oh! if to thee I brought my love,
An offering;
My captives of victor thought, I ween,
Should march in flowers with dainty mien,
And, paying bornage to thee their queen,
Tell me I was the more a king.

"Tis mine, alas! to love, to love, And thou art sie. Not a word? not a sigh!—I am too bold; My beart is on fire, but thine is cold; Than the empty sum of my life is told... That I am naught, since naught to thee?"

were the words of the shell, the shell,

Words saft and few; But whose was the voice that spake to her ear, That whispered and wailed forth its deep despair, ore than that angel, or lady rare, Or fay, or shell, or ocean knew.

METEORS AND COMETS.

A most remarkable feature of modern astronomical disrovery is worthy of mention. A phe-nomenon which men had long been in the habit of looking upon as a meteorological one has been at length recognized in its true light, and has been found wonderfully to enhance our appreciation of the complexity of the systems which exist within the solar domain. Metoors, shooting-stars, and accoultes have taken their place among the attendants of the sun; and, in sever-al instances, the orbits they have followed before they reached the earth have been approximately determined.

But it is rather as members of systems than as individual bodies that these objects acquire their chief interest and meaning. There was not much, perhaps, to attract attention to them when they were supposed to form one or two rings occupying a position in space very nearly coincident with that of the earth's orbit. But it has now been placed beyond a doubt that the earth encounters fifty-six systems, at least, of these small bodies. And these systems are found (in the only instances yet examined) to be not circular rings, but ovals of great eccentricity extending far into space, even in some cases beyond the orbits of Uranus and Neptune. It is clear, then, that we can no longer look on these systems as resembling, in the remotest degree, the asteroidal zone. We are forced, too, to take into consideration an import-ant question of probability. What is the likeli-hood that, if there were but a few hundred of such systems, the earth would encounter so many as fifty-six? The probability may be reckoned "almost at naked nothing." And therefore we are compelled to admit as a legitimate à posteri-ori deduction, the extreme probability, we may almost say the certainty, that such systems are to be reckoned, not by hundreds and thousands.

but by millions on millions.

Nor is this all. Within the last few months the startling discovery has been made that two of the meteoric systems, at least, and probably many others, coincide throughout their calculated extent with the orbits of known comets. Accordingly, we are lod to trace an intimate commer-tion, if not an absolute identity, between comers and shooting-star systems. And when we find that a system which has afforded such grand displays of star-falls as the well-known November shooting star system is identified not with a large and conspicuous comet, but with one which has only lately been detected, though it must have been in close proximity to the earth somethirty times during the last thousand years with a comet, in fact, which is absolutely invisible to the naked eye, and far from being a conspicuous object in powerful telescopes—we are led to recognize the importance of such comets as Newton's, Hailey's, and Donasi's.

LIFE INSURANCE.

LAFE INSURANCE in this country seems to be safer than in England. In the latter country the Albert Lafe Insurance Company, established ever thirty years ago, with an income exceeding \$1,500,000 a year, and seams insured reaching \$10,000,000, has suspended payment. This means that some 16,000 heads of families see the previsions they supposed they had made for those dependent on them unish into air. In many businesses a certain amount of risk seems inseparable from success. But in life insurance there can be no legitimate development of trade except on the understanding that risks are excluded.

In this country the government exercises a supervision over the insurance companies. An officer, called the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, takes care that the nominal capital is both subscribed and fully paid up before the company begins business and that on fore the company begins business, and that on taking any fresh risk a sum is set aside which, annually invested in approved securities at a low rate of interest, will be sufficient to pay the policy at maturity. To this officer every company is obliged to furnish on oath an annual statement, in a form supplied by him, of its exact financial position. The State does not trust, however, to the oath alone. The Superintendent, if he sees reason to suspect the annual statement of any company, may at any moment make a special investigation into its affairs, and where he believes mismanagement to exist he may order the company to suspend the issue of new policies until after such an investigation has been held. If the result of the inquiry does not establish the solvency of the concern, the matter is referred to the Supreme Court, the company is dissolved, and the assets are distributed among the policy helder. holders.

REARING CHILDREN.

It is a settled matter of demonstration that about one-fourth of all the children born die in their infancy. If statistical tables are correct, the mortality is greater in civilized society than among semi-barbarians or savages. It is not to be denied that the Indians lose a large number of their pappooses before the second year; not in the ratio of a given population in a civil-ized community where all the appliances, con-veniences, and knowledge are in full exercise for

their preservation.

The negroes of Africa and the nomadic races The negroes of Africa and the nomadic races in Asia lose many children early; but they appear to be more successful in their efforts to rear them than the best intormed people of civilized Europe or America. No doubt this assertion may be called in question. Figures are not to be disputed, however. If it be admitted that the manner of everyday life of millions of mother than the manner of everyday life of millions of mothers. thers is injurious to their nursing babes, one direct cause of the mortality among infants, never practiced by unsophisticated outdoor, open-air mothers, will be established. Our civilized mothers bundle up their babies too closely, and too often deprive them of the fresh, invigorating at-mospheric air. They are wilted like cut flowers in a stifling nursery. Their freedom is too much abridged, from a mistaken idea that they may take cold if exposed. The Esquimaux mother refreshes her node nursling in an Arctic snow-drift. Civilization overdoes—the unrivilized lets nature do more.

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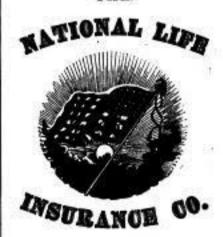
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THE THORN IN THE FOOT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1869.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S NEW SYSTEM.

IT is announced that the majority of the Prince Imperial of France will be declared upon his next birthday. This fact, with the age and recent illness of the Emperor, so serious that the Empress abandoned her Eastern toor, must remind every Frenchman who really desires permanent repose for his country that the prospect of obtaining it is rapidly disappearing. Nearly seventy years ago Narotzon said to Larayerte, "The French are tired of liberty." Larayerte answered that they were tiredonly of license, and their sufferings from the abase of liberty made them only the more desirous of real freedom. "And that," he said, "Citizen First Consul, the French expect from

When Louis Napoleon overthrew the French Republic, he said, substantially, that nothing was to be hoped from a government of doctrinaires and visionaries quarreling among themselves, and that he would justify his usurpation by the tranquillity and confidence which he would be-stow upon France. This was the significance of his famous remark, "the empire is peace." In a certain sense he has redeemed his word. During the seventeen years of his reign there has been no serious public disturbance in France. He has adorned Paris. In the Crimea and in Italy he maintained the national prestige; and although in the later Italian movement, and in Mexico, his sagacity was at fault, the incom-petency did not lead to domestic trouble. The principle which he extols in his "Life of Casar," Caesarism or absolute personal government, has been the guide of the imperial régime. But the fatal fault of the system has been evident from the beginning. The empire may be peace, but the Emperor is the empire. While Casar lives the power that establishes his rule contin-ues; but when Casar dies Casarism is impo-

The present situation of France is the final criticism of Louis Napolnon. He has sought his own glory, not the welfare of France, and he has not been able to see that, even for himself, a true patriotism was the best policy. He has preferred a strictly personal government, and in so doing, despite the claims of his friends that he is a remarkably sagacious man, and despite a certain reputation for political study and philosophy due to his "Napoleonic ideas, he has shown that he has not comprehended the cardinal principle that a stable and progressive government is one of laws, not of persons. In the last days of a fierce civil war lasting for four years the President of the United States is assassinated, but his death does not in the least degree affect the operation of the government, and, while it terribly shocks, it does not injuriously disturb the public mind. But at the end of seventeen years of undisputed and pencoful supremacy, the mere prospect of the death by illness of the Emperor of France is the sure portent of confusion and dismay,

For this situation Louis Narotness and France are equally responsible—the Emperor for supposing that permanent order could be established upon personal supremacy, and the French for not demanding a constitutional system. This has indeed been the demand of a party; but it was not so plainly the resolution of the country that it could not be disregarded. And that it has been disregarded, and that Louis Narothon has chosen by restrictions of the press and by his whole system of centralization to be deaf to the voice of the nation, convicts him of incapacity rightly to use the power that he seized, and makes his usurpation a crime. No reason can be urged for the concessions of the Scantas Consultum now that were not equally valid ten years ago. The moment for an absolute ruler to begin a constitutional régime is when he is in the fullness of his power and renown, not when his force is failing, and the constitution is seen to be a tub thrown to the whale. Louis Narothon's true policy was the extremest constitutional liberalism, and that is almost the only form of government which France has not tried within the last century.

The radical defect of the system now proposed by Louis Narolisos is, that the Ministry is not responsible to the people. If the change in the direction attempted is necessary, then a more radical change is imperative. A Ministry responsible to a Senate which the Emperor appoints is not a responsible Ministry in the legitimate sense. The point for which Louis Narolisos ought to hope to provide is the peaceful succession of his son. But how does the Senatus Counties of this son. But how does the Senatus Counties of the people that the security against trouble when the Emperor dies would be the conviction of the people that they really have the power. The new system does not assure them of that. The majority of the Prince Imperial may be declared, but nobody can declare that of the empire. At any moment the Emperor may fall, and apparently the empire must fall with him.

THE SICKLES NOTE.

We have never supposed that the Administration would choose this moment to threaten Spain, or to depart from the honorable traditions of American neutrality. We have therefore been constantly unwilling to believe that propositions of the kind reported for a settlement of the Cuban question had been made to the Spanish Government; and we are not surprised to learn that the note which General Suckins was said to have addressed to that Government, conveying a menace, was not approved at Washington. Nothing could well be more superfluous and insulting than to state to Spain that if she did not behave differently we should recognise the Cubans as belligerents. This, however, is merely the reported threat of the note. As we said hat week, it is not easy to know precisely any thing upon the subject.

The United States need not threaten. Their power is recognised and assured. Their re-spect for treaty obligations, and the comity of nations, and their own neutrality laws, have been demonstrated. Whenever it shall seem to them that good faith permits, and the general welfare demands, intervention, or concession of belligerent rights, or recognition of independence, in the case of any struggling people any where, they will act without a prelude of menace, and with the full consideration of every consequence. And especially under this Administration they will act without Buncombe. The proper course for the United States Government to pursoe, with a due regard for its friendly relations with Spain, and for the present condition of that country, if it wishes to propose any thing, is to offer friendly media-When that is declined in the same spirit, there is an end of the matter. The war would continue, the Government would watch it nar-

rowly, and act accordingly.

If the war upon the Spanish side in Cuba is distinguished by peculiar barbarity, it is becoming in any power friendly to Spain to remonstrate at its discretion. But it should remonstrate in the name of humanity and civilization, and not seize the occasion to bluster. Every remonstrance of this kind implies a reserved possibility. If the warfare is so inhuman as to provoke expostulation, of course if the exposulation be disdained or unheeded, the warned nation is prepared for all consequences. Should it appear that the note of General Sukles contained nothing more than an earnest remonstrance of this kind, the perturbation of the Spanish press would be entirely unnecessary. But if it were confined to such an expostulation, that perturbation would hardly have arisen.

It is to be presumed, therefore, that our Minister has gone further, and as a politician educated in the manifest destiny school, it is not impossible that he has striously transcended his instructions. The London Times says there is no doubt that the alternative offered Spain by the United States is abandonment of the island or American recognition of the insurgents, and apprehends serious events. The Times is unquestionably mistaken. The Ad-ministration would not take such a responsibility, and it would not be sustained by public tion if it did. The Timer adds that the abolition of slavery in Cuba has been determined by the home Government, and that negotiations have begun for the severance of the island from Spain. Does it not occur to the Times that if these are facts the conduct which it attributes to the United States Government is ridiculous? Why should we be supposed to threaten Spain if she does not do what she has already done?

When the Cortes and Congress meet, the Cuban question of course can not be evaded. We still doubt whether Spain will offer absolutely to part from Cuba. As we said some weeks since, it is more likely that before yielding to the revolution she will propose an armistice, a plan of reforms, and a vote of the Cubans upon the question of separation. Congress, if it faithfully represent public opinion, will not depart from the national traditions of conduct in such circumstances, and will not allow any supposed desire of amexation to influence its action.

CATHOLIC PROTESTANTS.

Attriough when Pope Pius Tie Ninth was elected to the chair of St. Peren he began his Pontificate by the display of a liberal political spirit, although, after the gloomy regime of Gregory the Sixterenti, the words and acts of the new Pope seemed to promise a millennium of joy and progress to the Roman States, and a fresh inspiration to the polity of the Church, it was tranquilly said by those who thoroughly comprehended the nature of the Church, that if Pius were another Gregory the Great or Hillmermann, he could stir the Church to the centre, and shake the religious world; but if he were only what his career to that time had led every body to believe, then he would be a leaf upon Nisgara. Poor Pius has certainly not been a Hillmermann; but he has summoned a Council.

It is more than three hundred years since there has been a General Council of the Church of Rome, and its authority is so vast and vague in assumption, and so undecided in

fact, that to invoke it has always seemed to threaten more danger than profit to the Church. The call for the present assembly by a Pope who has denounced the whole spirit of modern civilization as irreligious, and whose organs have plainly foreshadowed the enormity and stringency of the dogmas likely to be declared, has, of course, profoundly moved the great body of Roman Catholics.

The consequences already begin to appear. The two old tendencies in the Church, the Ultramontane and the Gallican, are becoming daily evident. These names describe in general the liberal and the anti-liberal movement—the assertion of universal ecclesiastical supremacy, and the protest against it. The Bavarian Prime Minister has expressed his dissatisfaction. Anstria quietly awaits events, but will, of course, resist any extraordinary assumptions. Mostralement, the press chemier of the Roman Church among European laymen, has declared his sympathy with the Germans, who protest in advance against the probable action of the Council; and the telegraph

who protest in advance against the probable action of the Council; and the telegraph announces that the Dominican Father Hyacustus, the honeyed tongue of the Church in Paris, has abandoned his convent, and has published a letter to the General of his order, protesting against the Pope and Council, and against dectrines and practices of the Church which he asserts to be unchristian.

Such signs are significant. When Pope In-

NOCEST censured FERRLON he submitted without a word. But this is not the age of FERRLON, and a priest who defies the Council in advance is not likely to yield to its demands nor to dread its anathema. If the conservative and reactionary spirit should rule the Council—and in ecclesiastical assemblies it generally prevails

—there will be many a Montalemerat, many a Hyacintum, who will be forced to oppose the decrees of an authority which they are taught to believe infallible, or to admit that an infallible body may be mistaken in the subjects to which its infallibility extends, or to renounce

their Church altogether. As yet, indeed, the reasons for assembling a Council which were powerful enough to balance the great perils of its probable action have not been made evident. It was hardly worth while, for the sake of declaring the dogma of the divinity of the Virgin Mary, to run the risk of convulsing the Church; and what can be gained by the assertion of the personal infallibility of the Pope, if it is at the cost of a schism? To those who are not of the Church the spectacle will be interesting; while among the most extraordinary incidents in history would be the declaration of the highest authority of the greatest multitude of Christians in the world, that the era of the greatest general enlightenment and most active progress, the era of breaking chains, and of the most careful study of human welfare, was radically hostile

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATS.

to the spirit of Christ.

The New York Democratic Convention was an assembly of the most noted party leaders; but nothing in its proceedings commended it to the sympathy of those who believe that this is a truly democratic government intended to secure equal rights for all the people. Mr. Therew exhorted his friends to let by-gones be by-gones, and he declared for what he called white labor against the Chinese immigrant and the colored citizen. But he did not remind his friends that the by-gones, including a bloody war, were the work of Democrats, and that certain dogmas of the party must be abandoned because the people had spurned them; nor did he show any consciousness that in a country of which a seventh of the population is colored, and which invites immigration, to declare for one color or race against another is to forbid fair play, and to encourage hatred, confusion, and anarchy.

Mr. TILDEN having said that he did not wish to see any immigrants coming to the country who could not be amalgamated with the population in one homogeneous mass, Mr. O'GORMAN said that the population itself was immigrant, Of course both remarks were equally acc to a party which fraudulently multiplies the ignorant immigrant vote in New York and declaims against the colored native vote in Georgia. Mr. O'GORMAN also said that the Republican party had obtained influence by "interpreting that transient emotion, that angry passion, which now, thank God, is eradicated from the Amer-The transient emotion and angry passion which have given the Republican party power, which maintain its continued dominance in the minds of the most intelligent men and in the most enlightened parts of the country, were the love of liberty and the perception of the relation of justice to national prosperity, which have abolished the most infamous slavery against the protest of what is called Democracy, and have proclaimed the equal rights of all American citizens against the most desperate Democratic Mr. THORN and Mr. O'GORMAN, and all

Democratic orators and conventions, may be very sure that it is not by contrasting the history, character, and measures of the two par-

ties that they can hope to make converts among intelligent Americans. Mr. Cassiny, who is one of the ablest of the Democratic editors, and who is understood to have written the resolutions, also points us to the history of his party from the beginning. But surely be, equally with his friends the crators, knew that the reason the Democratic party was constantly defeated from 1860 to 1868, during the deadly struggle to save the country and the government, was the universal conviction of the American people that a party which had furnished every robel and every sympathizer with rebellion was not a truly patriotic party.

MR. SUMNER'S SPEECH.

MR. SUMMER's speech at the Massachusetts Republican Convention took the ground that the chief consideration in the pending election is the position of the State upon the great mational questions. He very properly assumed that if Massachusetts, of all the States in the Union, should, upon some issue of prohibition, abandon her place at the right of the Republic an line, that line throughout the country would be dismayed and demoralized; and by its defeat not only would the grog-shops in Massachusetts and elsewhere be thrown open without restriction, but the policy which is most favored at such resorts would become the policy of the country. The speech, by its forcible presentation of the great national issues, undoubtedly had a powerful immediate effect. The action of the Convention was singularly harmonious. The only question upon which difference might have arisen-that of prohibition-was declared not to be one of party, but one which should be properly left to the Legislature.

The points of the speech were that the national faith must be kept to the uttermost with the freedman and the creditor; and that while our domestic policy should be peace through justice, our foreign policy should be peace through honorable and friendly neutrality. Cube should not be recognized as belligerent, because belligerency is a fact, and insurrection is not accomplished revolution. Against England the case was re-stated as in the speech in the Senate, in which Mr. Seneral said that no did not demand damages, but simply declared the nature and extent of the claim of

the United States.

This speech and those in the New York Convention show how entirely our politics proceed upon general and national, not upon State and local issues. Mr. TILDEN, indeed, said in the New York Convention that the Democratic Canal Board had cleaned out the canals. But the remarks he made could not be regarded as a consideration of a State question. The tendency of which we speak is inevitable, and it is instructive, nor is it to be deplored.

THE SCHOOLS.

THE Board of Education has resolved that the Latin and Greek languages shall still be taught in the College of the City of New York, Mr. LARREMORE, the President of the Board, claimed that it was not the business of the trustees to decide whether the College was a desirable institution or not. It has been founded by the State; he and his associates have been made trustees; and as the languages are a recognized part of every college curriculum, it is, in his judgment, the duty of the Board to follow the precedent, unless good reason can be urged against it. This he has not found, and he warmly advocated the study of the Latin and Greek, and opposed dropping them from the course. The Opposition made the mistake of underestimating the value of the classical studies as a reason for discontinuing them in the Col-lego. It may be desirable to do that, but not for the reason that they are valueless.

This question being settled, there are subjects of more importance that will demand the attention of the Board. It is alleged that the accommodations of the schools are wholly insufficient, and we have even read one statement that thousands of children were excluded for this reason lest year.

The one thing that we can all clearly see is, that ignorance is fatal to a popular government, and that a certain kind and degree of education are so indispensable to the public welfare that the State is justified in providing for them at the common expense. Unquestionably, also, the same consideration would justify making that education obligatory.

First of all, there must be room enough in the schools, and the school-houses must be not only sufficiently specious, but perfectly secure, well-lighted, and properly ventilated. Of course, in the city of New York, with the rapid increase of the population by immigration, it is not easy to keep pace with the demand of such accommodations. The schools must be built in every part of the city, and the highest prices for land, material, and labor must necessarily be paid. These indispensable expenses are very great, but they are unavoidable, and the Board should not hesitate to accertain, from statistics and calculations which are at hand, just what is necessary for the proper school so-

the estimate a liberal rate of salary to all teachers. Let them report to the public, but take care to show that the money will not be wasted. The new Constitution provides that instruction shall be free to all children in the State. Economy is always desirable; but parsimony in the support of schools is not economy. We do not believe that the taxpayers will gradge the payment of any sum for school purposes, so long so they are persuaded that it is honestly necessary.

It is true that the proper lines of a public school education are necessarily arbitrary, but they may still be drawn with a great deal of uniformity and precision. It is to be a general and not a special training; it is to furnish the elementary instruction, which at his own in-clination and expense the scholar may afterward develop. We hope that the new Board will have plain principles and a definite policy, and not fear to trust the public good sense upon this most important of public interests.

TRADE AND THE CROPS.

THE principal trade thus far this season has been with the South and Southwest, and on a scale which shows a decided improvement in those localities in financial power, due mainly to the results of the cotton crop for the year ending on the 31st of August last. The total crop amounts to 2,260,557, in addition to 398 on hand on the 1st September, 1868; which, together, have yielded from two hundred and fifty to three hundred millions of dollars to the cotton-growing States; with this advantage over former years that, having at the same time produced more food than is usual, the net profit from cotton equals that of those years when double the quantity of that staple was grown. Of the crop of this year 1,444,668 were exported to foreign countries, 821,924 were consumed north of Virginia and in the Northwestern States, and 173,203 in Virginia and the Cotton States—giving a total of 995,127 con-sumed in the United States, which quantity includes 20,203 bales burned, and 11,160 the estimated stock on hand on the 1st Septem-

It will be thus seen that foreign states contribute to this renewed strength of the South in the proportion which 1,444,668 bears to 2,297,955; and that the States north of Virginia and those of the Northwest in the proportion which the figures applicable to them bear to the whole produce.

The consumption in Virginia and the Cotton States-178,208 bales or thereabonts-shows the extent of the manufacturing industry in cotton fabries which has grown up in the South -a result in great part of the war. This man-ufacture consists of cotton yarns and coarse shirtings and sheetings, the latter distributed quite largely in New York in free competition with cloths of like description proceeding from the old establishments. This industry will no doubt increase with advancing immigration into that quarter, as all the materials for success are found in the Southern States. Cotton and woolen mills are also springing up in the West, which supply their respective localities with many coarse fabrics.

The time is not distant when the Eastern and Northern States will bear the same relation to the Southern and Western in manufacturing industry that the European manufacturers now bear to us. The foreigner now supplies only fine goods, in the manufacture of which in four or five years we shall be actively engaged, the result of successful competition with us in the courser fabrics which the spread of mills over the South and West will occasion. No other resource is left to us; and it may safely be assumed, if protection to our industry is not too much reduced, that we shall advance to the new competition with the foreign manufacturer, to which we shall be driven, with the skill and activity necessary for success. No American can examine the display of goods at the fair now in progress in this city without just pride at the advances made within a few years in woolen and dress goods-advances which leave no question of the eminence soon to be attained.

Another change has occurred in the condition of the South. More than one-half of the buyers from that quarter during this season are of the Jewish personasion—a fact very perceptibly felt during the Jewish holidays, which are quite frequent and very well observed, leading to diminished sales by the jobbing and importing houses on the days when they occur. It will be recollected that during the war the Jews passed the lines of both belligerents very freely, as it was difficult to distinguish to which see tion they belonged, and they had scarcely any politics. The old houses of the South, which were in the habit of giving long credits to the planters, were many of them either killed or weeded out as the result of the conflict, and a new system of trade and new men followed. The aversion to long credits is shared not only by the new traders, but here also, and there is consequently greater safety in this respect. Efforts have been made this season to extend the credits on cotton goods, on the ground that the the reproof profits of the purchasers would be light, and community.

commodation of all the children, including in [that payment from home customers was expected only after the new crop had begun to come to market; but the effort was generally resisted by our leading houses.

Northern and Western buyers have not arrived very freely thus far, owing to their ability to receive goods rapidly, and to the tendency to hold low stocks which is common among the small dealers. Chicago has become a large distributor for the region pierced by her railroads, and she buys from first hands more generally than usual. Money not being plenty among Western farmers, the trade is confined to the supply of immediate wants; and although it will continue to be good and remunerative, it is not likely to partake of speculation in any part of the season.

The condition of the country as to its crops is now being regarded, at least in portions of it, with some uneasiness. A drought of uncommon severity had prevailed along the Atlantic coast, and it has become necessary to resort to stores laid up for the winter to supply the want of pasturage. The corn crop in light soils has been severely injured, in some cases entirely destroyed. In the adjoining county of Westchester farmers not favored with living springs have been obliged for nearly a mouth to send long distances for water, and they are now learning what were the sufferings of the English during the season of 1868. The su-tumnal equinox, which has been awaited with anxiety, has occurred; and as the rains have not been very copious, the now useless pastures will scarcely be restored this year, bowever, is abundant,

The crops of small grains had been gathered throughout the Southern Atlantic States before the drought set in. In portions of South Car-olina and Georgia the dry weather has affected the cotton as well as corn; but taking into view the whole cotton-producing region, there is scarcely a doubt that the quantity will be as large if not larger than the crop of 1868-69. Shipments of wheat from the South have been restrained by the fear that it will be necessary to call upon this cereal to supply the place of corn.

the West the growth of all the cereals was quite good, but owing to the severe rains which fell at harvest-time much wheat has been injured, and the corn crop has been so delayed in ripening in the Northwest that an early frost would inflict serious damage.

The vast extent of the whole Union, and the

varieties of climate with which we are favored, do not permit uniformity either in the benefits or the injuries to the farmer which attend the annual production. Neither the misfortune of drought nor the undue prevalence of severe rains is ever general over the entire country, and all do not simultaneously suffer. The advantage which some portions enjoy this year will furnish more grain than we shall need for consumption, but not much from Atlantic ports to satisfy the want abroad. Whether the cotton crop of 1869-70 will produce as large rewards as did that of 1868-69 is much discussed. There seems to be no fear that the production of cotton in other countries will be sufficiently in excess of the last crop to affect the demand for what we shall have to sell; but it must be recollected that manufacturers abroad and at home were not generally able to make a profit last season, and it can scarcely be expected that they will run their mills for another year at a loss. There was a sharp decline in mid-dlings during the week which ended on the 18th September, due very much to the approach of new shipments, it having been long understood that 344 cents for middlings could be maintained only during the prevalence of the scarcity which the nearly total consumption of the crop of 1868-69 had occasioned. To England cheap cotton is a necessity, and she will make as powerful efforts to accomplish it as have been made since last season, and with success thus far, to command the market-price of grain.

Business, however, of all descriptions was brought to a pause on Thursday and Friday by the exhibition of gambling in Wall Street, conducted on a scale of frightful extent and with the effrontery which disregards the sub-stantial interests of the community. The time chosen for this speculation proved that its authors expected that it would be of short duration. It was during the pause which precedes the movement of new cotton, and but a little in advance of the period for large payments on account of interest from the Sub-treasury. Shipments of breadstuffs on an active scale were at the time going forward, which fornished a larger volume of exchange than was at the moment taken,

In the face of these adverse circumstances the speculation was set on foot and carried on with frantic violence in order that large margins might be suddenly claimed. The Treasury Department gave notice on Friday of its intention to sell gold, when the speculation suddenly collapsed, to the dismay of its authors, who can scarcely escape from sovere loss, except it be by the sacrifice of brokers who acted in their behalf. Confusion has since reigned in Wall Street, and uncertainty has been communicated to all operations. It is to be hoped that a scheme so damaging and disgraceful may meet the reproof and the fate it deserves from the

A BATTLE IN THE AIR.

Norwino could be more touching than the pertinacity with which Mr. ALEXANDER H. STETHERS insists that the war was unconstitutional, and that a true regard for the fundamental law would have resigned the United States to total destruction. He continually argues at great length that the Constitution is merely a treaty between sovereign powers from which each may withdraw at pleasure; and in utter contravention of the peace and dignity of Mr. GRORGE TECKNOR CURTIS, the historian of the Constitution, the biographer of WEBSTER, and a gentleman who believes to a degree that ought to console Mr. STEPHENS that the country has already arrived at the demnition bowwows-in utter disregard, we say, of the peace and dignity aforesaid, Mr. STEPHENS stoutly asserts that Mr. WEBSTER himself changed his views somewhat after his famous speech in reply to HAYNE.

Mr. Sterness quotes from a subsequent argument of Mr. WEBSTER's in the Supreme Court, in which he said; "I am not prepared to say that the States have no national sovereignty. And he declares that Mr. Calmous reduced Mr. WRESTER to utter silence, crushed him, pulverized him, on the 26th of February, 1883. Upon that celebrated occasion Mr. Calmous drew an argument in favor of the State sovereignty theory from the 7th article of the Constitution itself, which speaks of the establishment of the Constitution "between the States so ratifying." This blow, Mr. STEPHESS tells us, was overwhelming. It left Mr. WEBSTER, so to speak, in a hopelessly limp and flabby intellectual condition, and he "never came back at his opponent." That word "between," Mr. STEPHENS again informs us, is an argument in favor of the treaty view of the Constitution that never has been and never can be answered.

Mr. Cuarts replies by harling Mr. Manuson at Mr. Calmous, and demanding, through his clenched teeth, as it were, whether Mr. Mantson was not as good a Democrat and might not be presumed to understand the Constitution quite as well as Mr. CALHOUN. He shows Mr. Madeson's view of the subject to be identical with Mr. WEBSTRE'S, and he follows up Mr. STEPHENS's airy speculations about "delegated" or "alienated" sovereignty with the unction of a Seraphic Doctor pushing an Angelic Doctor upon the most recondite theological abstraction. Then he descends upon the ex-Confederate Vice-President, and asks by what right, upon his theory of the Constitution, he complains of the military despotism, the estrapic system, and the "ruin at last," which Mr. WEDSTER predicted, which now weighs upon the country.

Does it never occur to such disputants that the point upon which they differ was purposely left obscure in the Constitution, as the great, unexpressed compromise, that Mr. WEISTER and Mr. Calhoes, reasoning from the letter of the instrument merely, were both correct, because while the Constitution declares that "we the people" ordain it, it also makes it subject to ratification "between the States," and that such a radical difficulty could at last be settled in one way only, and that it has been settled? The people of the United States have declared the most appalling emphasis that they are and will remain one nation. The only final interpreters of the Constitution have interpreted "You are all wrong," murmers Mr. Sru-PHESS. "Constitutionally you ought at this very moment to be a moist, unpleasant body." It is the most affecting illustration upon record of "Scissors, if I die for it!"

NOTES.

WHETHER Mr. LELAND'S amusing "Hans Breitmann" is a work of genuine humor, and likely as such to hold a place in literature, is a question upon which good critics differ. But there can be no question whatever that it is excellent fun. A book which has so many laughs, or at least so much "smiling" in it, can not fail to be relished as long as the veritable Hans is so constantly before our eyes or lives in fresh tradition. It seems to us that there is also in the gay little volume a frequent stroke of real There can, for instance, be no better satire upon the immense body of sentimental German poetry than the last stanza of the first poem, "Hans Breitmann's Party." It is irresistibly felicitous. Messrs. T. B. Patternos & Brothess have issued the poems in a very near and pretty volume, with a grave glossary at the

By the death of Mr. JOHN RIDGEWAY, on the 4th of August, Boston lost an exemplary citizen, and the country one of its most remarkable inventors. He was well known as the inventor of the RIDGEWAY "Vertical Revolving Battery." did not succeed in securing the adoption of his invention by the United States Government, but it has received from army and naval officers the highest commendation,

THE first number of the College Review, a next and attractive monthly of the form of the Nation, We learn that the editor is Mr. has appeared. P. C. Gernear, and that the literary reviews are by Mr. W. L. Stone, who has also a general supervision of the paper. The opening number has some timely and pleasant articles, and the foreign correspondence is anununced as of especial inter-

est. A story by the late WILLIAM L. STONE open racily, and we do not doubt that the college boys will heartily agree with the remarks upon College Education, and give a hearty welcome to the vis-itor who appeals peculiarly to their sympathy, and who will be devoted to their service.

Tun Times says that "Paragray is a republic The Times says that "Paragray is a republic threstened by a monarchy," and, therefore, appeals to our interest as republicans. So old Venice was a republic, but we doubt if Republican liberty suffered severely when it was overthrown. The people of Paragray have as much share in their government as the people of Turkey. It is not with the name of Republic, but with the fact of popular government, that Americans naturally sympathica.

Mr. Hanry Monnison, a gentleman bitherto unknown to us, sheds a good deal of light upon the present political situation in a late speech fore the Young Men's Democratic Committee, His view of the Democracy, especially, is inspiring and novel. Mr. Monnison remarked that,

ing and novel. Mr. Monkison remarked that,

"The genius of the Democratic party was as eternal
as the country, and that both must expire simultaneously, without hope of resurrection by the light of
the past. In the silent watches of the night the watch
man's response was that the waters were there in their
water and in their volume rolling for and in this immetelty of expanse and incudation the good old ark
of Democracy—her timbers strained bet sound—was
fleating yet, and by the light of other days, which had
not finded, the morning daward. It broke, and with it
came the down upon the deck, bearing in her beak their
onen and their pride: she came with evidence that
the Empire State had given her footheid and welcome,
for on each leaf and evergrees, in letters of light and
life, again to the Democratic party, was inserficed,
"Excelsion."

After observing at some length that greatness and goodness and glory were identical with the Democratic party, and reviewing our political history with what the reporter invidiously de-scribes as "considerable accuracy," the orator concluded by exclaiming:

concluded by exclaiming:

"Say not that republics were ungrateful. They had a ruler who, after M'Cleatlan's right hand was crippled by jealous interference, was Blustrious: whose high altitude in the neutith of the aspirations of statement described them with incomprehensibility when they regarded his qualifications, bidding Bemocrats take advantage of the interregnum which success of party had accomplished to ask a nation to return to the allegiance of the first principles of their existence, when its debt of gratitude had been overpaid at the expense of reason and justice in the admiring but intemperate embrace of the removed soldler as the ensign of the so-called Republican party. Hussia had ber Poland, Austria her Bungary, England her Ireland, and America her Bungary, England her Ireland, and America her Bongary, and resumed their rank among the sovereign States of a restored and perpetuated Union, and by the living light and life of the bistory of the Democratic party, with eyes upturned to heaven, referenced, regenerated, and restored by Democracy and the lospiration of its grains, they claimed their hirthright and their attributes of humoriality."

If not entirely perspections, this will yet be uni-

If not entirely perspections, this will yet be universally agreed to present the subject in a very striking manner,

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. CAVACARY, the new Hussian Minister, presented like credentials to the President on September 24. The New York State Democratic Convention net at Syracuse September 22. The present State officers were renominated.

The Massachtsectts Republican Convention met at Worcester September 23, and was presided over by Senator Sommer. Governor Claffin was recommented.

Colonel J. W. Powell, of the famous Powell Exploring Expedition in Colorado, has returned to Chicago, and reports that the part of the country through which be traveled is barren and not susceptible of cultivation. No precious metals were discovered.

The damage indicted upon the whest crop in Minnesota by the hits storm is estimated at \$4,000,000.

The engineer who a few weeks ago caused the Mast Hope disaster has been acquitted by the jury.

We give on page 654 a table, showing the remarkable factuations of the gold market in New York city from 19 a. m. to 3 r. m., September 24, 1859.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Paris papers recently published a letter from the preacher-monk, Pather Hyacisthe, addressed to the Pather-General of his order at Rome, asnouncing that he abandoos his convent, and ceases benefout to preach in the Church of Notre Bame of Paris. As a reason for this radical step, he declares that he can not obey the orders of the Holy See. He protests, before the Pope and the Council, against decirioes and practices of the Romish Church which, as be continued, are not to accordance with the principles of Christianity. The French Journals regard the interest of Pere Hyacinities as a great religious and political event.

of Caristianes, The French Journals regard his leater of Pere Hyazimhe as a great religious and political event.

Father Charles Louvon Hyacinthe was born at Orleans, France, in 1981, and completed his admention at Pan. In 1983 he was ordained at Rt. Salpice, in which parish he subsequently officiated as a priest; but in the mean while he studied theology four years and tangth philosophy at Augmon, and afterward theology at Neates. Having passed ten years in study and a nositiate of two years in the Lyone Convent of Carmelite Friars, he because a member of the order and was first a prescher in that city. While there, his sermons, delivered at the Lysic, were considered remarkable. During Advent, in 1863, by preached at Bordeaux, and in the Lenten season of 1864 at Perigneau. It was during the summer of 1864 that he mode his first appearance in Paris, preaching at the Church of the Modellac, and afterward at Notro Barne, having prepared a course of sermons for Advent. Here he at once, by the obsquence and buildness of his otternacus, attracted public attention and gained for himself a beilliant reputation. He is a most popular preacher, and it is from this fact that his recent letter excites such wide-operad comment. The latest reports from Paris state that since his production Father Hyadinthe has left his convect, and at the home of his parents will await the decision of the Council.

Our late advices from Spain report a revival of the a course of sermons by the cloquence and seted public attention at reportation. He is a lis from this fact that side-spread comment, that that since its project his convent, and at wait the decision of the report a revival of the le Government. This is Republicans. There is streets of Earteloon, sent in Medrid. Castad recently addressed and recently addressed and recently addressed outmand of the Castad recently addressed and command of the Castad recently addressed accord with the papal

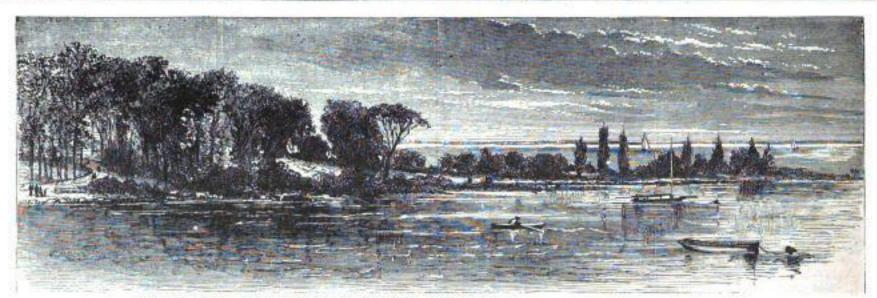
Council.

Our late advices from Spain report a revival of the reactionary movement against the Government. This time is is not the Carlists, but the Republicans. There had been a barricade fight in the streats of Euretiona, and an outbreak seemed imminent in Madrid. Castellar, the Republican leader, had recently addressed 20,000 people at Sarapassa.

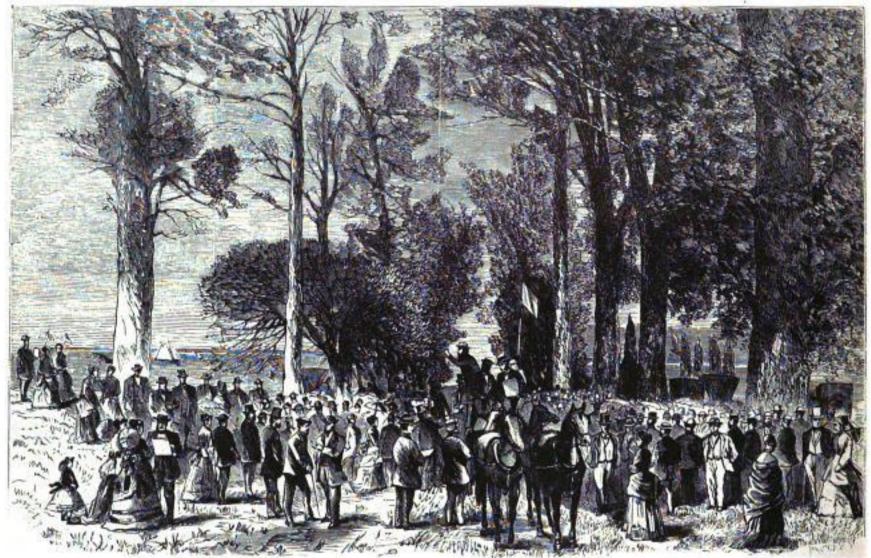
We have from Cuba a confirmation of the Las Tunas victory. Cospedes has assumed command of the Cuban area.

ban army.

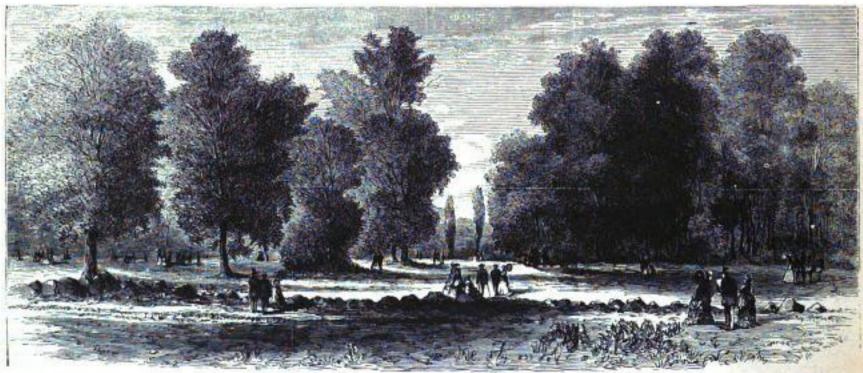
The Pope has pointely informed Dr. Cumming, of England, that these only will be admitted to the Geometrical Council who are in accord with the papel.



VIEW OF SHIPPAN POINT, OPPOSITE STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.—PROTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



SHIPPAN POINT-JOHNSON AND MILLER'S AUCTION SALE, SEPTEMBER 21, 1869.—PROTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 646.]



SHIPPAN POINT-VISITORS INSPECTING PROPERTY PRELIMINARY TO THE SALE OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1869,-Phot. By Rockwood.-[See Page 646.]



BARBARA UBRYK, THE INCARCERATED NON OF CRACOW.

BARBARA UBRYK, THE INCARCER-ATED NUN.

Our renders will remember that, a few weeks since, we published a detailed narrative from the Vienna Presse of the incarceration of the Cracownin, Barmans Unity. We give this week a postrait of this victim of conventual cruelty.

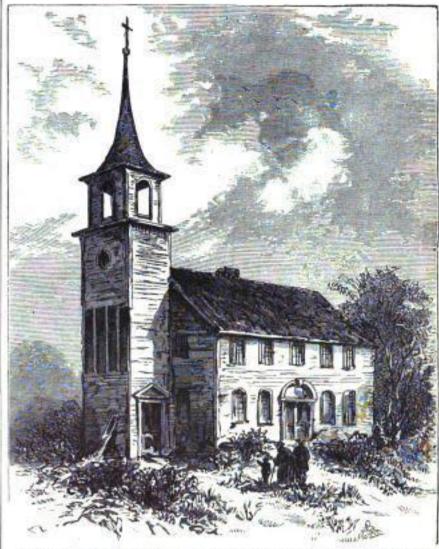
cow non, Barnana Unity. We give this week a portrait of this victim of conventual cruelty. The Hull Convent scandal, in England, and this Cracow disclosure have each excited the most profound attention throughout Christendom, and have done much to disabuse the popular mind of the romantic notions so often associated with convent life. These revelations have also led some of the European governments to insist upon the right of exercising inspection over convents, as over other institutions where the lack of such supervision might lead to abuses.

lack of such supervision might lead to abuses.

The following is the substance of the information made public soon after the discovery of Bannara Ubryk's incarceration:

July, an anonymous notice reached the Criminal Court at Cra-cow to the effect that in the Convent of the Carmelite Barefooted Nuns one of the or-der, named BARRARA Unryk, had been forcibly kept in close con-finement in a dark cell for twenty-one years. The Vice-President of the Criminal Court, RITTER VON ANTO-BIRWICZ, immediately laid this information before a judge of in-quiry, who, in compa-ny with the public prosecutor, repaired to the hishop, Vox Ga-LECKI, with the request to permit them to enter the convent. Hery Vos Galecki suggested to the judge that the notice might have arisen out of a false report; but when the officer of justice urged him to give him an ecclesiastical assist-ant, he declared that he would grant the re-quest in his capacity as Papal delegate, and sub-delegated the Papel prelate SPITAL, a very intelligent and very intelligent and worthy priest. In his company and that of Kwiaihis actuary, Kwrat-kowski, the judicial

Gralewert and Theorem. Party, the judge drove to the convent. The latter, which is one of the strictest female orders, is situated in one of the most beautiful suburbs of Cracow. The convent was first entered by Father Sertat, and the commission went to the upper corridor, followed by the nuis, one of whom showed the judge the cell of Sister Barbara. This cell, between the pantries, close to the dung-hole, had a walled-up window and a double wooden door, in which there was a movable grating, through which, very probably, food was handed in. The cell, seven paces long by six paces wide, was opened, but it is almost impossible to describe the view this piece of inquisition of the nineteenth century presented. In a dark, infected hole, adjoining the sewer, sat, or rather cowered, on a heap of straw, an entirely naked, totally neglected, half insane woman, who, at the unaccustomed view of light, the outer world, and human beings, folded her hands and pitifully implored: "I am hum-



THE OLDEST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND, AT WICKFORD, EHODE ISLAND.

SKETCHED BY CHARLES E. HURL.—(SEE PAGE 447.)

gry; have pity on me; give me meat, and I shall be obedient—" This hole, for it could hardly be called a chamber, besides containing all kinds of dirt and filth, and a dish with rotten potatoes, was deficient of the slightest decent accommodation. There was nothing—no stove, no bed, no table, no chair—it was neither warmed by a fire nor by the rays of the sun. This den the inhuman Sisters, who call themselves women, spiritual wives, the brides of heaven, had selected as a habitation for one of their own sex, and kept her therein in close confinement for twenty-one years—since 1848. For twenty-one years the Gray Sisters daily passed this cell, and not one of them ever thought of taking compassion on this poor outcast prisoner. Half human be-



AN ENGLISH FARM SCENE.-(SER PAGE 647.)

ing, half animal, with a filthy body, with thin knock-kneed legs, hollow cheeks, closely shoru-dirty head, unwashed for years, came a bos-i-ble-looking being forward, such as Danta in its wildest imagination was unable to picture. With her deeply-sank eyes staring on one spot ancht this wretched victim in her cell in the Convent of the Carmelites. The judge instantly ordered the nun to be clothed, and went himself for Bishthe nun to be clothed, and went himself for Bishop Gatheat. The bishop was deeply moved,
and, turning to the assembled nuns, he rebemently represented them for their inhumanity.
"Is this," he said, "what you call love of your
neighbor? Furies, not women, that you are, is
it thus that you purpose to enter the kingdom of
heaven?" The mans ventured to excuse their
conduct, but the bishop would not bear them.
"Silence, you wretches?" he exclaimed; "away,
out of my sight, you who disgrace religion!" The
hishop and prelate at once suspended the Father
Confessor, and also the Superioress, who is de-Confessor, and also the Superioress, who is de-scended from an old bonorable Polish noble family. The hishop ordered nun Barrana Unry to be brought into a clean cell, and there to be dressed and nursed. When the unhappy nun-was led away, she asked anxiously whether she would be brought back to her grave; and when asked why she had been imprisoned, she an-sucred: "I have broken the vow of chastity; but," pointing with a fearfully wild gesture and in great excitement to the Sisters, "they are not

angels."

This fearful personal history, which was brought to the light of day by chance alone, shows what iniquity may be covered by the secred name of religion even in this 19th century.

SHIPPAN POINT.

Surrean Point, of which we give a view on page 644, is a heautiful and fortile peninsula of 200 aeres in extent, apposite Stamford, Connec-tion. The surface slopes in every direction, and it is surrounded on all sides by the most exquisite sentery. In front, stretching restward and sen-ward for a long distance, lies Long Island Sound, with Long Leland beyond. Through the green with Long Island beyond. Through the groves and orchards of Shippen Point several miles of and or sards have been recently constructed, and other improvements are in progress. One of our illustrations on page 641 represents the sale at public arction of a portion of the proper-ty at the Point, by Jourssos & Mallien, on the 21st of September.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In fibe Books .- Book E.

CHAPTER XL

SIR JOHN IS DISCUSSED.

DURING the first four or five years of Mand Desmond's stay at Shipley, Lady Tallis had written several times to Mr. Levincourt, asking news of her nicee, and pouring out tidings of her own troubles and injuries in long, taugled akeins of sentences, wherein verbs and their nominative cases were involved together in inextrimble confusion. Moreover, as she wrote with very pale ink, on very thin paper, and crossed each page of writing, the trouble of deciphering her epistles speedily became a greater one than Mr. Levincourt was willing to give himself.

Her ladyship's mode of expressing herself was singularly enigmatical. This did not arise from any intention of being mysterions, but simply from what the vicar styled "puzzle-bendedness," and from a conception of the grammatical con-struction of the English language considerably

Lady Tallis invariably wrote of her husband as "be." This was intelligible until some other male individual requiring the same personal pro-nous appeared in the letter. But when that other individual-whoever he might be-had to be mentioned, the difficulty of distinguishing the "he's" became considerable.

Add to this that every word which could be

Add to this that every word which could be abbreviated was cut down to two or three letters: "which" became wh, "your" yr, "morning" mrg, and so forth. As though time and letter-paper were so inestimably precious to the writer that they must be economized at all hazards. Though, in truth, she had quite as much both of the one and the other as she knew what

Mr. Levincourt would glance at the beginning and the end, and then would fold up the letter, saying to himself, as he placed it in his desk, that he would rend is carefully "by-and-by.

As years went on the communications be-tween Lady Tallis and the family at the vicarage grew rarer and rarer. Her ladyship was traveling about. The town-house was let on a long lease. Her address was uncertain. It became more and more apparent—or would have become so to any one taking the trouble to con-sider the poor lady's epistles with patience and sympathy—that her married life was wretched. She would, she said, very gladly have received her niece for a while, but "circumstances forbade her doing so." What those circumstances

her more for a white, but "creamstances for hade her doing so." What those circumstances were, the vicar knew with telerable necuracy.

Veronica, too, had learned from her mother more of Lady Tallis's history than was known to Mand. Mrs. Levincourt had often expressed her contempt for Lady Tallis's weakness in submitting to be crushed and tyramized over by her husband, and had said that the woman must be an imbedia. be an imbecile.

Veronica was inclined to think so too. Occasionally Mand had spoken of her sunt to the vicar. "I should like to see Aunt Hilds."

she had said. "She is the only one left of dear mamma's relatives. And I know mamma loved

her very much."

Then the vicar had explained that although Mrs. Desmond loved her sister, she by no means loved or esteemed her sister's husband; and that there was no possibility of Mand's desire to see her aunt being gratified, unless Lady Tallis should come to Shipley-in-the-Wold. Once Mand had said a few words to Veronica

on the subject.

"I can understand plainly," said she, "that poor Aunt Hilda is very harshly treated, and very much to be pitied. During dear mamma's lifetime I was, of course, too mere a child to know any thing about it. I remember once Aunt Hilda corner to see a child to the control of the corner and the cried and telled. da came to see mamma; and she cried and talked

room."

"I think," answered Veronica, "that Lady
Tallis's history may be summed up in a few words.
She was good-natured and weak. Her husband
was bed-natured and strong. Keco!"

"But I wonder why he does not love her!
Aunt Hilda had beauty and gentle birth and a

very excitedly, and mamma sent me out of the

kind, sweet nature."
"I believe, Maud, that men love what amuses them. Now it is possible to be handsome, and well-born, and good-natured, and yet to bore people to death.

When, during the first day of her stay at Lo-water House, Maud discovered that Mr. Lock-wood knew her nunt, she asked him many questions about her.

"I am unfortunately not able to tell you as much of Lady Tallis as my mother would be," answered Hugh Lockwood.
"Mrs. Lockwood and my aunt were quite inti-

mate, were they not?"
"They lived in the same boarding-house at Torquey for some time. My mother was an in-valid, and had been advised to go to Devonshire vaned, and had been advised to go to Devonstrie for the winter. Lady Tallis was there alone; so was my mother; and they found each other's so-ciety more congenial than that of the rest of the people in the house."

"And Annt Hilda was quite alone?"

"Quite alone. At first we supposed her to be a widow; but after a short time she became very confidential with my mother, and explained that her husband was still living, but that—that—ber her husband was still aring, but that—that—ther marriage was not a fortunate or happy one. You must understand, Miss Desmond," proceeded Hugh, seeing Maud's countenance fall and the color flush into her check, "that Lady Tallis volunteered this statement. My mother, how-

volunteered this statement. My mother, however, has a singular power of winning confidence. It has more than once happened to her to receive the most curious particulars of their private history from almost total strangers. I think that if you knew her you would not distrust her."

"I never distrust people," answered Mand, looking up candidly into his face. Then a thought came into her mind, and she added, hastily, "Not quite never; of course I am bound in conscience to own that there are some faces, and especially some voices, which inspire me with distrust, perhaps unjustly."

She was sitting alone with her hostess next evening before dinner. The twilight still straggled with the blaze of the firm. It was that peaceful hour between day and night when old people are upt to dream of the past and young

people are ant to dream of the past and young people of the future.

"Mand," said Mrs. Sheardown, "do you know when your guardian's guest is to take his

departure?"
"Not certainly. As soon as he was well enough to travel, he said, when I left the vicar-

age. That is vague, of course. But I should think he might go by this time."

"That sounds a little like 'I wish he would go."

"Does it?"

"You don't like this Sir John Gale, Mand. Have you any reason for not liking him, or has he one of those faces or voices which inspire you with distrust? I'll make a confession, Mand.

I have a strange distrust of this man, and with
less excuse than you; for I have never spoken
to nor even seen him. It is one of what I call
my presentiments, and what Tom calls my unreasonable feminine prejudices! I wish the man were fairly away out of the vicame. Does Mr. Levincourt like him?"

"Very much. Uncle Charles finds him amus-

very much. Uncle Charles finds him amus-ing, and able to talk upon subjects which my genrulian seldom has an opportunity of discuss-ing."

"And Miss Levincourt—does she like him too?"

"Oh- Yes; I think so."

"That he admires her is a matter of course. She is very handsome.

Verquica has the most beautiful face I know." "Yes, she is strikingly handsome. Our young friend, Hugh Lockwood, was quite captivated by her beauty the other evening.

"I warned him not to burn his wings, for I do not think a poor man would have much chance with Miss Levincourt,

"N—no—I don't know."

"I don't say that she would be deliberately merronary—only—only I don't think she would happen to fall in love with a poor man."

"Dear Mrs. Sheardown, I always cite you as most inst persons I know. But one of the most just persons I know. But-don't be angry with me-I do think you are a

ittle unjust to Veronica."
"Am I? I will try not to be, Mandie." "It would seem presumptions in me to talk to you in this way, only that I, of course, know Veronica so thoroughly. She has fine quali-ties; indeed she has."

"She has, at all errents, one good quality, which I am willing to admit; she is fond of you, I truly believe."
"Indeed she is, Mrs. Sheardown. And you

don't know how I try her. I lecture her and don't know how I try har. I tecture her and soold her sometimes terribly. And you know I am two years younger than she is. And yet she bears it all so well. I am sure that if Ve-ronics loved only flatterers she would detest me." "Who is it that does not detest Miss Des-mond?" demanded Captain Sheardown, enter-ing the room at this moment with Mr. Hugh Leckweep.

"Never mind," returned his wife; "the reference you heard on coming in concerned neither you nor Mr. Lockwood."

"We have been to Shipley-in-the-Wold, Nel-

ly."

"What took you to Shipley-in-the-Wold?"

"Captain Sheardown was kind enough to go,
partly on my account," said Hugh. "I wanted
to have a look at the church there; and as we are to go to Danecester for the Sunday service at the cathedral, I thought I might not have another opportunity of seeing St. Gildas, which

"Had I known we were going to Shipley, Miss Desmond," said the captain, "I should have asked if you had any commands to give But we only made up our minds to push me. But we only made up our minus to push on when we were already a good mile on the road. This young gentleman found my description of St. Gildas's church irresistibly attractive. He was rather disappointed when I told him I was going to call at the vicarage. But he consoled himself with the hope that Miss Levin-

consoled himself with the hope that Miss Levin-court might not be at home."

"I assure you, Mrs. Sheardown," said Hugh, turning to his hostess with a vehement carnest-ness that made her smile—"I assure you that I did not eren know, until we were within sight of the vicarage house, that Miss Levincourt lived there. If I had been told, I had forgotten."

"Did you see Uncle Charles?" asked Mand of Capaala Sheardown.

"No, there was no one at home. The vicar

"No; there was no one at home. The vicar was at Haymoor on parish business, and Miss Levincourt was out walking."
"Then," continued Maud, "you did not see

Stop a bit! We had left our cards at the vicarage, and had walked to St. Gildas and thorvicarages, and had walked to St. Gildas and thor-oughly inspected that very squat specimen of Saxon architecture—oh yes, I dare say it isn't Saxon at all, Hugh, but never mind!—Miss Des-mond does not know any better!—and we were crossing the church-yard, when whom should we see but Miss Levincourt and Sir—Sir—what is

the man's name?"
"Sir John Gale," said his wife, gravely.
"Of course! Sir John Gale! Hugh saw them

"Miss Levincourt wore a red cloak, and the color caught my eye," Hugh explained. "Something caught your eye? Yes, and fixed it, moreover! For it was your intense gaze that made me look in the direction of the common. And there I saw Miss Levincourt and Sir Thingumbob strolling along arm in

"The dressing-bell has rung, Tom," said Mrs.

"The dressing-bell has rung, Tom," said Mrs.
Sheardown, rising from her chair.

"All right, Nelly. But I was surprised to
see such a young-looking man! I fancied he
was quite an old fogy!"

"No," said Mand, "he is not what one would
call an old fogy. Did Veronica see you, Captain Sheardown?"

We walked half across the common to have the bonor of accosting Miss Levincourt. Hugh sacrificed his inclination to a sense of politeness. Miss Veronica received us very graciously, wanted us to go back to the vicames; but Sir John looked uncommonly black. I don't think he half liked being interrupted in his tête à tête.

And upon my word—"
"Please go and dress, Tom," interrupted
Mrs. Sheardown. "And you, too, Mr. Lockwood. You will both be late as it is."

While the captain was finishing his toolet his wife came into his dressing-room, and said, "Oh you blundering, tiresome Tom!" "What have I done now?" asked Captain Sheardown, wheeling round with a huge hair-brush in each hand. "I didn't want you to talk about that man before Mand."

before Maud."

"What man?"
"That Sir John Gale."

"Why upon earth shouldn't I?"

"Well, it does not so much matter your speaking about him as coupling his name with Veronica's. It makes Mand uneasy. I always knew Veronica to be a flirt; but, upon my word, I think her conduct with this man passes all limits. What is the vicar about? He knows nothing whatever of this man with whom he lets

his daughter wander about the country."
"Gently, Nelly! They were not wandering about the country. They were taking an after-noon stroll within sight of her father's house."

" It's all the same!"

"Not quite, my dear."
"Tom, would you like your daughter to do "My dear Nelly, if you are speaking serious-

"My dear Nelly, if you are speaking seriously--"
"Quite seriously."
"Then, seriously, I think you are making a
mountain of a mole-hill. The man is not a pleasant-looking fellow, though I suppose he is handsome after a fashion. Neither was he particularly civil in his manner. I dare say he thinks
himself a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw.
But, after all, neither his looks nor his manners
constitute a crime. And if the vicar and his
daughter are satisfied, I don't think we have any
husiness to object."

business to object."
"Why should Sir John Gale linger at Shipley?
He is quite well enough to travel. Mand was

saying..."

10 Oh, it is Mand who has been putting this into your head?"

"No. But she distrusts and dislikes the man, I am not fond of Veronica Levincourt; but I can not belp feeling that I ought to hold out a hand of womanly help to her—ought to give her a word of counsel. The girl is motherless, and, in spite of all her self-confidence, we must remember that she is but nineteen. I wish I had invited her here with Mand! But, to say the truth, I was afraid of Hugh Leckwood getting entangled by her. He was greatly taken with her beauty. And her love of admiration would lead her to encourage him without the smallest

compunction."
"Well, my dear child," said the captain;
"this Sir John Gale will be gone in a few days,

and—"
"Is he going?"

"So you see, you need not attempt the very disagreeable duty of giving a word of counsel to

Miss Levincourt."
"Disagreeable enough! And ten to one I should have Jone no good by it. Well, Sir John is going, and it is all smooth. Mand will be de-

lighted to get rid of him."
"I can not understand why you two should take such a hatred to the man, though! As for

you, Mrs. Nelly, you know simply nothing whatever about him. He may be a model of manly
virtue for any thing you can tell."

"I hardly think that a boon companion of
Lord George Segrave's is likely to be that! But
I am willing to allow him every virtue under the
sun, if he will only relieve Shipley vicarage of his
treatment.

presence."

"There's the dinner-bell. Come along, you illogical, prejudiced, unreasonable—dear little woman!"

CHAPTER XIL

THE VICAR IS NOT ALARMED.

Rain, rain, rain! It poured down on the open roads. It plashed and dripped from gutter and gargoyle. It sank deep into the miry uplands, and covered the marsh-rushes on the wide flats with beaded pearls.

The sun went down amidst clouds that looked like dun smoke reddened by the reflex of a dis-

tant conflagration.

Splash, splash, from the slated caves came the water-drops on to the evergreens outside the sit-ting-room window at Shipley vicarage. Splash, splash, splash!

splash, splash!

The log hissed in the chimney. They always crowned their coal fire with a log of wood at the vicanage of an evening. It was a custom which Stella Levincourt had brought with her from foreign parts. She said she liked the smell of the wood.

Not that the pungent, acrid odor was grateful Not that the pungent, acres over was general in her nostrils; not that the blue flame leaped brighter than the deep glow from the steady coal; no, not for these reasons did the economical housewife (who had learned to cherish a six-pence with the lingering grip that had been wont to caress her Tuscan paul) insist on the extrava-

to caress her Tuscan paul) insist on the extravagance of a log of wood upon the evening fre.

It was the memory of her youth that she loved,
and to which she offered this burnt-sacrifice.

Phantoms of old days revisited her in the pale
gray smoke that curled up on her hearth-stone,
like the smoke of the Tuscan fires, far away.

And the custom survived her. It was continued on the same estensible ground as that on
which she had commenced it. The vicar "liked
the smell of the wood." Veronica "thought the
bright flame so much prettier than the masty coalthe smell of the wood." Veronica "thought the bright flame so much prettier than the nasty coal-

bright flame so much prettier than the nasty coalgas, that flared, and glared, and scorched one."

The vicar of Shipley-in-the Wold sat alone by
his hearth. He was depressed, and a little out
of humor. His guest had left him, and the
vicar missed his evening chat.

Mand was still at Lowater, and Veronica had
gone to pay a long-promised visit to old Mrs.
Plew, the surgeon's mother.

"Mrs. Plew has asked me to drink tea with
her so often," Veronica had said. "I ought to
go. I will walk over there after the afternoon
practice in the school-room." practice in the school-room.

The vicar had made no opposition at the time. But now that he was alone he began to think himself hardly used. Veronica could stay at himself hardly used. Veronical while there was a home, evening after evening, while there was a stranger in the house. But she cared nothing stranger in the house. She never considered for her father's society. She never considered that he might feel solitary. She had declared herself to be moped to death, and so had gone

out to seek a change. Selfish, selfish! How selfish and inconsiderate people were! Splash, splash, splash, fell the drops from the slates of the roof. On the garden the spring rain was falling, fine and close. Now and again came the west wind, flying fast, and with a swoop of his wings scattered the trembling drops, and dashed them against the window-panes. Each time that the vicar heard the rain pat-

book and moved uneasily in his chair. Some-times he stirred the fire. Sometimes he moved his reading-lamp. Once he rose, went to the window, drew back the curtains, and put his face close to the glass. There was not much to be seen. As his eyes got used to the darkness he could distinguish the outline of the old yew-tree, solidly black, against the vague, shadow-like clouds. A wet stormy night! How would Veronica get home? Joe Dowsett had gone to Shipley Magna to buy corn, or the vicar would have made him take a mackintosh and water-proof shoes to his young mistress. He could not send either of the women out in this weather. Then he sighed, and went back to his chair and his book.

In the kitchen old Joanna was knitting a coarse gray stocking, feeling rather than seeing her work; and Catherine, with the solitary candle drawn close to her, was trimming a smart

cap.
"How solitary-like the house seems now!" exclaimed the latter, after having plied her needle for some time in silence.

Quiet," responded Journa, briefly.

"Oh, quiet enough! But for that matter it warn't never noisy. I like a little life in a place. Somehow, Sir John being here, and Paul, livened us up a bit."

"You've a queer notion of liveliness, Catherine. It was more like deadliness a deal for one while? And very nigh being deadliness, too." The old woman nodded her head in grim satis-

Well, but there was something going on all the time. Not but what Paul gave us little enough of his company; and as for Sir John, I didn't hardly set eyes on him from week's end to week's end."
"No great loss, neither!"

"Laws, Joanna, why are you so set agin' Sir John? I'm sure he was quite a handsome-looking gentleman for his time of life. And behaved handsome too, when he went away."

"My liking ain't to be bought with guineas.

Nor yet with five-pound notes."

"Well," observed Catherine, reflectively, "I think guineas helps liking. I hate stingy folks."

"You're young and foolish. It's a pity as wisdom and judgment mostly comes when folks hasn't no more need on 'em."

There was another and a longer silence, dur-ing which the wind rose higher, and the rain raitled against the casement.
"We shall have Miss Mand back to-morrow,

"we shall have Miss bland back to-morrow, I suppose," said Catherine. "She's a nice young lady: only a bit high. I don't mean high exactly, neither; but—she has a kind of way of keeping you at a distance somehow. Miss Veronce's more to my taste."

"H'm!" grunted out old Joanna, with closed line.

tips.
"She's a bit overbearing sometimes," pursued
Catherine. "But then she has such pleasant
is in a good humor."

"She's a bit overbearing sometimes," pursued Catherine. "But then she has such pleasant says with her when she is in a good humor."

"Did ye ever remember Miss Veronica taking any trouble about you? I don't mean telling somebody else to take trouble, and her getting the tredit of being very kind and generous for it: but right-down putting of herself out of the way for you quietly, where there was no show-off in the matter? Because I've know'd her ever since the way have a different at the same of the same and I same all such a thing to she was born, and I can't call such a thing to mind

Catherine opined, under her breath, that Jo-

canerine opined, under her treath, that yo-sons was "crusty" to-night.

The old woman's ears were quick enough to satch the words, and she answered, emphatical-by, "No, Catherine; you're mistaken. It ain't rrustiness as makes me speak as I spoke then; but I'm nigh upon fifty year longer in the world than you, and I've seen a deal of people, high than you, and I've seen a deal of people, high and low. I'd do more for that young lass than you would; but, all the same, I read her as plain se print. I tell you, it makes me sorry to

"Sorry! What for?"
"What for? Well, there's no need to say whether it's for this or for that; but I am sorry to see a young creature with no more religion than a heather—Lord forgive me!—and her head turned with vanity and vainglory, and caring for nothing but show-off and being admired. I tell you, if Miss Veronica was sent to live among black Indians, she'd paint herself blacker than any of em, if that was what they considered handsome. Ah, deary me, Cather-ine child, don't get to think too much of that rosy face of yours. It is pretty now. You needn't plume yourself up. God made it, and rosy face of yours. It is prony mode it, and needn't plume yourself up. God made it, and he didn't make it to last very long."
"There's the door-bell!" said Catherine, jump-

ing up, not unwilling to escape from Joann moralizing.

In a few minutes the hall-door was shut heav-ily, and almost immediately afterward the vicar rang his bell.

Was that Miss Veronica?" he asked, as the

girl entered the room.
"No, Sir; it was Jemmy Sack, Sir. He brought a message from my young lady to say as she wouldn't be home to-night."

"Not be home to-night!" "Not be home to-night!"

"No, Sir. Jemmy Sack saw Miss Veronica at the school-house, and she hade him say, as it threatened rain, she should very likely stay at Mrs. Plew's for the night. And you wasn't to be alarmed, please Sir.

"Alarmed! No, of course I am not alarmed. But — Where is Jemmy? Is be gone?"

"Yes, Sir; he's gone. He wouldn't hardly

stay long enough to give his message. He was running down with rain."

"Ha! It is raining still, then, is it?"
"Pouring, Sir. And the wind beats the rain against your face so as I couldn't hardly shut the door

Let me know when Joe Dowsett come back."

Yes, Sir."

"What o'clock is it?"

"After eight. I looked at the kitchen clock just afore I came up stairs."

When Catherine related to her fellow-servant what had passed, the old woman shook her head. "Ah," said she, "that's the way. The strange

face is gone. There's nobody at home to amuse my lady, so off she goes to make a fool of that soft-hearted little surgeon, that would just lay down and let her walk over him, if she had a

"But, Joanna, it's a real bad night. I don't wonder as she didn't like the walk home, all along that sloppy lane, or through the church-yard, as is worse a deal, and lonesomer."

"It ain't sloppiness, nor yet church-yards, that could keep Miss Veronica if she wanted to come. And, what's more, if Miss Mand had been at home she wouldn't have staid at old Mrs. Plew's. For Miss Maud she do take her up pretty short about her goings on with that soft little man. If there's any body on God's earth as Veronica minds or looks up to, it's Miss Desmond. And I've rished more than once lately that Miss Mand hadn't been away this fortnight."
"Why?" asked Catherine, gazing with open-

mouthed curiosity at Joanna.

"Well, it's no matter. I may ha' been wrong, or I may ha' been right; but all's well that ends

well, as the saying goes."

And with this cracular response Catherine was fain to content herself.

THE SUMMER POOL

Trees is a singing in the summer sir,
The bine and brown moths finiter o'er the grass,
The stabble bird is creaking in the whest,
And peech'd upon the honey-makin hedge
Pipes the green linnet. O the golden world!
The stir of life on every blade of grass,
The motion and the joy on every bough,
The glad feast every where, for things that love
The sunshine, and for things that love the shade!

Aimleasty wandering with weary feet,
Watching the weolly clouds that wander by,
I come upon a lovely place of shade,
A still green pool, where with soft sound and stir
The shadows of o'erhanging branches sleep,
Save where they leave one dreamy space of blue,
O'er whose soft stillness ever and anon
The feathery circus blows. Here unsware
I pause, and leaning on my staff I add
A shadow to the shadows; and behold!
Dim dreams sceal down upon me, with a hom Dim dreams steal down upon me, with a hum of little wings, a murmuring of boughs, The dusky six and motion dwelling here Within this small green world. O'ershadowid By dusky greenery, though all around The sunshine throbs on fields of when The senshine throbe on fields of wheat and bean, Downward I gaze into the dreamy blue, And pass into a waking sleep, wherein The green boughs rustle, feathery wreaths of cloud Pass softly piloted by golden sirs, The sit is still, no bird sings any more, And, helpless as a tiny flying thing, I am alone in all the world with God.

The wind dies—not a leaf stire—in the pool The fly scarce moves;—earth seems to hold her Until her beart stops, listening silently stateps of the coming Rain l

While thus I pause, it seems that I have gained While thus I purse, it seems that I have gained New eyes to see; my brain grows sensitive To trivial things that, at another hour, Had passed unbeeded. Suddenly the air Shivers, the shadows in whose mids: I stand Tremble and blacken;—the bine eye o' the pool Is closed and clouded; with a shrill, sharp cry, Olling its wings, a swallow darteth past, And weedling flowers beneath my feet thrust up Their leaves to feel the coming shower. O hark I The thirsty leaves are troubled into sighs, And up above me, on the glistening boughs, Patters the summer rain; And up above me, on the Patters the summer rain!

Fatiers the summer rate. Into a no Boreen'd by thick foliage of oak and beech, it creep for shelter; and the summer shower biarmurs around me. In a dream I watch And listen. O the sweetness of the sounds, The patienting rais, the murmrous sigh of it The deep warm breathing of the scented at They sink into my soul—until at last Comes the soft cassing of the gentle fall, And lo I the eye of blue within the pool Opens again, while in a silven gleam, The jewels twinkle moistly on the leaves, Or, shaken downward by the summer wind, Fall melting on the pool in rings of light!

THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.

We publish on page 648 an engraving of the new State Capitol building at Albany. Our il-lustration is from a photograph of the last draw-ing of the architect, and shows the general char-acter of the edifice. It has been designed in the Rensissance style, similar to that of the Louvre in Paris, and many of the finest modern public

The location is a very commanding one, the grounds being about 170 feet above the level of the Hudson. The main walls of the building will rise to an elevation of 110 feet above the level of the adjacent streets, and the corner and ventilating towers from 50 to 90 feet still high-er, while the main tower will reach a height of 800 feet above the street. From its cupola the valley of the Hudson, for more than thirty miles north and south, and of the Mohawk for nearly the same distance west, will be seen, as well as

the intervening slopes and plains, for a circuit of more than twenty miles radius.

The open public grounds around the Capitol will have an area of ten acres, and when the building is completed the old Capitol. Library, Converse of two states and Converse Hall will all Governor's mansion, and Congress Hall will all be removed, leaving a park on the east front of 450 feet long and 320 feet wide, the ornamenta-tion of which will be made to conform to that of

the structure. That noble avenue, State Street, will continue this open space for nearly half a mile eastward to the river; on the north will be Washington Avenue, 100 feet wide; on the south the contin-State Street; and on the west Swar Street. All of the streets which formerly crossed this large area are now closed by law. grand north and south entrances will be exactly n the line of Hawk Street, the grade of which falls off rapidly, both to the north and south. Thus, standing upon almost the highest ground in the city, with the land falling off in all directions, except to the west, surrounded by these wide, open parks and broad avenues, with its high walls and still higher pavilions, turrets, and towers, this building will appear to great advant-

The exterior walls are 280 feet long north and

south, and 380 feet east and est. There are four entrances; three of which will be to the first-floor, and the west one to the second-floor, upon which will be the legislative halls and Library. Three of these portices will be arranged with carriage entrances.

main entrance will be at the east front, and will be approached by a very broad flight of steps in front up to the level of a broad terrace, which will extend across the whole east front. From this servace will extend another broad flight of steps to the level of the first-floor, and will open to a large vegtibule, from which will extend broad corridors to all parts of the building. the left of this entrance will be placed the suite of rooms designed for the use of the Governor, of his secretaries, and of the Military Depart-ment; and on the right will be rooms for two or more of the State officers, with whom the Gov-ernor has the most immediate official relations.

On the second, or principal floor, will be placed the Senate and Assembly chambers, and the State Library, all of which (in elevation) will occupy two stories, making 45 feet of height. Rooms for the Committees, and other purposes, will also be placed upon this floor.

The Senate Chamber will be 75 by 55 feet

aber will be 75 by 55 feet The Senate Chan on the foor, with a gallery on three sides, of 20 feet more width. The Assembly Chamber will be 92 by 75 feet on the floor, surrounded by a similar gallery, which in both chambers largely increases the areas of the upper portion. The Library will occupy the whole of the east front of these two stories, and will be 283 feet long and 54 feet wide. This will be the most attractive room in the building, and perhaps in the world. Its large area and lefty proportions, its views toward the north, east, and south, over-lacking the city and being in its traffic of looking the city, and bringing in the valley of the Hudson and its western slopes for miles in each direction, will make it a favorite place of resort at all seasons of the year, even by those who have no taste for the mental pleasures afforded by its 500,000 volumes.

The great tower is 66 feet square, and the up-per portion will be a quadrangular dome of nearly 100 feet high, surmounted by an observatory, access to which will be had by a spiral staircase.

In the middle of the building will be an open court of 130 by 90 feet, to give light and air to the inside rooms. This court will be a grand and attractive feature, being treated in the same elaborate manner as the exterior fronts, and will no doubt ultimately have its fountains and be sur-

rounded with statuary.

The plans of the foundations have been prepared with great care. The entire structure will weigh 150,000 tons; but the great inequalities in the heights of the various walls, and the distribution of the enormously heavy fire-proof floors, and roofs sometimes laden with deep tribution snows, bring very unequal weights upon the parts of the foundation adjacent to each other, and without this great care they would settle un-equally and crack the walls, as is so frequently seen in modern private, and even in many of our public buildings.

The stone foundation of the walls commences

on concrete, and is made of large blocks of close-cut limestone of from two to six tons weight, laid in regular courses, the first one of nearly the width of the concrete, and each successive one narrowed by offsets, until the wall is contracted to the width necessary to support the structure, arranged so that they will afford an equal bear-ing on each side of the line of the centre of gravity of the walls and the weights which they are to sustain.

The work has been carried on with very rapid progress. Several hundred masons, stone-cut-ters, and laborers have been employed at the building, and several thousand men at the vari-ous quarries and in transportation, All of the stone and the other materials

which have come in by railway or water have been unloaded by steam-derricks, and hauled up the hill on the railway, on cars specially built for the purpose. The Commissioners expect to com-plete the foundations and a considerable portion of the basement walls during or before winter.

The building is estimated to cost four million of dollars, exclusive of the cost of the land and any additional decoration or ornamentation which may be hereafter ordered by the Legislature. It will require four more seasons to fully complete

The names of the Commissioners are as lows: Messir, Hamilton Harris, John V. L. PRUTH, O. B. LATHAM, JAMES S. THATER, Alonzo B. Cornell, William A. Rice, James Terwilliger, and John T. Hudson.

Mr. THOMAS FULLER is the Architect, Mr. WILLIAM J. M'ALPINE is the Engineer, and Mr. Jour BRIDGEFORD the Superin

A VERY OLD CHURCH.

THE Old Church represented in our picture on page 645 was built at North Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1707. In 1800 it was removed to the village of Wickford, where it now stands. It is the oldest Episcopal church now existing in New England. The building is guarded with the most jealous care, as a precious relic of the past. It has been closed for many years. A few summers since, however, one afternoon the longclosed doors were thrown open for worship; many old people of the town once more entered the pews they had not set in since they were chil-Ancient Prayer-books were brought out, and the beautiful service of the Church performed. Then the doors were closed, the broken windows boarded up, and the dust was once more left to settle on the pews, and the mould to gather on the walls. Not many years can elapse before this venerable memorial of the past will go the way its first congregation went more than a hundred years ago.

AN ENGLISH FARM SCENE.

TRIS carefully-executed and agreeable picture, This carefully executes and aguiet and repose on page 645, has an air of rural quiet and repose to page 645, has an air of the subject. The congenial to the nature of the subject, artist, we feel, must often have lingered at the evening hour, when the milkmaid settles to her labor, near some such comfortable homestead. The cow, which forms the principal object in the composition, has a tether round her horns, which the young woman holds; and we presume that this cow is the mother of the white calf which straggles from her side to look at the dog, and that her maternal instincts have rendered her less amenable to discipline than the others. secondary groups of cattle carry the eye well into the composition; and the glimpse of the farm and the stretch of rolling country beyond com-plete a picture which is thoroughly English in its

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Awtrey (as a kind to his friend, "Bless me! fire o'clock! I had no idea it was so late. How quickly fine does fly now!" YANKER. "Which I calc'late it's all owin' to the vast improvements effected in chocks by our great country."

A little Buffalo girl wants to know if feas are white because her uncle told her that "Mary had a little lamb with feas as white as snow."

With Oars.—A crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five. The harvest exts in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a had cough, and a large trunk filled with vials and patent medicines. We can hardly say that the yield pays for the time and labor expended in the cultivation.

NEW NOVELS.

"Near and Narrow," by the anthor of "Far and

Wide."

"Strings of Barley Sugar," a sequel to the thrilling tale of "Bopes of Sand."

"Downey as a Decay Duck," a factinating sequel to "Simple as a Deve."

"The Geat She Jilied," a romance of real life, written by the author of "The Girl He Married."

"Boiled Blackbeetles," a sensation story, by the author of "Burned Butterfiles."

"Fatal Fever-heat," a tale of most unreal life, by the author of "Fatal Zero."

"Handley in Good-Humee," a "squal to the story of "Handley Cross."

There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his little grandchildren in his sindy. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's cide, and she was speaking to him of heaven. "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven." "Don't want to go to heaven." "Don't want le go to heaven, my son!" "No, ms, I'm sure I don't." "Why not, my son!" "No, grandpapa will be there, won't he!" "Why, yea, I hope be will." "Well, just as soon as he seen us he will come scolding along, and say, 'Whew! whew! whew! what are these boys here for!"

BLENDER PARTY (who is not very complexiable). "These street care ought to charge by weight."

Stoor Party (sheepig). "Ab, if they did they would never stop to pick you up."

RETRACEDINARY PRESCRIPTION IN NATURE - A feet

We have it on the best anthority that the ancient patriarchs were their hair and beards so long that they starved the barbers i

A lady, having discharged her cook, said, "Thank Heaven, there are no cooks in the other world?" Her little girl said, "Well, mamma, who cooks weak-day? for you know they must have a big week, as their gar-ments are always white."

A young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about two thousand dofters unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe certainking fice, and exchained, with much self-complacency, "Now, Sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those two thousand dofters." The bankrupt put on a serie-comic face, winked at the audience, and exclained: "The lawyers pot that!" The judge and the audience were convulsed with laughter, and the councelor was glad to let the bankrupt po.

Why did the Americans lose the boat race?—Be-ause they did not pull " And Aerd" (Harvard) enough.

Where is there no end of cats?...In the Isle of Man, where the cats have no toils.

A Sunday-school teacher was giving a lesson on Ruth. She wanted to bring out the kindoess of Boax in commanding the reapers to drop larger handfule of wheat. "Now, children," she said, "Boax did an-other very nice thing for Ruth; can you tell me what it was?" "Married her," said one of the boys.

The Illinois girl who lately lost her speech (save whispering) has had forty offers of marriage.

RECEIVING TRLEBES-Rewarded informers.

The gas is so bad in Eric, Pennsylvania, that the boy who puts it out uses a lantern to find the

To him a rosy-checked girl, and find your mouth filled with Venetian red, and she growing pale on it, is truly awful.

An Ohio journal pointedly remarks that "every sed of wood given to the poor will be so much fuel aved from use in the next world."

Upon Caleb Cushing a spineter postess of Newbury-ord once wrote an epigrammatic spitaph, as follows:

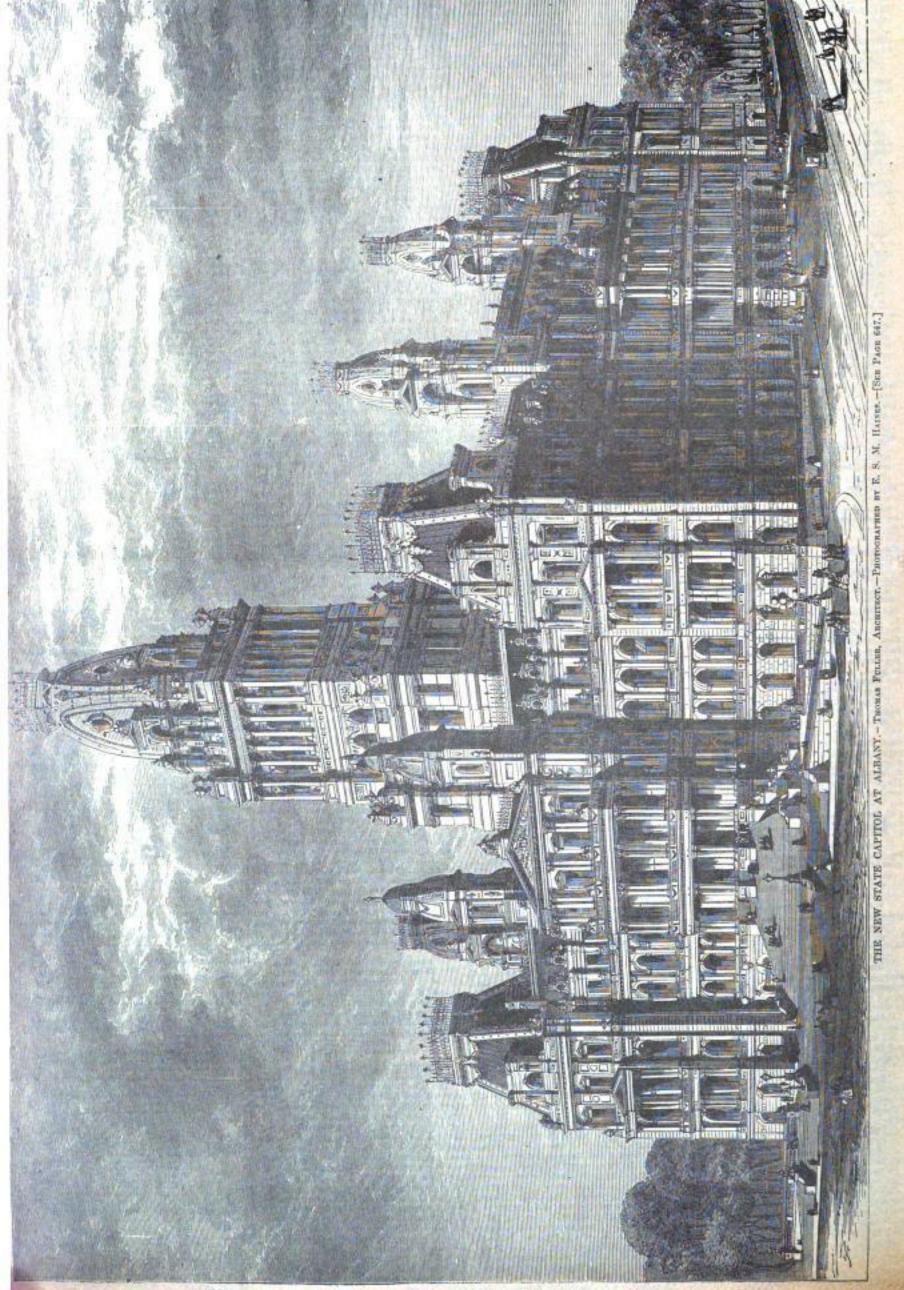
cann transing a spinster poeters of the wrote an opigrammatic epitaph, "Lay adds, all pe dead, For in the next bed Repease the hedy of Cuding! He has neverted the way Through the world, they say, And even though dead will be pushing."

Mr. Cushing wrote the following rejoinder: "Here San me whose wit,
Without wounding, could kit,
And green growes the grass that's shows har;
Having sont every bean.
To the engines below,
She has gone down herealf for a loves,"

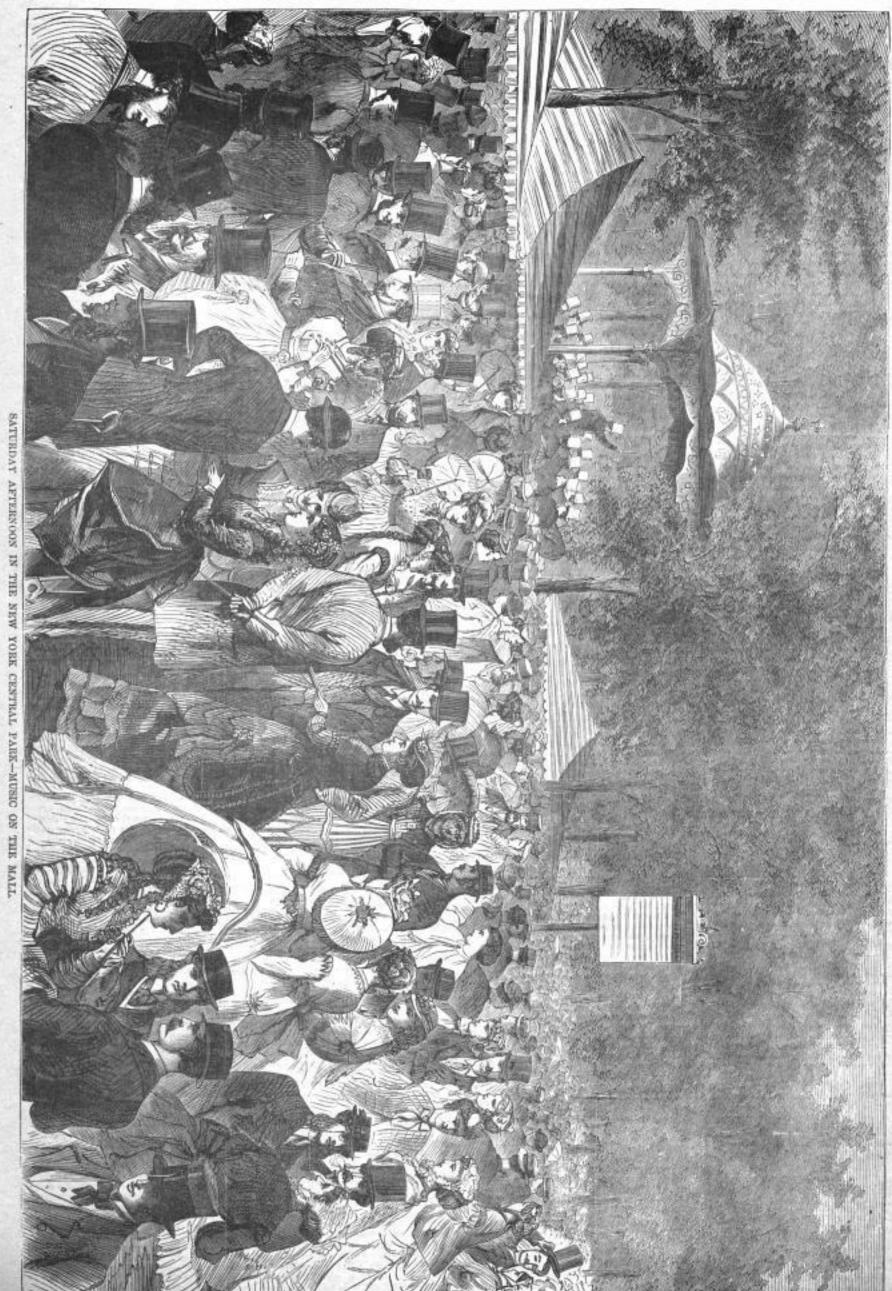
An editor says, "Our best things will be found on the outside." That's the way with most of the world.

"Pather," asked a little three-year-old the world.

"Pather," asked a little three-year-old the other day, at dinner, of his paps, "what is it that makes the lightning?" "You can't understand it now," was the answer; "Pit tell you when you get a helin older," and the father went to bis avocation. In the evening he returned, and the young hopeful, climbing upon his knee, said to him, "Papa, I know now what makes the lightning. It is God acratching matches against the oky!" Digitized by Google



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NOT A DREAM.

"WHAT I have got to tell you are plain facts. You can try and account for them by physical rules if you please, or you can take them as be-longing to the category of things that are not to be explained. That is what I have done for many years. I have never told the story before, because there were those for whom it was a purchase ful subject. They are all dead and gone now, e there were those for whom it was a pain-

so it doesn't matter."

So spoke the old General, whom we had been tensing for a story one winter's night. Hitherto his talk had been of tigers, pig-stickings, Mah-ratta battles, and other Indian subjects, on which he dilated with the zest of a boy, white headed veteran as he was. But there was something in his tone now which seemed to prepare us for a very different topic, and we were not mistaken.
I was about eight-and-twenty (be continued)

and had just got my company, when it suddenly occurred to me, without rhyme or reason, that I must get leave and go home. I was in good health, and I had a promise of a valuable civil appointment. I had no one in England whom I cared particularly to see again, for I had been I cared particularly to see again, for I had been left an orphan very early in life, and my uncle, who was my guardian— Well, let by gones be by-gones. I have seen other youngsters with the same fit upon them. You might as well tell a quall that he need not migrate as to try and persuade them not to ask for leave; and they are not worth their salt till they get it, as I have told the Directors over and over again. Well, the fit was on me, and bome I went. The voyage in those days was no hop, skip, and jump over Egypt and France, but a weary business of three months—if you had good weather—in sailing-ships round the Cape. I had younty of time to think of the wonderfully pleasant things I would do when I landed; and when at last I found myself in London I was a little disappointed. A hiatus of eleven years plays the very deuce with one's friends and acquaintance. Some peo-ple second to think that I must want something when I called upon them, and others were so forgetful that I had half made up my mind to make no further attempt at renewing acquaint-ances, when one day, while taking my solitary dinner at a restaurant affected by "Indians" (we had no club of our own then), the waiter came and no close of our own toest, the waster cause up with a card, and, "Beg your pardon, Sir," said he; "gentleman in No. 4, Sir, hopes no offense, Sir, but may your name be Davenport, Sir?" I looked at the card; "Mr. James Stuart Carenove" was elegantly engraved thereon.
"My name," I said, "is Davenport, but—it's so confoundedly awkward, you see, for a fellow to claim acquaintance, and you not to know who the dence he is." I gave the waiter back the card, and the next moment its owner had taken a seat opposite me. "I should have remembera seat opposite me. "I should have remember-ed you any where," he said, "but you don't re-member me. I took the name of Cazenove for a fortune I was locky enough to get two years ago. I'm little Jim Stuart. Lord! don't you remember "Cocky" Stuart at Damberley's?" Then I knew him in a moment. Cocky Stuart! the little rascal I had licked at school, whose verses I had done, and who had been my faith-ful accomplice in many a poaching adventure at

on a compact of may a passing anventure at poor old Damberley's.

Oh yes? you girls may smile. You are all very well, kissing and "dearesting" each other at two days sequaintance, but you don't know what men feel at meeting an old school-fellow, especially when one of them has been broiling eleven years in India.

Cocky" Stnart was one of your lucky ones He inherited a fine business from his father, which seemed to take care of itself. He was made a rich man's beir, and he married well in every sense of the word. He was in London to complete some business matters connected with nn estate he had recently bought, and I was one of the first batch of guests who assisted at his

se-warming. Well, old man," he said, when he had shown me over most part of the house—a lungo old Tu-dor Gothic place which he had restored, to my thinking in great good taste-"what do you think of it?"

I told him I liked it immensely-that he had just hit the happy mean between comfort and

"That's just what Bossie says-it's all her do ing. Bless you, I take no credit. It's all her handiwork. I wanted to pull the place down, and build a modern house, but she would not

there's many a duke would envy you those old carved onk wainscotings, those deliciously ugly corbels and stained-glass windows. There must be a learned for many stained windows. be a legend for every stone, and I'll be bound there's a haunted room.

"Oh! that's nonsense," he replied, rather

aharply,
"My dear fellow," I persisted, "a house "ke If you haven't got a ghost, pray invest one 1 just as soon be without a butler if I were you It's quite de régneur in such a dear, quaine old place, I assure you."

"Don't talk nonsense, Davenport." I remembered afterward how his voice and manner changed; but I did not notice it at the

time. I was in a chaffing mood, and went on:
"Nonsense! Do you call ghosts nonsense?" Yes, I do. " It's very wicked to call ghosts nonsense."

"Davenport, I'd trouble you to drop the sub-ject; I don't like it."

Of rourse I could say no more after this, and, it being nearly time to dress for dinner, I

was shown to my room. I was somewhat surprised when I entered it.
All the other rooms I had seen were, as I have
himed, quaint, old-fashioned, with low ceilings,

polished oak floors and wainscotings, some hung with tapestry, and all furnished in keeping with those surroundings. My room was a lofty spart-ment with a French paper on the walls, a Brus-sels carpet, a polished steel fire-grate, and a bed and other accessories of the latest fashion. Perhaps it was that the contrast with the other portion of the house made it appear at first harsh, vulgar, and garish. The colors on the walls and floor appeared unnecessarily gay, and two large pier-glasses with gilt frames, and a mantle-piece covered with crimson velvet, on which a hand-some clock ticked loadly, flanked by two elaborate ormolu candelahra, gave it an unusual air for an English bedroom. "This isn't Bessie's orate ormote canonical and This isn't Bessie's for an English bedroom. "This isn't Bessie's taste, I'll be bound," I roused, as I tied my white taste, I'll be bound, "I roused, as I tied my white taste, I'll be bound," I was a room they choker at one of the glasses, "It's a room they have added to the old house, and Master Jim has had his wicked will with it. The rascal? If he had taken a Clapham villa he could not have done worse."

Bessie was a very gem of a hostess, and be-

fore dinner was over her guests, some ten in number, were on perfect good terms; and al-ready the keels of certain small flirtations had

been laid. When the ladies had retired, and we were adjourning to the smoking-room—a rare luxury in those days—" Cocky" took me aside and whis-pered, "Don't you mind what I said to-day, old man. I didn't mean to be cross, you know; but don't talk about it, like a good fellow. Servants get hold of such things, and play the very

'Get hold of what things?"

"Oh! you know-about haunted rooms and that. It's all nonsense." I was half vexed with him for thinking I would pursue a subject which seemed to annoy him, and, lighting a cheroot, turned to a young person who had amused me greatly by lectures on India, based on information he had gained from

tracts written by people as wise as himself.

At last it was bedtime, and my host accompanied me to my room, where he fidgeted about good deal, and seemed reluctant to leave me. He set the clock right, lit a good many more lights than I could possibly want, and walked about touching small articles of furniture, putting them a little more to the right or left, back-

ward or forward, in a nervous way.
"Is there any thing you want?" he asked at

"No," I said; "nothing, thank you. "If you do want any thing, my room is the third door in the corridor to the left."

"My dear fellow, I'm an old campaigner. I shall sleep like a top in that luxurious bed," I

Well, good-night. Remember the third door to the left if you want any thing. Don't forget,"
As I lighted him out I noticed that there was a short passage between the door of my room and the corridor, and this confirmed my idea that the

room had been added to the old house. Directly opposite to where I had sat at dinner was hung the portrait of a very beautiful woman, dressed as a shepherdess, with a crook in her lap and a flock of sheep in the distance. I dreamed that this picture came into my room, which suddenly became like any other room in the house, only larger. I awoke, and found the lights in the candelabra (which I had forgotten to put out) burning brightly, and every thing just as it had been when my host took his departure. I fell asleep again, and was only roused by Casenove knocking at the door, and saying that the breakfast-bell would ring in twenty minutes.

"Did you sleep well, old man?" he asked.
"Like a child," I replied, jumping out of bed.
"By Jove, I'm so glad!" he cried, with what struck me at the time as unnecessary warmth; ind away be went.

When the servant came in with my shaving-water and drew the heavy curtains which hid the window, I got a little start. It was the window of the room I had seen in my dream! A large, deep bay-window, almost a chamber in itself, with stone copings and divisions and lancesshaped lights, the small diamond panes in which were set in lead—a window ridiculously out of keeping with the room and its furniture. I had dressed for dinner the day before by candle-light, and seeing the incongruous window now so sud-denly brought back my almost-forgotten dresm with, as it were, a mental crash which staggered me for a moment.

Angry with myself for giving way to such fancies, of course I laid the blame on some one else, and inwardly abused my host for his anachromism. "With such a window as that stand-ing, why the dence couldn't he have rebuilt the om in harmony with it?" I growled. When breakfast was over I could not help

sammering into the dining-room to have an-other look at the picture which had troubled my repose. The original must have been very beautiful, and as a work of art the portrait was almost perfect, except for the position of the right hand—a small white hand—but, as I thought, too prominently displayed. There was something

ven threatening in the attitude.

As I gazed Casenove came in, gun in hand (it was the 1st of September), and rated me for not

I told him that I was not only ready, but had been waiting for him. "Only, before we start," I said, "tell me who is that?" pointing to the picture.

"Oh, that? That's a portrait," he replied, becoming suddenly grave.
"So I suppose; but of whom?"

"Oh! of some one belonging to people who used to live here long ago."

"Connected with the Surface family, I should think, from their selling their accessors?" I said. "But, I beg pardon, perhaps she was some re-lation of your own?"

"God forbid!"

ashamed of her personal appearance. Show me as beautiful a girl living now, and I'll show you a man who would make a fool of himself for her,"

"I've begged and prayed Bessie a score of times," he muttered, angrily, not appearing to heed me, "to let me have the infernal thing hacked out of its panel, or painted over, or omething-it's a fixture, confound it!she won't. I'll do it, though, in spite of her. For God's sake, Davenport, don't stand there staring like an idiot! Come and shoot, if you're

coming,"
This was the second time he had broken out at me rudely, for no apparent cause, and I be-gan to think that my fortunate friend had had a bad temper left him among his other legacies.

At dinner be did me a grievous wrong. Con-trary to all law and custom, in defiance of the British Constitution itself, he ordered me away from an exceedingly nice little girl, whom I had taken down, and sent me to the other side of the table, on the pitiful plea that there were two ladies together there. I remembered afterward that this change brought me with my back to

the picture.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The manor had been badly preserved by Cazenove's predecessor, who never lived on it, and we had a good deal of walking for our twenty brace. I was glad indeed when our fair hostes told us we were very stupid, as gentlemen always were in the shooting season, and that the best thing we could do would be to go to bed. If ever a man had an excuse for sleeping like an animal, I had one that night; but I could not I could not help thinking of the beautiful shepherdess with the small lily hand, and wondering why my host had spoken so irvitably in answer to my questions about her. What did he mean by saying "God forbid!" with so much vehemence when I asked if she were a relation? Why should he want to destroy so admirable a

painting? Small things affect a man with the fidgets on him. The fire was burning brightly in its pol-ished grate, and lighted the room so that almost every object was visible. Of all the rooms in the world, it was the last to have any such legend as I had suggested the day before ed with it. A thing of yesterday, with the smell of French polish and new carpets not yet blown away, what association could it possibly have with a lady who probably died before Queen Anne? What story, beyond what was told in an upholsterer's bill, could belong to it? When an uphoisterer's bill, could belong to it? When midnight struck, and a cold shiver passed over me, I said to myself, "Davenport, my boy, you got your feet wet in the turnips. Dwellers in the tropics can not afford to play tricks with their health. That jungle-fever you caught their bealth. That jungle-fever you caught three years ago is not quite out of your bones. A does of quinine for you to-morrow morning, Master Davenport." Then I shut my eyes, and canfelly resolved to share. Small thins: I are manfully resolved to sleep. Small things, I say, affect a man with the fidgets on him. The fire worried me; but what was I to do? Empty the water-jug on it?—that would rust the reflecting-bars, and being on my head the maledictions of an injured house-maid. Take off the coals?— where was I to put them? Besides, there were no tongs, and only a sort of gigantic skewer for a poker. I am afraid I said bad words of that a poker. I am afraid I said bad words or that fire and its new-fangled irons as I turned my

back on it and tried again to sleep.

At last I fell into a conscious doze, during which the light faded away; and then there came over me that pleasant sensation which says, "You have only to turn over on your other side, and you will go fast asleep." I turned over, and saw that the old enemy of my rest was out. The room was in total darkness, where the moonbeams fell in through the window. This struck me as odd, and roused me; for I distinctly remembered that the heavy This struck me as odd, and roused cloth curtains were drawn close when I went to "Bother the moon!" I exclaimed, and was in the act of jumping out of hed to shut it out, when another light shone suddenly from the opposite side of me, and by this I—as fully awake and in my senses as I am at this moment—saw that the size, shape, furniture, every thing about the room had changed, and that it had become room of my dream the night before!sombre oak-paneled room, with a high vanited roof, in which some tattered banners waved to and fro in the night-air mournfully. Even the bed, on which I sat in horror, was not what it had been, but a huge structure with gilded posts and dark heavy drapery, embroidered with quaint devices, as the state-beds of kings and queens in olden times were wont to be. Remindful of my dream, I instinctively turned toward where I fancied I had seen the picture the night before, and there sure enough I saw—not the picture, but THE ORIGINAL, standing with a lamp in one hand, and the other in the attitude of the portrait, but with this horrid difference-that the was pierced through and through as though by a stab, and blood trickled from it to the ground. There she stood in her fanciful s, and a look, not of pain or of anger, but of deep unntterable despair, branding the face I had thought so innocent and beautiful, for, I suppose, some minutes, though they seemed hours to me. Then she walked slowly round the room, close to the wall, and vanished the instant that she returned to the spot where I had first seen her, leaving me again in darkness.

Now, I dare say there are some of you who will say that all this can be explained; and so perhaps it can, so for. You may argue some-what in this wise: —"The old-fashioned part of the house had made an impression on my mind which was strengthened by the contrast presented by my bedchamber. The portrait in the ig-room had also made an impression. had dreamed of the latter, and, naturally enough, gave it a fitting back-ground." So much for what

"Well, I'm sure you have no reason to be shamed of her personal appearance. Show me beautiful a girl living now, and I'll show you man who would make a fool of himself for her," said.

"Well, I'm sure you have no reason to be you will, no doubt, call my first dream. You will go on to urge that, "overtired with a long day's shooting, and with a touch of intermittent fever on me, that first dream made an impression which developed itself into the second." I say again, so far such an explanation might pass, But when, impelled by terror—of which I was afterward heartily ashamed—I knocked up Cazenove, his first words were:

My God, Davenport! Have you seen her?" Then I knew in a moment why he had sn-wered so irritably my nonsense about haunted chambers, and the inquiries I had made about

"I have seen some one," I replied, "and it may be a trick. Bring your lamp and come at

"Not for the world!" he cried, drawing back. "She never appears a second time to the same person; but I have not seen her yet. You may

person; but I have not seen her yet. You may take the light and satisfy yourself without the slightest danger. It is all over."

I went back, and found every thing exactly as it had been—the thick curtains closely drawn over the window, and the fire still burning.

Then I rejoined my host in the corridor. Don't blame me for what has passed," he said, in a low voice, "until you hear my ex-cuses. I have a haunted chamber-worse luck!

As he spoke he lifted the tapestry, and dis-As he spoke he intend the aspestry, and dis-closed a small low door, which I saw from its position should lead into the room I had just left. "Go in," he continued, opening it by pressing a spring, "and look about you. No, there is nothing to fear; I tell you again, she never appears twice to the same person. Go and judge for yourself if there be any trick."

I went in, and found myself in what appeared, at first sight, to be a passage between the corridor and my bedroom; but on examining the outer wall I recognized it, with a cold shudder, as the wall of the room round which the lady with the bleeding hand had passed. I looked up, and there was the dark vaulted room, there were the tattered batmers. The new room had been built

The Dream theory will not do now. A dream a confused set of ideas arising out of something which the sleeper has seen or known of when awake. I had server seen that room; it was hid from me (all but the window) by solid walls of brick. I had every reason to suppose that I was in a new part of the house. How, in a mere dream, could I servert such a thing as a chamber within a chamber? Again, with regard to the picture, I was half in love with the winning grace, the essentially feminine beauty, of the fair shepherdess. In a mere dream I should have made her the central figure of gay scenes, court revels, masks, balls, and the like, which, waking, I fancied she must have graced. How could I invest such an improbable thing as that her peetwhich the sleeper has seen or known of who invest such an improbable thing as that her pretty hand should be stabbed through and through? -that she should be wandering about alone at night with that awful look of despair fixed on

her face?

It was no dream.

"Of course, there's no more sleep for either of us to-night," said Cazenove, as I rejoined him. "Come into my dressing-room, and I. will tell you all I know about this miserable

business. I was angry with him for what I considered his unfair treatment, and had determined to tell him so; but there was something so dejected in his voice and manner that I checked myself with the words hot on my lips, and followed him in silence to his room.

His narrative was a long and not intelligible

one, for he rambled into many details which had nothing to do with the story, and wasted a good deal of time talking about his bad luck, and giving instances of it; so I had better give it to you in the shape into which I reduced it afterward, with the help of some further information. Among the cavaliers who cheered the exile of

King Charles the Second was a certain Sir Hubert Dyke, a gentleman who had done things in his time on the Spanish Main which we should call time on the Spanish Main which we should call by ugly names, but who was a stout soldier, another what was more to the pur-pose in those times—a rich one, thanks to his ex-ploits among the galleonsof the Don.

When he must have been nearly sixty he mar-ried a young Frenchwoman, of whom when I say that she was very lovely I have told you the best that can be said of her.

The King got "his own again"—that is to say, he was brought back to waste other folks'

say, he was brought back to waste other folks' property; and Sir Hubert and Lady Dyke got their own again, considerably improved by having passed through the hands of a crop-eared knave, who, if half that is said of his conduct as a landlord be true, was worth a whole regi-ment of lawless dare-devils like Sir Habers.

High festival was held in honor of the Restoration at the manor, and its beautiful lady was the life and soul of the revels, not the least splendid of which was a mask composed by Dryden, in which she appeared as a shepherdess. Among the company was a then unknown artist named Lely, who asked and obtained the honor of painther portrait on a panel in the dining-The fame of that mask went abroad, and the King himself commanded its repetition

But for one thing Sir Hubert would have a happy man. Among my lady's train, and the actors with her in that mask, was a young countryman of hers, who, it turned out, had woosd her before she had charmed the eye of the ex-buccaseer, and whom she loved in spite of her marriage-vows. Dark hints reached Sir Hu-bert's ears, and I dare say he would have stood on scant ceremony with the disturber of his peace, but that there was the royal visit and the royal command; and, as the mask could not be performed without Mossieur Le Goffe, his hateful presence had to be endured. Only

one-half of the truth appears to have been known to Sir Hubers, for he is reported to have been most affectionate and courteous toward his beau-

tiful wife up to the last.

The mask went off more brilliantly than be-The mask went of more brilliantly than be-fore, and all that is known with any certainty of what followed ise that shortly after midnight a wild piercing shrick was beard, and my lady rush-ed to the King's chamber, calling for help and justice, and showing her hand pierced through and through by a stab. The next day the estab-lishment was broken up. My lady is esid to have returned to France, and to have entered a convent. Sir Hubert obtained a military com-mand in Scotland, but Monsterr Le Goffe sear mand in Scotland, but Monsieur Le Goffe was sever heard of again. The legend goes that the lovers were surprised; that the lady threw her arms round Le Goffe to protect him from her injured husband's fury, but that he stabbed him to the heart through her hand. The scandal was hushed up, as such things

could be in those days when great people were concerned; but no one could live in the statechamber, and eventually the fine old house was

chamber, and eventually the fine old house was sold for about a fifth of its value.

"Like a fool as I was," said Cazenove, "I made no inquiries. I saw the place and liked it; so did Bessie. I offered a sum for it which I thought ridicalously small, and to my surprise it was accepted. Not a servant belonging to the vicinity would come to live with us, and so at last the truth leaked out—the place was haunted! Bessie said it was all nonzense; that the state-chamber was far too large and sombre for a bedroom; that its dark walls, and the shadows a bedroom; that its dark walls, and the shadows and noises in the vaulted roof, created fancies : and as we could not pull it down without disfig-uring the house, we built a modern room inside, which you were the first to occupy. But you see it is no use; there is a curse upon the place!"
"Has it appeared in any other part of the

"No, never."
"She has appeared to many persons?"
"To every one who has slept in that room—

once."
"And—tell me truly, Casenove, what has

rollowed?"
"Ob, it's no use talking about it any more,"
he replied, with a renewal of his old petulance.
"Casenove, I insist on knowing. There is something you wish to conceal—out with it, man! The thing is done, and can not be helped.
What has followed?" What has followed?

"They say that those to whom she appear never marry. . . .

"And were you ever married, General?" ask-ed a pretty girl who sat next him.
"Never, my dear," replied the old soldier;
"but whether that was my fault, or the ghost's, I can not say."
"You think it really was a ghost?"

"What am I to think?"
That is a question which has yet to be answer-

ON AN ICEBERG.

I was once summoned home from my travels on the Continent by very important news. There was no time to lose in getting back, so I went as fast as I could to Havre, and took the first ship that sailed for New York. It was in the month of June, which I considered the most pleasant time in the year to cross the Atlantic; and though I found after leaving that my ship was an old and rather leaky concern, yet I did not feel any very great anxiety.

We went on for several days; and as we were

favored with a fine breeze, perfectly fair, we made very rapid progress, and soon came within the re-gion of the Banks of Newfoundland.

But here a stop was put upon our progress. On the second day after we arrived on this spot

On the second day after we arrived on this spot the wind died away altogether.

For an entire day we lay becalmed, with the ship tossing lazily over the huge ocean surges. All hands grew impatient. Our captain, who had been in high glee at our quick progress, and had expected by this time to be sailing in New York Harbor, now lost his patience, and spent the greater part of his time in cursing alternately the wind, the waves, the sky, the sun, the ship, and his own eves.

and his own eyes.

This did not help the matter at all, however. In fact, worse things than a mere calm were in store for us. During the night a fug came on, and when we arese in the morning it had closed in all around us with a density that I had never imagined before and have never since seen

smooth see, and not a breath of wind. I blamed myself a thousand times for not going on to Liverpool and taking an ocean steamer

However, there was no resource but patience. Patient we had to be whether we liked it or not. In the middle of the following day, however, we felt a slight breath of air. It was the first breath of the glorious wind which now again

was blowing favorably as before. Through the day it increased, blowing stronger every hour, until, when I went to bed, I retired with the pleasing thought that every hour carried me ten nearer to my home. .

I slept soundly.

But suddenly, at about three o'clock in the morning, as far as I can recollect, I was awaked by a sudden crash which sounded like thunin my half-aroused senses, and seemed to shake the ship to pieces.

In a moment I was out of my berth and up on

the deck.

Great Heaven! what a spectacle there met my

All around was the blackness of darkness. The wind was howling flercely through the rig-ging. The sailors were running wildly to and

The captain was standing like a man paralysed, and shouting, while he wrung his hands, "We're lost! we're lost!"

I spoke not a word to any one, but quickly and sembly, as a cat, I leaped down from the quarter-deck on to the poop deck and rushed forward. It was so intensely dark and thick that I could see but little with distinctness. Yet a strange feeling of intense cold made itself evi-

dent even then to my senses.

I leaped upon the forecastle.

a sight of horror burst upon my view.

Then a sight of horror burst upon my view.

High before me, extending out of sight, was a
vast precipice—appearing in the darkness to be
of immeasurable proportions. And at this the
thip was crashing and pounding. At each stroke
of the ship huge masses came thundering down,
and falling with deafening noise into the ocean.

What was it? Was it the rocky coast of Newfoundland? or was it a lonely rock in the middle

It was neither. I soon knew all.

It was a vast losberg! The ice itself was not colder than the chill that rushed through every nerve as this appalling thought burst upon my mind. Then in one moment an utter sense of ruin, of hopeless de-

tion, took away my faculties.

But now there was no time to lose, nor was there time even to mourn. For the ship, acted upon by the long rolling waves of the Atlantic, was driving with fearful violence full against the enormous mass. I heard the crashing ice—I heard the shattering of her timbers—I heard the

rush of the water as it poured into her.

The ship seemed alive, struggling like some drowning wretch to avert her fate. The groaning of her paring timbers sounded like a human

sice—the voice of one in agony. A mighty wave of gigantic size now lifted the

quivering mass high into the air. Retreating backward it hore its load away from the iceberg for some considerable distance, but only to hurl it back with more tremendous force. Returning with redoubled power it flung the ship headlong against the enormous mass. I, who was stand-ing on the prow, was thrown as though I had been a straw, off from the ship entirely. I fell prostrate and almost senseless upon the iceberg, on a declining surface along which I shot for a long distance, until I was stopped by an upright

mass of ice.

All around me I beard a burst of fearful sound a sound of crashing timbers, falling masts, roaring waters, crumbling masses of ice, and howling winds, while high and distinct above them all arose a shrill wail of human agony which shall never be forgotten by ma, until ear is closed to all earthly sounds foreter.

Alone there in the thick darkstess, clinging to the mass of ice before me, with the tempest howling around, and the stuse of horror at the Misericorde !" fate of my companions, it was wonderful that through the accumulated terrors of that fearful moment my mind passed without failing beneath the unequaled trial.

I too exclaimed the last word of my compan-

ions, and sunk senseless upon the ice.

How long I lay I knew not. It could not have been less than an hour, but at last sense returned, and with it all the recollection of my

I rose to my feet painfully.

Misericorde !

was first aware of my own physical condi-Yet before doing any thing I cast a look tion.

The fog had cleared away altogether.

The broad expanse of ocean lay before me, its deep blue surface reflecting the gurggous rays of the sun which was just rising. There was not a breath of wind, and the see was as unruffied as a mountain lake.

I cast a glance downward to see if there was

Alas! not a single vestige could be seen. Not a plank—not even a chip floated upon the water. All had gone down. Not a wretch was saved. I only-I only had escaped to tell the

I was standing upon a broad surface of ice nearly half an acre in extent. It was smooth and slippery as glass. It was nearly level. I was at the lower end of it, and had been stopped by a high wall against which I had struck.

The iceberg was of the most colossal magnitude and grandeur. At the side of the slippery surface where I stood it went sheer down perpendicularly into the sea. But its edge extend-ed away on either side for an immense distance. Its edge ought to be called a cosst, so extraorhis ex hind me it ascended far into the air. at once or abruptly, but by a series of terraces, at once or attraptly, but by a series of terraces, until at last far away its lofty summit seemed to touch the clouds. The terraces were regular and even. At intervals along the ascent arcee towers and pinnacles, and upon the topmost point a vast spire of glittering ice shot up straight into the skies for at least a hundred feet. Seen from a distance it looked like some glorious city, some magnificent capital such as we read the fantastic story of the Arabian dreamer.

Alas! to me there was no time for admiration er. All this I took in at a glance. I quickly returned to myself.

I was chilled through. Fortunately I had slept that night with my clothes on, or it would have been worse with me. As it was, my hands

and feet were perfectly numb.

I rubbed my hands violently, struck and beat them, and at the same time ran up and down stamping my feet. The violent exertion brought warmth into my system. My hands began at length to have something like sensation, but my

est were frosen.

I began to think now with greater despair upon my situation.

There was no hope for me!

I could see all around. Not a sail was upon the vast expanse. Yet on one side I could not see. It was hidden by the lofty island of ice.

se. It was hidden by the lotty assume of the last a moment my resolution was formed.

"I will go there," I said, aloud. "I can but it. To stay here will be to perish slowly. To said, a chance for life. Morego there will be to seek a chance for life. More-over, it will distract my thoughts, which here will drive me mad. I will go."

And go I did. I set forth boldly. I mounted

terrace after terrace as I went along on a journey such as no mortal man has ever undertaken. Buoyed up by the dear hope of life, I went brave-

Deep chasms intercepted me-awful precipices rose before me. My footstep disturbed immense masses of ice, which came crashing down, yet

still I went on.

What will not hope make a man do?

On! on! Nearer! nearer! And now the summit is near-nearer-nearer. It is gained! There, at last, I stand at the foot of the lofty pinnacle alone on my vast iceberg!
Alone! Oh, what is that upon the ocean?

Never before was the presence of man so dear to his despairing fellow.

There, not a mile from me, was the form of an ocean steamer, slowly passing by on the course toward America. I saw the tumult, the hurry, the thronging, the confusion.

The steamer hove to. A boat was let down and in a few minutes was within hail. I pointed back to the other side of the island.

Back again I went-rejoicing-praying-sing-

ng with joy and gratitude. I was saved! A jump into the sea, and I was caught up and taken into the boat and into the steamer.

I am a saved man—and an artificial foot which I now am compelled to use ever reminds me of

LOST.

Tax moon comes out and glimmers, The stars like diamonds gleam, And long green boughs are waving O'er a pleasant mountain stream.

And my thoughts travel backward Into the long dead years, And your face comes before me, Seen through a mist of tears.

We met-we loved-we parted, The story ever new; We lived—we hoped—we waited, And so the long years grew.

A vast sea rolls between us, A gulf that time has made, New habits grow upon us, Old beauties faint and fade.

Take one last look behind you, Into the vale of years, Does my face come before you, Seen through a mist of tears?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Usuase there is some change in the law by which the confinement of persons in Insune Asylums cared, almost any one is liable to be adroitly captured exerci, almost any one is liable to be advectly captured, and unsuspectingly decoyed into closer quarters than are desirable for any who are not either morally or mentally insens. Instances have been recently brought to light in this city and in Hartford—indeed, cases are frequently occurring which show clearly that the present law affords the opportunity, at least, of fearful wrong-doing. Ambition, revenge, and co-pidity may find in it an easy method of putting out pidity may find in it an easy method of pritting out of the way one whose presence is offensive or unde-sirable. Any little eccentricity may be brought as proof of unsound mind, or, if that be wanting, two physicians can easily be found who will pocket a bribe and testify as is required. Charles Reade does not portray too vividity in the "Hard Cash" the hor-rors which a same person might experience if confined in a "retreat" for luxuitor.

Austrian scenery has received a new addition in the Ansirian scenery has received a new addition in the shape of a lake of pure gator which suddenly made its appearance one day last Angais, where a few seconds before a field of oats had been growing. The land full in with a crash like thunder. All sorts of theories have been invented to explain this phenomenon. This event transpired in the village of Moll, near Steyer, in Upper Austria.

The Sheffield Scientific School at Yale College has received a large addition of physical and mechanical appliances, recently purchased in Europe by Profesat the Scientific School is this year larger than ever

From Salt Lake City there comes a story or an at-From Nam Lane City there comes a story of an ac-tempt made by one of Brigham Young's daughters to clope with her "Gentile" lover. She was discovered, however, and carried back to the king's castle and locked up to prevent further mischief.

Statistics show that there have been forty-one fatal cases of hydrophobia to New York city within the last eighteen years. The months in which these cases have occurred indicate clearly that the majority of them have not occurred in what are called "dog-days." Facts confirm the opinion that dogs are not driven med by bot weather.

It is said that many quarrels which occur between brothers, sisters, bushands and wives, and other pe sons who habitually room together, may be referre to electrical changes in their nervous systems cons quent upon lodging together night after night. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as to He all night in bed with another person who is ab-sorbent in pervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest well, while the eliminator will be tem-bling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, pervish, fault-finding, and disA Yankee, who doubtless spends his evenings medi-tating by the kitchen hearth, has discovered that the pitch of the singing of crickets depends directly on the temperature. Can not crickets be utilised, and barometers he superseded?

M. Sacrelmey, the patentee of a new kind of coffin made of paper, seems to believe to the adaptability of paper to all the needs of civilized life. His object to introducing it into the manufacture of coffins is to obtain a perfectly air-tight, water-proof, and damp defying shell, which nothing from without can pene defying shell, which nothing from without can pene-trate, and nothing from within can escape. The Zo-pless paper coffin, in which these conditions are said to be fulfilled, is a solid looking structure, very much resembling in build and thickness the ancient mummy cases preserved in the British Museum.

An English magazine, waiving the question of "woman's rights," discourses on "ladies' privileges," bidding the fair sex to consider how far they surpass the sterner sex in all the heaveries of apparel; to recall their partners, waiking attendant at their sides, like ravens or jackdaws, in sober black, while they appear in the fabrics of Persia, diffusing the perfumes of Araby, and despoiling the very relabove of its hoss for the arabaneous of at their charms. It hids then for the enhancement of their charms. It bids them for the enhancement of their charms. It bids them reflect how differently all this is arranged in the world of birds, beasts, and savages. The tiger in the jungle rejoices in a spotted splendor far greater in beauty than that which Nature has bestowed upon his sponse. The lion only wears the mane. The peacets spreads his gorgeous plumage in the sun, while it has pleased Providence to make the peaken a very so-so affair. And among the less civilized races, from the feathered and registralized garages in his wirethe feathered and paint-danked savage in his wig-warn to the Grand Turk on his throne, it is the lords of creation for whom the tailors make the rich and showy robes. And contrasting husbands, fathers, and brothers with wives, mothers, and sisters, the perti-nent query is made, "Is all this to stand for no-thing?"

A new method of curing hay has lately been tried in England, and promises to succeed so well that the sun's mission in hay-making will not be so absolutely aspential as it has been in past times. By this method the grass is taken from the field as fast as it is mown, and subjected to a blast of but air for about two minutes, when it is perfectly cared, and fit to be stowed away. This hot air is obtained from a furnous and is drawn out two mans of a receiving the second of the seco furnace, and is drawn out by means of a revolving fan

Can any thing be sadder than the last words of a little boy who intely died from injuries received by being run over in the street: "Don't whip me, father; I'll never do so again?" He was only six years old.

Chicago has a couple who met for the first time on Priday, courted Saturday, were "engaged" on fun-day, and married on Monday. The discree is expect-ed soon.

Boston has recently organized a National Musical Association, the objects of the society being to elevate the people to an appreciation of music, to improve the social standing of professional musicians, and both to create and supply a demand for educated musician and good music. This enterprise grows out of the Peace Jubilce.

The "Aged Brotherhood" of Portland has been very spec of 66 and 91. It is found impossible to organity an "Aged Sisterbook," as there is great difficulty as finding any woman & years of age.

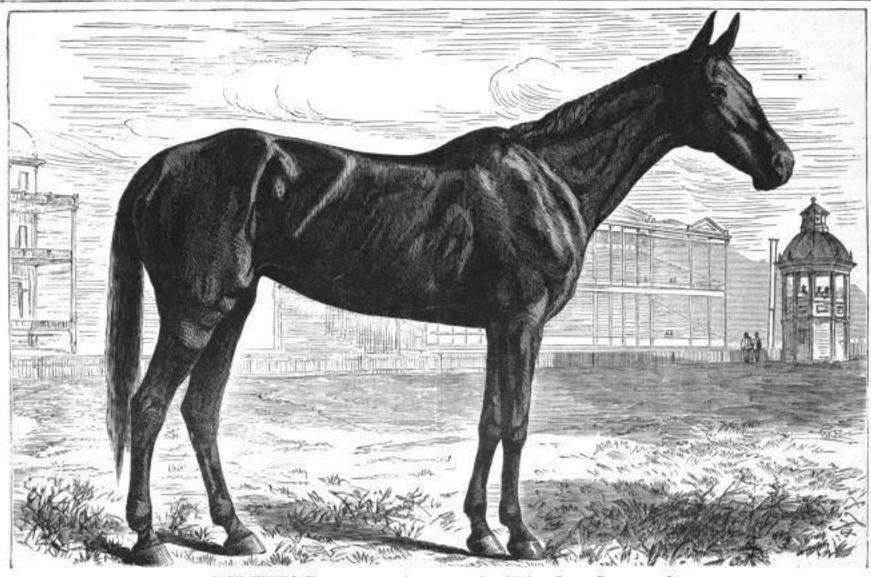
Between two of the highest of the Adirondack Mountains, at the bottom of a crevice a thousand feet or more in depth, precipice-walled and gloomy, itse Avalanche Lake, 2000 feet above tide-level. It is sur-mised by many that this lake and Lake Colden, at the south of it, were cope one sheet, or at least connected by a deep ratine. A slide, rolled down from Mount Colden, closed the channel, throw back the waters, and the lake, avalanche born, was formed.- Last Anand the lake, available form, was formed. Last An-guest a furious storm of wind and rails occurred among the Adirondacks. A visitor reports that during that storm a mighty available rushed down the side of Mount Coiden, falling into Lake Awahnche, and lit-erally making a dam across it, and dividing it into erally making a cam across it, and dividing it into two lakes. Amidst many difficulties he visited the wild spot soon after this occurrence, while yet the dark waters were muddy from recent disturbances, and the lake strown with floating timber. It is predicted that after a few more mountain slides Ava-lanche Lake will become Avalanche Pass.

The latest discovery of science may be called "An The latest discovery of science may be called "An Obstacle to Longwitz beyond Seventy," which has been revealed to a learned Englishman, being nothing more or less than a drasping or pendent epiglottis! A paper was recently read before the British Association, stating that from a careful examination of five thousand throats, it had been ascertained that in all thousand throats, it had been ascertained that in an persons over seventy the position of the epiglottis was vertical, without a single exception. Consequently it is argued that those who are so unfortunate as to possess a pendent epiglottis will not live beyond sevensens a pendent epiglottis will not live beyond seven-ty. This new discovery may be important to life in-surance companies. But guery, Who can tell but a law of nature may yet be revealed whareby pendent epiglottises may erect themselves after the age of sev-enty? The pendents need not be distressed.

Rev. Dr. E. O. Haven, recently inaugurated Presimarked in his address upon that occasion : "I can not doubt that she (woman) has an equal claim with man to all the advantages of our universities. Universities can not be duplicated for the accommodation of the sexes any more than churches. There is no sex in learning more than in religion. It is no more proper for man to determine this question for woman than it ould be for woman to determine it for man. Belegnineteenth century shall close, all the best universities in Europe and America will educate both men and

Buffalo proposes to have a public park. The ground which will be devoted to this purpose possesses unusual natural advantages. Trees are slready growing upon it, a creek flows through it, and at least two mineral springs contribute value to the proposed site

The Metropolitan Tabernacie in London Spurgeon preaches, is a large and rather elegant edifire, with a portico and six massive Doric columns in front. The house seats five or six thousand, though, including those who stand, the audience usualty is not less than seven thousand. Two deep galleries go jected from the front of the lower gallery, is occupied by the speaker, who simply has before him a small table upon which are a Bible and hymn-book.



"LADY THORN."-(PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHREIBER AND SON, 818 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.)

FOUR FAMOUS TROTTERS.

WE give on this and the next page four illustrations representing some of the most famous trotters that have recently distinguished themselver on the American turf.

"Lady Thorne" is owned by James D. M'Maxx and Welch; her sire was Mambrino Chief; her dam, Gano. Her best time in a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 19% seconds.

"Goldsmith Maid," owned by Jackman and Donle, was sired by Edsall's Hambletonian;

her dam was Old Abdallah. Her best time in a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 19‡ sec-

a one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 194 seccends.

"The American Girl," owned by William
Lovell, was sired by Cassins M. Clay, Jun.;
dam's pedigree unknown. Her best time in a
one-mile heat has been 2 minutes 19 seconds.

"The Mountain Boy," owned by Commodore
VANDERBILT, was sired by Major Winfield; dam
unknown. His best time in a one-mile heat has
been 2 minutes 21 seconds. He is said to lack
wind, and not to be good for a long heat, but is

admitted to have the best trotting movement ever witnessed on the course.

The three trotters first mentioned contested the

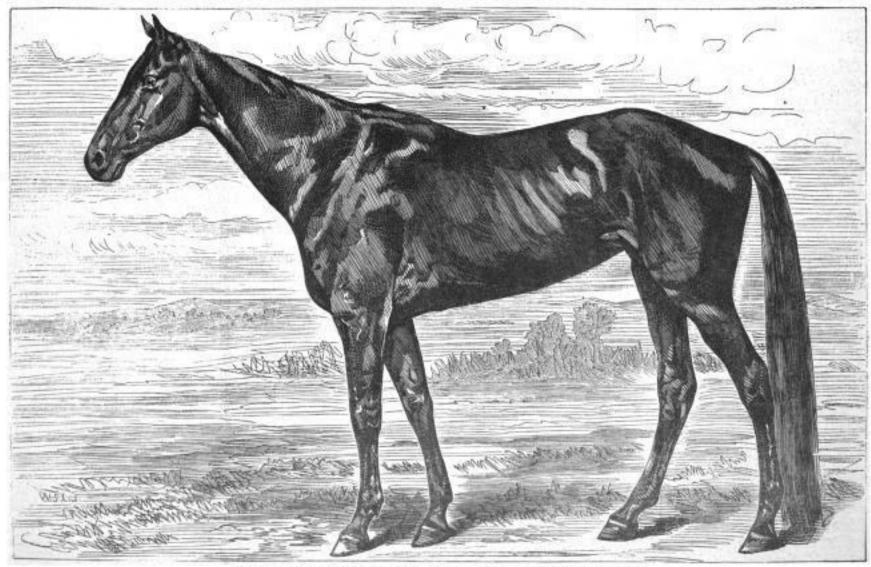
course at Prospect Park Pair Grounds, Long Island, September 28. The following account of this affair was given in Wilker's Spirit of the

Times for September 4:

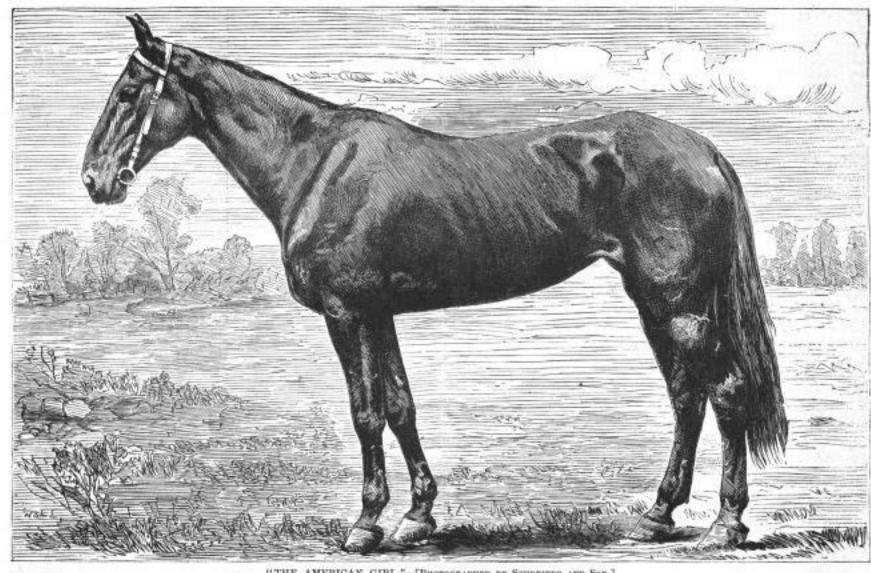
"The great trot on Saturday last, between three of the best mares that ever came together on the turf, was one of the finest ever witnessed any where, and the fastest that was ever seen on the Island, if we except the three bests of Dex-

ter at the Fashion against Ethan Allen and his running mate.....
"First Heat.—American Girl had the pole, and

"First Heat.—American Girl had the pole, and Lady Thorn was second in position. After several effects, in one or two of which Goldsmith Maid broke near the score, they got the word, American Girl having a trifle the best of it. On the turn American Girl led a length, and Lady Thorn was second. At the quarter, in 364s., Lady Thorn was at the girths of American Girl, and Goldsmith Maid two lengths behind. The wind was now behind them, and they squared



"GOLDSMITH MAID."-[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHREIBER AND SON, PHILADELPHIA.]



"THE AMERICAN GIRL."-[PROTOGRAPHED BY SCHERIBER AND SON.]

away fast and free. Half-way along between the quarter and the half mile Goldsmith Maid broke. The others kept up at the rate, and at the half mile American Girl and the Lady were head and head. Time, 1m. 9½s.; the second quarter having been trotted in 33½s. On the lower turn the old mare showed a trifle in the lead. Goldsmith Maid broke again. At the three-quarter pole Lady Thorn led American Girl only a neck.

The pace was strong and the interest intense. The two big mares awang around the last turn close together, and came on in a whirl of dust. In the straight bit Danners laid on the whip, but it was no go, and the long, low stroke of the Lady cut the Girl down, although she had the inside, and beat her by a neck, in 2m. 20§s. Goldsmith Maid was two lengths behind them, and her backers began to look blue.

"Second Heat.—A strong friend of the old mare's and of Dax Prupus's carried the news over to his bedside, whereupon he said, 'The track is smooth and hard; she's fit to trot for a man's life, and they won't beat her!' So thought the public, for she was made the favorite at two to one against the field. Six times they scored before they got the word, American Girl having become somewhat unsteady. The

old mare moved like clock-work, never expended an ounce of exertion that was not required, and never seemed to pull a pound. At the start American Girl had a trifle the worst of it. On the turn Thorn led a length, and Goldsmith Maid was two before American Girl. There was a break on the part of the Maid, and she took a little gallop. At the quarter in 36s, she was at Lady Thorn's haunches, and American Girl was



"THE MOUNTAIN BOY."-[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]

three lengths behind. Again it was hot work in the second quarter, and the fine old mare again trotted it in 33 s. Before they reached the half-mile pole she and Goldsmith Maid were neck and mile pole she and Goldsmith Maid were neck and neck, but at the zole the Lady led half a length—time, Im. 9js.—American Giel fire lengths behind. The work was still very strong and close between Thorn and Goldsmith Maid. The latter nearly overhauled the old mare, but again the long, steady stroke got her into difficulty, and carried her to a break. Still she came again, and at the three-quarter pole the Lady led but a neck. But now the strong, staying power of and at the three-quarter pole the Lady led but a neck. But now the strong, staying power of old Thorn began to tell a tale. Goldsmith Maid broke again at the head of the short homestretch, and the Lady won it by six lengths. American Girl was six lengths behind the Maid. Time, 2m. 20js. When Mr. M'Mann and the old mare passed by the stand they were saluted with much elapping of hands and cheering.

"Third Hest.—Any odds on Thorn, and no

"Third Hest.—Any odds on Thorn, and no takers. At the start American Girl led a trifle, and Lady Thorn went on second. Donne tried to snatch the pole from behind; but "Jeems" knew just about where a sulky could go and where it couldn't. On the turn the old mare took a slight lead, and at the quarter in 36s, she and American Girl were nock and neck, and Goldsmith Maid a length behind. The pace Goldsmith Maid a length beams. are re-was very hot again in the second quarter. It was trotted in 33½s, and American Girl led a length at the half-mile in 1m. 9½s, and Gold-man Maid a length behind Thorn. The latter took the lend upon the turn; but the race was so close that they were as near together, all three, as might be, at the three-quarter pole. Amer-ican Girl now made a skip, and the long, steady stroke of the old mare began to mow them down. She lasted the longest, as before, and coming clean away from them at last, won it by four lengths in 2m. 201s. DOMLE saved a little for a last effort, and beat American Girl two lengths for the second place."

SUMMARY. PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS, L. I., August 28.—Purse \$4000—\$2500 to the first, \$1000 to the second, and \$500 to the third

NEW YORK GOLD MARKET PLUCTUATIONS. FROM 10 A.M. TO 3 P.M., SEPT. 24, 1869.

10.00	150	12.22	33
10.05	100%	19.85	186
10.09	(150%	19.38	185
10.55	150%	19.36	136
10.66	15056		135
10.04	151.54	28.37	134
11.00	1550		135
THE STATE OF THE STATE OF	6 500%	12.38	135
11.01	2 356	32.59	135
4	135%	12.53	136
11.09	155.36	12.54	135%
11.07	350.54	19.55	135
11.08	385%	6. 1.00	136
11.10	100	1.00	135
11.15	110%	1.06	136
11.16	152.56	1.12	155
11.19	160	1.50	15436
11.20	160%	2.00	135
11.31	180%	2.10	15436
11.55	160	A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH	134
11.80	162	2.11	188
	1 161	1	104
11.34	1 100	9.19	133
11.35	161	1	DESK.
11.36	6 502	2.13	133
240TZ8001000	(102%	0.000	134
11.40	162	2.14	122%
11.48	f 141		181%
217.00	6 500	2.14	13034
33.58	150		150.56
31,09	1 161	1	13834
11.53	100	2.16	120%
	4 150	2.13	Taxin
11.54	1155	9.10	1275
	1 145	9.25	TOTAL .
11.56	1 140	2.56	13.5
11.58		2.80	1335
11.10		2.81	333
12.00			13150
12.07		2.35	1333/6
12.09		9 24 5	124%
72.09	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	9.36	1245
17.10	F 27.79		151
15.55		2.45	13432
16.19		1.50	174
	1 156	9.53	12336
12.20	1 130	9.88	127.5
12.50	134	8.60	12335
	0.366		

COMMERCE.

CLOSER.

than a reciprocal communication, intercourse, or correspondence between man and man; but usu ally it is restricted to mercantile negotiations between individuals or companies of different na

Trade, properly speaking, is that traffic which is limited to one particular county or town, but in familiar conversation it is frequently used as emonymous with commerce; as the West India trade, the African trade, etc.

Trade begun when neu, becoming civilized, associated in large communities, and it was found necessary for each individual to follow but one employment—and the superfluity of the produce of his labor be exchanged for that of his neighbor; this was called bester.

But it was soon found inconvenient, because it

frequently happened that one person wanted the commodity of another, without having any toing to give in return that could render exchange de-

This inconvenience was remedied by taking the precious metals, gold and silver, in exchange for every kind of commedity that could administer to the real or imaginary wants of mankind.

They were made the medians of exchange at first by weight; but, as weighing them afforded no security against the debasement of their qual-

ity, they were coined into money, bearing a par-ticular stamp, significant of the weight and qual-ity of the metal contained in the piece—to counterfeit which has always been considered a capi-

In the course of time, as the wants of men increased with the refinement of their manners, they found the produce of a single country insuf-ficient to supply them; they therefore explored distant regions, bringing home such produce as they could not find in their native land, and exporting in return their own superfluities. Such is the origin of commerce.

Trade and commerce may be, with propriety, considered as synonymous; according to present usage the latter may be called foreign, the for-

mer domestic commerce,
So great is the advantage arising from an ea ly attainment of commercial knowledge that thousands, who have taken pains to acquire it, have risen to opulence, and many have in conse-quence discharged some of the highest offices in the state.

The Egyptians were the people who first ex-tended their commerce to foreign lands, by the encouragement they gave to navigation. They tended their commerce to foreign stends, by the concouragement they gave to navigation. They were a luxurious but prudent people; for while they issimilized themselves in the costly productions of the East, their industry enabled them to export so many of their own as amply to repay the balance greatly in their favor.

What rendered Egypt peculiarly favorable to commerce was the conventions unit of its in-

commerce was the enterprising spirit of its in-habitants, and subordinate to this was the level nature of the country, which afforded a facility of making numerous canals, thus rendering in-

ternal intercourse easy.

When every other advantage is equal, commerce will flourish most in those countries that exercise the most sagacity and enterprise in fa-

The Phoenicians next, possessing only a nar-row slip of land on the coast of Asia, raised themselves by their extensive commercial transactions to a high consideration among nations; they are said to be the first people who reduced the com-mercial art to a fixed system.

After the destruction of Tyre, the capital of Phoenicia, by Alexander the Great, Carthage be-came the chief seat of commerce; and so suc-cessful did it prove, that in a comparatively short period that famous city contained no less than

period that famous city contained no less than 700,000 inhabitants; and above three hundred cities of Africa were dependent on her, and she had colonies in Spain, Sicily, and Sardinia. After the destruction of Carthage, the city of Rome became mistress of the profitable trade of the East Indies. This, however, introduced a refined luxury and elegance, which, while it brought the fine arts to the highest degree of perfection, was carried to such an excess, as finally to cause the destruction, not only of commerce, but of the state itself.

We derive from the Romans the insurance or assurance of ships and merchandise from losses nt sea. This has been adopted and considerably improved by modern nations.

The city of Bruges next, in the Austrian Netherlands, became from its situation the emporium of Europe; but the riches acquired by the inhabitants rendered them idle, inattentive, and negligent. They became proud, and despised that commerce which had been the chief source of their opulence. In a short time they felt the ill effects of their folly, and Bruges declined as rapidly as it rose.

Antwerp next became a celebrated trading city, and its inhabitants possessing those qualities so deficient in the former city a permanent state of prosperity might reasonably have been expected. But that tyrannical bigot, Philip II. of Spain, commencing a religious persecution in the Netherlands, and introducing the hated inquisition, thousands of artists, manufacturers, and mer-

chants took refuge in foreign countries, and thus the sun of Antworp's prosperity set in darkness. An example of the intimate connection there is between civil liberty and commercial freedom and national prosperity; without the former, the latter can not reasonably be expected. England being at that time governed by a

princess (Queen Elizabeth), who powerfully sup-ported heretical opinion, great numbers of these refugees settled in her dominions; there they prospered highly, and laid the foundation of that commercial greatness which England has since attained, in spite of Government attempts to exploit industry for the benefit of nations.

The commerce of most of the ancient nations was principally that of fruits, salt, skins, rice, sugar, cassia, balm, perfume, spices, precious metals, precious stones, and flax and wool. compared with the present day commerce in ancient days was small, for so late as the year 1612, the exports from England to all the world amount-ed to only £2,000,640. And this was some time she had founded colonies in America. 1866 English exports were declared to be of the value of £188,917,536, and the imports in pro-portion. True, they have fallen something since, on account of the general depression of the last two years.

We may well pouse a moment to inquire where are the notions whence commerce flourished of Where is ancient Alexandria, Carthage, Imperial Rome, Venice, Pisa, Genoa? are the confederated maritime cities-the Hanse Towns, once the mistresses of commerce? Where are the discoverers of the passage to India by the t spe, and the first settlers in America, the Portuguese, Spaniards, and the Dutch? Alas! their spirit, presperity, and glory departed to the Anglo-Saxon race, and there it yet remains. And the English Brights, Goldwin Smiths, and Macaulays, declare that the United States will yet become the grower, manufacturer, and carrier of the world, and that while the English are only distributors of the treasures of others, America will be the distributor of her own.]

COAL IN INDIA.

The great want in India has been coal. For some years past it has been found in some parts of Bengel and the Central provinces, but with very little effect compared with the demand for the mineral; and even the local railways, when English coal is scarce, have to be fed with wood, to the danger of the trains and their contents, which have suffered severely at times through accidents by fire. But a new discovery has been made in this direction, promising most important results. An extensive field of useful coal has, we are informed, been found in the sandstone dis tricts of Chanda, in the Central provinces, the chief town of which is about eighty miles from Nag-pore. The discovery is due to Mr. Lucie Smith, the deputy commissioner of the district, who folthe deputy commissioner of the district, who fol-lowed up the trace from a slaty coal picked out of the bed of the Wurdah, and the search has been continued, it appears, by various scientific gentlemen ever since 1865. Conclusions have been arrived at with great caution; but at length a report has been made to the Supreme Government of so encouraging a character as to warrant more active and extended operations.

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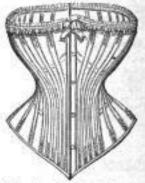
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THE REISSUE OF

Vor. XIII.—No. 668.7

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

FATHER HYACINTHE.

FATHER CHARLES LOYSON HYACINTHE may be properly called a "Catholic Protestant." His present position may be best explained by a brief allusion to the peculiar claims and dogmas upon which Pope Pros IX. so strenuously insists. When this Pope was first elected great hopes were entertained by the best educated and most were entertained by the best educated and most advanced of Roman Catholics that a new era would then be opened for the Church—an era characterized by a liberal policy, which, while it maintained the Catholic faith, would denounce errors and correct abuses. These hopes have been disappointed. Netwishstanding the liberal political spirit manifested by Pros IX, at the be-ginning of his Pontific-sts, he has provided.

ate, he has proved one of the greatest enemies to the progress of the age. If he had been content with a negative or neutral policy, he would have been secure against opposition from within the bosom of his own Church, But he has assumed a belligerent attitude, and has arrayed the ultramontane or anti-liberal par-ty against the Gallican or liberal. By calling an (Ecumenical Comcil, to meet next Detion of universal eccle-siastical supremacy, he has awakened the spirit of opposition, of which Father HYACINTHE is one of the best and

ablest representatives.
Father Hyacustus was born at Orleans, France, in 1821, and completed his education at Pau. In 1853 he was ordained at St. Sulpice, in which parish he subsequently officiated as a priest; but in the mean time be studied theology four years and taught philosophy at Avignon, and afterward theology at Nantes. Having passed ten years in the Lyons Convent of Carmelite Friars, he became a member of the order, and was first a preacher in that city. While there his sermons delivered at the Lysee were considered remarkable. During Advent, in 1863, he preached at Bordeaux, and in the Lenten season of 1864 at Peri-gueux. It was during the summer of 1864 that he made his first appearance in Paris, ching at the of the Madeleine, and afterward at Notre Dame, having prepared a course of sermons for Advent. Here be at once, by the eloquence and boldness of his utterances, attracted publie attention and gained

a brilliant reputation. He is a most popular preacher, and it is from this fact that his recent letter protesting against the coming Council, and the fearful policy which that Council is pledged to support, excites such wide comment. It is reported that Fasher HYACINTEE has left the convent, and that he will at the home of his pa-

rents await the decision of the Council.

Father Hyacustus is known in Paris as the "preacher-monk." Some idea of his appearance, and of the effect of his elequence, is conveyed in the following graphic sketch, written by one of his heavers in 1867:

"But now the tail Swiss halberdier, making a passage along the nisle, announces the approach of Pere Braceway, and instantly this whole sea of faces is turned toward him, with an expression of sympathy so intense as seemed enough to electrify one who

eame in all simplicity and sincerity to bring to them the words of life. He followed slowly, with his eyes cast down, his face pale, and, mounting the steps of the palpit, he knelt down and buried his face in edicat prayer. Then rising, he stood, with creat and majestic form, and for some moments regarded in silence those to whom he was to speak, while a deep sigh involuntarily secaped from his large chest.

Although I was already under the magnetism of this extraordinary man, my eye, as an artist, took in all the surroundings of the scene. In scenic effect nothing could exceed the beauty of the tabless—the dark back-ground of the pulpit, in ancient curved oak; the form of the preacher, rendered more striking by the robe of his order (he is a Carnetite monk, and wears a long sarge gown, with only sandals on his feet), with his while cowl thrown back upon his short fell upon his bace bead, and his countenance, so sad and beautiful, yet responding with quick sympathy to all

seemed to wear a deeper gloom, as if in sympathy with the darkness which was described; and when he repeated our Saviour's words, "My God, my God, why hast thou farasken me? It seemed as if every heart shuddered at the cry.

"As Carist suffered and agonized for man's salvation, so should usen himself struggle and suffer unto death, that he may be saved—there was his thems. But how do men carry on this apritual was? Here the preacher turned from the Drine Sufferer to the world which He came to redeem—a world fall of sorrow and sto. Instantly we were in the midst of the nineteeroth centery—with examples of guilt which all could recognize. He does whis pictures from actual life, portraying the tempter and the tempted; and is his charges of cellishness and crime be seemed as if he would array all men at the bar of Divine justice. He did not space my class or profession—not even his own—but drew a fearful picture of the unwarthy prices.

"It is not by hypocriar," he said, "that the head." priest. "It is not by hypocrisy," he said, "that the bad

In this connection the following extract from the letter of Father Hyacustrus, which has cre-ated so much excitement, and which was ad-



FATHER CHARLES LOYSON HYACINTHE .- (PROTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

the regards turned toward him. Surely, if he had stadied all this wase ex sense, he is a muster in the art.

"He began to speak, and from that memoral I wished to believe in the sincertry, in the picty, in the Christian faith of this man—for if he is not all that, he profites the most beautiful gifts of Providence. Never did a voice more sympathetic strike my carr never did art more perfect captivate and control the human heart.

heart.

"He amounced his text, first in Latin and then in French. It was in Ecclasiasies—a warning to difference and activity, which he applied to stimulate men in the work of salvation, repeating with emphasis, 'Agonize for your faith; combat for your soul!' He described the agony of Christ that he might hold Him up as an example. As it is the season of Leet, all thoughts are emposed to crowerge toward that central theme, and all motives to radiate from the Great Sufferer. He depicted the sorrows of the Saviour of the world, and the drops of blood failing to the ground, and the last spens on the cross. During this description all was knaked and still. The wast cathedral

priest dishonors his ministry. Hypocrisy is a thing velight and bese, soon ministed, which can not long deceive any one; but it is by that cold, real Pharisa-ism, which puts the letter in place of the spirit, the dogma in place of charity, is a religion which is all love. It is not with hands hard and cold that the priest must tooch the watends and series of humanity, but as a mother, in her love for her children, covers the plague spots which mask the outbreaking of revolting disease. It is with bursting lips that he is to sack the poison from the very blood of the death-smitten; it is with tears of charity and of tenderases that he is to wash and to purify the sinful soul? As he said this there was it his voice, and in the whole expression of his sed and beautiful countermore, something of the tenderpess of a father; he seemed to years toward those who listened to him with an irresistible attraction; and with one of his electrifying gestures he threw open his arms as if he would take upon his own heart the griefs and the removes of every troubled spirit.

"I give you but a faint outline of his sermon, though

dressed to the General of his order at Rome, will prove interesting to our readers :

dressed to the General of his order at Rome, will prove interesting to our readers:

"The present hour is solema. The Church passes through one of the most violent, dark, and decisive crises of its existence here below. For the first time in 800 years an Geomesical Council is not only conviced but decisred accessory; such is the expression of the Holy Father. It is not in such a moreout that a preacher of the Gospel, were he the hist of all, can consent to remain as the mute dogs of fersel, unfaithful guardians, whom the prophet represches as unable to bark. Carse west, see salents intrare. The saints were never effect. I am not one of them: but nevertheless I belong to their race, fish sencerum susua, and I have always been smolitions to place my steps, my bears, and, if recessary, my blood, in the tracks which they have left. I raise, therefore, before the Holy Pather and the Council, my protestation as Christian and preacher against these doctrines and practices, calling themselves. Beman, but which are not Christian, and which in their encreachments, always most anderlous and most baseful, tend to change the Councitudion of the Church, the hasts as well as the form of her teaching, and even the spirit of her jetty. I protest against the divorce, as implious se it is incare, which it is sought to accomplish between the Church, who is our mother according to eserally, and the societ' of the sincicenth century, of whom we are the some according to the times, and toward whom we have also some dolless and attachments. I protest against the more radical and dreadful opposition to human mature, which is attacked and made to revolt by these false doctrines in its most indestructible and holiest appirations. I protest, above all, against the spirit and the latio races in general, are delivered over to social, moral, and religious anarchy, the particular, and the Latio races in greate, are delivered over to social, moral, and religious anarchy, the principal cause is without doubt not in Catholicism has during a long

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

TT A New Story, splendidly Illustrated, by WILKIE COLLINS (Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," and "The Moonstone"), will be commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY in November, 1869. New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEERLY from the beginming of the Story to the end of 1870 for \$4 00.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

THE platform of the late New York Republican Convention will be regarded with the utmost satisfaction by every citizen in the country who sympathizes with the fundamental principles of the party, and it is strongly and honorably contrasted with the Democratic platform of the previous week. The Convention declared that the national bosor should be maintained without equivocation, that the Fifteenth Amendment, securing in the Constitution the equality of all citizens of the United States, should be adopted, and that the Government should be supported in the recognition of Cuban belligerency, whenever the facts in its possession should justify such a declaration.

The platform is positive and frank. We should have been glad to see an approval of the proposed reform in the civil service, and a recommendation of the new Constitution of the State. But what is said is so well said, and is so important, that we can wait. It is enough that the civil service reform has not yet been generally discussed, and is perhaps too imperfeetly understood to be a subject upon which the party could wisely prenounce, while the Republicans are known to be the authors of the proposed improvements in the fundamental law of the State. Upon the chief points of present political interest the Convention has spoken plainly, and it remains for the people to decide whether the voice of New York shall swell the chorns of hostility to the great principles of public policy which are associated with the prondest and most beroic epoch of our history.

It is evident from the tone of the resolutions of which we speak, as from that of the State conventions generally, that the main interest of the antumn elections, although they are State elections, is national, and not local. The reason of this is that the great issues involving the honor and prosperity of the National Government have not yet been settled, and every expression of public opinion at the polls affects that settlement. In Ohio, for instance, the Democratic party supports Mr. PENDARTON, who was a favorite candidate for the Presidency against General GRANT, and who is the representative of a financial policy which is virtually repudiation; a policy which, until it is conclusively condemned by the American people, will disastronsly affect the untional credit and honor. In Pennsylvania the Democratic candidate is Mr. PACKER, a gentleman known only as a Copperhead in the days when that term had a most serious significance. Both Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. PACKER were opposed to the war and to the policy of reconstruction, and are, of course, equally opposed to the Fifteenth Amendment, which removes from the domain of politics the vexing question that occasioned the war, and finally secures the honest results of the struggle.

The elections have thus inevitably a national aspect. They are the expression of opinion upon the very gravest measures of public pol-icy. Should the Democratic party prevail in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, it would not be unfair to conclude that the people of those States, and possibly of the country, had decided that the national honor would not be sullied by a course which no honest private person would countenance in his own affairs, and that they did not recognize any relation between the security of equal rights among American citizens and the prosperity and permanence of the American Union. It would be impossible to separate the national from the State issue.

The election of Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. PACKsm could not honestly be regarded as a person-al preference of those gentlemen to General HATES and General GRARY as Governors of their States, but it would unavoidably be regarded as a decision of much more important questions.

This may be regretted. It may be unfortu-

nate that the people can not vote for Governor in Ohio or Pennsylvania, nor in this State for Comptroller or Secretary of State, without saying whether they wish to be honest to the national creditor and just to all their fellow-citizens. But that is, nevertheless, the situation. It is not a personal question. Candidates of both parties may be equally honest and capable —if not, the dishonest and inespable should be scratched—but they represent a view of public affairs and a public policy which would be as effective in the State as in the nation. Thus the success of the Democratic party in New York would defeat the State Constitution, which removes an arbitrary restriction now imposed upon a class of voters; while the success of the Republican party would ratify by the popular voice the action of the Legislature in adopting the Fifteenth Amendment. The party that can be most safely intrusted with the national may as wisely be charged with the State administration; and of course the State that elects a Governor or a Secretary would, at the same polls, elect a President of the same party.

Every man who votes, therefore, at the next State election unavoidably expresses his opinion of the general character and tendency of the two great parties of the country. If he thinks that the financial policy of Mr. PEN-DIATON is wise and honorable, and that the principles and antecedents of Mr. PACKER in Pennsylvania, and of his friends in New York, promise harmony, economy, and peace to the country, he will vote the Democratic ticket in whatever State he lives. But if he believes that it is better to pay our debts honestly, and to do justice to our neighbors, to put the national faith beyond question, and to finish the work which the war left incomplete, he will support the party of the noblest record and of the best promise in our history, the Hepublican

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICANS AND CUBA.

Tmn New York Republican Convention resolved that "whenever the facts in possession of our Government will justify the recognition of Cuban belligerency we shall heartily approve such recognition, and pledge our hearty support to any action on the part of the Govern-ment tending to the final annexation of Cuba whenever she shall have achieved her independence and her people desire such action." is a resolution of confidence in the Administration with which every Republican will cordially agree. The country reposes with satisfaction upon the consciousness of which we have more than once spoken that we have an Administration singularly free from Buncombe of every kind, and which will regard our international conduct from the ground of the best American traditions and of perfect good faith.

The gun-boats which were lately detained by the Government may lead to a discussion which has thus far not been found necessary. The question presented is whether, under the circumstances, the United States shall be made the base of Spanish military operations against Cuba. We have treaties with Spain, and our markets of ships and munitions of war are open to all the world. If the Spanish Government comes as a customer to buy a fleet and equipment, and we have no reason to suppose that they are to be used in hostilities against a nation with which we are at peace, upon what ground can the sale be prohibited by the American Government if the security is satisfactory to the American merchant? The only recognised ground of interference with such transactions is that we have declared our neutrality, and that both belligerents are equally prohibited. But we have not recognized the belligerent rights of the Cubans, nor are they an independ-

Yet they are our immediate neighbors, and they have been struggling for a year to throw off a foreign government which has hitherto been most harsh; and our very situation makes us almost a fatal neighbor to them so long as the present situation continues. They and their friends do not fail to remind us that in earlier days France belped the American colonies when they sorely needed succor. But the French recognition of the colonies, al-

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though most timely and serviceable, was a conscious and intentional act of aggression toward England. The treaty of alliance of 1778 contemplates and provides for a rupture between France and England; and the United States agreed that if France captured the British West India Islands they should belong to France. The cases are in this at least essentially different, that we do not wish to injure Spain, while we certainly have a more legiti-mate sympathy with Cuba than ever France had with the American colonics. Still the unpleasant fact recurs that our geographical position makes us peculiarly harmful to the Cubans striving for independence. Spain leans ber riffe upon our shoulder.

This, however, does not change the great principles that underlie international comity, and which require that no insurgents shall be recognised as belligerents—which is the beginning of a recognition of independencethey show, as the American colonies had shown in 1778, not only a hope but a power to secure independence, attested by the virtual unanimity of the country and the undisputed civil supremacy of the Congress. These are the "facts" which is the which, in the contemplation of the resolation that we have quoted, would justify the recognition of Cuban belligerency. But meanwhile our neighborhood and the nature of the struggle authorize us to make the most strenuous and persistent efforts at mediation between Spain and Cuba. This, we have no doubt, the Administration is doing with the utmost selfrespect and with the sincerest sympathy for the Cubans. The latter, when they began the struggle, doubtless relied upon our neighborbood as an advantage in many ways; but they should have seen that it was an equal disadvantage. Those who move in great enter-prises are morally bound to count the cost, The Cubans may be sure that the United States will be just to them; but the best ground of their confidence is, that the United States will be just to all their duties and all their friends.

LAWRENCE vs. DANA.

Tun late decision in Boston, in the case of WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE Against RICHARD H. DANA, Jun., is very interesting and important. Mr. Lawnence, as is known, was a former editor of Wheaton's great work upon international law, and Mr. Dana is a later editor. The family of Mr. WHEATON were dissatisfied with the edition of Mr. Lawrence; and when that of Mr. Dana appeared, Mr. Lawrence charged that Mr. Dana had appropriated his labor in the notes, and asked that Mr. Dana's edition be enjoined as a plagiarism.

But the reading matter in Mr. Dana's notes so to speak, the thoughts, suggestions, arguments, ideas; the analysis of debates and of diplomatic correspondence-all indeed that professes to be original, is allowed to be of such value that the edition can not be enjoined. The Court then considered the question of the use made by Mr. Dana of the raw material of Mr. LAWRENCE's notes. This was merely a question of the relation of the second annotator of a work to the first, and does not involve character. All of Mr. Dana's manuscripts were before the Court, and the question was really one of law only, not of good faith. Mr. DANA claimed that he had studied and used the notes of his predecessor as he had the works of other authors, and no further; and that, dealing with the same authorities upon the same topics, the appearance of similarity was unavoidable. The Court upon this point laid down a rule, which it held that Mr. Daxa had in some cases infringed; and a master is to examine and report upon such instances.

If Mr. LAWRENCE's intention, therefore, was to suppress Mr. Dana's edition altogether, as an infringement of his copyright, he has failed, for Mr. Dana's edition is not declared an infringement and is not enjoined. The Court says that in some instances he has transcended the proper limits of use of the labors of the previous editor, and those excesses, when determined, must be hereafter omitted. The decision of the Court shows that Mr. DANA is, even under its own rule, indebted to Mr. Lawnumers for nothing but material which the seissors can cut off, and which may possibly be spared without injury.

Mr. Dana, of course, reserves a right of appeal as to the justice of the rale laid down by the Court; but the great point in the case is decided in his favor.

THE BYRON STORY IN ENGLAND.

Mas. Stown's paper upon Byrox is still discussed in England, and one publisher announces a volume containing the literature of the debate, while another advertises a "Vindication of Lord Byron." The tone of the remarks in the journals upon Mrs. Srown herself has been much the same as in this country. One paper, indeed, says that she will presently be thanked, as all those who are bold enough to tell the truth always are; and on the other hand, a correspondent who calls himself a member of Congress writes in Paris a little feeble scurrility intended for the family of which Mrs. Stown is a distinguished member. The most striking characteristic, however, of the communications which the subject has drawn out, is the irrelevancy of their arguments and statements to the stial point under consideration.

The note of the family solicitors is not a denial of the story, nor an assertion that evidence exists which will disprove it. Lord WENT-WORTH, the grandson of Lady Brace, writes that a manuscript was found among her papers containing an account of some circumstances connected with her marriage, but no accusation of so grave a nature as that which Mrs. Stown asserts was communicated to her. Lord LINDSAY also prints a letter written by Lady Byrow to her confidential friend Lady ANNE BARNARD, in 1818, alluding to the separation, but not mentioning the cause now alleged. This, however, is not in itself inconsistent with the impression conveyed by Mrs. Srows that Lady Byros had told it to no one except to Dr. (then Mr.) Lussusoros in 1816. Lord LINDBAY believes that Lady BYRON was a littie deranged upon the subject, and Mr. WILLIAM Howerz describes her as inexplicably cold and moody. Mr. Joux Robertson, also, declares that many persons, among them the Rev. Fran-ERICK ROBERTSON, believes Lady Bynon's mind to have been "touched," and he asserts that abe told many persons the story of the separation, and in many ways. He and two other friends of hers decided that Lady Bysos was of unsound mind upon the subject; and he adds that the story she most frequently told is not susceptible of proof, while the one related by Mrs. Srows is new and utterly incredible. But Dr. Founus Wixslow considers that the theory of hallucination is incompatible with the known facts of Lady Bynon's life; and certainly had there been good reasons for supposing her insane upon the subject of the separation, Miss Mansketch of Lady Byron.

It is evident that the story itself is not so universally discredited in England as it seems to be here, although, as we said, there is little mercy for Mrs. Stown. The Spectator and the Saturday Review, papers of the best reputation, incline to believe the story as told. The Spec-tator says that the truth of Mrs. Srown's story is "on the evidence more likely than not;" and the Saturday Review concludes that "either we must accept this hallucination theory, or we must accept Lady Byrox's story," while the ANNE BARNARD'S letter by emphasizing the fact that, as Lady Bynos did not tell the story to her parents, she would not be likely to con-fide it to her friend. Meanwhile, in the gen-eral debate there has been great force wasted upon unimportant details. Thus, when Mrs. STOWE'S article was first published it was remarked, with vehemence, that she did not spell Lady Bynox's family name correctly, and that she asserted that she lived two years with her husband. But these were not the kind of inaccuracies that would weaken the probabilities of the story. It was of no significance whether Lady Byzon lived with her husband a mouth or twelve months after she knew the truth, but that she lived with him at all.

So the Philadelphia Press, in some friendly and courteons strictures upon the observations of the Easy Chair in Harper's Magazine upon the general subject, points out certain discrepancies which do not affect the essence of the question. Thus it is said in the Magarise that Lord Buron traveled for three years before his marriage. No, says the Press, only a little more than two years. Again, it is said that two or three years after BYRON's death, at the request of Moone, Lady Brnox wrote a statement. No, says the Press, it was six years ofter, and in reply to Moons, not at his request. But evidently "two or three years" seans a few years, and although it is inaccurate to say that it was at MOOKE's request, the substantial fact is that there was a statement of Lady Byrow's, and that it was occasioned by Moore's Life. Perfect accuracy of dates and times is indeed desirable. But in this kind of discussion the vital points are alone im-

The Press, with the utmost good-nature, exorts its editorial brethren to be "posted" before they engage in the debate. But it instantly says that CAMPBELL was fully aware what he was about when he printed his commentary upon the " Defense of Lady Byron." Yet Blackwood says that the most merciful conclusion in regard to it is that "it was written under the influence of stimulants, which, for the time, bad deprived the illustrious author of 'Hohenlinden' alike of judgment and taste;" and Miss MAR-TINEAU says that " he excused himself by saying it was a mistake of his-that he did not know what he was about when he published the paper." All that CAMPRELL says in the letter quoted by the Press is that it "was a bold step on my part," which it certainly was. The Press also says that it is known to the readers of the MS. memoir of Braon that the statement made by Lady Brzos to Dr. Lusumoron in 1816 does not in the least resemble "the horrible revelation" made to Mrs. Srown in 1856. Does the Press suppose that Lady Byson's statement was to be found in Lord BYRON's manuscript? How could the readers of that manuscript, Lord Bussell, for instance, or Washington Invine, possibly know what Lady Byron told Dr. Lusu-INGTON, but did not tell her mother?

And is not the strongest probable proof of the substantial truth of Lady Bynon's story to be found in the fact that Dr. LUBRINGTON, to whom she told it in 1816, who is still living, and who could settle the whole matter by a word, remains effent? His simple assertion that the story told by Mrs. Stown is not what Lady Byson told him could not be regarded as an improper breach of professional confidence, and would dispose of the question. His silence is more convincing than all that has been said and written upon the subject.

A LOOK AT THE SITUATION.

In the midst of a healthy and active trade, beneficial alike to importers and distributors, the most unscrupulous gamblers of Wall Street, elevated to position and power by seizing the Erie Railroad-a sort of drift which its early friends had cast away from the impossibility of making it profitable—suddenly, as if a bolt had come from the clear sky, ran up the price of gold, buying and loaning it as it rapidly advanced, until, having reached 160, margins were called in, settlements in the consternation produced were made, a vast amount of currency was accumulated in the hands of the cornerers and, while brokers for the combination were acting in one direction, the principals, on the sudden collapse of the conspiracy, took different roads of escape; and but one rule of action appeared to govern, which was, to pay nothing and hold on to ill-gotten gains—the Board of Gold Brokers being held at arm's-length and treated with the indifference and contempt which will now be generally applied.

Instead of sending in to the Board the re-quired statements of each dealer, which would conduce to a complete settlement, an injunction was preferred, its effect being to leave the vast transactions of Friday unconfirmed; to leave the gold at high prices in the hands of borrowers, while those who applied to the courts locked up enough currency to confuse the whole business of Wall Street. The fact of withholding a statement resulted from the conviction that the general settlement of the transactions of Friday would be disastrous, or from want of confidence in the association. What was wanted there was some controlling mind, to carry such amend-ments to the by-laws as would bring outstanding parties to terms. This the injunction could

It would appear from the estimate made by a Committee of the Board that, upon final li-quidation of all sales and purchases on Friday which in the aggregate were several hundred millions-one set of parties remained short six millions to another, which was long to the same extent. As the corner was advancing toward 160 or 1621, persons who sold at 160, and on the turn of the market covered at 150, find themselves, with gold at 130, ruined, as the purchaser from them can not take, while they are No transaction in Wall Street at any previous time has so much defied its sagacity, or produced greater confusion or more serious consequences. While it was the rule before Friday to trust any one in the Board, in reliance upon the honor (?) which was supposed to control, now nobody trusts any body. The Gold Exchange Bank has gone into bankruptey. Of this, therefore, the country may be assured, that the gambling fraternity are so extensively weakened, and confidence is so impaired among them, that a new set will need to grow up be-fore the general business can be disturbed by their unseemly operations. Many of the banks of the city contribute by their loans, and by the direct action of their officers, to such opportunities for injuring all useful industry. It would be well for stockholders to drive from official position all who, under any circumstances, specplate in stocks. The taste for it grows with indulgence, and will generally eventuate in ruin and fraud. The object is not just. Accumulation of wealth, when it is the fruit of honest exertion in a useful pursuit, is not inconsistent with the general interest; but, when sought as the result of speculation with borrowed means, the actor betrays a desire to obtain what industry has produced without rendering an equivalent, and generally will become unscrupulous in its propopolishment.

Every officer known to be tainted with speculation should be weeded out of all financial institutions, as it constitutes a clear fraud upon the trust and contributes to the general demoralization. Our credit circulation is now so guarded from depreciation or diminution by the wise provisions of law, which authorized its issue. that the country can stand more of disaster than it could have stood under the State bank system. We shall ride out this storm with safety; but if speculators are not ejected from control, and our banking institutions handed over to the prodent and wise, who will keep the gambier at arm's-length, the time may come when a hail-storm to beat down the coming harvest, or some event not more damaging than the recent raid upon Wall Street, will bring down the whole structure of public credit beyond re-lief from judges who attend upon speculators to aid them at critical moments with injunctions.

The institutions of a financial character which | are scattered over the Union wield an influence the very greatest over its fortunes and its morals. The time has arrived for exerting it with energy, as not pecuniary safety alone, but the general safety, is affected by their management.

Is will be recollected that last year a lock-up in funds, brought about by the Eric clique, ar-rested the prosecution of the fall trade of 1863, and inflicted wide-spread damage. The Eric road was abandoned by prudent capitalists some years ago, when it was discovered that no profit to the stockholders could be made from it, considering the expense of construction and operation over a difficult route, and the competition to which it was subjected from a rival route in this State better situated as to grades and population. The Erie, thus abandoned by its unfortunate projectors and friends, fell into the hands of those who, to cover the annual loss from operating the road, and to furnish the opportunity for speculation, issued convertible stock under a very questionable power con-ferred by the general Railroad Act.

The interests of the Company, whose joint liabilities for stock and bonds have been extended to considerably over one hundred millions of dollars, have been entirely lost sight of in these nefarious operations, and the road is run and managed chiefly to advance the speculations of some of its directors. If the judiciary were what it was of old, a receiver appointed in the interest of some of its mortgagees-it is doubtful which of them will ever derive benefit from the road—would be appointed, and this scandal upon the fair fame of the State, the judiciary, and indeed the Union itself, would be terminated.

The last Legislature of New York passed an ect to prevent the ejection at a single election of the present Board from office. It was doubtless done because it was the intention to unload the worthless stock upon the market, and permit a repetition of some scheme of plunder such as occurred in Wall Street on Thursday and Friday.

The most alarming feature of our condition is this, that such legislation can be purchased at Albany, and that entire immunity from punishment in the courts can be purchased from a part of the judiciary. A shrowd observer said a few days ago that we were approaching the time when our personal property would be claimed by thieves who would have the effrontery to say, "You are mistaken; this is mine; I own it, and have in my pocket also the judge who will so decide."

The wants of the city per day of gold for commercial transactions reach from about a half to three-quarters of a million of dollars; but such is the aid extended by banks to gambling in Wall Street, that the operations of Friday at the Gold Exchange were between three and five hundred millions - operations which had no connection with the commerce which the banks are expected to foster. will in some degree be remedied by resolutely placing the country on the track to specie pay ments. This policy will require from each bank to withdraw from speculation, and ally itself to the substantial interests of the people.

LIGHT IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THERE seems to be little doubt that LOPEZ has been at last hopelessly defeated, and that l'araguny is relieved of a most odious tyranny. There are those who have insisted upon calling the government of that country a republic, but it was as absolute a personal despotism as can be found upon the globe. From the begin-ning of the struggle there has been nothing which should excite sympathy for Lorez or inspire hope in his success. The contest has been directly for the freedom of the river La Plata, and indirectly for the progress of civilization in that obscure and generally uninteresting region. We have yet to bear Minister M'MARON'S account of the condition of the country and the rule of Lopez, but that of Minister Washburn has been repeated. The ferocities of the "President," as related by Mr. Washmuns, are sickening; and the world will gladly know that an alliance, of which the Argentine Republic under President SARMIENTO is a member, has obtained control of the river.

Indeed, the interest of the people of the United States in all the countries of South America is so vague that the importance of the Presidency of Mr. SARMIENTO has not been properly estimated. He is a man not only thoroughly familiar with our institutions and history, but profoundly sympathetic with their spirit. He perceives both the advantages of a popular government and the necessity of general intelligence for its security and permanence. During his long residence in this country President SARMIENTO made the most extensive and accurate study of our public school system; and he is sparing no effort to clerate the standard and to extend the range of education in his own land. Such a me devoting to the highest interests of his country his shillities and the wisdom of his experience, is the most significant and interesting figure in South America. In the Argentine Republic there is a real tensioncy toward high civiliza-

tion, and a sagacious and representative goverament. The great principles of liberty and the political safeguards of freedom are pondered and practically sought. It is a country to which, especially under its present administration, our kindest thoughts and sympathies should be given; and which, if not the most extensive and powerful, is certainly the most promising of the South American States.

Brazil, on the other hand, is a country from which little is to be hoped. The Emperor, who seems to be a good-natured and somewhat cultivated man, has a way of charming visitors from the United States by praising the works of some of our authors; and when the pleased visitors write home that the Emperor of Brazil reads Longressow and Invino, there is an effect produced which, measured by the fact, is very comical, as if Brazil were a peculiarly ednested and refined country, the truth being that it is most ignorant and backward. The Emperor occasionally, also, makes remarks about emancipation. But they evidently mean nothing more than his praises of our poets. He would probably like to see slavery abolished in his empire. But it is one of the languid, ineffective feelings common to all men of good dispositions. From all that we can learn, slavery is firmly rooted in Brazil, and will yield very slowly to the growing humanity of the public opinion of the world.

It is not altogether satisfactory to observe that the victorious General of the allies in the Paraguayan campaign was apparently the Count D'Ev. If it had been a native of the country, that consciousness would have inspired a self-respect which would have been of the greatest service to the future development of the people. It is unfortunate for all the allies that they should feel that they owe their success to a foreigner. But, on the other hand, Mr. Sarmento is the representative of a higher success, which may justly stimulate the best hope and effort, at least of his own countrymen. How grave, in contemplating him and his career, seems the responsibility of every citizen of the United States to justify the earnestness with which men like SARMIENTO, upon this continent and the other, cite our example and the beneficent working of our system.

NOTES.

EVER since the brave Sir HUMPHERY GILsant was lost at sea three hundred years ago, saying, "Heaven is as near by sea as by land," the profoundest, but also a mournful interest, has invested Arctic travel. This feeling is deepened by the story which Captain Hall now tells. He has removed all doubt from the tragical tale of FRANKLIN's fate, and that of all his companions. They tried to make their way from their ships to the outposts of the Hudson Bay Company, and perished miserably by exposure, dis-ease, starvation, and possible fool play. Yet the heroic devotion which led a quiet citizen of Cin-cinnati to penetrate the Arctic solitudes and live among the Esquimaux, that he might learn the fate of his predecessor, can not be regarded with-out admiration. The Northwest Passage is discovered. There remains now nothing but to reach the North Pole, an enterprise which Cap-tain Hall already proposes. But familiarity does not destroy the charm of mystery and fearful romance that bangs over the Arctic world. The boys of to-day will read with the same ea-gerness the story of Captain Hall that we older boys read that of Captain Paker and Captain Book. Is there not something attractive, too, in expeditions not to find gold or ivory, but to explore regions of eternal ice and silence solely to enlarge the bounds of knowledge? Man shall, indeed, "subdue the earth," and extort all its closest secrets.

This beautiful engravings which we published last week of the four famous trotters, "Lady Thorne," "Goldsmith Maid," "American Girl," and the "Mountain Boy," have excited great interest among the frequenters of the course. The first three of these pictures were from photographs by Schrettere & Son, animal photographers, of Philadelphia, to whose courtesy we have been indebted for many valuable favors.

State Constitution, Mr. THURN said at the Democratic Convention that "men of stainless integrity, undoubted ability and learning," must be nominated, who will stand "grandly erect, and prove to the people the purpose of the Democ-racy to insure a good judiciary to the land." Did Mr. Tilden serenely mean Judge M*Cuxx?

Masses, OLIVER DITSON&Co, have perchased at a cost of over \$100,000 the entire collection of musical works, upward of seventy in number, hitherto published by Mason BROTHERS. The catalogue includes, among their well-known books, the popular "Mason and Hondley Piano Method," "Root's Cahinet Organ Instructor," "Carmina Sacra," "Jubilee," etc. We are informed that this addition to the list of publications to Mason Mason Discount Communication to the list of publications to Mason Discount Communication to the list of publications to Mason Discount Communication to the list of publications to Mason Discount Communication to the list of publications to Mason Discount Communication to the list of publications t tions by Messra. Drrson & Co. makes it equal in extent and value to that of all other publishers in the United States combined.

HISTORY and poetry celebrate no sublimer act of devotion than that of Almar G. Darckns, the watchman of the Passaic River draw-bridge, on the New York and Newark railroad. The train was doe, and be was closing the draw when his little child fell into the deep water. It rould have been easy enough to rescue him if

the father could take the time, but already the thundering train was at hand. It was a cruel agony. His child could be saved only at the cost of other lives committed to his care. The brave man did his duty, but his child was drowned. The pass at Thermopyles was not more heroically kept. Sir Pattar Stower giving the cup of cold water to the dying soldier is not a notice figure than that of ALBERT G. DRECKER keeping the Passaic bridge.

THE DRAW-BRIDGE KEEPER.

Duncken, a draw-bridge keeper, openea wide 🔮 The dangerous gate to let the vessel through; His little son was standing by his side.

Above Passale River deep and bite.

While in the distance, like a mosn of pain.

Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back,
The gate-like bridge that seems a gate of death;
Nearer and nearer, on the elender track,
Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath.'
Then, with a shrick, the loving father saw
like during boy fall headloug from the draw,

Either at cace down in the stream to spring And save his our, and let the living freight Rush on to death, or to his work to cling.

And leave his boy unbelied to meet his fate, And leave his boy unbelied to meet his fate, Which should he do? Were you as he was tric Would not your love outwelgh all cles bestde?

And yet the child to him was full as dear As yours may be to you—the light of eyes, presence like a brighter atmosphere, The household star that show in love's mild skies— Yet side by side with duly stern and grim, Even his child became as nought to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul and true,"
Held to his work, and did not aid his boy,
Who in the deep, dark water sank from sien.
Then from the father's life went forth all joy;
But as he fell back pailed with his pela,
Across the bridge in safety passed the train, 3

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast "
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord; # True greatness needs no title and no crest. To win from men just honor and reward; Nobility is not of rank, but mind, And is inborn and common in our kind.]

He is most poble whose humanity Is least corrupted. To be just and good ? The birth-right of the lowest born may be. Say what we can, we are one brotherhood, And, rich or poor, or famous or unknown, True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CUBAN EXPEDITIONS.

AMERICAN Sympathy with the Cohan cause has been shown more strongly than berendere by the number of expeditions resemily fund out and now in preparation for the aid of the Cohans. A telegram received in this city from Persandina, Florida, October I, Informs us that the expedition which a short time since IP. New York on the Aldonase may not forth in anfety and arrived of the Florida cross, where the Alabama, no pointed by the Lobin and Thart, having 1808 mea, 10,000 rifles, 500 select, and 20 pieces of artillery on board. General Goicar's was in command. We are also informed that another expedition on a fourth reseal was being organized by Guserial Steadman and Magrader. The entire force was expected to concentrate at a common traderwas off the Cohan coast. The military expeditions will be protected probably by the Cubs, of which we give an finishistion on page 601. It is stated that 500 American volunteers for Caha are still in depot along our Guif coast.

KEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Republican Convention met at Syracuse September 19. George William Cartia was nominated for Secretary of State, but has since

was nominated for necessary to the control of the c

decrease during September of seven and one-half millions.

A terrible seeddent occurred at the State Fair at Indianapolis, Indiana, October I. A mean belier attached to a portable sew-mill reported, killing outlight 19 persons, and more or less severely wounding a large number. Governor Baker narrowly escaped death, and his coordman was seriously injured.

"Hortsee," the famous Wordern race-horse, died September 18. He was owned by Major B. G. Thomse, of Lexington, Kentucky. He was three and a half years old. His dam was "Dixle." Lest spring, on the Backeye Course, Cincinnata, he made a mile in 1.43%, said to be the best time ever made in this country.

"Lady Thorn" trutted at Sarraganesti Fark, Actober 1, napinest 1 e "American Girl," "Goddenith Main," and "George Palmer," winning the race in three straight heat.

Nearly 190,000 inculgrants arrived in this country during the year ending with June.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A commission of fifteen Depaties to the Cortes has been charged with the daty of reporting on the various candidates for the throne of Spain.

Reports from Madrid represent that the republican movement in Catalogia and Andahusa promises to decrive the hopes of its instigators. In the mean time great alarm has been occarboned by the interruption of telegraphic communication between Madrid and the provinces, and n new set more extensive reactionary movement is apprehensivel.

General Sociale has not withanswe his note concerning Caba. That letter has certainly had one good result in industring the Spanish Government to adopt a more humanic policy toward the Chhans.

Fifty lives were lost by the full of the bridge at Konkesborg, Provide, during the festival in honer of the King on the 14th of September.

The Sweet Casal is practically open, water having been introduced by removing the barriers from Rister Lake, and a steasmer has yeased through the canal from Fort Said to Sucr is fifteen bours.

The Prench Senate and Corps Legislatif have been convaked to meet November 22.

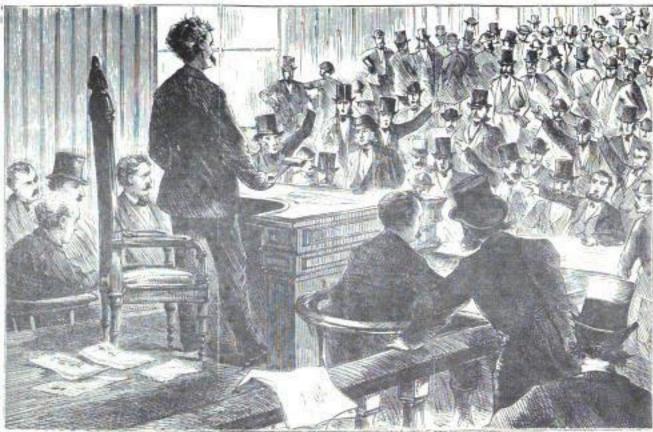
Prince Napoleou has written a letter to Colonel Berten, Chalarman, and other American sedouroing in Loudon, thanking them for their address congraralating him on his liberal speech in the Senate. The Prince seminds them of the bonds which have always united France and America, and continues: "The present position beaut resemblance to that at the close of the last contary. France seeks to found a liberal democracy at the moment when America emerged from a gignatic struggle for the destruction of sheety, which dishonored the Republic. The methods of Prance and America are diffusively ustablished in France will place the political seatiments of France and America are diffusively at abilities of France and America are diffusively but the doct in the season. Constitutions il Brenty at abilities in Prance and America and States will place the political seatiments of France and America and Capa at a state of the season.

N. Y. GOLD ROOM AND STOCK BOARD.

We gave last week a record of the fluctuations of the New York gold market during the memorable 28th of September. These fluctuations were not paralleled during the war period. No such scene as that presented in the Gold Room on the 24th has been witnessed since the Jay Coons, and Chassinaning of May, 1864.

panager May, 1864.

The Balls when they met that morning were confident. Some of them beasted that they read entry gold up to 200. Much of this confidence are due to the first that the Bidds felt severe as to any interference on the part of Secretary Bornwell. So they ldewige their bubble: they contried gold up to 100), which point it reached at thirty soft minutes past eleven of chel. A M. Among the promisent operators were Assurer Secretary, Hester Carons, Honack Watton and his brother, Mr. Contava, of the farm of Texton a Contava, Messay, Runar & Hutas, and fifty others. In order to bring before the reader's mind the scene of this



THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE BOARD IN SESSION, SEPTEMBER 25, 1809.

exciting conflict between the Bulls and Bears—namely, the New York Gold Room—let him imagine a hippothestron, with a little fountain in the centre. The centre of the fountain is a bronze Cupid with a dolphin in its arms. From the head of Capid arises a tiny silver stream, which falls in jets into the basin below. Fracey as iron rading ninety feet in circumstructure about this basin, then a space of some twenty feet in circumstructure about this basin, then a space of some twenty feet in circumstructure about the fauntain, and to the fauntain, and to the fauntain, and the fauntain, and the fauntain, with the some for the errord hose, and the upper for the yearstrows. Beyond the fauntain, with his back toward New Screen, stands the Serretary, recombing the sales which he entered the server of the server. Wires run from his machine to nearly five hundred brokers officers, who are thus instantly informed of the stant of the market, and

state of the market, and are enabled to make their hids undi-turbed by the furious expressent which rules in the Gold Room

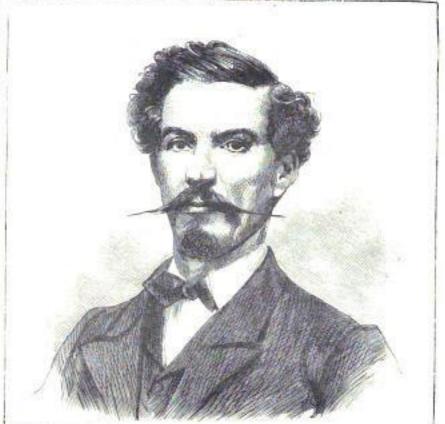
on important occasions.



SCENE IN THE GOLD BOOM, NEW YORK CITY, DURING THE INTENSE EXCITEMENT OF FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.



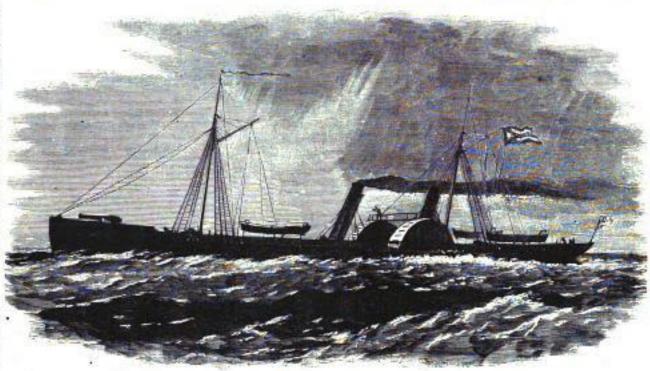
GEN. CARLOS MANUEL CESPEDES, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.-(Str Page 663.)



GEN. MANUEL QUESADA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CUBAN ARMY .- [See Page 663.]

Well, as we have said, at 11.36 a.m. the Bulls were triumphant. The Bears were nowhere. In one hour and thirty-six minutes gold had sprung from 150 to 162\(\frac{1}{2}\)—12\(\frac{1}{2}\) per cent. The scene in the Gold Room at this point baffles description. It was a scene of furices, raving, shricking termula. Then there was a wavering among the Bulls. A rumor had reached the Gold Room that Secretary Bottwell \$4,000,000 of gold that same day. In twenty minutes gold went down to 140. But three minutes after (11.59 a.m.) it was up again to 160. From that point it went down steadily until the close of the session, at 3 o'clock P.M., when it stood 133\(\frac{1}{2}\). On the 25th the excitement which had ruled in the Gold Room on the previous day was trans-

On the 25th the excitement which had ruled in the Gold Room on the previous day was transferred to the Stock Board. We give on page 660 a picture representing the scene during the session of the



THE FIRST CUBAN MAN-OF-WAR, THE "CUBA," FORMERLY THE "HORNET."-[SER PAGE 663.]

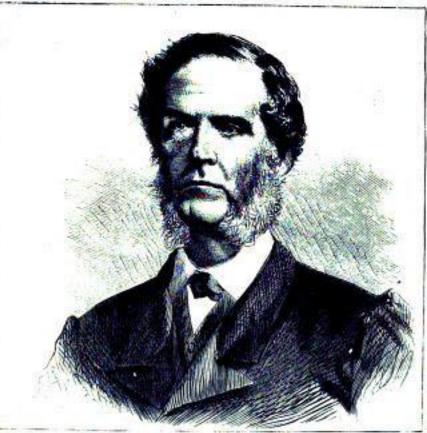
Stock Board on the 25th, It is said that one hundred and fifty of the operators in the Gold Room are also members of the Stock Board. The confusion, therefore, produced in the laster by the operations of the 24th may be readily imagined.

24th may be readily imagined.

An idea may be formed of the immense business of Friday, the day of the great panic, by a perusal of the following telegraphic statistics. On that day the Franklin Telegraph sent 5000 messages; the Bankers' and Brokers', 2232; the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company at the Gold Room, 2000; the office of the same line at 21 Wall Street, 800; and the main line, about 5000. More than four-fifths of this number were quotations of gold. It is stated that under the pressure the wires of the telegraph in the Gold Room were melted. The entire amount of gold sold in Wall Street September 24 is estimated



GEN. PREDERICO P. CABADA, COMMANDING DISTRICT OF LAS VILLAS.—[SEE Page 601.]



GENERAL JUAN G. DIAZ DE VILLEGAS, -[See Page 661.]

at \$500,000,000. This amount, upon a rough estimate, allowing sixteen dollars to an ounce, and sixteen ounces to the pound, and two thou-sand pounds to the ton, and one ton to each cart, would require a thousand carts to move it; and allowing twenty feet to each horse and cart, the string of carts would be about eight miles long.

THE RIPPLES' REQUEST.

Taratow on a sunbeam to play with t We'll break it and shiver it, Shake it and quiver it.

All to the tune that the noon-breezes sing.

The wild rose that blushes The wild rose that blushes 'Mid green stelles and rushes The sky-gazing Bly our coming that fears,
In vain try to catch it;
We waters will match it,
And break it in sparkles of diamonds and tears.

Throw us a flow'ret to play with I Three us a flow'ret to play web !

We'll resist it and whirl it,

And spin it and whirl it,

Giddly tree it and float it along.

Vainly it chower.

To the half-downing leaves

That stooy'd from the basks and are prisoners too.

Green weeds can not save it,

The herers plack'd and gave it

To us, and we'll play with it all the day through.

Send us-ra, send us a myocheam! No longer we'll rist, But quict, so quiet, Deep sleep we wil feige, lest it leave as again; For the obsery beam Loves to lie on the stream,

And to stream but dream, while the night-breezes sigh;

And we scarce dare to creep

Round the blies asleep,

For fear it should like once again in the sky.

A LOVER'S LEAP. By JUSTIN M'CARTRY.

In one of the few quarters of New York which innovation and progress have not touched, or which, to quote a famous jorne of Grattan's, "modern degeneracy has failed to reach," is a queer, quaint, mouldy-looking little sad church or chapel. How old it is I, unskilled in the archicology of the region, have no means of knowing; but I should think it might well have echoed to the heavy tread of stout Peter Stay-vesant; for the houses which now nearly gird it round are themselves asseignt of days—almost medical for a place like New York; and yet they have evidently grown up gradually keep since the building of this church or chapel. I ray this is critical, because I take it for granted that no mortal ever yet set about building a church where there was not more or less of a clear space around it; and this little church is now blocked up on three sides with houses. In fact, it stands, one might say, in a nicke formed by the encrowbing and almost encircling buildings. Its place is just a little distance back of a considerable and busy thoroughfare. You step aside into a little narrow and irregular gauge of small, decaying houses, and there before you stands the gate and the little church yard, reduced now to a more parch of dank grass railed around with a pulsade of rusty and moddering iron. Then you see the church, low, squar, square, built mainly of brick which once was red, but has failed to keep the natural rube of its checks; with a very low and stantest tower or belfive and a green despect of sullmans about it as of a structure which feels itself out of date and out of place, but which, nevertheless, positively refuses to surrender to the peogress of andirious change. Bound the three soles of the church tail bourses, swarming with popula-tion, have risen; and they have left so hitle breathing-space for the waverable building that there hardly seems a clear way for a decent donkey-cutt between its railings and their doors and stoops; and if one of those were to fall it would have no choose but to come crushing down into the church yard. The houses con-tain, floor over floor, offices of small mysterious agencies for cool-conquoies and building-compassies and such like; empenters' work-rooms, artificial flower-makers, gold-heaters, here-sellers; here and there a restaurant or a German conditorel; and that there are many laundresses in the region is made evident by the fact that al-most every roof is festioned with fluttering shirts,

pantalets, and chemises.

In this dingy and melanchely region lived and bloomed a pretty girl as one might wish to see— Elsie Clairon. Elsie's granifather and grand-mother were French Canalians, who settled in Now York, and the family had gone on growing there since; and Elsie now lived with her father and mother, the only child left to them; for her three brothers had gone West, and were farming in different States. I.bie's father was a watch maker in rather a small way. He and his wife were persons of some coheation and taste, and they had had Elsie well taught. Among her other accomplishments she had some gift of music, and actually now held the important and lucrative post of organist in the drear little church

I have described. Now there had once been a sad calamity in Elsie's family. She had a sister, a handsome, dark-eyed girl, too attractive and too reviews for her surroundings; and she had been seen for her surroundings; and she had been seen somewhere by a young man from a better quarter of the city, and she had gone with him to the park and to concerts; and the rest need hardly be told. The poor girl repeated bitterby; and her parents would have forgiven her and still kept her with them, but New York was hateful to her; and as one of her brothers offered to give her a home she went with him, and her father and mother had to part with her. We do not meet with her directly in this story; she is mentioned thus early for the purpose of explain-ing and emphasizing the keen and almost mor-

Continue

bid anxiety with which Elsie's father and enother watched over her as she grew to be a wo-man, and the beauty of her bright eyes and her graceful figure became more and more evident.

Elsie used to practice on the organ a good deal in the evenings, and even until it was quite dark very often. She had the key of the little church. She would let berself in, lock the door, mount to the organ-loft, and there practice her playing; and her father and mother, who lived in one of the houses on the right side of the church as you looked from the open struct, could hear the sweet, solemn notes of the organ, and they knew that their daughter's fingers were calling forth the music; and they were happy. Happier still, perhaps, were they when she thought she had practiced enough and descended from the organ-loft, came out of the desolate little church into the almost equally desolate little church-yard, locked the doors behind her, and was home, looking bright and winning and and ran home, looking bright and winning and

full of love.

But what a darksome, grewsome place must have been that dreary church-tower for Elsie Clairon to spend evening hours in! She must have had a good conscience, and been very little afraid of ghosts, to endure that place alone in the gray, grim, evening hours. To stand alone in the church-yard outside, even though there be houses all around, would be trial enough for some norres at certain hours of shadow—and some nerves at certain hours of shadow-and yet this girl sits abone in that awasome organ-loft and plays for hours, long after the stars of the summer evening have begun to look out. Take this particular evening, for example. late; the sun has gone down a full hour; the season is the very latest verge of summer; the right has already begun to drop its curtain of gloom; the clouds cover the sky so that no stars sea he area, the sky so that no stars can be seen; the air is heavy, thick, surcharged apparently with electricity; there is evidently a thunder-storm approaching. Yet you can hear the tones of the organ distinctly; and when you hear them you may know that Elsie Clairon is sitting there in that doleful tower. It is very ghostly here—one wonders what it must be like

Well, the story-teller enters every where, and can take his audience with him, as the Diable Roiteux could carry Don Cleofas, and with Don Cleofas all the world of renders. We enter the church—and truly it is a dismal edifice. Things look far drearier within than even without. All is gray, gloomy, mouldering, sepulchral. The dismalness and darkness oppress the soul. How one Elsie endure the place? We follow the strains of her music till we find ourselves just on the last step of the tortnous, rickety flight of stoirs leading to the organ gallery; and there we purse. We will not intrude; but we will listen while the pretty girl plays, and we will admire the comage which enables her to brave this

spectre haunted gloom.

Spectre-haunted! The word let fall carelessly noust have a genetic meaning here. There positively are ghosts—for there is a figure sitting by Elsic's side! And she knows it, and is not afraid. She still plays on; her skillful fin-gers never pause in their thrilling labor; but the goldin speaks to her in low, whispering tones; and Elsie whispers back in reply; and their

heads are sometimes very close together.

Fish, my love," whispers the spectre, "don't you trust in me?"

She looks sadly, lovingly at him, and whispers

"Trust you? Als, if I did not trust you wholly, should we be here now together? I ever have allowed this to go on? Should I have risked so much? Robert, you know and Heaven knows-and only Heaven and you-

how much I trust you."

'And you love me, Elsie?"

'Baye I not told you so, more than once?
And did you not know it even before ever I told you?

I am no cold-blooded creature, to weigh every word I ratter and gnazed every look-and you know it, Robert, before you ever pressed me

"I did, indeed; and therefore I loved you all the more. But since this is so, why will you not trust yourself to me-come with me and be my wife?

She shook her head.

"Your wife openly, Robert?"

"Openly; yes, after a while—a little while, just. I have a strong reason for it; I expect to be very soon in a position to have a claim your father even will admir."

"Can we not wait until then? I shall not

" But it may not be so soon as I expect; there may be delays; and I love you so much, Elsie, that I can not bear to wait. I want to be certain of you, come what will. "And I love you so much, Robert, that I can

All this time the organ kept on its playing, and gave an accompaniment of solemn psalmody to the word-duct of the lovers. For the figure by

Elsie's side was clearly that of a lover, and not of a ghost; and now we know why the young orist was not afraid of the desolate darknesses of the old church.

The lover pleaded warmly, pensionately, vain-At last it became so late that Elsie must go; ly. At last it became so into that Elsie most go; and then their lips approached for one moment, and they parted. But here comes a strange part of the story. I have spoken of the old staircase which led up to the organ-loft. It mounted then a little farther up into the old belify or tower. Now, when the lovers parted, Elsie came down the stairs and Robert went up. She positively came down the stairs alone, crossed the floor and then the threshold of the old church, went out into the church-yard, locking the door behind her and carrying away the key! Has she then locked her lover into that dreary, ghastly solitude for the night? It is certain that, after

Lincoln

Elsio's departure, nor man nor monse crossed the threshold of that dismal edifice.

Something like this went on during many occasional evenings of succeeding weeks. The lovers met and sat together and whispered; and Robert-frequently urged Elsie to marry him secretly, and she always refused, and spoke of her interested her like the loved her all the more even for her denial. Always, when they parted, she came down stairs and he went up; she locked the church door, and enter the tower and draw in the and she always refused, and spoke of her fa-ther and mother, and pleaded so tenderly that he loved her all the more even for her denial. Always, when they paried, she came down stairs and he went up; she locked the church door, and took the key away. What became of Robert? If he followed the staircase until it stopped he came into the court, some tower or helfer. come into the squar, square tower or belfry. Surely not a pleasant place to pass many successive nights in! This belfry had two windows. One looked out on the wider side of the church-yard, and scross it to the range of houses in which Elsie's parents lived; and nar-row as the passage was between the church and these houses, yet I promise you that no man could traverse in a leap one-third of the distance. On the other side the distance, to be sure, was much less; and there was a carpenter's work-room in one of the houses just opposite the tower window; and out of the carpenter's window there did some-times project a luge beam. Still, even between that beam and the turret window, there was a distance no man I ever saw would like to try to cross by a leap, even if we suppose our lover was insane enough to risk his life thus night after night. Moreover, there was a young carpenter almost constantly at work in that room; and he must have seen any such aerial exercises, supposing them to be possible.

Still there were eyes watching the lovers of which they never dreamed. Every pretty girl like Elsie Clairon has had to reject importunate admirers; and Elsie had had to repel, at last very sharply, the advances of Stephen Roseberry, who was clork to a low-class lawyer in the neighborhood, and Stephen was thoubly of course borhood; and Stephen was thereby, of course as every mean and selfish creature would be, con as every mean and seanal creature would be, con-verted into the enemy of the woman who would not have his love. One night, Elsie, not expect-ing her lover, and indeed believing him to be ab-sent from New York, did not lock the church door when she went in to practice, and the lover did come, after all; and Stephen Roseberry, happening to pass by the church and hearing the organ, went in, poor wretch! in the hope of meeting Elsia. As he entered he felt convinced that he heard her talking with semebody in the organ-loft. Yes—he listened, and he distinctly organ-tott. 1es—ne niteried, and he distinctly heard an affectionate good-night. Then be heard Elsie coming down; and he crouched in one of the pews to watch her. She passed along alone! She went out of the church alone—she lorked the door behind her—she locked Stephen in! Much as he was vexed and horrified to find himself locked in amidst the growing darkness of that glassly place, he yet had courage and energy enough to search through the church for Elsie's hidden companion. It was a small building, and the search was soon over. There was nobody there but himself. He searched up stairs and down stairs; in the organ-left and the helfry, and he found no one. No but himself was in the church? No human creature

There was no way for him to escape that night, unless, perhaps, by dashing out a window and creating an alarm, or tolling the bell. He wisely elected to avoid scandal, and so slept quietly in a pew until morning; then hid himself until the sexton opened the church doors, and so set out avoration!

so got out unnoticed. Now Stephen Roseberry was no believer in ghosts. Such belief is not a common weakness among lawyers' clerks. Moreover, even if he had believed in ghosts, he could never have been got to believe in the possibility of a pretty young woman spending an hour in a darksome church to cummune with a spectre. He therefore took it for granted that Elsie Clairon had been conversing with a living, flesh-and-blood lover; and as he could not guess how the lover had got out, he merely came to the conclusion that there was a way of getting out as yet unknown to him, and he went to work patiently to discover it. He thought of subterranean passages, trap-doors, gratings that could be lifted, and so on; and be lurked about the church yard of nights, and spied into every opening and outlet within his reach, as if he had been a professional detective. He discovered nothing. Elsie always came out alone; and yet he felt convinced that she had not been alone in the church.

At last, this very night that we have been speaking of, Stephen's patient meaking watch-fulness was rewarded. A mere chance showed him what his sugacity might never have discov-ered. He was at his post as usual, and he saw Elsie depart alone. The thunder-storm which had been threatening came on, and he ran for shelter to the side of the church where the houses approached nearest. The first flash of lightning made him look up involuntarily, and he started in wild surprise and excitement; for lo! above his head, he beheld the solution of the mystery.

Opposite the tower window was the carpenter's work-room with the projecting beam. From the tower window was pushed a long pole, apparently with a book or grappling-iron of some kind attached, for it caught firmly to the beam; and then along this pole, which looked to Stephen hardly thicker than a walking-case, the figure of a man crept astride with wonderful quickness and dexterity until it had reached the stoot beam, and then the window of the carpenser's work-room. It was but the affair of a moment, and the pole was drawn in, and all trace of the serial

the pote was drawn in, and all trace of the aerial flight was gone.

There was the mystery explained! The houses, among which was the carpenter's room, were nearly all occupied in the upper stories by offices and working-places which were closed and descrited long before dark. Once the dusk of evening set in, there was hardly any one there to note the aerial fact of the daring lover. On

swiftly up, and enter the tower and draw in the pole. He darted out of the church-yard and into the house where the carpenter's room was; rushed up the stairs, found to his joy that the room door was not locked, went in, dragged back by main strength the beam from the window, put down the glass of the window—it had no shutters—and ran down stairs exclaiming, as he went, "I have the rat now caught in the trap!" Then he burst into the apartments of old Clairon as the latter sat pottering over his watches, and told him a story which made Clai-ron's pulses thrill, and the veins in his forehead

vell, and his eyes flash with a maddened light. Our lovers sat in the darkening church, and lsie's fingers still sent out their music. The Elsie's fingers still sent out their music. lovers were happier than they had been for some time, because Robert Dallas was able to tell her some news which gave them hope; and they both looked forward to a near-approaching time when mystery and concealment and clandestine meetings, and the whole system of secrecy, which meetings, and the whole system of secrecy, which was especially distasteful to Elsie's clear, pure nature, should be at an end, and the lovers could meet openly, and boldly demand the approval of their love. So, as they spoke together in low, hopeful, happy tones, there came a knocking at the church door, and old Clairon's voice called angrily to his daughter.

"Elsie, my dearest," said Robert, calesly, "it will not do for me to be found even now. Goodwill not do for me to be found even now. Goodwill not one; give me just one moment—keep on

by, love; give me just one moment—keep on playing—and then open the door."

And he sped up stairs, nothing doubting that he should find the way of escape easy as usual. Elsie's color was heightened and her limbs trem-bled at the mere alarm of the knocking at the

door; but she, too, never dreamed of any inter-ruption to her lover's flight. Robert Dallas sprang to the window and seized his pole. Suddenly he fell back amazed and star-tied, for on looking across he saw that the beam on which he relied had been withdrawn, and that the window of the room was closed. A sicken-ing sensation came over him as he thought of the odious suspicious to which poor Elsie would be subjected if he were how found there. Even in that moment of confusion it was evident to him that none accordance in the service to at least have shown a consciousness of innocence.

him that some enemy was at work, that some exposure had been planned and intended, and exposere had been planned and intended, and that the object was to injure Elsio. He knew what the fears and projudices—only in this case too natural—of old Clairon were likely to be; and how little he could blame the poor parent if he thought the west. Even if he had remained in the organ-loft with Flace and braved the anger of her father it would have been better; it would But now to have hidden, to have fied, and to be discovered after all—could any thing look more guilty? No—nothing could seem more guilty; and never were two human beings in the world more innocent. Elsie's fame was at stake! Every second that passed was fraught with rain.
Robert raged and chafed wildly — he almost
thought of flinging himself out of the window
headlong. Then he gathered his judgment and
resolution about him, and calmly surveyed the place. Between him and the carpenter's window there was indeed a dark, wide, awful gulf. But a during and athletic gymnast might leap across it; and Dallas had been trained in the best gymit; and Dallas had been trained in the best gymnastic schools of England and of Germany. He hold his breath, guzed for a moment, made his inhealation, and decided. He scrambled into the tower window, and thence, summoting all the strength of his fibres and frame, sprang feet foremost, and holding his pole as if it were a lance, right at the window of the carpenter's room. He had not overrated his strength, agility, and accuracy of calculation. With a flight that almost took away his breath he crossed the space between wall and wall. His feet crashed through the glass and the sashes of the carpenter's window, and he might with the shock have ter's window, and he might with the shock fallen backward, only that the moment he drove his pole through the window he suddenly turned it into a horizontal position, and made it a bar which more than spanned the window inside, and enabled him to hold on safely and maintain his place. Then he descended quietly into the room. His hands and arms were cut and scratched, but his face was quite uninjured; and in a mere mo-ment the window was open, the broken sash taken away, the beam projected anew, and a young carpenter in his shirt-sleeves was planing away

at the inner part of it.

When Elsie ran down to open the church door she had but one resolve, and that was—if her father came alone, and came with any suspicion of her lover's presence—to throw herself on his affection and tell him all. But her heart was chilled when she saw Stephen Roseberry, and knew at a glance that he had played the spy, and had filled her father's heart with suspicion.

had filled her futher's heart with suspicion.

Indeed, she got no opportunity of saying any thing. Her futher only pushed her aside, and, led by Roseberty, ran up the stairs of the tower. Roseberty apenng triumphantly into the tower, looked wildly about him, ran to the window, glared out of it, and then fell back utterly discomfitted. There was no one in the tower but himself and Clairon. In the window of the carpenter's room opposite a lamp was now burning, and the industrious young carpenter was quietly working away in his shirt-sleeves.

"Sold!" exclaimed Roseberry, hourse and almost breathless with excitament. "Clairon, I swear to you, he was here only five minutes ago."

"And flew out of the window there, like a bird, I suppose," replied Clairon, grimly. "Roseber-ry, you have been drinking, or your jealousy has taken away your wits. Only that I can make allowance for a disappointed man like you I would make you suffer for this. Go down stairs and get away, you fool! I was a greater fool still for paying any attention to your story. Take your dime romance tales somewhere else next

Roseberry descended, silent and sallen, and went his way, still determined, some time or oth-er, to convict the lovers and establish his own justification. Old Clairon said not a word on the subject to his daughter, but was very kind and tender to her all the evening. For her part, she felt deeply compunctions, and only waited until her next meeting with her lover to declare to him that she would keep the secret no longer.

Her time of trial was nearly over. after, a handsome, very gentlemanly young man came into old Clairon's room, and told him he had come to ask for his daughter in marriage,

'I belong to a family one member of which did you a great wrong, Mr. Clairon," he said, gravely; "but I am glad to be able to tell you gravely; "but I am glad to be able to sell you shat he has to the best of his power endeavored to repair it. You will hear within a few days from your daughter Alice. She is now Mrs. Edward Dallas, and is the wife of my brother.

I am Robert Dallas—your daughter Elsie and I have long loved each other; but until the wrong done to you had been repaired we did not venture to ask you to consent to our marriage. My brother has a good heart, and some feeling of conscience and honor, and he is repentant, and will do his best to make one of your daughters happy. Give me the other."

happy. Give me the other. Needless to say that Robert Dallas was accepted and welcomed.

Then you were in the church that night?"

cld Clairon said, with twinkling eye.

"That night, and other nights—it is quite a remantic story, I assure you. I was the carpenter in the room yonder—I hired the room for the purpose. I always had a taste for amateur carpentering. I planned the pole and beam ma-

"Hut how did you escape that night? Rose berry swore he took away the beam and shut the window,"

"Just a little venture, and a leap across a few fect of space and through some panes of glass, But we mustn't tell Elsie of that—for the pres-ent, at least. It would alarm and distress her, perhaps. When the whole affair has faded into a little distance, I will venture some night to amuse her with this odd story of a lover's leap."

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

WE give this week, on page 661, portraits of the most prominent leaders of the Cuban revolu-tion, which we have obtained through the courte-sy of the officers of the Cuban Junta in this The officers of the Junta, believing that many of our readers may desire to obtain pho-tographic likenesses of President Cuarmons and of General Oursana, the Cuban Commander-in-Chief, have made arrangements to furnish such pictures, upon application at their office at No. 71 Broadway. The proceeds from the sale of these interesting photographs will be devoted to the alleviation of the sufferings of sick and wounded soldiers of the patriot Cuban armies. Cartos Manuel De Cespedus was born in

ayamo, April 18, 1819. His parents were Just MARIA DE CESPEDES and FRANCISCA DE BOS-JA LOPES DEL CASTILLO, both belonging to most respected and honorable families of that city.

CARLOS MANUEL passed his boybood in country, where he breathed in from the exhila-rating air of the mountains an ardent love for liberty. Afterward he entered a convent, where he studied Latin and belles-lettres, remaining there till he attained the age of fifteen; he then went to Havana with the intention of studying law in the University, and completed the course, graduating in 1838, having passed a brilliant ex-

Now a lawyer, with the degree of Bachelor, he returned to Bayamo, and married Maria DEL

CARMEN CESPEDES, who died very recently.

In 1840 he sailed for Europe, and resided for some time at Barcelona. Here he made the necessary studies for the grade of a licenciado of the law, which he obtained in 1842.

He improved every occasion to defend Cuba acks which wer lands, and also formed a close intimacy with General PRIM, taking an active part in the republic an conspiracy which that distinguished man had incited. He was on this account banished to France by the Spanish Government. In 1844 he came to America, and fixed his residence at Bayamo, his native city. He obtained there great reputation as a lawyer, cultivated literature, and acquired a considerable fortune. In 1852 he was arrested in Bayamo because of a lemonstration which he had made at a banquet in favor of Cuban independence. From the pris-on of Bayamo he was sent to Morro Castle, in Santiago de Cuba, where he was held for five

In 1867, and during the early part of 1868, he suffered new persecutions from the government, and, escaping as he best could, he began anew to devote himself to the cause of his country with great carnestness, attending Masonic associations and assisting at revolutionary juntas, which were commenced in July of 1868, in which be always declared himself firmly for the independence of Cuba and its emancipation from the Spanish rule. He was also an advocate of negro emancipation,

The discontent of the country increasing, the result was new attempts for reform in the system of taxation, which was as ruinous as it was unjust, under Lansuspr's government. These

attempts, with other influences, in the end brought

about the revolution.
On the 8th of October the patriots began to assemble in the mill "Dernajagna" of Caspadas; and, with him at the head, five hundred patriots, on the evening of the 10th, swore allegiance to

the flag of liberty.

The first encounter with the Spanish troops was at Yara. The revolutionary column, num-bering one thousand, marched to Barrancas, which was taken on the 15th; and on the 17th they advanced upon Bayamo.

Here the number of patriots was increased to three thousand, and after three days of siege and combat the garrison of the town was obliged to capitulate.

At this decisive moment CESPEDES desired to perform a great act of justice. He granted ab-solute and unconditional liberty to all his slaves, and took with him in his army all who wished to accompany him. From this time Caspanus has accompany him. From this time Caspenus has been at the head of the Cuban revolution, exhibiting the greatest patriotism, and renouncing all selfish aggrandizement. To-day he is President of the Republic of Cuba, and history will register his name among those of the great benefactors of humanity

General MANUEL QUESADA was born in the city of Camaguey on the 29th of March, 1833, and belonged to one of the principal families of Cubs. He emigrated, at the age of nineteen, to Mexico, impelled by the love of adventure.

Inclining to a military life, he entered the serv-ice of the Republit in 1856, and was always distinguished for his valor and isselligence. It is not necessary to say that he embraced the Lib-eral cause, fighting first at Partido Beaccionario, and always leagued against the Emperor Max-

As chief of a column be obtained very brilliant triumphs, and in battles with the French he had the glory of defeating them successively at Fortin, Tepojee del Rio, Arroyo-Sarco, Calpulalpan, San Martino, Fesmelucan, and in several other nctions, among which figure the memorable battles of the 5th of May, 1862, at Puchla and at Pachuca, where he was honored with the rank of

His most brilliant victory was that of Palo-Gacho at Vera Cruz, where he muted a large force of African Cazadores and other cavalry with a much inferior force. It was at Calpulalpan that he attained to the rank of Colonel, and soon after to that of General, for his gallant con-The battle of Palo-Gacho was the first which took place between the Mexican and French troops, and this was soon followed by that of the Cruz-Blanca, or White Cross. General Quesana received medals of honor

for the 5th of May and for Pachuca, and was selected to fill high official posts, among others that of Governor of the States of Flascala, Con-huila, and Durango.

In 1865 General Quesada came to New York, where he has devoted himself exclusively to the cause of liberty for his country, and has labored incessantly for that object, exciting in the Cuban patriots an enthusiastic desire to strike a deathblow to the Spanish rule in their island. Two months before the heroic President of the Cuban Junta gave the cry for independence in Yara, General Quesada was at Camagury, incognite, secompanied by the distinguished patriot Parlo Perse, they having gone thither for the purpose of organizing the insurrection, and providing for any deficiency in their military resources. He afterward proceeded to Nassau, from which place he superintended the insurrection of Yara.

He was enabled to collect resources there for the purchase of some thousands of arms; and with these and a handful of distinguished patriots of the Sociedad Habanero he embarked in a small vessel, in the midst of a violent storm, on the 23d of December, 1868. He succeeded in reaching the port of Guanaja, and disembarked the 27th of the same month, in spite of the fury of the elements and the fire of a small Spanish

General OURRADA did not astire to any command in Cuba, but the Court of Camaguey named him General-in-Chief of the troops of Comarca; and on account of his labors for the organization of the army, and his great services to his coun-try, he was named by the Congress, or Junta, General-in-Chief of the troops of the republic.

General FREDERICO FERNANDEZ CARADA, the son of an employe of the Spanish Govern-ment and a lady of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was born at Cienfuegos, Cuba, in 1832, fession of a civil engineer; but finding himself in this country at the beginning of the late war, both his sentiments and his convictions impelled him to join the Federal army, in which he served actively, with the rank of Captain, through the campaigns of M'CLELLAN, distinguishing himself in the operations of the Army of the Potomac, and finally taking part in the battle of Gettysburg. Taken prisoner in that battle, with a part of the regiment that he was commanding in the capac ity of Lieutenant-Colonel, he was with General GRAHAM, under whose orders he was serving, carried to the Libby Prison in Richmond, where he remained confined for nine months, suffering the greatest distress and privation. wrote, at the suggestion of his companions in misfortune, a little book, entitled "Libby Life," which he afterward published, and which met with great favor. After having been exchanged, and notwithstanding his feeble health, he accept-ed the position and performed the duties of Adjutant-General on the staff of General Binney; but on account of his sickness, which increased dur-ing the campaign against Richmond, he was compelled to give up the service.

Returning to his native country be was ap

pointed by the United States Government to the American Consulate at Trinidad, which position he held from his nomination up to the outbreak of the Cuban revolution, the cause of which he ardently embraced. His position in society and his domestic happiness were sacrificed by Cababa at the call of duty; and, leading the uprising in the Cinco Villas district, he began the series of arduous operations which have caused the largest portion in the Central Department of Cuba to be rescued from Spanish tyranny. Major-General Canada is actually the Commander-in-Chief of the Cinco Villas army, by official appointment

of the republican government of Cuba.

JUAN G. DIAZ DE VILLEGAS, a son of Cuban parents, and belonging to a respectable family, was born in Havana on the 24th of June, 1821. He lost his father at a very early age. His edueation commenced in his native city; but later he came to New York, and entered the college he came to New York, and entered the college of Mr. Provent. On account of the circum-stances of his family, he remained but a short time in this metropolis, and returned while yet young to Havana. There he found himself his own master; and it being very difficult for him to pursue a literary profession, he devoted his attention to the management of his estate in the country, and became a skillful planter. At twen-ty years of age he married, in Cienfuegos, his cousin, the daughter of his worle. José Guygo. cousin, the daughter of his uncle, José Graco-nio Diaz on Villagas, a distinguished and wealthy lawyer, whose landed property he man-aged until 1846. At that time the conspiracy of General Nancino Loruz was betrayed by one of the conspirators. In that plot VILLBOAS was engaged, as were also his father-in-law and his oldest brother, FRANCISCO, These two, although unconvicted, were imprisoned, and suffered the most cruel treatment at the hands of the Spanish Government, being confined for eight months in dark and fifthy dangeons. VILLEGAS escaped by reason of his being at the time in Havana. On the fullure of the LOPEZ conspiracy VILLE-

6.48 returned to his rural occupations, but always cherished a lively hope for the deliverance of his country from the tyranny of Spain. The glorious outbreak of Yara, therefore, found his patriotic feelings rendy to be awakened. VILLEGAS immediately decided to aid that outbreak by a revolt in Cienfuegos, and he devoted all his atten-tion to the securing of men and the accumulation of arms for that purpose. As he enlisted the general sympathies of his countrymen, these hastened in great numbers to compromise them-selves in the movement, choosing him as their in the movement, encouring must but the want of arms, unfortunately, provented his profiting by the services of all. Vit-LEGAS spent four months in this dangerous work of preparation; but at last it became impossible longer to conceal his operations, and on the 7th of February he took the field, leading a band of patriots, badly armed, but devoted to the cause. Their arms consisted of pikes, mucheter, pistols, and shot-guns.

VILLEGAS left his son LEGFOLD in the city, ordering him to accompany his mother and sis-ters; but the young man, desirous of serving his country in the field, disobeying his father's or-ders, abandoned the city and presented himself at his father's head-quarters, saying to him, "Though I am obliged to obey your orders as a father, you can not forbid me to serve my country as a soldier; and I ask of you a place as private in the ranks of the Liberating Army." Very soon did the young man prove that he was a true soldier of a noble cause; he distinguished himself highly for his courage and intelligence.

JUAN G. DIAR DE VILLEGAS IS to-day one of the most distinguished chieftains of the Cincos Villas army, and it is hoped that through his courageous efforts this part of Cuba will soon be

completely free from Spanish thralldom,
On the same page with the portraits of these
illustrious Cubans we give a representation of the first Cuben man-of-war, the Cube, formerly the Horaet. She is now fairly at sen, flying the Cuhan flag, with a full crew and a heavy armament, prepared to make war upon Spanish commerce. The history of this smart blockade-runner dur-

ing the last few months has been an exciting one, from the time she left the yard of REANEY, NEA-FLE, & Co., at Kensington, until she completed her equipment as an armed privateer during the last few days. She has slipped successively through the fingers of the customs and revenue officers of Philadelphia, the authorities of Hali-fax, and of the port of New York; has shipped men, provisions, coal, arms, and ammunition within a short distance of the latter port; and is now at sea, and likely to do no little damage

among the Spanish steam and sailing marine.

The armament of the Cuba consists of three 24-pound brass howitzers, forty or fifty copper torpedoes, ten tons of powder, and a large quan-tity of shot and shell, besides small arms.

On the 29th of September the Cuba hoisted the Cuban flag, and disclosed her true character. is commanded by Captain H100188, formerly of the United States Navy. She is a very fast vessel, and her only immediate trouble is likely to arise from a short supply of coal. In our news column will be found an account of the recent expeditions which have been fitted out for

the aid of the Cuban patriots.

We give on page 668 an illustration of one of the Spanish gun-boats which, as our readers will nember, were ordered to be seized by our Secretary of the Navy a few weeks since. These boats received their hull at Mystic, Connecticut, but with this exception they have been constructed at the Delamater Iron Works of this city. Our illustration shows the first one of these Your that has been completed on her trial trip up the Hudson. She is a very sing little propeller, modeled somewhat after the old Savannah and Charleston line of steamers—a miniature Hwats-ville, in fact. She measures 105 feet on the keel, is fore-and-aft-schooner rigged, and carries an engine of 150-horse power. She has accommo-dations for a crow of forty men all told, and will carry a 100-pound Parrott gun. She can steam

ten namical miles an hour, the speed obliged by the terms of the contract, and easily accom-plished by her on her recent trial-trip up the

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Way was Pharach's daughter like a broker!—Be-cause she got a little prophet from the rushes on the bank.

SESTIMENTAL YOUTH. "My dear Maria, will you share my lot fee life?"
PRACTICAL GIRL, "How many acres in your lot, Siz?"

When should a newspaper be the sharpest !--When it is filed.



Sheridan's Dance.

"Barstoga and Long Branch—you have seen them,"
Said Charley one morning to Joe;
Fray tell me the difference between them,
Foe bether my wig if I know."
Such Joe, "The the ensiest matter
At once to distinguish the two—
At the one you go into the water,
At the other it goes into you."

A Louisville matron, whose husband enores badly, sceps a clother pin underneath her pillow, and when his smoring awakes her she adjusts the pin on his head organ, and then slumbers pescefully.

Mr. Simms says if it wasn't for the hole in the hoop you couldn't put it on the barrel, and the barrel would burst.

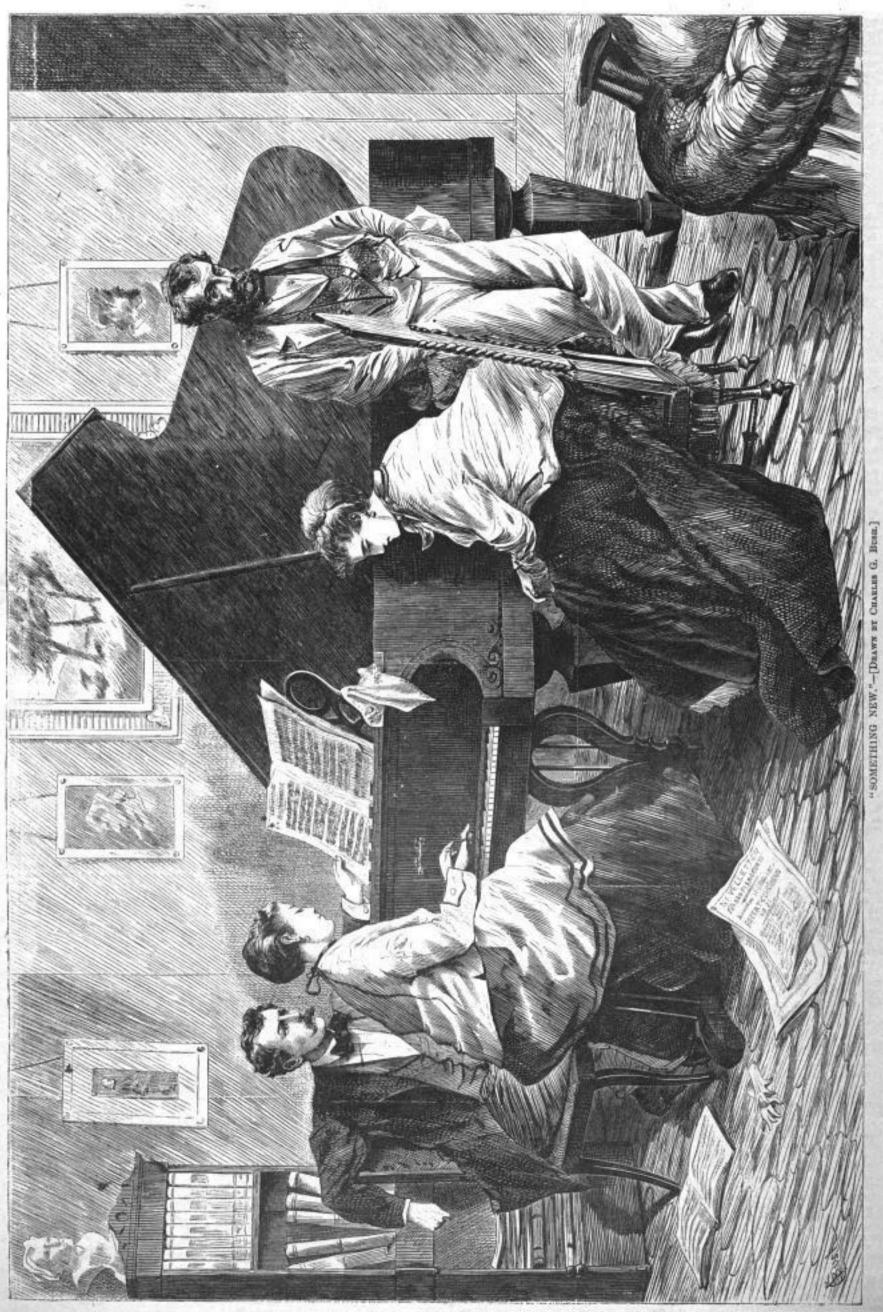


Gold at 160



Gold at 130

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BYRON, THE FORBIDDEN.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

On, memories of green and pleasant places, Where happy bards their wood-notes twittered lew! Oh, love that it the dear familiar faces We beried long ago!

From barren heights their sweetness we remember, And backward gare with worful yearning eyes, As hearts regret 'mid snow-drifts of December The summer's sunny alors,

Glad hours that seemed their rainbow tiats to borro From some illumined page of fairy lone; Bright days that sever lacked a bright to-morrow; Days that return no more.

Fair gardens with their many blossomed alleys, And red-ripe roses breathing out perfume; Dim violet rooks in green sequentered valleys, Emperpled o'er with blosts.

Sumets that lighted up the brown-leaved beeches, Turning their dusky glooms to shimmering gold; Moonlight that on the river's fere-fringed statches ed, white cayed, silvery cold

O'er moorlands blook we wander weary-hearted. Through many a tengled wild and thorny mane, Remembering as in drama the days departed, The by-gone happy days,

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aust Margaret's Trouble."

In gibe Books .- Book E.

CHAPTER XIII. JOE DOWSETT'S NEWS.

It was not far from ten o'clock when Joe Dowsett returned from Shipley Magna. Joe was in some respects an excellent servant, but he had his failings—among which might be reck-oned an inability to resist strong liquor when proffered gratuitously. During twenty years Joe had not been known to be drunk at his own expense. But a visit to the Crown at Shipley Magna, where he was an old crony and customer of the head hostler, was pretty sure to result in Joe's partial intoxication.

On the present occasion he had ridden to Shipley and back on the old pony, the sole benst of burden belonging to the vicar. And Joe attrib-uted the enormous amount of time occupied in the journey to his own remarkable humanity to

the pony.
"Mustn't press him hard, the old beast," Joe on his retern, standing before the kitchen fire, the best of which caused his wet clothes to

fire, the best of which cancer has we thinke to steam again.

"No fear of you pressing him hard to come away from the Crown," retorted Josepha. "I advise you to get to your bed, and take off them damp things. Else you'll be getting a fever, or the rheumaticks, or something. Only," she added, under hor breath—" only we know there's a special providence for certain folks; and I'm sure you're one on 'em this night, Joe Dowsett.

"All right, Jo-anna. I feel pretty comforta-ble, thank ce. No, no; musta't press the old pony. The merciful man is merciful to his

At this moment Catherine came back from the sitting-room, whither she had been, according to orders, to give her master the tidings of Joe's re-

"Master's fine and vexed," she said, "at Joe being so late. He said he wanted to send Joe to fetch home Miss Veronica if he had come at

any reasonable hour. But now it's too late,"
"Why was he unwilling to let her stay at

Mrs. Plew's ?' asked Jonnua.

"Oh, I don't know. Miss Veronira has studd there before. But the vicar said as he'd have gone to fetch her hisself, only it's such a night, and been getting worse and worse since sun-down. I think master feels lonely after being used to Sir John's company. And then both the young ladies being away the first evening and all -it's made him cross. He says he shall go to bed, and you're to send him up a slice of dry teast and a glass of negus, with not too much

nutmeg in it. "Negus ain't a bad thing," observed Joe Dow

sett.
"You go to your bed, Joe, for mercy's sake!"
"You go to your bed, Joe, for mercy's sake!" eried the old woman, impatiently. "Then't stand a steaming there like a copper on washing day."

"I feel pretty comfortable, Joanna. I se friend of yours at the Crown this evening-Mr.

"Paul at the Crown!" excloimed Catherine. "Yes, Paul at the Crown. He pretended not to see me, and skulked through the tap-room like a rat. Sir John's a gentleman. I say no-thing against Sir John. But Paul—Paul's a sneak."

"Don't you talk nonsense. Paul never did you no harm," said Joanna. "And I don't be-

lieve you saw him at all to-night." "You don't believe --?"

"You don't believe - ?

"No, I don't. Him and his master was to sleep at Dancester hist night, and go off by an early train this morning. It ain't Elely as I'and should be at the Crown at Shipley Magon all alone. You must have took scenebody else for him. Paul would have spoke to you if it had been him. Why shouldn't be?"

Joe turned on her with crashing severity, "P'raps you'll say I was drunk next, Jo-

O Lord, no, I shan't say so. Maybe you are dreaming. But never mind now. Go to were drenming. But new hed; there's a good man.

It proved very difficult indeed to induce Joe to bed, bowever. He protested over and over go to bed, however. He processed over and over again that he felt presty comfortable. Then he required Joanna and Catherine to declare sol-county that they believed his statement about having seen Paul; which, finding it hopeless.

to get him to go to bed on any other terms, they unscrupulously did. Then he very unex-pectedly derlared that he and Paul had lived together like brothers; that there was no one for whom he felt a warmer regard; and that Paul's cold and unkind behavior had cut him to the heart. At last, by dint of scoiding and coaxing, he was got to his own room, the door of which Joanna shot, with a fervent prayer that they might not all be hurned in their beds, and with a gleam of comfort in the knowledge that the end of candle intrusted to Joe could not last above five minutes.

"Ain't is queer, Joe taking that notion about seeing Paul?" said Catherine, when ahe and Jo-anna were alone together. "Do you think it could ha' been—could ha been—what's that you call it when a person's ghost walks before they're dead, as a kind of a warning? Like that story you tell of the eldest son where you lived kitchenaid long ago. Oh, I know—a fetch. That's ie name. Do you think it could ha' been Paul's the name.

"Pooh, child! Servants don't have no fetches. Them kind of things only belongs to great families. Don't you go scaring your wits with such fancies, or I shall never tell you no more of my

"But," persisted the girl, "Joe said that the figure passed through the room very quick and silent, and with its head turned away, and—"

Well, if its head was turned away how was Joe to know who it was? It's just a drunken man's fancy, I tell you. Go to your bed. It's nigh upon eleven, and I have seen to the fasternings of the doors. Good-night. When Joe's sober to-morrow he will tell another story, I warrant."

But the next morning Joe told no other story. On the contrary, he persisted in his former as-sertion, and confirmed it by proof which it was impossible to doubt. He had remarked Paul's presence at the Crown to his friend the head hostler, and the hostler had said, yes; he knew him well enough. He was the foreign servant of that rich barrowknight as owned such nest nags, and had put up at the Crown for his hunding quarters. But in reply to a question as to what I all had come there for the hostler professed ignorance. It might be to fetch some traps of his master's. The hostler believed that there had been a porkmanty or something of that kind left in the landlord's care. Faul had brought a fly from the hotel at Danecester, and was to go back in it. So he (the hostler) supposed that he had to carry luggage.

"But why Paul shouldn't speak to me I don't

know, nor I don't much care," said Joe Dowsest, whose feelings toward his dear friend had come down to their ordinary level of stellid indifference since the influence of his potations had subsided.

couldn't have believed as l'aul would have give hisself such airs," exclaimed Catherine, with a toss of her head. She felt that Paul's slight of Joe Dowsett was a reflection on the rest of the vicar's household.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon Mand arrived from Lowater. Captain Sheardown had driven her to Shipley, and had set her down at the vicarage without alighting himself, purposing to proceed to Haymoor.
"Where is Verouica?" was Mand's first ques

tion to her guardian.
"Veronica has displeased me very much," anveronics has dispensed the very misch, answered the vicar. "She went to drink tex with old Mrs. Plow, and chose to remain there all night, although she knows—or raight know if she had any sort of filial desire to ascertain my scatiments on any subject whatever-that I ob ject to her putting herself under any obligation of that kind to the Plews."

Mand looked grave, but said, sweetly, "Please don't be very angry with her, Uncle Charles. It was a dreadfully stormy night. Perhaps she was afraid of the walk home."

"She was assuredly not afraid of incurring my displeasure, whatever else she may have

feared," said the vicar.

Mand made no further direct efforts to avert her guardinn's wrath; but she took the most effectual means of putting him into a good-hu-mor, by gayly chatting about all the little inci-dents of her visit to Lowater, the concert at Dancester, and the people who had been to the

She was in the midst of her talk, sitting, still with her hat in her hand, in the vicar's study, when the door of the room was opened a very little way, and a voice cried; "Miss Mand! Miss Mand! Would ye please step here a moment?"

The voice was old Joanna's; but so stronge and muffled in its tone that an unreasoning ap-probension of impending evil fell upon Maul's She sprang up, and foreing a smile, said:

"Uncle Charles, I must go for an instant to say a word to Jounna. I'll be back as soon as pos-sible. The dear old woman has some mighty mystery on hand." She closed the study door with an instinctive

care, for which she could never afterward account, and faced a countenance which seemed, like Medusa's folded head, to turn her into stone.

The countenance was Jonna's, But so changed, ghastly, and aged was it that Mand would hardly, under other circumstances, have recognized the familiar features.
"What is the matter, Joanna?" she asked, in

quick, low tones, whose firmness surprised her

"My dear Maudie," answered the trembling old woman, "my swest young lady, don't ye lose your head. It's all we've got to depend on! I feel my years now as I never felt 'em befure." Mand made a silent, eloquest gesture of im-

"Yes, I will speak, deary. Mr.—Mr. Plew's bere. He looked in by—by—chance like. And —O Lord be metriful to us, and spare us!—be

says, Miss Veronica is not at his mother's, and what's more, basn't been there all night. And what to do, or what to say, or what will become of the vicar, I don't know!

Where is Mr. Plew? Take me to him. There is some mistake, some misunder-standing. No harm can have happened to Veronica, here, in her own home, among her own people! It is impossible!"

people! It is impossible!"
"Oh, my deary, Mr. Plew is more like a mad
creature than any thing else. And as to harm—
My innocent young lady, it goes to my heart to
hurt you, but I'm afraid—I'm sore afraid—" "Of what?"

The old woman made no answer, but mouned

and wrung her hands.

A dreadful apprehension took hold of Mand that Mr. Plew had brought some fatal and decisive tidings; that Veronica was dead, and that the old servant was endeavoring to break the news to her. Collecting her senses as well as she could, she bade Joanns take her to Mr.

Piew at once, and let her know the worst.

Joanna pointed to the door of the dining-par-lor, and Maud sprang into the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLED,

JOANNA had not much exaggerated in saying that Mr. Plew was "more like a medman than any thing else." He did seem to have nearly lost his se

"Oh, Miss Desmond!" he cried, as soon as he caught sight of Maud, and then stood dumb

with clasped hands.
"Please to tell me at once. It will be kind-

er, indeed it will! Is she dead?"

The utterance of the word seemed to force a gush of tears from Maud's eyes, but she strug-

gled hard to command herself.

The little surgeon recovered some spark of manhood and courage at sight of the young girl's piteous, innocent face. His professional helpfulness came to his aid, and took him away from the contemplation of his own distress.

"Hon't try too violently to force back your tens," he said. "Let them come. You will not let them master you. No: I do not think Veronica is dead. No, on my honor. I would not deceive you."

"What is it then? Is she ill? Has there been any accident? Is she in danger?

I wish to Heaven, Miss Desmond, that I could answer your questions. All I know is, that Miss Levincourt did not sleep at my mo-ther's house last night—did not even go there at all—and yet she sent word here by the boy that she meant to do so."

"But the boy may have mistaken her message. She may have said that she was going elsewhere. Have you asked? Have you inelsewhere. Have you asked? Have you in-quired in the village? Joanna's face and—and yours have infected me with terror. But I can not-I can not-believe that there is any real ground for alarm."

"Alarm!" echoed the voice of Mr. Levin-court, and the next instant he stood in the oom. Any attempt at concealment was out of the question. A glance at the faces of Maud and Mr. Plew sufficed to show the vicer that some terrible misfortune had happened.

"Dear Uncle Charles," said Maud, taking his hand, "Mr. Plew has told us that Veronica was not at his mother's house last night. Don't, pray don't, give way to terror, dear Uncle Charles. It has been some mistake of Jemmy Suck. I am sure, quite sure of it. What harm one have happened? We should have been sure to hear of any accident, you know. Ill news always travels quickly. We were startled at first, but now I am coming to my senses a little, and I see how foolish it was to be so frightened!"

The poor child was trembling in every limb, and the hand with which she clasped the vicar's was as cold as marble.

Some men in Mr. Levincourt's case would

have rushed instantly forth; would have sought here and there; would have inquired feverishly; would, in brief, have been spurred by their anxi-

ety into immediate energy and action.

But the vicar was at first stunned, not stimu-Inted, by the blow. He sank down in a chair like one whose bodily powers had been suddenly

The first thing to be done," said Maud, " is to send Joe into the village. Let him go to Sack's farm and try to find Jenamy. Then he might go or send to the Meggitts. It is possible that Veronica may have gone there. Miss Tur-tle and the girls were always asking her. And you will make inquiries, won't you, Mr. Plew? I see more and more how foolish it was to be so frightened!"

The vicar, as he recovered from the first shock, and as Maud's elastic courage and young hope-fulness rose higher and higher, and began to chase away the first ghastly fear that had crushed him, displayed an unexpected phase of feeling: he grow angry. He resented the pain he had been made to suffer. "I think, Mr. Plew," he said, in a voice whose

trembling tones were by no means under control, "I must say that I think it highly inconsiderate on your part to come here and cause so very ter-rible—so unspeakably terrible—an alarm with--so unspeakably terrible-on alarm with-

out having better grounds for it."
The little man, who seemed to be entirely uninfluenced by Mand's cheering suggestions, stood silent, and cast an appending glance at the young

girl.
"Law dear, Sir!" cried old Joanna, who had
"Law dear, Sir!" cried old Joanna, who had remained in the room, "don't ye say that! Mr. Plew came here without knowing a thing about Veronica. He was took aback and scared well-nigh as much as you was when I opened the door and asked him where she was, and why

she hadn't come home with him."
"Is Joe gone? Is he going?" exclaimed the

vicar, rising from his chair, and speaking now with nervous rapidity. "Why does no one ex-ert any energy? I shall go in one direction myself—Joe must take another—to Sack's farm—d'ye hear? And, Plew, you will—you will search—" Then a sudden terror overcame him, and he fell back into the chair again with a groan. "My child! my child!" he cried. "Oh, my child! At this moment she may be —dead!" -dead

'No, no, no-not that!" exclaimed Mr. Plew, eagerly. "Not that! I do not search dead. I do not believe she is hurt. That is

not what I fear."
"Then, Sir, what is it you do fear? It is not this, and it is not that! What means have you of knowing? And how should you understand or anowing? And how should you understand a parent's natural apprehensions, or undertake to limit them? Have you," he added, suddenly, having caught a glimpse of intelligence that passed between the surgeon and Joanna—"have you any information that you are concealing from me?"
"No! No!"

"You have! I see it in your face—and in hers. Joanna, I insist, I command, you to speak! Plew, if you think it kind to keep me in suspense you are cruelly mistaken. Tell me the truth!"

the truth!"

"Mr. Levincourt, as God is my witness, I know nothing! I do not, upon my soul! But I—I had a momentary fear—a mere momentary suspicion—that—"

"Suspicion, Sir!"

"That—that Miss Levincourt might have left

her home, purposing not to return to it."

"H—how dore you?" gasped the vicar; and
then suddenly ceased, as though the words were
arrested in his throat and were almost choking

"Untie his neckcloth!" cried the surgeon, springing forward. The vicar waved him off, but suffered old Joanna to obey Mr. Plew's di-

Mand looked from one to another in an agony of bewilderment.

"Left her home!" she exclaimed. "Veron-

"Lett her home, purposing not to return to it! How? Why?"

"Whisht, my deary!" muttered Joanna, still busied about her master. "Don't ye give way. It may not be so had as we're affeard."

"So had as what? What does Mr. Plew

mean? What are you all afraid of? Oh, Ve-ronica!"

"Here be is, Sir! Here's Jemmy!" cried Joe Dowsett, dragging Jemmy Sack into the room after him. "I was on my way to the farm when I met him. Now speak, you young rascal, and tell his reverence what Miss Veronica said to

The boy was flushed, penting, and very much frightened. Joe had expended a great part of his own painful excitement in hauling Jemmy Sock to the vicarage with very unnecessary vic-

Hence.

"I bain't a young rascal!" said Jemmy, driven to bay.

"And I told the message here last night as Miss Veroniky said, so I did."

"Don't be afraid, Jemmy," asid Mand, trying to soothe the boy.

"No one will hart you. You have done no harm."

No, I knows I haven't!" retorted Jemm "But you will tell us what—what Miss Ve-ronics said, won't you, Jemmy? We are all in sad trouble because we're afraid some harm has happened to her, and we want to find out where

The sight of the sweet, pale face, down which the tears were now streaming fast, and the sound of the sweet, tremulous voice, instantly melted the boy's heart, and he professed his readiness to say all that he knew. But that amounted to say all that he knew. But that amounted to very little. He had seen Miss Veronica at the school-house. But she had not remained until the end of the practicing. Before leaving she had said to Jemmy that she was going to Mrs. Plew's house to drink tee, and that, as the evening was turning out wet, she should sleep there. Jemmy was to go and take that message to the vicarage. But he was not to go until quite late; not until after seven o'clock at all events. And Miss Veronica had given him a silver sixpence, and bade him earn it honestly silver sixpence, and bade him earn it honestly

by doing exactly as she told him.

"And so I did," protested Jemmy. "I niver goe'd near the vicarage until nigh upon eight o'cleck, and it was powering wi' rain, and I was seaked through, and when I got home daddy threshed me." thrashed me.

thrashed me."

Old Joanna stood by, emphasizing every word that the boy uttered by a nod of the head, a sigh, or a gesture with uplifted hands, as who should say, "Ay, ay: it is just as I thought!"

Ever since the speaking of those words by Mr. "Plew which so aroused the vicar's indignation. the latter had sat passive—almost sullen—in his chair. He had listened to Jemmy Sack's story in silence, and had apparently relinquished his seek his daughter. Now purpose of going forth to he rose, as though struck by a sudden idea, and hastily left the room. His footsteps were heard ascending the staircase and entering the apartment overhead. It was Veronica's chamb The steps ceased, and there was silence in the house. The little group in the dining-parlor stood staring blankly at each other, Mand's tears had ceased to flow. She was

frozen by a new and but half-comprehended

Presently Catherine ran in from the kitchen. People had come to give what information they could. By this time the whole village was acquainted with Veronica's disappearance. Hoger the plowman's wife had seen Miss Levincourt by berself walking along the Shipley Magna road very fast. Miss had not said good-afternoon to her. But she (Roger's wife) thought she might not have seen her, for she was going along in a quick, scared kind of a way, looking straight be-

fore her.

Immediately after this woman appeared a witness who testified to having seen the vicar's daughter in a carriage, driving swiftly on the road between Shipley Magna and Danecester, between five and six o'clock on the previous even-

This man was the Shipley-in-the-Wold and Danscester carrier, who knew Veronica well by sight, as he did most people within a circuit of twenty miles round Shipley. He had just heard, he said, down at the Red Cow that the young lady was missing. So he thought he would step up and say when and where he had last seen her. On hearing the first words of this man's story Mand had rushed breathlessly up stairs to call her guardian. In a few minutes she returned alone

to the door of the dining-room, and beckoned

Mr. Plew to come to her.

The babble of voices, which had arisen high and confused when she had left the room, ceased suddenly as soon as her white face was seen again in the doorway. There was a pause of expect-

What is it?" whispered Mr. Plew, obeying

Mand's summons.

"Will you please step into the study to Uncle Charles for a moment, Mr. Plew?"

She preceded him into the study. The vicar was sitting there with a paper in his hand.

"Is there news?" cried Mr. Plew, eagerly.

The vicar's face showed a strange agitation an agitation different from the first emotions of surprise and slarm which he had exhibited on learning that his daughter was not to be found.
"Yes," he said; "there is news. I am-

happy-thankful-that Veronica is in safety. has been a false alarm-a-a mistake. I am quite relieved.

"Thank God!" cried the surgeon, fervently.

Mr. Levincourt tried to speak with some de-gree of self-control. His hand shook, and his tures twitched.

"I have cause to be thankful," he began, and then suddenly broke down and turned away.
"Tell him what I wanted, Maud," he murmured in a stifled voice. Then he bent his arms on the table, and bowed his head, and hid his face in his hands.

"Will you do us the great kindness," said Maud, addressing the surgeon, "to get rid of all those people? Thank them, and say-what is

Enting."
"But what am I to say?"

Maud glanced at the vicar, but seeing him motionless, with his face buried in his hands, she answered:

"Mr. Levincourt wishes them to be told that

Veronica is in perfect safety. There is no cause for alarm. He has found a letter from her." "Impress upon them," marmured the vicar, with still averted face, "that there has been a— misunderstanding. If I had seen the letter soon-Miss Levincourt did not leave my house without informing me."

Mr. Piew still hesitating, Mand made an im-

ploring gesture.
"Prny, pray, Mr. Plew, send those people

Mr. Pless proceeded to obey the vicar's directions as well as he could. The poor little man's heart was aching and his spirit was troubled. At length he succeeded in inducing the little crowd to depart. They went unwillingly and with a perfect bunger of unsatisfied curiosity. They would fain have lingered in the kitchen to talk and to hear; but old Jonna very unceremoniously bade them begone, and was obdurate to-ward all attempts at discussing the question of

Miss Veronica's departure. "I know no more than my betters chooses to tell me," said Joanna. "Thank God the lass isn't murdered, nor any way hurt, nor yet drowned, nor yet kidnapped. That's all I know. And her father knows where she is. And so I don't

see as the rest is any of our business."

"Mr. Plew," said the vicar, when the surgeon, having knocked at the door of the study, had been resemitted by Mand—"Mr. Plew, if I showed undue resentment for what you said just now, I ask

your pardon."
"Oh, Mr. Levincourt! Don't, pray don't speak
of my pardon! But—Miss Desmond said you had

found a letter—"
"I have found a letter from my daughter, and I am going to London to-night.

"To-night!"

"To meet Miss Levincourt?" To meet Miss Levincourt if possible. I take Mand with me. I may be absent some time, and she can not remain here alone. I shall place her under the protection of her aunt, Lady Tallis, who is in London. If you are asked about Miss Desmond, I wish you to be able to say that she, at least, is in safety."

There was a bitterness in the vicar's tone as he spoke the last words which sent a pang through the surgeon's heart. He was, as Joanna had

spoke the last words which sent a pang through the surgeon's heart. He was, as Joanna had called him, "a soft listle man."

"I hope," said he, wistfully, "that I may be able to say so of Ve—of Miss Levincourt too."

"Mr. Plaw, I believe you are a sincere friend, and that you wish well to us all," said the vicar, suddenly. "I will trust you."

"You may, Mr. Levincourt. I—of course I knew all along that it was of no use; and I never—accretely ever—allowed myself to feel any thing like hope. She was so superior in every way. But I am not altogether selfish. Veronica's happiness is very dear to me. It's all over now, of course. But if—if there is any thing in the world I can do for you, or for her, you may be sure I I can do for you, or for her, you may be sure I shall not flinch."

shall not flinch."

The vicar took the little men's hand. "Ah!"
he meaned, with the cruel candor of a man absorbed in his own trouble; "it might have been
better if she had been able to bring herself to

SERVICE TO THE PROPERTY OF THE

Any thing would have been bet-She has run away, Mr. Plew; care for you. run away with that—"he checked himself, "with Sir John Gale."

"I knew it!" cried the surgeon. surprised." But his face grew dea But his face grew deadly pale as he spoke.
"Let it turn out as it may," resumed the vic-

ar, "I can not easily forgive her. She has been ungrateful and deceitful. But she is my child, my only child. I can not abandon her to her fate. She writes me here that Sir John had private reasons for making a secret marriage-

"Marriage! Is she married?"
"If she is not be shall answer it, the infernal villain! But," added the vicer, recovering him-self somewhat, "you perceive how all-important it may be not to give evil tongues a handle. You will speak of—you will defend—a runaway match, while worse. That is had second. I must no nothing more. That is bed enough. I must go to London to-night. A train leaves Dancester at midnight. I might drive to a by-station at once, but I should be no better off. We must wait for the twelve o'clock mail; there is no direst train to London between this hour and mid-

night. Every hour seems an age."
"Yes, yes; you must go. God grant you may find her! Have you any clew?"
"A few words despend by the seems." "A few words dropped by that man's servant. And his own intention, expressed some time ago, of going to Italy. If I can but be in time to pre-

vent their leaving England-

"And Miss Desmond goes with you?"

"Yes. My poor Mandie! Ah, how little
your mother thought to what contact with misery and disgrace she was exposing you when she
bequeathed you to my care!"

They were the first words of consideration for

any human being's sufferings, save his own, that the vicar had spoken.

Arrangements were hastily made for the departure that evening. Mr. Plew was helpful and active. He ordered a vehicle to take the vicar and his ward to Danecester at seven o'clock. Joanna was to be in charge of the house. Cathrine sobbed as she packed up a few clothes for Meud.

Seems like as if a earthquake had comed and swallowed us all up, miss," said Catherine. The vicar had fought hard to show a brave front to the servants, to keep up appearances; but without much success; for there was no conviction at the bottom of his own heart to enable him to persuade others that all would be well with his daughter. He was too much a man of the world to give credence to the assertion made in the hurried letter left behind her by Veronics, that weighty private reasons had prevented Sir John Gale from openly demanding her hand, and had indoced him to urge her to consent to a clandestine " For a man of his age and position marriage. there can exist no such reasons," mattered the vicar between his clenched teeth. "Misemble, wrenched, misguided, degraded girl! But if there is justice on earth he shall marry her. He shall find that he can not thus outrage and defy the world. He shall marry her by—"

The dusk was failing when the vicar and his ward drove away from the garden gate of the vicarage. As they passed the spot where Sir John Gale had been found bleeding and insensthis on the ground Mr. Levincourt closed his eyes and grouned aloud.

Mand started, as the scene recalled to h mind the fact that the accident had happened little more than two mouths ago.

"Two months!" she said to herself, while the tears blinded her eyes and streamed down her cheeks. "How happy we were only two months ago!"

BIOLOGY.

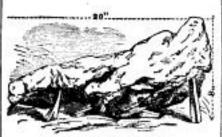
Among the various departments into which tience is subdivided, biology is one which is explained to be the dortrine of forms and functions. Certain it is that nature acts by determinate laws in reproducing the same forms in the animal and vegetable kingdoms through indefinite periods of duration. How it so happens that the brilliant colors in the plumage of the peacock, or the stripes on the zelon, or spots on the leopard's skin are there, is quite beyond our ken. The fact is undeniable that it is so, and there philosophy leaves the subject. Each one of the internal organs has a definite shape, color, weight, and specific function to perform. Why all that oc-curs, or how each and every one of them should he so, can no more readily be elucidated or exned than external forms.

Physiology is better understood than biology, yet that barely opens the way for thoughtful speculations, without affording very satisfactory information on the laws of life. Both of those studies have their value, because they carry a convincing evidence on their frontlets that if we can not explain the rationale of what is transpiring in vegetable or animal growth, or what makes the sap run in the one or blood in the other, we can not deny the existence of a Superior Power somewhere, which originated all vitalized mechanism and set it in motion. Forms and functions, therefore, are the definite expressions of Almighty agency.

CANNIBALISM.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has expressed an opinion that in the earliest ages of the world the first im-pulse of man was not to love his neighbor, but paise of man was not to love his neighbor, but to eat him; and at a recent meeting of the Archaeological Society of Copenhagen the sa-vans assembled from all parts of Europe, in-cluding such well-known names as Worssas, Hildebrand, and the celebrated Belgian profess-or, M. Spring, unanimously agreed that canni-ballem provailed among the primitive inhabit-sate of the globe. On one point, however,

opinious are divided, some holding that meneating was a matter of taste, while others are in-clined to look on it as a religious, or rather superstitions, observance. As late as the year 785 Charlemagne issued a decree sentencing to death any individual convicted of having enten a witch in order to destroy her spells. Witch-eating in order to destroy her spells. Witch-eating can hardly have been a matter of taste, as even "those who were fond of the flesh could not have been partial to bones." Heckle quotes comparatively recent instances of anthropophagy connected with religious feelings, in Germany during the Thirty Years' War, and in Scotland at about the same period. Among the most curious documents produced at the meeting was a manuscript of St. Hieronymus, who asserts, on the authority of a native of Great Britain, that children were a staple article of food in that country. that country.



BIG NUGGET OF GOLD.

Tens nugget, now on exhibition in San Francisco, weighing 95 pounds, and valued at \$22,000, is the largest piece of gold ever found in Cali-fornia. It was taken out from the Monumental Quartz Mine, situated about twelve miles north of Downleville at the Serra Buttes. The nugget was found at a depth of 25 feet from the top on the 18th of last August. There had been taken from the mine up to the 1st of September \$70,000 with the labor of three men; and it is still pay-ing at the rate of \$1500 per day, the gold being washed from the decomposed quartz with com-mon pans. Our picture is from a sketch by L. R. Townsand

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HARTER & BROTHERS paid over Fire thousand dollars in Gold for the Early Sheets of George Elia's Needs, which they have issued in five handsome duodecime volumes, at 75 cents each, but which Forum, Owners & Co. are now engaged in reprinting on that house in an inferior style and at a higher price.

"Cannot corn," as it is technically termed, is doubtless a well-known and favorite article of diet with many of our readers; yet few, perhaps, have watched the process of preparing and homostically scatting the fresh corn, as dense on a large scale in numerous fac-tories in the country. In the "beight of the essent," which has just passed in New England, we visited one of these cars factories, located in a flourishing town in Maine. It is said, by-the-way, that the excet-corn grown in New England, and in the higher failtnies generally, is sweeter and richer than that produced eleewhere. Be that as it may, what we caw at the factory we visited looked and tasted nice enough for any one's table.

The corn is brought fresh from the fields, and the first process, husking, was performed out of doors by nimble-handed boys. On entering the first room of the establishment we found a busy throng of lade and lasties, each seated before a wooden trough; one division of which was filled with the burked corn, and into the other division they cut the corn from the cobs, the compassing through into a tin receptacle beneath The kulfe used in this process is of curious make, hav-ing a gauge so arranged that the kernels are cut only to a certain depth, usually about half through, the re mainder being scraped off with the back of the knife; thus the hull is excluded. The corn thus prepared is conveyed to immense tin vessels, and kept cool by blocks of ice. From one of these reservoirs a man fills a small sort of hopper, while another places undementh one of the tin cane which is to hold the even Down goes the hopper, and the can is filled. It is immediately taken, and with surprising quickness weighed by a third assistant, who adds or sub-trarts a little, as the case may require. A fourth, with sponge and water, cleauses the outside of the can from any juice there may be upon it: a fifth puts on the cover and purches in it a minute hole, when it is passed to the smith to be soldered. Thence it is conveyed, with numerous companions, to the boilers, where thousands are boiled for hours. Before the covers of the huge boilers are closed, however, each set of came is tested; and if any one is not air-tight, it is taken out and specially ductored. After boiling the requisite time the case are taken out, punched again to let out my stray bubbles of air, soldered up, and then subjected to a second boiling. By this time the bright tin cans have become sopewhat discolored by heat. They are polished, the labels pasted on, and then they are packed in boxes for market—a large proportion being sent to New York. Every thing conected with the establishment indicated acrupatous nicety, so that we shall est cannot corn next win ter with even more relish than hisherto.

An ingenious Prussian has invented an ice and cold An ingenious Pressure in as invented as see and cook producing machine, the action of which is based on the priorities of producing cold and warmth by the expansion and compression of atmospheric air. The machines require no chemicals, nothing being used in them but water and atmospheric air; they may be wrought by steam, water, or wind, and they produce from 100 to 1000 pounds of toe per hour according to

The New York Medical Genetic draws attention to the fact that in this sity \$12 more deaths occurred to the first than in the second week of January, 1969; and pertinently inquires, "Were these deaths occa-sioned by an over-supply of bad confectionery gives to children, and an expose of discipation by men? In the fourth week the deaths were \$90 less than in the first. The number of deaths in the first week was not assist member by the inventor fourth week was

The anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania comprised in six counties, underlie 470 square miles of mountain and valley, and, so far as yet discovered, contain the only anthracite deposits of the conti-nent. More than \$40,000,000 has been absorbed in mining capital, and about the same sum in capale, and \$10,000,000 in milroads, constructed simost sole-ly as means of transportation for coal. In the whole anthracice region there are about two hundred firms and incorporated companies, which have equilito the market during the past year about 16,000,000 tons of coal. Of the market production nearly 6,000,000 tons were sent by the three great companies. Deleware, Larkswams, and Western, Delaware and Hudson, and the Pennsylvania Coal Company.

We see it stated that Henry W. Raymond, eldest son of the late Henry J. Raymond, will take an edi-torial position on the New York Trees in October.

An international land and labor agency is now bo-ing established at Birmingham, England, by Hon-Elibu Burritt. Its object is to facilitate the settlement of English farmers and mechanics in the United States, and also to supply American orders for En-glish laborers and domestic servants of all kinds. Large numbers of servant-girls in England would be glad to come to America, but are anable to pay their passage-money, and unwilling to start without knowisg where they are to go on arriving. This agency advances the passage-money, which is to be deducted from the first wages.

Tobacco has really been applied to a useful pur-pose, lock-jaw having been, in one instance at least, cured by it. A soldier in Illinois was wounded in the foot, and, having taken cold in it, lock-jaw ensued. No medicines could be procured, and, as death seem-ed inevitable, an experiment was tried by one of the officers. He cut off a square of tobacco (about three inches square), put it in a moss-pan with boiling water until it was heated through and saturated with the water; allowing it to cool, so as not to blister, be then fasticued it out, and placed it on the pit of the man's stomach. In about five minutes the peticul turned while about the lips, which also began to twitch, and in nine or ten minutes his jaws fell open. Indeed, it seemed as if the patient would fall spart, so onterly was his whole system relaxed. The tobacco was immediately removed, and some whichy-grand given to stimulate him. The next day the man was able to be carried in an ambulance, and was some considerabe carried in an ambulance, and was soon convales. cent. In lock-jaw it seems necessary to produce nan-ses that the rigid muscles may relax, and tobacco, The remedy, how applied externally, has this effect. erer, is very powerful, and should be used with ex-

Some time ago several instances were in the lowusis of the day, indicating that persons had been pois-oned by wearing colored seeks and under-garments. Experiments have proved that many of the fashionaxierthems have proved that many of the histocra-able dyeing ingredients are artive poleone, and liable to produce a painful local affection, induced by the ab-sorption of the dye through the skin. A gentleman in London lately purchased some socks with a Magne-ta stripe. He were a pair of these one ware day, and at night he felt a good deal of irritation and tingling-in his test, which he ascribed to the attack of a time. in his set, which he ascribed to the attack of a name-less asimal. In ignorance of the true cause he excitinged wearing the weeks for two or three days more, by which time the skin of the beeks had become red and inflamed, where the edge of the shoe caused most friction, and this was succeeded by a time of vession-tion around the heel and side of each foot. The disease thus artificially induced was symmetrically placed on the two feet, and compounded with one of the colored stripes.

The "Bibliothique Internationale Universelle" is a literary undertaking of vast extent which has been projected by a society of savans in Paris. It is to con-sist of two hundred volumes in large octava, to be issped at the rate of two volumes each month, and has for its object the reproduction of all the mester-pieces of literature, both ancient and modern. The French Government has recognized the importance of the work, and has approved its publication, and many eminent men have promised their co-operation.

Br. Charles F. Hall, the distinguished Arctic explorer, recently arrived at New Bedford, in the bark 6765s, from Repulse Bay. He brought with him, as among the results of his five years' residence in the Arctic regions, the most interesting intelligence in regard to the death of Sie John Franklin and his commentations, and coordinate record that new of the panions, and conclusive proof that none of them ever reached Montreal Island. He saw the natives who were the last to look upon Crosler and his party, and brings with him the remains of a young man who be-longed to that ill-faced band of explorers, with various relies of the expedition. A report of the expedition will soon be given to the public.

A terrible double tragedy is reported from Burou County, Michigan. A Mr. and Mrs. Hayes were one day at work is a field some distance from the house, having left their infant child at home in its crib. At having loft their infant caud at besse in us crin. At length Mr. Hayes beard the child cry in an musual manner, and anxiously requested his wife to go to the bouse and ascertain the cause. She replied that she thought the child would seen compose itself to sleep; and her opinion appeared a correct one, as the sounds gradually ceased, and the child seemed to sleep. Nothing more was seriously thought of the matter, and at noon the husband and wife repaired to the bone for dinner. But upon sutering the room in entering the room to which the babe was lying a horrible spectacle met their view. A mouster serpent of the blue racer spe-cies had entered the open door, crawled to the cradle, and twined itself around the body of the infant, placed its bead in the child's mouth, and thus deprived it of its life. The husband, upon beholding the hideous mouster and comprehending its fatal act upon his child, in a fronty of excitement turned upon his wife, whom he had bidden while in the field to come to their child, and, without a word of upbraiding of warning, struck her a fearful blow on the head with the hoe which he held in his hand. Hhe sank to that the toe which he head to see hence. One same to unit door and immediately expired, the sharp edge of the hos having plerced to her brain. The brashand, find-ing himself wifeless, childless, and a murderer, rashed from his home to the neighbors, proclaiming his guilt,

A Boston minister was very pleasantly remembered the other day by a few members of his church. He was apprised of the fact by a young man who drove to his residence, and after handling him a note, went away on foot, leaving at the door a spleadid here and buggy, with harness, robes, whip, and every thing complete. The note requested the paster's ac-ceptance of the horse and carriage as a token of ap-preciation and personal affection.

THE ANDAMAN MONKEY.

As interesting stranger at the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London, in Regent's Park, is the female monkey, of a species hither-to unknown to naturalists, which, having been for some time domestiented on board one of the shipe of the Hoyal Navy, has learned rune of the sasion tricks. This new and unique monkey has been presented to the Zoological Society I speain Beows, R.N., of her Shorts ship Foreign. It dates a paining the sine's company from let Blair, Andrimon Islands, in the buff of Bengal, lat. 11: 43 N., high 92: 47 F., on the year 1864. time (for that is her name) is supsai to be eight or nine years oblfor the last four years she has "served" on board the ship, and leaving passed all the dangers of the Abassinian comparign, being too longed with a first class cor-lection and silver claim and model but good emidist, is now waiting to receive her since of the prizes taken during the time shows in her Wijesty's orange, Jenny stands and two feet 6 m meles in height. In general appearance she is most carrie nemestances), but is at once in remarkable arrangement of the nor on the top of the head, which is somewhat of a V shape, and is furted down the middle. The hair itself is very fine, and is elegantly arranged round the ears. The first impression upon seeing this animal is that it is intermediate between Macacus rhesus and Macacus ne-mestrinus. The face is by no means fierce; the features may even be called good-natured. She has been made a great pet by the sailors. The result is that she has been edscated to an extraordinary degree of eleverness. She is fond of com-pany, and her constant companion is a chicken (a regular ship chicken, with hardly any feathers), which lives with her in her eage day and night, and accompanies her in her recombulations. She walks surface.

night, and accompanies her in her perambulations. She walks upright on her hind-legs with remarkable facility, and with much less effort than even the performing monkeys as seen in the streets. When in an erect attitude she will carry things. Thus she will pick up her chicken, and run about with it, helding it in her arms as a nurse does her child. The chicken does not seem to mind this in the least. chicken does not seem to mind this in the least.

At the word, "Throw her overboard!" Jenny throws the chicken smartly away from her. It has been said that monkeys would talk, but that

THE ANDAMAN MONKEY AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, LONDON.

they know that if they talked they would be made to work. Now the Andamanian Jenny forms an exception to the "working" part (only that is very agreeable work) of the story; for if a soda-water bottle is given to her she will set to work to untwist the wire. This done, she will get out the cork, if it be not too tightly fixed, and then drink the contents of the bottle. Her attitude in drinking is something quite new. She sits down on her haunches, holds the bottle with both hands, and tilts the end of it up with her hindfoot, so that the liquid shall flow at the proper level into her mouth. In this attitude her appearance is highly comical, and at the same time very interesting. The most extraordinary part of Jenny's performance is that she smokes a

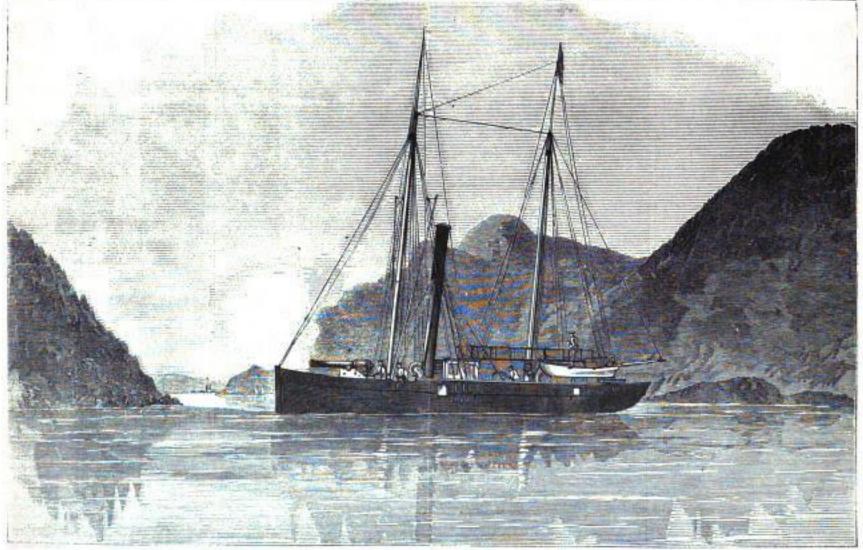
pipe. Other monkeys will carry a pipe in their mouth, and pretend to smoke, but this is the first monkey smoke, but this is the first monkey that we have ever known actually to smoke lighted tobacco out of a pipe. Other monkeys will drink grog, but Jenny is especially fond of it, and always takes her glass with her pipe, which she enjoys quite as much as Forecastle Jack after he has been reesing topsalls.

LADY PALMERSTON.

THE place which Lady Palmerston held for many years in Lon-don society will not be easily filled don society will not be easily mea-up. There was a sunshine about her Saturday overing receptions at Cambridge House which is not usu-ally seen in gatherings of a simi-lar nature. The most insignificant guess was sure to be welcomed by pleasant smiles from Ludy Palmer-sten, and by a warm greeting from her tunband. Ludy Palmerston's good manners were the more reflection of her true kindliness of heart, and it is this which made them so festinating to all around her.

Nothing is more cleameseristic of the typical grounds done of the past generation that the thorough busi-ness habits which she combined with the grace and gavery of the woman of fashion. A memoir of Lady Polmerston in the London Times shows that she undertook the entire management of the household at Brocket, Cambridge House, and Brondlands, as well as that of her own property: personally inspect-ing the accounts, leaving nothing to agents, stewards, or head serv-ants but what fell strictly within ants but whet fell strictly within their respective departments. Her visiting book also was kept with all the regalarity and precision of a merchant's ledger. Her services to her husband extended far beyond the creation of the brilliant sales at Cambridge House, and the cheering sympathy with which she soothed his labors. She had great tact in extracting information from as well as answering visitors, and was thus as answering visitors, and was thus
of great value to Lord Palmerston
in his political enterprises. With
all this she found time, too, to keep
a journal. Another characteristic
which Lady Palmerston shared with the elder

generation was her predilection for youth and beauty for its own sake. She would have "those two pretty girls at her party;" and she would not have "that fat woman with her ugly daughters," although the fat woman was she wife of a county member, and the two pretty girls had neither fa-ther nor brother in either House.



SPANISH GUN-BOAT No. 1-TESTING HER GUNS AT COLD SPRING, ON THE HUDSON .- [SEE PAGE 663.]

JAMES FISK, Jun.

IT is peculiarly fitting in this Number of our paper, in which we give especial attention to the recent operations in Wall Street, that we should give the portrait of James Fish, Jun. Three years ago the subject of our sketch was comparatively unknown. Now there are few men in our city who command so large a share of pub-lic notice. He is a man of large wealth, and is the centre of attruc-tion in Wall Street, in theatrical tion in Wall Street, in theatrical circles, and in the law courts.— Persons he has not genius; his education may be deficient; but his praction shrewatness, his al-most reckless buildness, and his unparalleled efficutory, make up for the absence of these maintaintions. He is known as a man who may be a friend to-day and arenemy to-murrow; us one who comes to his conclusions repair, and almost by instinct cand as a man wasse bostiley can not be provoked with immunity. Having as regards his popular characterdetace ?

dames Fish, dame, in the son of a Vermont periods. At the nee of sevention to obtained similar ment of a very humble character in Vas American's menagene, his occupation being to ussist in the erection of tents and to success out and keep clear the crows or the animals. His employer, walching his capacity, promoced him to the position of a ticket collector. In this capacity he accompanied Van Augusta in his various tours through the United States, the Ambunght in his various foursthrough the United States, the Canadas, and Europe—a service extending over a peaisd of eight years. Leaving Van Amuricus at twenty-five years of age, he determined to pursue the calling of his father, and returned to his native State of Vermont for that purpose. He commenced his career as a peddler by selling small articles, such as pencils, pens, etc., on the sidewalks of the different towns of the State. In this way, by dint of perseverance, he saved a little money, and having succeeded in raising a small additional sum, he raising a small additional sum, he purchased a horse and wagon, and purchased a norse and wagon, and made a fresh start in life as a ped-dler of dry-goods. He visited all the principal towns and villages of Vermont, and succeeded in gain-

fing so large a custom in the places to which he traveled that his humble one-horse wagon was no longer capacious enough for the conveyance of his goods. He discarded it, there-fore, and invested in a much larger one drawn by

JAMES FISE, JUN.-(PROTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

four horses. By-and-by he extended his field of | operations, and traveled through Massachusetts and Connecticut as well as Vermont, until, finally, the gross amount of his sales attracted the

attention of a Boston firm from whom be was in the habit of buying goods. In 1860 they made proposals to him to join their house, to which he assented, and James Fisk, Jun., became a pair-

ner in the firm of JORDAN, MARSH, de Co., of Boston. But the firm do not appear to have been so well pleased with James Fish the part-mer as with James Fish the cus-tomer, for at the end of two years-they paid him down the large sam of \$614 000 to leave the firm

It so happened that it this time some parties in Boston were anxious to purchase the Stonington ions to purchase the Stoningson line of steamships, then owned by Mr. Dantill, Driew, James Plant was aware of this circumstance, and, thinking he could turn this knowledge to good account, he come, in 1445, to New York. Obtaining an intended to 1811, he was a large of the starting of Draw, he samaged so to ingenta-ate himself into the first of that gentleman that he employed him to epoduct the impatiation for the sale of the stemsers. In this liveres eminently successful. The sale was completed entirely to Mr. Duck's entiringing and the althity and showdness which Figs had displayed diranghout the segreta-tion gained for him Mr. Dusw's good will and patronigs, and an introduction to Wall Street.

Figure optimization to operate on his own necessit; he entered into a variety of speculative transactions is government stocks, gold, actions in government atocks, gold, and other securities. Success, however, did not attend him in Wall Street as it had done when peddling through the country; the greater number of his speculations were dissertous in their results, and to two years time. James Fase had lost every dollar he had in the world. He had, however, a friend in Mr. Davier, Durw, who is 1863 assisted him to form the firm. 1865 assisted him to form the firm of Figs., Beautre, & Co., for the purpose of carrying on the basiness of stock-brokers, and gave thom substantial aid by putting business into their hands, and employing them as brokers in many large un-

dertakings.

In 1867 Mr. Fisit, in connection with Mr. Jav Goutto, succeeded in making a lerge sum of money by operations in first stock.

They get control over stock to the amount of \$10,000,000, and were thus able to depress the general value of Erie stock from 72g to 35. Mr. Fisk's share of the profits resulting from these operations amounted, it is said, to \$1,800,000.

Mr. Fisn's next operation was to purchase the whole of the block

of which Pike's Opera-house forms a part for the sum of \$320,000. This transaction was a highly profitable one. He leased to the Eric Railroad Company a small portion of the property for 19 years, at an annual rental of



THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILBOAD-PASSENGER TRAIN PASSING THE PALISADES, TEN-MILE CANON, NEVADA .- [SEE PAGE 670.]

\$75,000. This was in itself a very handsome return on the gross amount invested in the whole property; but Mr. Fiss, retained to himself the Opera-hosse, all the large stores, and a great number of private bouses. He has also bought the building formerly known as Brougham's Theatre; and having somewhat unceremonicus-ly oussed that gentleman and his company, he installed there Mademoiselle 1888 and a French troupe of opera bouffe singers.

With his more recent operations, including the proprietorship of the French Theatre in this city, our readers are well acquainted. Mr. Fisk is now about thirry-nine years of age.

VIEW ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Tun Pacific Railroad is no longer a thome of conjecture, but an accomplished fact. Passen-gers, mails, and freight pass between New York and San Francisco with the same regularity, celerity, and convenience as between Boston and Washington; the Pacific coast has been effectually brought within the national railroad

We give on page 609 an illustration showing n passenger train passing the Palisades, Ten mile

Cofton, Nevada, on the Central Pacific Bailroad. The business of the Central Pacific between Sacramento and Promontory Point, between which places it has been operated for the three months siree the opening on the 10th of May, are (approximately) as follows, mainly in gold: Gross earnings, \$1,703,350; opening expenses, \$920,341; net earnings, \$783,009. This in-come, of course, will be largely increased with the continually increasing business of the road,

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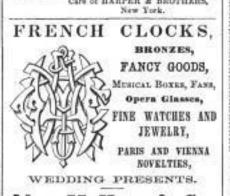
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AND TA Ask my Mother.
Have You Seen Her Lately?
The Hard to Give the Hand.
She Wore a Wreath of Rosea.
Spanish Muletter.
Within a Mile of Edinboro.
Coming through the Rys.
The Peace of the Valley.
I can not Sing the Old Songs.
Jane's Choice.
Strangers Yet.
Water-Livy Polka.
Would You be Young Again? Chopin Row, Brothers, Row. Doet and Chorus.
Call Her Back and Kins Her.
The Bloebied Polka.
The Bloebied Polka.
The Bloebied Polka.
The Bornet Galop.
Hamiet, Prince of Denmark.
Basset Galop.
Hamiet, Prince of Denmark.
The March of the Silver Trumpets.
It ham the Prince of Denmark.
The British not thus to be.
In Happy Moments.
Old Simon the Cellarer.
The British Rose.
The British Rose.
The Drawing-Boom Schottische.
Do The Stipper and his Boy.
She is not Fair to Outward View.
Cheen the Swallows Homeward Fly.
Vou and L.
Only a Lock of Halr.
Mary Emma Polka.
O'Take Me to Thy Heart Again.
Scotch Lassie Jean.
Dancing Shadow.
The World is Full of Beauty.
O'Take Me to Thy Heart Again.
Scotch Lassie Jean.
Dancing Shadow.
The While Bloesomed Tree.
Music Again.
Shadow.
The While Bloesomed Tree.
Music Shadow.
The While Bloesomed Tree.
Music Shadow.
The While Bloesomed Tree.
Gare God I while you're Young.
Gistalina Walin.
O'Ge Mat I week I all.
Beautiful Hope.
The Cavaller.
Continental Scottische.
O'Ge Waster Lass Solly.
The Costiller.
Costiller.
Costiller.
Costiller.
Costiller.
Sally.
Sally.
Sally. Gaglielmo, Rogere, Viviani, Abt. Wallace, Hatton, Bedg wick, Rodwell, Balfe, Sedgwick. Donglass. Gabriel

Sullivan Ciarlbel Balfe Abt. Claribel, do.

do.
Rogers.
Balfe.
Pusbody.
Rogers.
Raymond
Flowers.
H. Fase.
Waverly.
Hime.

Musgrave.
Cüppingdale.
Carrington.
Waverly.
Offenbach.
Lover.
Norton.
Lover.
Bard.
Giover.
Hogors. Beautiful Rope,
The Cavaller.
Continental Scottische,
Of what is the Old Man Thinking ?
Sally, Sally,
Ra-Soule-arm,
Nothing size to Do,
Crescent-City March,
Puddle your own Canon.
Scotes that are Brightest.
Contine in the Air. Hogers Knight Lover 91. 90. 89. Btewart. Hatten

Vallace Adams. Hunt. Glover. opeland. symoud. Scotch.

Williams Glover, Stewart, Colver,

Waverly

Profile your care Brightest.
Castles in the Air.
The Bell goes a Ringing for Sarah.
Ritty Tyrrell.
School for Jolly Dogs.
Willie west a Wooing.
Maggie Morgan.
Hary of Argyle.
Larboard Watch. Duet.
The Bashful Young Lady.
After Daris.
Blachelor's Hell.
The Fairy's Well.
The Fairy's Well.

Blamphin. Taylor. Guglielmo. Guglielmo. Covert Sarivall. Lover. do.

After Dark.

Bachelor's Hall.

Bachelor's Hall.

The Fairy's Well.

Oh would I were a Bird.

Oh, you Pretty, Blue-Kyed Witch.

My Angel.

The Fidgety Wife.

Law and Night I Thought of Thee.

My Mother Itear.

Barbey O'Hea.

Chestont-Street Belles.

Becton Belles.

Be Watchful and Beware.

Where there's a Will there's a Way.

The Foreign Comm.

The Lancabire Lass.

Meet Me in the Lane, Love.

Mabel Walts.

The Smile of Memory.

Sweetheart. do. Glover. Saer. Lloyd. Raymond. Blamphin. Irving. Waverly Balle

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Balley.

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Baymond.

Baymond.

Balley.

Balley.

Caribel.

Baymond.

B

Belles of Broadway.
Flying Trapese.
Fower of Love. Inst'l.
Scaan's Stary.
I will not sak to Press that Cheek.
The Rosy Wreath.
The Life Boat.
Light of the World. (Sacred Song.)
Bewariful Bells.
Lion Galop. **跳的跳跃跳跃跳跃** Claribel Gabriel

Inion Galop. Raymond, Hullah, Handel, Claribel,

si, Luior Galop.
30. Olympic Schottische.
20. Up to a Balloon.
23. There's a Charm in Spring. Inst'l.
25. There's a Charm in Spring. Inst'l.
26. Schottische Beart.
26. The Passing Bell. (Sacred Song.)
26. Scill I Love Thee.
27. Waitzing Bown at Long Branch.
28. Hiding Down Hroadway.
29. She might not Suit your Fancy.
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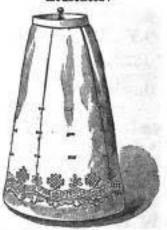
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THE REISSUE OF

ARPER JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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of fifteen be writes that he

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LORD AND LADY BYRON.

Is his prime — between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight - Brnox was undoubtedly one of the undoubtedly one of the handsomest men that ever lived. His head, though beautifully shaped, was in-deed somewhat too small for his body. Out of a whole regiment of soldiers there was only one who could wear his hat. In his youth he was very fat. At eighteen he weighed 207 pounds; but this tendency to obesity disappeared as be came to manbood. His height was five feet eight and a half inches, and his nessal weight about 17.5 pounds. He was long and strong of limb; and, not-withstanding his slight lameness, was a proficient in athletic exercises. He in athletic exercises. He was a magnificent swimmer, a clever boxer, a good cricketer, and a fair pedestrian. The defect in one of his feet has been greatly exaggerated. At his birth—owing, as he affirmed, to the "prudishness" of his mother—one foot was twisted out of its position, and so much distorted that in his childhood it amounted to a noticeable deformity. But in the course of time, by

to a noticeable deformity.

But in the course of time, by the use of an apparatus contrived for that purpose, the foot was brought to its proper position, and was perfectly well-shaped, only it was an inch shorter than the other; but it remained comparatively weak, and at times gave him intense pain. The weakness was mainly in the sole, but extended somewhat to the ankle and the muscles of the calf. At the age





LADY BYRON.

had just been able to wear a common boot upon this limb. Nothing was appar-ent of the defect but a slight lameness, amounting only to a scarcely noticeable limp. So slight was this that it is even now uncertain which was the limb affected. Moone was whol-ly mable to decide from his own recollections; but after inquiring of those who knew inquiring of those who knew him when a boy, who remembered that it was the
"off leg which limped ashe walked up the streat,"
he decided that it was the
right one. Jackson, his
teacher of puglism, came
to the same decision by
calling to mind whether he
was a right or left hand hitter. Moreover, if Moone
is to be credited, the shocmaker who worked for Byis to be creatined, the swee-maker who worked for Bx-nox for years stated that it was the right foot. But that same shoemaker has furnished a written certifi-cate that it was the left foot; and this is confirmed by the Countess Guiceson. The strength of his limbs, and the soundness and capacity of his lungs, are shown by the fact that he could swim

BYRON. It that he could swim for three or four hours without touching bottom. Until he had impaired his constitution by his excesses in Italy, he seems never to have known what sickness was. In the ordinary course of nature he ought to have overpassed fourscore, and been alive to-day. During the last five or six years of his life his early icularity to obesity returned, and he became decidedly fat; while, wing to his earlier abstrace from exercise very last or helic. owing to his entire abstinence from exercise, except on horse-



TYPES OF THE CUBAN PATRIOT SOLDIERS .- [See Page 674.]

back, his limbs became so much shrunken that THELAWHER, who stole a view of the corpse, averred that both legs were shriveled from the knee downward. The portrait which we give is from the picture which is acknowledged to be the best likeness of Byrnon in his best state, just before his marriage. The portrait of Lady Byrnon is from a picture painted some years later. She sat for this picture for the express purpose that it should be used as an illustration for an edition of Byrnon's prems; and it was so used, of course, with her express knowledge and consent.

TYPES OF CUBAN SOLDIERS.

This illustration on our first page, "Types of Cuban Patriot Soldiers," is principally interesting from the fact that it shows the importance of the negro element in the Cuban revolutionary army. It must be remembered that these negro subdiers are not lighting for the freedom of Cubaalone, but for their own also.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

Is it be true or no
That lock's in a four-leaved clover,
As the old stories go,
This night I mean to discover.

Analo-deep in the dew
(With thoughts too sweet to be spoken),
I searched the grass-plot through
Till I found the fairy token.

Shyly hiding from sight.
The molding grasses under;
I brought it forth to the light—
Here is my four-leaved wender!

A small affair, if you scan
Its outward presence merely,
To theid the heart of a man
With the hope that he holds most dearly.

But love has its mystic lore— You may make it superstition— And loop is the open door, Sometimes, to a sweet fruition.

One thing this night shall show, Or call one no true lover— If it be false or no 'that back's in a four-leaved clover!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, Остопек 23, 1869,

"The Movember will be commenced" MAN AND WIFE," a new Serial Story, splendidly Re-Instituted, by WIEEE COLLINS (Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," and "The Mounstone"). Also Subscriber will be included with HARDER'S WEEEL from the commencement of the Story to the end of 1870 for \$4.00.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DUTIES.

N the present condition of our politics no scratism of the regard and confidence of policical friends can be more flattering, and none night to be more persuasive with every good citizen, than the unsolicited summens to tomorable office. The very fact that a nominaand that it does not always full upon worthy persons, gives it, when wholly spontaneous, a Those who ecrtain commanding authority. feel that a man who asks for an elective office is by no means necessarily the one who ought to have it, and that it is the dary of all wellmeaning citizens to do what they can to cleante the tone of politics, and to engage in them the sympathy of the best men, naturally and properly expect that no man will refuse a summons such as we describe without the most serious

We cordially agree with this view. Nothing should persuade a man to dorline the summons lot on honorable and therefore imperative regood for existing duties and engagements which make the right discharge of the new daties inpossible, or a consciousness of peculiar unfitness for the office. Either of these reasons will justly release him from the duty of obeying the call. And in this country, when, as often nophe sulf comes to an editor need other reason may be suggested. If an editor who is constantly engaged in comment and criticism upon public men and public affairs becomes a part of the executive government, is he not laid under the strongest temptation to ferego she frunk treatment of all public acts and persons, whether national or local? Upon a while range of topics with which he has an official connection, would not his observations almost mentally be suspected? And is not an enter who does his duty intelligently, conaccentionals, and courteonaly serving his State, his country, and his party quite as efficiently as he could serve them in any office?

The independence of the press, of which we hear a great deal of proud rhetoric, is the independence of the editor. But every editor knows, and every reader can see, how easily that independence may be disturbed. If, for instance, an editor privately solicits for his friends appointments to offere, and is successful, his pen becomes naturally very reluctant to

censure the appointing power. On the other hand, the appointing power, in fear of newspaper hostility, is sorely tempted to appoint the editor's candidate, even if he does not appear to be altogether worthy. Indeed, to preserve the strict and unsuspected independence of the press, and therefore to enable it to fulfill its real function in our political society, the editor must carefully avoid every thing that creates personal political obligation. By keeping bimself free from "entangling alliances" he maintain his highest authority his best influence.

tains his highest authority, his best influence.
Yet not the less grareful is the generous call of political friendship which aummons him to other duties. If he can not listen to it, he can never forget it. It inspires him to more faithful endeavor. It arimulates him to prove both that the confidence was not misplaced, and that his decision was as wise as it was unavoidable.

NEW YORK TO THE RESCUE!

THE State elections in the year following a Presidential campaign are often languid. There is a reaction from the national effort of the pre-vious year, which is generally most seriously felt by the successful party. Of course this is peculiarly true if that party is one which, like the Republican, includes the more intelligent and independent voters; for such men are more impatient of strict party discipline, and are willing to express dissatisfaction by staying at home. Yet it is at these elections that the friends of the successful administration ought to appear in force, that they may encourage and support it. They should remember that there is another inevitable reaction following a victory in the national election, and arising from the disappointment which some portion of the party can not help feeling. No administration goes far enough in some ways for some of its friends, and it goes a great deal too far in other ways to satisfy others. A sensible man, therefore, who understands the duties and responsibilities of a citizen, will consider whether, upon the whole, he thinks the administration should be abandoned by its friends; and if he decides that it should not be will know that the very nature of our politica demands an active and positive support.

The way to give this support is to vote for the candidates and the principles of the party, when they are both unexceptionable. In this State no Republican will orge any conclusive personal objection against any of the candidates upon the ticket. Men of higher personal character or of purer official reputation are not often presented by any Convention in any State. In the hands of such men, even if their polisical sympathics were unknown, the interests and honor of the State would be secure. But they are, also, the representatives of the prinriples upon which alone the country ent hope to establish peace and to attain the highest welfare. Necessarily, and for reasons that we have before stared, the election in the State is the expression of sympathy with a national While the fundamental issues of a morally honorable payment of the debt, and of the constitutional grarantee of equal rights are still open. New York can not vote without supporting or opposing both. To vote for Mr. Nanas, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, and for his companions upon the ticket, however personally honorable and officulty officient they may be, is to vote for Mr. PERDLETON, and to throw doubt upon the national faith, and to vote against the Fifteenth

Amendment as a just and wise policy.

It is a vote, moreover, against the adoption of the new State Constitution, which the Demoeratic platform condemns, and it is a censure upon the administration of President GRANT. The State of New York undoubtedly east its honest vote for him. But a stopendous system of fraud, at which the present Governor Hour-MAN, by his proclamation as Mayor of the city, counived, apparently gave the vote to Mr. Sex-MOUR. There is no doubt whatever in the mind of any candid mun who has investigated the subject that enormous frauds were practiced, and almost exclusively by the Democratic party, and not without the knowledge of many of its recognized leaders. The effort to defraud the honest voters of the State will, of course, be reto look listlessly on, and, because General GRANT is elected, suppose it to be of no importance whether New York sustains him or not?

During the seven months of President GRAST's administration the public debt has been decreased by nearly fifty-seven millions of dollars. The greater vigor and efficiency which he has introduced into our contemptible system of the civil service are universally known, The quiet and efficient maintenance of our obligations to other nations is not less familiar. The simple, unestrutations, and honest method and respect of his administration are most honomble, and appeal to American pride and sympathy in the best sense of those words. Does any citizen of New York who sineerely supported the late war and rejoiced in its result, who believes that whatever the difficulties may be yet that the adoption of the Fiftcenth Amendment is essential to a permanent settlementdoes any such citizen wish that Mr. SEYMOUR were President in place of General GRANT? Al-

lowing, as we must allow in all administrations, that every appointment has not been what it should have been, is it therefore desirable that the essential honesty, ability, and lofty purpose of the administration should be condemned?

It is a plain alternative. To vote for the Democratic ticket is to vote that it is a pity that Saymour and Blair were not elected President and Vice-President, and the policy of Mr. Pendlaron was not made the financial policy of the country. Do we wish to keep these questions of dishonor and of injustice rankling in our politics forever? Does not New York stand by the war and its settlement? Is not New York resolved upon peace and upon the only conceivable conditions of peace? She said so last year, and her voice was stifled. Let her say so this year in a tone that no gag of fraud can choke.

THE BRITISH UNITED STATES.

TENNYSON'S " federation of the world" seems to be passing into the vision of practical poli-ticians. Mr. CARDWELL, the British Secretary of War, in a late speech, alluding to the impracticability of a longer continuance of the British colonial government system, soured into prophetic flights, and exclaimed, "When the time comes, and England calls for the support of her colonies, there will be a confederation such as the world never saw under a single sovereign." This idea is elaborated elsewhere in England, and there is undoubtedly in the minds of some Englishmen a splendid fancy of a vast consolidation of all the dependencies of the crown into an invincible imperial league. India, Canad Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the West Indian British islands, bound in a commen interest, ruled by a common Parliament, and taxed by equal laws—that is, a British United States. This is the fancy, and Mr. Carowers's speech merely hints at the possibility. It says, "How excellent such a plan would be, even if we can't exactly see how

Yes, as the Pull Mall Gazette truly observes, in such a league the power of the sovereign and the Parliament of the United Kingdom to declare war for which Australia would be taxed, must necessarily be modified. That implies another kind of assembly truly representative of the whole empire-an imperial Parliament, by the side of which the present body would dwindle into a secondary importance, like our State Legislatures by the side of Congress. How should such a Parliament be elected, where should it meet, what should be its powers? Its powers must of course be defined in a written Constitution; and there must, therefore, be a Supreme Court to interpret the definition, and subordinate imperial courts to administer the law so interpreted. This, under different names, is the American system. Then comes another inevitable question, the relation of India to the united empire. Shall its government be left as it is, or committed to the new assembly, or shall India be included with the rest, making the British United States "principally Hindoo and largely Mohammedan?" Must it be governed as the Territories of our Union are? In any case, India must necessarily be an exceptional question,

The proposition seems to be a dream only at present; but it is carious that it is gravely disenssed. It implies such a renunciation of power by the United Kingdom that nothing would appear to be more unlikely than that it should be entertained for a moment. It would, besides, be very difficult to make the real influence of the smaller parts upon the general policy so evident that they would be willing to take the risks. The eminent member of the imperial Congress from New Zealand, however powerful his talents and persoasive his eloquence, would find that Australia, and Scotland, and England, with Malta and Cape Town, were too strong for him. Yet a mere dream of this kind is prophetic. It is something gained that there should he even the conception of a political fraternity so cosmopolitan. A very little of the wisdom that contemplates this possibility, could it have been infused into the British counsels of a century ago, would have avoided the jealous hostility that has so long divided the two great ma-

TRANSPORTATION OF FOREIGN CONVICTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

DR. Larrent has written to Secretary Pism apon a very important subject—one upon which Mr. RATHOND introduced a bill in Congress, late in the rescion, in 1867, that passed the House of Representatives but did not reach the Seante. It appears that foreign governments are in the occasional habit of transporting their coarders to this country, and Dr. Larrent very properly claims that the matter should be settled by treaty. The latest, most flagmant case, is that of the Government of Saxe-Cobarg-Goths, which furnished some incurable criminals with money and the opportunity of salling from Bremen to the United States. There is something so offensively uncounterons in such a transaction that it seems hardly credible. Would

any members of the Government of that duchy, as private gentlemen, throw rags infected with pestilence over the fence into their neighbors' gardens? Yet this is what they officially do, when they send criminals to this country. If they can not manage their criminals, why do they pretend to be a Government? and what would be the condition of civilized states if each should make the other a penal colony?

Dr. Likeux states that about a year ago the Prison Society of New York received a letter from an officer of the prisons in England asking whether some arrangement might not be made by which we should receive a certain class of English convicts who had served a certain part of their penal term, and who promised well; and Sir James Granam, when Home Secretary, made a rule that every convict who had behaved well during two-thirds of his imprisonment should be pardoned upon condition of quitting England. Of course they would come to this country. But the supply of that kind of population from Europe does not seem to require the stimulus of a premium. It is pleasant to know, however, that this kind of transportation is done clandestinely, and is denied when directly charged, for it shows a consciousness of its impropriety. But the custom remains, and its origin is evident. It springs from the old selfish doctrine and practice of national law. States acknowledged what may be called legal and treaty obligations toward each other, but not moral obligations in the true and generous sense,

The remedy, therefore, is as plain as the custom and its origin. It is to be sought in another and better principle, which Dr. LIEBER happily expresses; "The modern law of nations is founded first of all on the principle of good neighborhood." The perception and declaration of such a principle show the immensa and beneficent progress of public sentiment. This principle conceives nations as a fraternity, not as a league of naturally hostile tribes. gives significance to the phrase, the family of nations. It confesses a common sympathy, a common interest, and is an unexpected and none the less cheering proclamation of the consciousness that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. Dr. LENKE proposes, first, that we should stipulate by treaty that every attempted exportation of convicts to our shores will be considered a grave offense against the law of notions: and second, that the captains and owners of the importing vessels shall be heavily fined for introducing convicts, which shall be returned whence they came at the expense of the Government. This was the substance of Mr. Raymond's bill. He forther suggests that after such a law is passed, and in the absence of rearies, the Government of the United States should proclaim that it regards such exportation as an unfriendly act.

The subject is one that deserves consideration and action, and which the Doctor treats with his accustomed point and force.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

The Hornet, otherwise the Cuban vessel of war the Cuba, has been seized by the United States at Wilmington. If, as there is no reasonable doubt, it should be proved that she was equipped from ports of the United States for the purpose of making war upon a Power with which the United States are at peace, she will of course be condemned. Our markets, as we stated last week, are open both to Spaniards and Cubans. But the latter are not yet an independent Power. They have no recognized flag. They must, therefore, take the risks of the United States' laws of neutrality, which forbid the fitting out of warlike expeditions against our friendly allies. The facts of a Cuban commission, therefore, and of flying the "lone star" flag, and of calling an illegitimate cruiser a Cuban vessel of war, do not make the enterprise of Captain Higgsin in September essentially different from that of Captain Rrax in June.

It is not the least remarkable fact about the attempt to entangle the United States in the Cuban movement by hostile expeditions from our ports that the leaders of these expeditions are ex-Confederate officers and soldiers. Their for liberty and republican equal ri-Cuba or any where else we may be permitted to doubt. But there can be no doubt whatever that those who rejoiced in the escape of tha Alabama from Liverpool would not unwilling-ly place the United States in the same position in which that escape placed England, If Captwin Hucouse's performances should cause Spain. to address to us the same kind of demand, and spon the same ground, that we address to England upon the subject of the Alabawa, it may be presumed that Captain Higgins would not tear his hair with anguish. Such considerations do not, indeed, affect the duty of the United States under its own laws and international comity, but they are at least suggestive.

Meanwhile, before our paper appears, the United States will probably be challenged to show valid reasons for the detention of the Spanish gan-bosts. If they can not be preved to be intended to serve against Peru they must be relieved, even if they are destined for Cuba. Nor do we believe that the Government of the

United States will regard that fact as sufficient reason for recognizing Cuban belligerency or independence. It is not the vigor and skill with which Spain attempts to maintain her authority, but the force and success with which Cuba resists, that supply the grounds of recognition. Our laws, our traditions, our honora-ble obligations, beside the moral duties of sincere revolutionists, were, or should have been, fully known to the Cuban chiefs.

It is now stated in the Tribuse, apparently with authority, that General SECKLES has withdrawn the offer of mediation that he made to the Spanish Government, and also that the offer, although declined, was received in the most friendly spirit. It is further reported in the World, whose correspondent is probably the President's confident, that General GRANT is satisfied with every word of General SICKLES'S sote, including the threat. Then there was a threat. And the Spanish Government received it in the most friendly spirit! It is a comfort that in the vast and conflicting murmur of remor a man may hear any thing that he wishes to hear. For ourselves, until otherwise informed, we do not believe that the United States have threatened Spain, nor that General Grant is a Captain Bohadil. But we do believe that the Government has offered mediation upon honorable grounds, and we trust that it will renew the offer. We feel also very confident that the United States will not recognize Cuban belligerency until the facts authorize and compel such action.

TRADE AND THE CROPS.

TRADE during the past week has suffered from apprehensions produced by the gold spec-ulations, from the difficulties attending the transportation of goods over lines injured by the great storm, and also from the belief that as the time approached for using extensively the new crop of cotton its price would fall, and carry with it some kinds of domestic goods. The price of some fine shirtings and some prints has been slightly reduced, and perhaps during this week a further reduction may occur; but as no general panic followed the disturbance in Wall Street, and stocks are low throughout the country, large sales are still expected in all departments of business

So far as our crops are concerned, immense loss has been suffered from the drought which prevailed all along the Atlantic coast, and from ecent storms. The two installments we have had of the equinoctial storm broke the drought and supplied a little pasturage; but the important wheat-growing States of the Northwest complain, and no doubt truly, of serious damage to wheat. The settlement of the Northwest has been so recent that farmers are not well provided with barns, and as many of them expect to thresh their wheat immediately after it is made into cocks, so as to avoid stacking, they were enught by the great rain-storm in the midst of this process. Their true policy, instead of straining a point to buy more land, which is the general tendency, is to erect barus to save their grain.

The loss on the two crops will diminish the amount exported to foreign countries, which will be unfortunate not only for us, but for them. England is now supplying herself largely with wheat from this country. The No. 2 Red West-ern is wanted for her laboring population, and the dry and crisp wheat of California is needed to mix with English wheat, which this year is damp, owing to rains in harvest time and the general moisture of the climate. The English crop of 1868 was flinty, owing to the drought which prevailed in England.

The considerable excess in the quantity of wheat taken from us by England for the year ending September 1 over any previous year, is explained on the ground that the English harsest this year was expected to be defective before it was gathered. To the drought of 1868, however, the English want is largely due. England is compelled now to buy from this country, inasmuch as she will require probably for d Septembe seventy million bushels of wheat over and above what her own fields produce. The admitted defective crops in Russia and other wheat producing regions in Europe, and what is known of the crops in this country, will induce her to store more grain than in 1868-'69. Last year the whole population was living from hand to month, as there was more confidence in the ability to obtain supplies than is now felt.

The grain dealers of Europe spread themselves over the whole world to purchase wheat and corn at the lowest prices. They obtain the most exact information of the excess which each market may have to sell, and operate with a view to command the most important markets by first draining the weaker ones, which are induced to sell low from fear of the ultimate competition of the largest growers.

The information obtained in the United States of the grain crops of other countries is derived mainly from English sources, and they reach us impressed with the tone which interest prompts. Our farmers are consequently at the mercy of those who skillfully avoid purchasing from us until prices are forced down to English limits. There is but one mode of remedying this difficulty which subjects this great interest in the United States to the loss of millions annually,

Our Consular system should be used to collect statistics from all other countries of the crops and productions which come into competition in the markets of the world with our own. The statements of the Agricultural Buresu at Washington of our crops of cotton and grain, as compared with those of the previous sar, are regarded as reliable and valuable. Foreign countries are thus informed of the quantity of our productions, but we have no statistics of what others produce to put our dealers on equality with the foreigner,

During the period when our commerce was active the Consular system was extremely beneficial; but as our commerce was destroyed during the war, and is not yet rebailt, no better employment can be given to the consuls of the United States than to devote them to this service. For this purpose it would be expedient to appoint Americans, and have them instructed examine diligently and report fully on this subject. The English have an interest the deepest that can exist to have the most exact knowledge of the condition of all foodexporting countries, as they annually expend est five hundred millions of dollars-measured in our currency-for food for domestic consumption; and the success of their competition with France and Germany in manufacturing industry depends largely on what may be saved in this foreign expenditure. But as our imports exceed our exports, and the balance has been settled by bonds which will be held over us for years, it is not only expedient but necessary that we shall have that knowledge of the productions of other countries that will enable us to meet the foreigner on fair

This is the more necessary, as other states in Europe are by the growth of population grad-ually reaching the condition of England when they will be added to the list of customers for our productions.

The wheat area in the United States is gradnally receding from the Atlantic on account of the habit common to most new populations of severe and rapid exhaustion of the soil. Successive crops of wheat are taken, and nothing is returned to the land, as it is cheaper for the time being to break up new prairie than undergo the expense of enrichment. The burden of costly transportation is thus placed upon the consumer on the sea-board and abroad, which affects our power to compete in the English market with other growers. But in wasting the inheritance of rich lands without strengthening the condition of the country in other respects, we sacrifice the most important interests. Our ability to pay our public debt must depend in great part upon the reasonable use of our great natural facilities. It is a crime injurious not only to us but to the world at large to exhanst the soil of its strength, and it should be panished by penal laws.

If our lands are cultivated on the plan of keeping up their strength, the foreigner will be obliged to pay the same profit upon what is thus raised as he pays now on a plan of exhaustion. The farmer now throws in this annual loss, and ultimately squanders his estate. The old portions of the Union, unable to compete in graingrowing with the West, are driven into other forms of cultivation; but he who makes his hand produce two blades of grass where only one grew before constitutes an exception to the gen-

We urge upon the Government at Washington to secure the establishment of a Boreau in one of the Departments charged with the duty of spreading before our people the most exact knowledge of the extent of the crops abroad. We have reached the condition when our resources must be made available for meeting great burdens, and we are satisfied that the industry of the country will be greatly benefited by being able to measure the wants of foreign countries with as much precision as they can use in ascertaining our productions.

NOTES.

It is one of the most significant of recent facts that what is called the "Conservative" party in Mississippi - which means the Democrats and late Confederates - have nominated a colored citizen for Secretary of State, who accompanies Judge Deer in his stamping tour. It shows that one of the tendencies of the Republican policy of reconstruction is to destroy the barrier of color, and make it necessary for politicisms to propitiate the new citizens. Ten years ago, we presume, the Conservative Democratic may presume, the Conservative Democratic cause in Mississippi would not have been strengthened by the candidacy of a colored man. But we remind Mr. Thomas Structure, the condidate in question, that however his nomination may prove the progress of public sentiment, yet the political allies of those who yote for him in Mississippi deny his race equal rights in New York and Pennsylvania, and oppose those rights every where in the country. Those who vote for him would gladly vote that he should have no vote.

THE Hon. E. G. SPAULDING, who was Chairnam of the Sub-committee upon Ways and Means in the House of Representatives during most of the financial legislation of the war, has prepared a very complete and valuable "Financial History of the War"—a subject which the historians of the rebellion have very insufficiently treated. Mr. Spattineso's work is a most serviceable manual, fully indexed, and containing an ample sketch of all the plans, debates, opinions, and laws in relation to the subject. Naturally the author is somewhat preminent in his work, for he was a conspicuous figure in the legislation he describes. But nowhere else will the student find such a collection of important facts and documents as in this history, which is published in Buffalo by the Express Printing Company.

Mn. Cox, a member of the late Democratic Convention in Minnesota, said to his brethren in that body: "For a long time we have been fight ing the nigger, and we have got whipped. e had nigger thrust at us until we are black in the face. The nigger has been a curse, and I am tired of him. He has filled our belly full, and taken our legs off-short!" In other words, he has done to the Democratic party precisely what that party has tried to do to him. And Mr. Cox might have added with truth that any party in this country which outrages human ma-ture and opposes human rights will, sooner or later, in his own phrase, have its legs taken off—

A COMMITTEE of the new Board of Education in the city of New York propose to provide for the instruction of forty thousand more children than now attend the schools, and with a reduction of \$800,000 upon the school expenses of last year. This is to be done by consolidation of departments, by the establishment of a daily normal school for the fourteen hundred pupils who are now in the supplementary classes of the grammar schools, and by other minor medifica-tions. The Board has taken time to reflect. This is not unnatural: as a plan which proposes an immense increase of school facilities with a reduction of nearly a third of the current expense seems to accuse the recent management of incompetency, or of something else.

Even the World is aghast at the summary exclusion of Republicans as inspectors and canvass-ers at the polls in Brooklyn. But it is certainly not a surprising action. A party which could gravely carry on the enormous system of natural-ization and other frauds which were notorious as the election in this city last year, and which di rected its subordinates in the rural districts to report promptly what majority was required, would not hesitate to take entire possession of the ballot-boxes. There remains but one more step to be taken to complete the Democratic election system in the city of New York, and that is, to prevent the Republicans from voting at all. That eminent Democratic chief, James M. Mason, took this ground upon occasion of voting for secession in Virginia. He rather pininly suggested that any body who was so in sane as to vote against secession should be shot. Tammany need not, however, be at the expense of powder and shot. It knows a more pacific and effectual way. We appeal to Mr. Tillown whether the forbalding of Republicans to vote, as well as to count the votes and oversee the counting, would not make him as "serene" over the Democratic prospect as he was in September, 1868, when the news came from Maine? It cor tainly would be in accord with the other practices of the party that so profoundly respects the will of the people.

THE Evening Post gives the following notice of our neighbor, the Bazar, "Late numbers of Harper's Bazar show the unflagging zeal with which the proprietors and editorial staff maintain the interest and variety of its general contents. This paper has already attained an immense cirand unexampled popularity; but the exertions of all engaged upon it are such as would indicate a seeking after success on the part of new candidates for public favor. The young lady buys a single number of it is made a subscriber for life.

Captain C. F. Hall, who has lately returned from the arctic regions, with new information concerning the fate of the expedition of Sir Jours FRANKLIN, gave an interesting account of his discoveries before the Geographical Society in this city, on the evening of October 7. Capeain HALL, it is expected, will soon give a public lec-ture in this city, with full details of his late ex-pedition, and will also exhibit the relies which he found in King William's Land,

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The President has proclaimed November 18 to be a day of National Thankegiving.

The Virginia Legislature was convened October 5. On the 8th both liouses ratified the Pouriseeth and Fifteenth Amendments. In the House there were only six votes against them, and in the Sennis only four against the Fouriseeth and two against the Fifteenth, out of the latter being a colored Republican Sensite, who declined vetting because the Legislature was filegal. The Legislature, by joint resolution, then adjourned till October 18.

The Spanish steamer Enterps took her charance from this port for Havana October 9.

Our national debt is \$2,400,800,000, of which \$2,100,-000,000 bear incress. Screetary Bostwell estimates that at the persent rate of reduction—\$100,000,000 per year—the entire debt would be extinguished in Sourisen years.

During the eight months from January 1, 1889, out of 21,604 immigrants to San Francisco 11,500 were Chiesce. The number of Chiesce insulgenate to California from 144-to 1805, inclusive, was 165,000.

Fostmanter-General Creavell the opened terrofitions with the British Fost-offer Department for a further reduction of letter posings between the United States and Great Britain. By the existing postal convention which went into effect on the 184 of January, 1865, the single rate of possage for letters between the United States and Great Britain. By the existing postal convention which went into effect on the 184 of January, 1865, the single rate of possage for letters between the United States and Great Britain. By the existing postal convention which went into effect on the 184 of January, 1865, the single rate of possage for letters between the United States and Great Britain. By the existing postal convention which went into effect on the 184 of January, 1865, the single rate of possage for letters between the United States and Great Britain Processed now proposes a further reduction of the 184 of Processed now proposes a further reduction of the 184 of Processed now prepares

effect on the 1st of Juniary, 1878.
Ex-President Franklin Pierce died at Concerd on

the morning of October 8. President Grant publicly assounced this event, and ordered business in the Government Departments to be sispended on the day of the fineral.

The confisions under which the French Transectant Cable was allowed to be handed on the Anveloant Cable was allowed to be handed on the Anveloant Cable was allowed to be handed on the Anveloant of Cable was allowed to M.R. Krianger and Education of the Cable was allowed to M.R. Krianger and Education of the Cable was allowed to Properly and the the French Minketer of the Interfor by members of the United States Continuous Company for permission to land an Atlantic cable at some point on the French coast. This application, signed to two retired Generals and a Major of the United States Continuous Company for permission to land an Atlantic cable at some point on the French coast. This application, signed to two retired Generals and a Major of the United States volundeers and register army, and by noother American gentleman bodding a premisest properly of suspending the anger and factor. The propriety of suspending the anger and factor. The propriety of suspending the anger and factor. The propriety of suspending the anger and factor will probably be considered during the coming season of Congress.

October 5 was the opening day of the second anneal flower Fife at Narragament Fife. The last and great race was won by "Lady Thom" for a prace of State, Her competitors were "Palmer," "Goldstaith Maid," "Lucy," and "Ansertan Gird," Time, 2.192, 2.184, 2.194, 2.21.

October 9 was the army of the fife and the continuous warms of the day was won by A. Helmoont had been greated and the continuous warms of the day was won by A. Helmoont had a day to the continuous and the continu

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Spanish Cortes resumed its sessions October 2. The Republican insurrection appeared so alarming in its extent that the Government asked and obtained the passage of a hill ensureding the constitutional guaranties of personal rights during the insurrection. This excited great opposition among the Republican members. Two provinces—Analysis and Carlsonin.—have been declared under martial law. It is efficiently stated that combats have them piace between the unitous troops and the Republican insurpretts in Catalonia, Aragos, Old Castile, and Andalusia; and that so far the though have been victorious. It is stated that Sense Paul, a member of the Cortex, is at the bead of one of the Republican bands in the south of Spain.

the head of one of the Republican bands in the seath of Spain.

The Prussian Diet was opened October 6 by a speech from King William, who announced the necessity for increased taxation.

The supplementary elections for members of the French Corps Legislatif take place November I.

The island of 8L Thomas was taited September 17 by an earthquake which abook the city of St. Thomas to its foundations.

Ferdinand de Lesseps has published the official reculations for the navigation of the Succ Const. Navigation is permitted to vessels of all nations, provided they do not draw more than seven metros and a half of water; the transit being right metros days. Steam vessels may mavigate by means of their own steam power. Building vessels of about firly tone bardon must be towed by the erraice established for the purpose by the Company. The truncit due from one service to the other is to france per ton bardon, and its france per passenger.

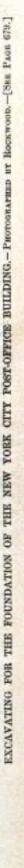
page by the Company. The trunch due from one sear to the other is 10 frants per ton barden, and 16 frants per parsenger.

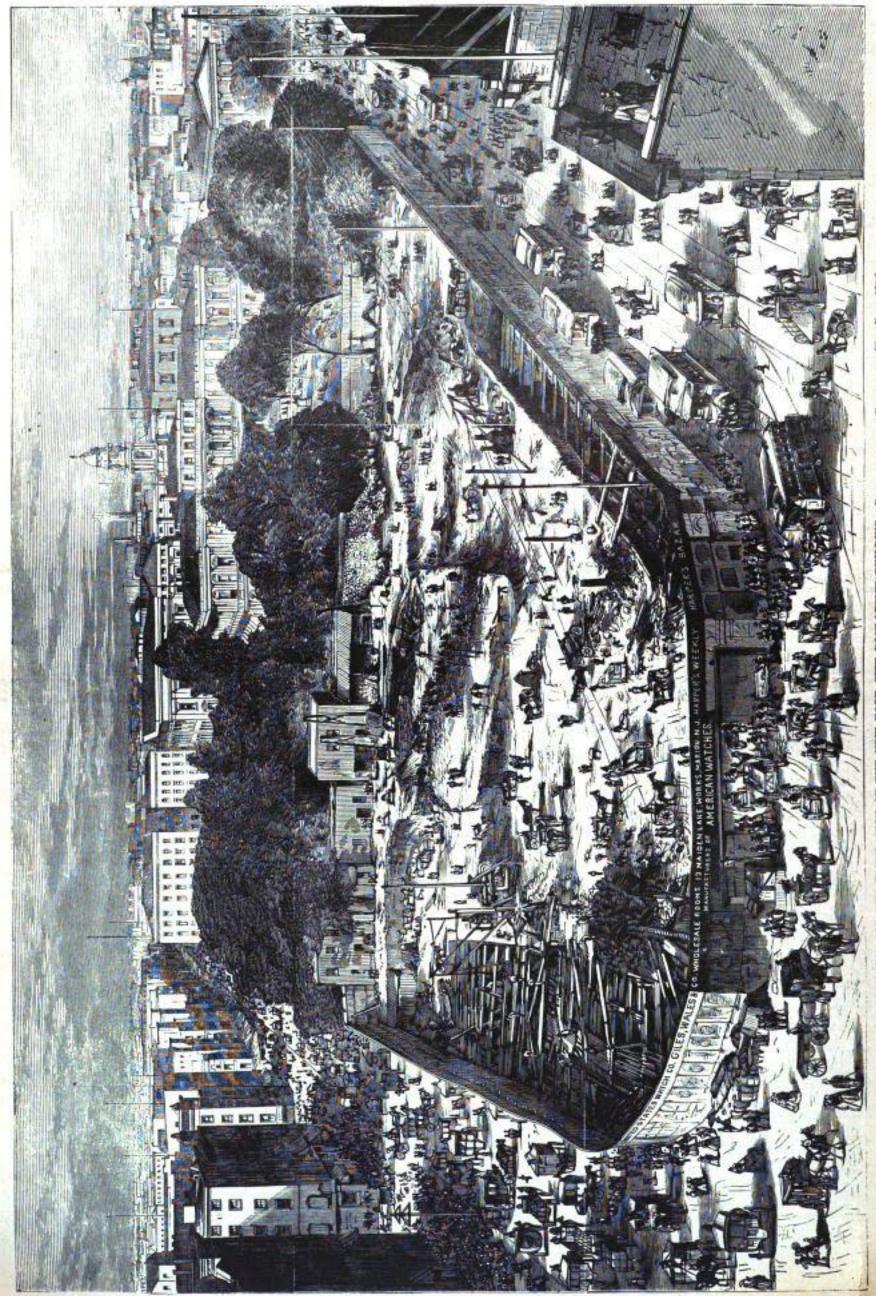
The files, Frederick Temple, D.D., the well-known Bead Marier of Hugby School, and one of the writers of the famous "Escays and Reviews," has been preferred to the Hisboryic of Exerce, in England.

A Poris correspondent of the Independence Reloc states that Father Hyacinthe's letter has thrown the Pathory Smith Germain into a tune of consternation. The Papal Nuncio was not in Paris when the letter are published, but he was framediately informed of it, and at once telegraphed every woul of it to Bome, It is stated that the document was submitted to the Architekhop of Paris before appearing, and appeared by him after some slight needifications. According to the Rayler, the engigned case of the superst the speech he delivered at a Proce Congress sent that since: and the second case of offense was another speech at a distribution of prizes. An early copy of the letter is said to have been communicated to the Emperor by M. Duverpier, the Minister of Grace and Justice, who had received it from Mgr. Darker, the Architekhop of Paris, Pather Hyacushe is coming to America.

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CAPTAIN HALL'S ARCTIC EXPE-DITTON.

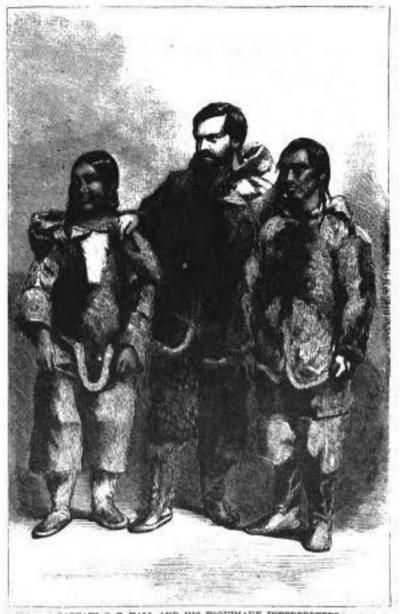
CAPTAIN C. F. HALL, who has recently returned home from his expedition into the Arctic regions, contributes to this Number of the Weekly numerous sketches of the interesting relics re-lating to Sir John Franklin's expedition found

fating to Sir John Franklin's expedition found by him in King William's Land.

Captain Hall sailed in the Monticelle in the latter part of June, 1854. He took with him no sailing vessel, but made his ninety days' trip into King William's Land in a sledge. This was his second expedition, the results of the first having been already given to the world in his work entitled "Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimasex." His first expedition occupied two years and four months, and the discoveries then made encouraged him to make a second aftempt to learn all that could be found out second attempt to learn all that could be found out concerning the fate of the FRANKLIN expedition. In his second, as in his first, exploration he de-pended entirely upon the native Esquimaux, and upon his own skill and resources in obtaining his information. In his letter to Mr. HENRY GUIN-

Information. In his letter to Mr. HENRY GRIS-NELL, dated Repulse Bay, June 20, 1869, Cap-tain Hall says:

"The result of my sledge journey to King William's Land may be summed up thus: None of Sir John Franklin's companions ever reach-ed or died on Montreal Island. It was late in July, 1848, that CROSTER and his party, of about forty or firty-five, passed down the west const of King William's Land in the vicinity of Cape Herschell. The party was dragging two stedges on the sea-ice, which was nearly in its last stage of dissolution—one, a large sledge, laden with an awning-covered hoat, and the other, a small one, laden with provisions and camp material. Just before Caoxina and party arrived at Cape Her-schell they were met by four families of antives, and both parties went into camp near each other. Two Esquimnux men, who were of the na-tive party, gave me much sad, but deeply inter-esting information. Some of it stirred my heart with sodness, intermingled with rage, for it was a confussion that they, with their companions, did secretly and hastily abandon Cnozzaz and his party to anffer and die for need of fresh prorisions, when, in truth, it was in the power of the natives to save every man alive. The next trace of Caozum and his party is to be found in the skeleton which M'CLISTOCK discovered a little below, to the southward and eastward of Cape Herschell; this was never found by the natives. The next trace is a camping place on the sea-shore of King William's Land, about three miles eastward of Pfeiffer's River, where two men died and received Christian burial. At this place fish bones were found by the natives, which showed them that CROXIER and his purp



CAPTAIN C. P. HALL AND HIS ESQUIMAUX INTERPRETERS.

had caught while there a species of fish excellent for food, with which the sea there abounds. The next trace of this party occurs some five or six miles enstward, on a long, low point of King William's Land, where one man died and was buried. Then about S.S.E., two and a half miles further, the next trace occurs on Todd's lalet, where the remains of five men lie. The Inlet, where the remains of five men lie. The next certain trace of this party is on the west side of the inlet, west of Point Richardson, on some low land that is an island or a part of the main land as the tion may be. Here the awaing-covered best and the remains of about thirty or thirty-five of Cucatan's party were found by the native Poo-yet in, of whom Sir John Ross has given a description in the account of his voyage in the Pictory, 1829-34. In the spring of 1849 a large tent was found by some of the natives whom I saw, the floor of which was completely covered with the remains of white men, Close by were two graves. This tent was a little way inland from the head of Terror Bay.

"In the spring of 1861, when the snow was nearly all gone, an Esquimaux party, conducted

nearly all gone, an Esquimaux party, conducted by a native well known throughout the northern by a native well known throughout the northern regions, found two bonts, with many skeletons in and about them. One of these boats had been previously found by M°CLINTOCK; the other was found lying from one-quarter to one-half mile distant, and must have been completely entombed in snow at the time M°CLINTOCK's parties were there, or they most assuredly would have seen it. In and about the boat, besides the many skeletons alliaded to, were found many relics, most of them similar in character to those relics, most of them similar in character to those M'CLINTOCK has connecated as having been

found in the boat he discovered.

found in the boat he discovered.

"The same year that the Erelow and Terror were abundoned one of them consummated the Great Northwest Passage, laving five men abourd. The evidence of the exact number is circumstantial. Every thing about this Northwest Passage ship of Sir Jour Frankler's expedition was in complete order; four boats were hanging high up at the ship's sides, and one was on the quarter-deck; the vessel was in its winter bonsing of sail or tent cloth. This vessel was found by the Ook-joo-lik natives near O Reilly Island, lat. 68° 30° N., lon. 29° W., early in the spring of 1840, is being frozen in the midst of a smooth and unbroken floe of ice of only one winter's formation. From certain evidence I have smooth and unbroken floe of ice of only one uns-ter's formation. From certain evidence I have gained both at Ig-loo-lik and King William's Land, there must have been a dog of the grey-hound speries belonging to one or the other of the two ships. I only know this through native testimony. It is quite likely that some one in England can tell whether there was a dog on board either of the ships when Sir Jours Frank-try left in 1815. tex left in 1815.
"My sledge company from Repulse Bay to

250

RELICS FOUND BY CAPTAIN HALL IN HIS RECENT ARCTIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

King William's Land consisted of eleven souls, | all Esquimanx. Although they are as untama-ble as eagles by nature, yet by their aid alone I was enabled to reach points otherwise inacressiblo, and when there to gain much important in-formation relative to the fate of Sir John FRANK-LIN's expedition.

"Could I and my party, with reasonable safe-ty, have remained to make a summer search on King William's Land, it is not only probable that we should have recovered the logs and journals of Sir John Franklin's expedition, but have gathered up and entombed the remains of have gathered up and entombed the remains of nearly one hundred of his companions; for they lie about the places where the three boats have been found, and at the large camping-place at the head of Terror Bay, and the three other places that I have already mentioned. In the core, west side of Point Richardson, however, Nature herself has opened her bosom and given sepulture to the remains of the immortal beroes that died there. Wherever the Esquimanx have that died there. Wherever the Esquimanx have found the graves of Franklin's companions they have dug them open and rebbed the dead, leaving them exposed to the ravages of wild beasts. On Todd's Island the remains of five men were not buried, but, after the savages had rubbed them of every article that could be turned to any account for their use, their dogs were allowed to finish the disgusting work.
"Wherever I found that Sir John Frank-

t.tx's companions had died I erected monuments, then fired salutes and waved the Star-spangled Banner over them in memory and respect of the great and true discoverers of the Northwest Passage. I could have gathered great quantities—
a very great variety—of relies of Sir John
Franklin's expedition, for they are now possessed by natives all over the Arctic regions that I visited or heard of-from Pond's Bay to Mac-kenzie River. As it was I had to be satisfied with taking upon our sledges about 125 pounds total weight of relies from natives about King William's Land. Some of those I will enumer sto: 1. A portion of one side (several planks and ribs fast together) of a boat, clinker-built, and copper-fastened. This part of a boat is of the one found near the boat found by M'CLINTOCK's party. 2. A small oak sledge-runner, reduced from the sledge on which the boat rested. 8. Part of the mast of the Northwest Passage ship. Chronometer box, with its number, name of maker, and the Queen's broad arrow engraved upon it. 5. Two long heavy sheets of copper, three and four inches wide, with counter-sunk holes for screw-nails. On these sheets, as well as on most every thing else that came from the Northwest Pressign ship, are numerous stamps of the Queen's broad arrow. 6. Mahagany writing-desk, claborately finished and bound in brass. 7. Many pieces of silver-plate—forks and spoons—bearing crests and initials of the owners. 8, Parts of watches, 9, Knives, and very many other things, all of which you, and others interested in the fate of the FHANKLIN expedition, will take a sad interest in inspecting on their arrival in the States."

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

En gibt Mooks .- Back E.

CHAPTER XV. LADT TALLIS.

IT was not until Mr. Levincourt had ber ated for some time in the milway carriage that he remembered that he was ignorant of Lady Tal-lis's address. Young Lockwood had said that she was in Landon, but where the view knew not. "Mand!" said he, suddenly, "how are we to find your aunt?"

Mand was leaning her weary bend against the cushions, and her eyes were closed. She land not been sleeping, however, for she immediately opened her eyes, and repeated the vicar's words,

"How are we to find my sunt?"
"Yes, how? In the whirl and confusion and misery of this dreadful departure, it never occurred to me that I do not know Lady Tallis's address! Her last letter was dated from the

"Mr.-Mrs. Lockwood knows where Aunt Hilda is," answered Maud, after a moment's re-

"Yes, yes, yes," said the vicar, with prevish itability. "Mrs. Lockwood knows! But here can these people be found? Merciful irritability. Heavens, it is enough to madden one! It is all confusion and hopoless misery!"
"Dear Uncle Charles, in this I think I can

help you. I remember the Lockwoods' address. They live in a street called Gower Street. Do you know it?"

"Gower Street? Are you sure? How do you know?"

"Mr. Lockwood mentioned that his mother had a house there. Her husband bequeathed it to her, and she lives there."

Wall, I suppose we must drive there the first

thing. I know of no other way."

After that the vicar closed his eyes also. But for a long time his brain was tormented by whirling thoughts. Occasionally a gleam of something like hope darted into his mind. Might it not be possible that all would yet go well with Veronica? Some fathers would have deemed that by no pos-sibility could it be altogether well with her. It could not be well to be the wife of a man who had induced her to leave her home clandestinely, to deceive and inflict torturing anxiety on her father; a man who had, at the least, caused a temperary slur to be east on her reputation, and

who had risked tarnishing her good name for ever. But in his present wretchedness it seemed to the vicar that to know Veronica Sir John Gale's wife would in itself be happiness and peace of mind. And it must be remembered that Charles Levincourt was at heart a worldly man; that the somewhat lax tone of morals and want John Gale's conversation would by no means have induced him to refuse the baronet his daughter's hand had be asked for it openly. But he was keenly alive to the disgrace of his daughter's elopement; and not the least sharp pang he felt was caused by the reflection that Veronica had thoroughly deceived him.

At length he fell into an uneasy sleep, through

which he was dimly conscious of mental pain, and of a dread of waking. From this slumber he was aroused by Mand's hand on his shoulder and Maud's voice in his ear, faltering out that she

believed they must have reached London.
They were in London. The railway station looked inexpressibly dreasy, with its long vistas ending in black shadow, its sickly lamps blink-ing like eyes that have watched all night and are weary, and its vast glazed roof, through which the gray dawn was beginning to glimmer.

It was yet too early to attempt to go to Mrs. Lockwood's house. They must wait at least a couple of hours. The vicar looked so worn, couple of hours. The vicar looked so worn, aged, and ill that Maud tried to persuade him to seek some rest at the hotel close to the station, promising that he should be roused in due

ime. But he refused to do so.

"Sit here," he said, leading Mand into a waiting-room, where there was a dult coke fire smouldering slowly, and where wanting-room, where there was a dun cote fire smouldering slowly, and where a solitary gas-light shed a yellow glare over a huge, hare, ahin-ing centre-table, leaving the rest of the apart-ment in almost darkness. "You will be safe and unmolested here. I must go and make some inquiries—try to find some trace— Re-main here till I return."

some inquiries—try to find some trace— Remain here till I return."

Mand thought she had never seen a room so utterly soul-depressing. No place would have appeared cheerful to her at that moment; but this railway waiting-room was truly a dreary and forform apartment. She sat there cowering over the dull red fire, sick, and chilly, and sad; listening nervously to every echoing footfall on the long platform without; to the whistle of some distant engine, screaming as though it had lost its way in the labyrinthine net-work of lines that converged just outside the great terof lines that converged just outside the great ter-minus, and were wildly crying for help and guid-ance; listening to the frequent clang of a heavy swing-door, the occasional sound of voices (once a man laughed aloud, and she involuntarily put her hands up to her startled ears to shut out the sound that jarred on every quivering nerve with sgouizing discord), and to the loud, deliberate ticking of a clock above the waiting-room door. At length—how long the time had seemed!—

Mr. Levincourt returned. Mand started up, and tried to read in his face if he had any tidings of Veronica, but she did not venture to speak. He snawered her appeal-

ing look
"I have seen the station-master," he said. "The tare not been here. I believe that much is certs.n. The man was civil, and caused inquire to be made among the people—oh my Get that I should have to endure this degradation!-but there was no trace of such people se-cribed. This man made a suggestion. eight have left the main line at Dibley, and either come to London by the other line, thus arriving at a station at the opposite end of the town; or -as I think more probable - have reached the junction that communicates with the creat railways, and so got down to the sea without touching London at all."

"Oh, Unclo Charles!"

"Come, my poor child, let me at least put you into a shelter were you will be safe from the con-tamination of our disgrace. You look half dead, my poor Maudie! Come, there is a cab waiting bere outside."

As Mand moved toward the door to obey his summons the light of the gus-lamp fell full on her pale face, and he almost 'xelaimed aloud at her startling resemblance to her mother.
It seemed to the vicar that the remembrance

of his old love, thus called up at this moment, tilled his heart with bitterness even to overflow-

"Oh me!" he grouned; "I wish it were all over! I am weary of my life." The cab rattled over the stones through the

still nearly empty streets.

Maud's remembrance of any part of London was very vague. She had never even seen the neighborhoods through which she was now being It all looked squalid, mean, grimy, and uninviting under the morning light. At last they came into a long street, of which the furend was veiled and concealed by a dense foggy vapor.
"What number, miss?" asked the cabman,

turning round on his seat.
"What do you say?" asked Mand, faintly.
"What number, miss? This 'ere is Gower

Street."
"Oh!" cried Mand, despairingly. "I don't

"Oh!" cried Mand, despairingly. "I don't remember the number!"
The cabman had pulled up his horse, and was now examining the lash of his whip with an air of philosophical indifference, like a man who is weighed upon by no sense of responsibility. After a minute or so he observed, with great calmness, "That's ockkard; Gower Street is raythur a long street, and it 'Il take some time to knock at all the doors both sides o' the way." Then he resumed the examination of his whip-lash.

"Oh, Uncle Charles, I am so sorry!" mur-ored Mand. "What shall we do?" mured

Mr. Levincourt jumped out of the cab, and ran to a door where there was a young woman washing the steps.

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a market

"Do you happen to know," be asked, "where-abouts in this street a Mrs. Lockwood lives?"

"Mrs. Lockwood!" echoed the girl, drying her streaming arms on her apron, "this is Mrs. Lockwood's.

The vicar beckened to the cabman, who had also slighted by this time, and who now led his raw-boned horse up to the door at a funereal

"My good girl," said the vicar, "will you take a message to your mistress of osce? It is of the greatest importance."

"Missis ain't up yet," rejoined the servant, staring first at him, then at Mand, and lastly at

the calman, from whom she received a confi-dential wink, which seemed to claim a common rantage-ground of Cockneyhood between him-self and her, and to separate them both from

self and her, and to separate them both from the vicar and his ward.

"I will send up this card to her," said Mr. Levincours. He took out a card and pencil, and wrote some words hastily. Then he gave the girl the card together with a shilling, and begged her to lose no time in delivering the former to her mistress, while she was to keep the latter for herself. for herself.

The administration of the bribe appeared to raise the vicar in the cabman's estimation. The latter officiously pulled down the window-glass on the side next the house, so that Mand could put her head out, and then stood with the handle of the cab door in his hand, ready for any emergency.

The progress of the servent to her mistress's bedroom was retarded by her efforts to decipher what was written on the card, an attempt in which she only partially succeeded. In about five minutes she came down again, and said to

the vicar:
"Missus's best compliments, and the lady as

"Missua's best compliments, and the lady as you're a looking for its lodging in the 'ouse. She's on the first-floor, and will you please walk into the drawing-room?"

The vicar and Mand followed the girl upstairs into a front-room, farnished as a sitting-room. It ecommunicated by folding-doors, which were now closed, with another spartment.

The servant drew up the yellow window-blinds, desired the visitors to be seated, and asked, as the remarked to leave the room:

desired the visitors to be seated, and asked, as she prepared to leave the room:
"Who shall I say, please?"
"Mr. Levincourt, and— Stay! You had better take my card in to her ladyship, and say that her niece is here with me, and would be glad if she might see her."

The servant departed into the adjoining chamber, as it appeared for the sound of voices year.

The servant departed into the adjoining cham-ber, as it appeared, for the sound of voices very slightly muffled by the folding-doors was heard immediately. In a very few minutes the girl returned, begging Mand to follow her.

"She ain't up yet, but she'd like to see you, miss; and she'll come out to you, Sir, as soon as

Maud obeyed her sunt's summons, and the vicar was left alone, standing at the window, and looking at the monotonous line of the op-posite houses. He was, in a measure, relieved by the fact that the first surprise and shock to Lady Tallis of his presence and his errand in London would be over before he saw her. He felt a strong persuasion that tact and self-pos-session were by no means poor Hilda's distin-guishing characteristics, and he had nervously dreaded the first meeting with her. Although he had placed himself as far as possible from the folding-doors, he could hear the voices rising and falling in the adjoining room, and occasion-ally could distinguish her ladyship's tones in a shrill exclamation.

shrill exclamation.

He tapped his fingers with irritable impatience
on the window. Why did not Maud urge her
annt to hasten? She knew that every minute
was of importance to him. He would wait no

longer. He would go away, and return later.

As he so thought the door opened, and there appeared the woman whom he had last seen in the bloom of her youth more than a score years ago. The remembrance of the beautiful Hilds Delaney was very distinct in his mind. At the sound of the opening door he turned round and beheld a figure startlingly at variance with that remembrance: a small, lean, pale old woman, huddled in a dark-colored wrapper, and

with a quantity of soft gray hair untidily thrust into a brown tilk net.

"My dear friend," said she, taking both the vicar's hands—"my poor dear friend!"

Her voice had an odd, cracked sound, like the tone of a broken musical instrument which has once given forth sweet notes; and she spoke with as unmistakable a brogue as though she had nev-er passed a day out of the County Cork.

"Ah! you wouldn't have known me now,

vicar's face.
"Yes," he answered, after an instant's glance
"yes, I should have known you." And, indeed, as he looked, her face became familiar to deed, as he looked, her face became familiar to his eyes. She retnined the exquisite delicacy of skin which had been one of her chief beasties, but it was now blanched and wan, and marked with three or four deep lines round the mooth, though on the forehead it remained smooth. There was still the regular, clear-cut outline, but exaggerated into sharpness. There were still the large, finely-shaped, lustrous bazel eyes, but with a glitter in them that seemed too bright for health, and with traces of much walling and

with a glitter in them that seemed too bright for bealth, and with traces of much wailing and weeping in their heavy lida. She was a kindly, foolish, garrulous, utterly undignified woman.

"I have come," said the vicar, "to ask you to give shelter and protection to this dear child. My house is no home for her now, and Heaven knows when I shall return to it myself. I sup-pose Maud has—has told you?"

"Ah, my dear Mr. Levincourt, where would

"Ah, my dear Mr. Levincourt, where would the child find shelter and protection if not with my dear Mr. Levincourt, where would her poor dear mother's only sister? And hasn't is been the wish of my heart to have her with me

all these years? And, indeed, when Clara died I would have adopted her outright, if I'd been though, to be sure, a boy would have been best, because of the baronetcy, and as never forgave me, I believe, for not giving him a son—of course I— But indeed I am truly distressed at your mirfortune, and I hope that things may not be so had as ye fear. A runaway mar'ge is objic-tionable, there's no doubt of that in the world. Still, ye know, my dear Mr. Levincourt, it won't be the first, and I'd wager not the last. And, upon my honor, I can't see but that the runaway mar'ges may turn out as well sometimes as those that are arranged in the regular way; though, goodness knows, that is not saying much, after

Here the poor lady paused to heave a deep sigh, and then, seating herself close to Mand, she took her niece's hand and pressed it affec-

The vicar perceived that Lady Tallis had but very imperfect conception of the real state of the case. The truth was that she had not per-mitted Maud to explain it to ber, being too much absorbed in the joy and surprise of seeing her niece to give heed or sympathy to the fate of the vicar's daughter. Her life had been so unserly joyless and empty of affection for so many years that the lonely woman not unnaturally clutched at this chance of happiness with the selfish eager-

ness of a starving creature who snatches as food.
"It is very, very dreadful, Aunt Hilds," Mand had said, lowering her voice lest it should reach the ears of the vicar in the next room. "Mr.
Levincourt will be heart-broken if he does not
find her. And I love her so dearly. My poor
Veronica! Oh, why, why did she leave us?"
But her aunt could not help dwelling on the
hope that out of this trouble might come a gleam

comfort to her own desciate life.
She had soothed and kissed the sobbing girl, and had poured out a stream of incoherent talk, as she hastily huddled some clothes about her. "Hush, dear child! Don't be fretting, my

"Hush, dear child! Don't be fretting, my poor pet! You will stay here with me, safe, now! Sure they'll find her beyond a doubt. Of course the man will marry her. And as to running away, why, my darling child, though I'd be loth to inculcate the practice, or to recommend it to any well-brought-up girl, still ye know very well that it's a thing that happens every day. There was Miss Grogan, of the Queen's County, one of the most dashing girls that ye ever saw in all year days slowed with a subaltern in a march. all your days, eloped with a subaltern in a march-ing regiment. But she had fifty thousand pounds ing regiment. But she had fifty thousand pounds of her own the very moment she came of age; so of course they were very comfortable in a workfly point of view, and the whole county visited them just as much as if they had had bens published in the parish church every day for a year. And yet, at first, her family were in the greatest distress—the very greatest distress—though he was the second cousin of Lord Clontarf, and an extremely elegant young fellow. But of course I understand Mr. Levincourt's feel-per and I am sincerely source for him.—I am in. ings, and I am sincerely sorry for him-I am, in-

So, in speaking to the vicar, her tone, although not unsympathizing, was very different from what it would have been had she at all realized the ter-

rible apprehensions which racked his mind, "Ye'll stay and have a mouthful of breakfast with me, my dear Mr. Levincourt?" she said, seeing him about to depart. "I will have it got ready immediately. And indeed you must both be fainting, after traveling all night, too—What's the matter?"

What's the matter?"

The question was caused by a ghastly change which had come over the vicar's face. His eyes were fixed on the direction on an envelope which has on the table. He pointed to it silently. Lady Tallis stared in alarm and bewilderment; but Mand, springing to the vicar's side, looked over his shoulder at the writing.

"Oh, Aunt Hilda!" she gasped. "What does this mean?"

does this mean?"
"What, child? What in the world is the matter? 'That?' Sure that's a bill, sent in by my shoemaker!"
"But the name?" said the vicar, with a sud-

den, startling fierceness.

"The name? Well, it's my name; whose else should it be? Oh, to be sure—I see now!
Ah! ye didn't know that he took another name. about two years ago. Did ye never hear of his uncle, the rich alderman? The alderman left him thirty thousand pounds, on condition that he should tack his name on to his old one, and give him the honor and glory of sending down his own plebeian appellation with the baronetry. So, of course, when he changed his name I changed mine; for I am his wife, though I make no doubt that he would be glad enough

to deny it if he could. Only that, being his wife, he has more power to tyranniae over me than he has over any body else. But then—"
"But what is he called now, Aunt Hilda?"

"But what is he called now, Aunt Hudar" interrupted Mand, seeing that her guardian was in an agony of speechless suspense. "What names does—does your husband go by?"

"Indeed, my pet, that's more than I can say; but his rightful style and title is Sir John Tallis Gale, Baronet, and I suppose you knew that much before!"

"Oh my God!" grouned the vicer, sinking into a chair, and letting his head drop on his hands.
"Uncle Charles!" screamed Maud, throwing her arms around him. It will kill him!" "Oh, Uncle Charles!

It will kill him!"

But the vicar was not dying. He was living to a rush of herrible sensations; grief, astonishment, shame, and anger. The indelibility of the diagrace inflicted on him; the hopelessness of any remedy; the infamy that must attend his child's future life, were all present to his mind with instant and torturing vivideess. But of these minufed emotions aners was the predomthese mingled emotions anger was the predom-inant one, and it grew flereer with every second

he marked more by pride than by depth or tenterness. This pride was now trampled in the dust, and a feeling of implacable resentment arose in his mind against her who had inflicted the anguish of such a humiliation.

He raised his face distorted by passion. From this hour forth I disown and abandon her," he said, in quivering tones. "No one is my friend who speaks her name to me. In the infamy she has chosen let her live and die. And may God so punish her for the misery she has

Maud fell on her knees before him and seized his hands. "Oh, bush; oh pray, pray hush, dear Uncle Charles!" she sobbed out. "Think how sorry you would be if you said the words! How you would repent and be sorry all your life

For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Lady Tallis, in a tremulous voice, "what is it all about? My dearest child, you positively must not sob in that heart-breaking manner! Sure you'll make your-

"And for one who is not worth a tear!" addand for one who is not worth a tear; added the vicar. "For one who— But I will never mention her name again. It is over, She is lost and gone irrevocably. Lady Tallis, I would have spared you this if I could have guessed the extent of the degradation that has fallen upon me. My presence in your house at this moment is almost an outrage." is almost an outrage."

The poor lady sat down in a chair, and press-

The poor lady sat down in a chair, and pressing her hands to her forehead, began to whimper.

"I'd be unspeakably obliged to ye, Mr. Levincourt," she said, "if you would do me the favor to explain. My poor head is in a whirl of confusion. I really and truly am not strong enough to support this kind of thing!"

"We have each of us a horrible burden to

support," rejoined the vicer, almost sternly.
"And God knows that mine is not the least heavy. You have been entirely separated from your husband for some years?"
"Oh, indeed I have! That is to say, there

never has been a legal separation; but-

The vicar interrupted her. "He has assumed another name and has been living abroad?" "As to the name, I am sure of that, because

I learned it from his agent, to whom I am some-times compelled to have recourse for money. But for where he has been living, I assure you, my dear Mr. Levincourt—"
"The villain who has carried away my daugh-

ter-stolen her from a home in which he had received every kindness and hospitable care that my means permitted me to lavish on him—that black-hearted, thankless, infamous scoundrel, Lody Tallis, is—Sir John Gale."

THE END OF THE PIRST BOOK.

TRAFFIC IN SOULS.

A currous case of swindling was brought before a French police-court, which shows a pe-culiar state of things with respect to the traffic in these ceremonies. It need hardly be said that it is customary for surviving relatives of Roman Catholics to cause masses to be said for the repose of the souls of decessed persons. It that the demand for masses in Paris is so seems that the demand for masses in Paris is so large that the clergy in that city are not able to meet it. In order, therefore, to supply the requirements of the public in this matter, there are houses in Paris which undertake for a commission to send the fees and the orders to priests in the provinces. Availing themselves of this practice, two rogues, one of them a priest who had been laid under an interdict for francis in connection with this custom, issued circular. connection with this custom, issued circulars, which they sent to rural priests, offering to act has agents for them, and to negotiate what may be termed their bills for masses. So specious were these circulars that some priests fell into the trap, and sent undertakings to repeat masses, leaving the number in blank. As the signatures were genuine, the two persons referred to were able to discount these with the funeral furnishers or publishers who were intrusted with the fees and orders. But, instead of sending the vest-ments, or books, or whatever the priests desired to have, in return for their promissory notes, they appropriated them to their own uses. They were also open to receive orders direct from the public, and there was no guarantee that they did not pocket the fees without making any return, as the only prisoner who remained to take his trial declared that his was a ready-money business, and that he kept no books. It was no easy matter to get evidence against him, as the priests who had signed the bills of exchange were naturally reloctant to give evidence in a matter which, though it was affirmed to be in accordance with canonical rules, they felt was not cred-itable to them. One of these witnesses, for in-stance, had signed bills for 7618 france' worth of masses, and altogether he was under the ob-ligation of repeating 1200 masses, according to his own admission. How long it takes to say a mass is not stated, but the impression gathered from what was said is, that a priest must rise early in the morning and make long days for a considerable time to work off such an accumulation as this. But great as his liabilities were, they were triffing in comparison with that of the witness who followed him; he had bills in the ecclesiastical market to the amount in the aggregate of 11,265 masses. There were others whose liabilities were not much inferior; in the list of these may be mentioned one for 5812, another for 7151, another for 2736, another for 1764, another for 2250, another for 11,708, another for 2395, another for 9381, another for 9457, and another, who in proportion was a pike among minnows, whose liabilities amounted to 28,000 masses. So reckless, indeed, was one of these priests that he had signed bills to the amount of 100,000 frames, which, at the current rate of 1

franc a mass, rendered him liable to the same number of masses; so that it may be imagined that if his creditors had come upon him in a hody they would have been obliged to accept a composition. There is something to be said in excuse for these peculiar ecclesiastical bills in the case of some of the priests who took part in them. Take, for instance, the case of a cure in an out-of-the-way village, whose stepend would be despised by the worst-paid of English curstes, Say, for instance, that his clerical vestments were completely worn out, and that neither he nor his parishioners possessed the means of replacing them; a man in such a position could hardly be condemned for resorting to a method of raising means if he honestly intended to meet the liabili-ties he incurred; he could only be charged with acting dishonestly when, to indulge extravagance in this respect or in any other, he undersook to do more than he could perform. But it is just at this point that many of the priests are said to have sinned. In order to indulge their extravagance they became guilty of fraud. While al-ready liable for more masses than they could per-form, they incurred liabilities for the performance of others in return for books or other goods, which they immediately sold for what they would real-That the sensation excited by the discov-of these novel frauds and their magnitude has been great and painful may be easily imag-ined. Few of the persons who have ordered and paid for masses can feel assured that what they paid for masses can feel assured that what they paid for has been done, and, though some may smile at their credulity in supposing that any good can reach deceased persons by the perform-ance of masses, all right-minded persons will re-spect the motives which induced them to sacrifice their money for that from which they themselves could derive no benefit. could derive no benefit.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Our illustration on page 676 gives an accurate and comprehensive view of the site of the new Post-office Building in this city, and of the cavations now being made for the foundation of the edifice. The site is in the City Park in front of the City Hell. The work of excavation is going on rapidly. By the first of this month 18,000 cubic yards had been excavated, and over 16,000 cubic feet of concrete, and nearly 17,000 feet of masonry had been com-pleted. In order to bank up the sides of the excavations and protect it from caving under pressure or from the influence of the weather, there had to be built over one thousand lines. feet of sheathing and shoring, leaving nearly nine hundred feet more to be put up. The structure, under the supervision of Postmaster P. H. Jowes, and the immediate direction of Superintendent HULBURD, will, it is hoped, be speedily completed.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

THE recent storm which has caused so much destruction to property along the Atlantic coast, though it is generally considered a part of our autumn equinoctial, may perhaps more justly be attributed to the same conjunction of the sun and moon which has caused the recent extraordinary tidal wave. It is where the tides have been the highest that the storm has been the most severe and destructive.

This great storm deluged a large portion of the country with rain. The rivers were swollen; canal embankments, bridges, and dams were swept away; railroads were submerged and the tracks destroyed; mills, houses, canal-boats, and railroad cars were floated off; and there must also have been a great destruction of human life. The Mohawk River, in this State, rose ten feet above low-water mark. The Schuylkill rose above low-water mark. The Schuylkill rose above the wharves of Market Street, in Philadelphia, carrying away immense quantities of lumber and coel, and interfering with the gas works of that city. At Norristown the river rose seventeen foot. The Lebigh River, in Pennsylvaries of that city.

The Lehigh River, in Pennsylvania, rose fifteen feet, doing immense damage in its valley and submerging the railroad tracks. In Connecticut the flood was equally minous. Hussann's cotton-mills, at Higganum, Middle-market houses.

sex County, were swept away; also several houses in Glastenbury. The Housatonic Dam was dein Glastenbury. The Housatonic Dam was de-stroyed. In Maine lumber booms and dams were carried away. In the valley of the Hudson the New York, the Troy and Boston Railway train was thrown into the Hoosick River, and three lives were lost.

It is impossible to estimate the immense damage caused by this great flood: it amounts to many millions of dollars, besides the large loss of human life which, either directly or indirectly, must have resulted from the storm.

From Portland the storm spread northward. At Eastport it took the form of a destructive hurricane. In Eastport alone it destroyed more than half a million dollars' worth of property. No-merous vessels were wrecked along the coast. Twenty-seven vessels were driven ashore at Rum-

CORMORANTS' NESTS ON MAGDA-LENA ISLAND.

THE scene depicted in our beautiful and characteristic engraving on page 681 is on the island of Santa Magdalena, in the Magellan Strait, re-cently visited by a British surveying expedition. This island is midway between the South Amer-ican main land and Terra del Fuego, and about twenty miles from the Chilian settlement of Punta Arena. On approaching the island hundreds of sea-lions and fur-seals were seen disporting themselves in the water or basking on the sand and

shingly beach, while great numbers of cormorants were perched on the ledges of the perpendicular cliffs. Having landed and climbed to dicular cliffs. Having landed and climbed to the top of the cliffs, the party were met by a great crowd of penguins, which came rushing out of their burrows where they lay their eggs, and, screaming in very discordant tones, endeavored to hurry out of the strangers' reach. Their awk-ward gait as they shuffled along on their hind-flingers, believing their bedies with their short flippers, balancing their bodies with their short stus, and rolling themselves over the summits of the cliffs to avoid capture, caused a great deal of mertiment to the sailors. Many of those queer birds were soon knocked down. "When we got to the centre of the island," says Mr. BEDWELL, one of the party, "we observed a scene of the most curious description. A few shallow ponds of brackish water were surround-ed by thousands of cormorants, all seated on little mounds. On our coming into view over the ridge of hillocks which inclosed the small plain, the birds nearest to us took to flight, and as they passed over the others followed their example; but they were in such numbers that those underneath were unable to rise until those above had peach were unable to rise until those above had passed over, and the flapping of their wings stirred up the dry guano into a cloud of a most borrible and sickening odor. Some of the boat's erew ran in among them, adding to the confusion and noise. A rough estimate only of their number could be made, but 10,000 or 15,000 is not an exaggerated calculation. On further examination the little mounds on which they had been sitting were found to be their nexts, built up of sitting were found to be their nests, built up of earth and guano, and placed in rows with the most remarkable regularity, an equal distance being preserved between the nests, nearly all of which contained each two or three eggs. A few eggs had already been batched, and the scared little ones, though but a day or two old, ran off as fast as they could and puddled into the centre of the reserved word. The scort want of the reserved word. of the nearest pond. The sportsmen of our party had the satisfaction of bagging a dozen or so of wild-geese, such as are shown in the upper lefthand corner of the sketch; but the naturalist of the expedition was much pleased with the result of his visit to this interesting little island."

TYPES OF HINDUISM.

How striking a proof is it of the strength of the religious principle in human nature, that the grandest works which have ever been reared are those connected with worship! Were an in-habitant of some distant world able to look down upon our planet, his eye would be most attracted by the glittering and painted pagodas of China, Borneo, and Japan; the richly ornamented temples, and stupendous rock shrines of India: the dome-topped mosques, and slender minarets of Western Asia; the pyramids, and vast temples of Egypt, with their avenues of gigantic statues and sphinzes extending for miles; the graceful shrines of classic Greece; the basilicas of Rome and Byzantium; the semi-Oriental church domes of Moscow; the Gothic cathedrals of Western Europe; and the grand fire temples of Mexico and Pera, where, in the infancy of reason and humanity, human sacrifices were offered up, as if the All-Father were pleased with the agony of

Nowhere has that adoring principle reared grander temples than in India. Egypt may surpass them in vasmess, and Greece outdoes them in symmetry; but as exhibiting a marvelous combination of grandeur, beauty, and variety, the religious edifices of India find no parallel in any other country. The stupendous rock tem-ples of Western India, the magnificent and lofty domed topes of Ceylon, the gorgeous sculp-tured shrines of Southern India, the tall elliptical temples of Orissa, the lovely and exquisitely finished ones of Gazerst, combine with the Mohammedan mosques and minarets to form an un-surpassable assemblage of architectural art and

The Hindus have built these glorious temples, but filled them with images of gods frightful in the extreme, with one remarkable exception— the three-faced bust of Siva in the cave-temple of Elephanta. Here the Hindu God is repre-sented in the threefold character of Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer. No Grecian sculpture so well conveys the idea of Godhead. The repose which distinguishes the faces of the Creator and Preserver is not the meditation of the saint, but the calm of unbounded power; and the Destroyer's face portends not destruction so much as an-nihilation to the world. In every other instance representations of the Hindu deities are grotesque d horrible.

Some one has said that, in his exquisitely no-ble and beautiful idols, the Greek adored the divinity of his own nature—of humanity; whereas the Hindu's awful sense of the superhuman, of something unutterably superior to mortals, ren-ders the workmanship of the idol a thing of no moment, and he bows before the painted block of stone or wood with a deeper sense of the di-vine presence than the Greek had when standing in ecstasy before his divine Zeus or radiant

The great Indian peninsula is now peopled by nations of very diverse origin. Long before his-tory usurped the place of tradition the country was inhabited by races of men whose descendants still dwell in the jungles and wild hill-sides of India. The first invaders of the country, whoof India. The first invaders of the commry, was ever they may have been, drove the inhabitants of the plains of the North to the hill country of the region beyond. These the Vindhya and to the region beyond. These conquerors were themselves displaced by the Tamuls, who in their turn fled southward at the approach of the warlike Aryans, these last being the progenitors of the Brahminical Hindus of to-

Casting a glance backward as far as any history can take us, we find the land in nos-

of at least four distinct races-the-original tribes, the first invaders, the Tamuls, and the Aryans. the line invaders, the Tamuis, and the Aryans. The religious belief of these later conquerors gradually diffused itself through the peninsular; but the genius peculiar to the people receiving it has left its mark to the present day.

It is generally conceded that the Aryans brought pure and bothy notions of a Creator from their home in Central Asia; but modern Himiustics in a greater well as a creater and their points.

ism is a strange medley, varying in complexion from province to province, and in some places exhibiting features directly opposite to its general character. Wherever the aboriginal element predominates the religion is dark and bloody; where the Tamul race is found it is cheerful. gorgeous, and licentious; wherever the pure Hin-du is in the ascerdant it is lofty in speculation

Our illustration on page 685 represents a Ta-mul pageda dedicated to the bull, one of the saered animals of the Tamul Hindus. This tem-ple is one of two on the island of Seringham, near Trichinopoly in the Carnetic, in Southern India. The island is formed by the river Coleroon and its branch the Cavery, and its pago-das are of high repute. The bull is of immense size, cut from one solid block of black marble; and so sacred is it esteemed, that it is with great difficulty that a stranger can land on the island and approach sufficiently near to realize the pro-portions of the ball and the exquisite architecture of the temple-now, however, fast crembling into ruin.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Case or Ass-rex-ra-A donkey tied up.

After all, there is not much difference between the followers and the opponents of Dr. Jenner. The one are Vaccinators, and the others are Vaccine-baters.

A farmer, who had engaged the services of a sen of the Emerahl Isle, sent blue out one morning to harrow a siece of ground. He had not worked long before nearly all the teeth came out of the harrow. Present-ly the farmer went out into the field to take notes of Par's progress, and asked him how to liked harrow-lag. "Oh" replied Pat, "it goes a bit smoother now since the pegs are out."

On a white stone, in an old cemetery at Concord, Massachusette, is this epitaph:

"This stone is designed by its durability To perpetuate the memory, and by its col To signify the meral character of Miss Abigail Dudley."

Not many years since a certain Vermont church was in need of a paster. One Sakbath the minister supplying the pulpit, well known for his eccentric turn of nimt, prayed for "a man from the Lord" in this fashion: "Send us not an old man in his dotage, nor a young man in his gostinghood, but a man with all the modern improvements."

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her by 2—Because it's a hiding of the sun.

"You have not one drop of the great Napoleon's blood in your veins," said testy old Jerome one day in a pet to his nephear the Emperor. "Well," replied Logis Napoleon, "at all events I have his whole fam-ily on my shoulders."

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MAN AND THE

CHIMPANZEE.

The chimpanzee was never known to gamble in stocks. First difference.

The chimpanzee was never known to pass its life in making itself hideons and ridiculous under the pretence of fashion. Second difference.

The chimpanzee sever sats without hunger, nor diffusis without thirst. Third difference.

The chimpanzee is not used to villify its fellow-chimpanzees, nor to publish libelous things against them. Fourth difference.

Willie P.—, a little five-year-old, was playing with a honey-bee, when the angry bee sking him. "On I grandma," cried Willie, "I defat' know bees had splitters in their feet!"

A Danker's Account of a Sermon..." Well, rahs, do sermon was upon de miricles of de louves and de fishes. De minister said how de seven thousand leuves and de five thousand fishes divided between the twelve apostles; an' de miracle was dat dey didn't best !"

A gentleman was praising the beautiful hair of a ledy, when one of those terrible children when Providence seems to have sent on earth as securges of hypocrisy and falsehood, cardelmed: "My hair would be as handsome as mamma's if she'd let me take as much tase of it as she takes of hers. Mamma never sleeps in her hair; but always puts it away in the ward-toke before she goes to bed."

An imaginative young man, laboring over the gra-ual encroschments of womankind on masculine ter-tory in the matter of dress, breaks into song as for

They took our coats—at first we hardly wissed 'on;
And then they sped our dichars and coarses;
They stole our point we only langued and bland 'an-Eatly, by allow and sure degrees, the witches Have taken all—our crain, hete, bests, and be

The following version of an ancient ditty is circulating as a means of fixing Vanderbilt in the juvenile mind:

"That is the man the hears have torn,
That married the maides all forders,
That took the Wall Shreet hall by the hear,
That took the Wall Shreet hall by the hear,
That took the Wall Shreet hall by the hear,
That took the Wall that took the story
That lay in the house that Vander-lift."

The Larger Quorations is the Maraneowial Manager.—Marriages scarce and depended; engagementa dail and but few coming forward; courtships long and linguring; mercantile business dail; standal market overstocked; beaux, supplies light, stock inferior and in good deman1; discarded lovers plenty and stock accumulating; tattling, a good assertment.

Bables are described as coupons attached to the

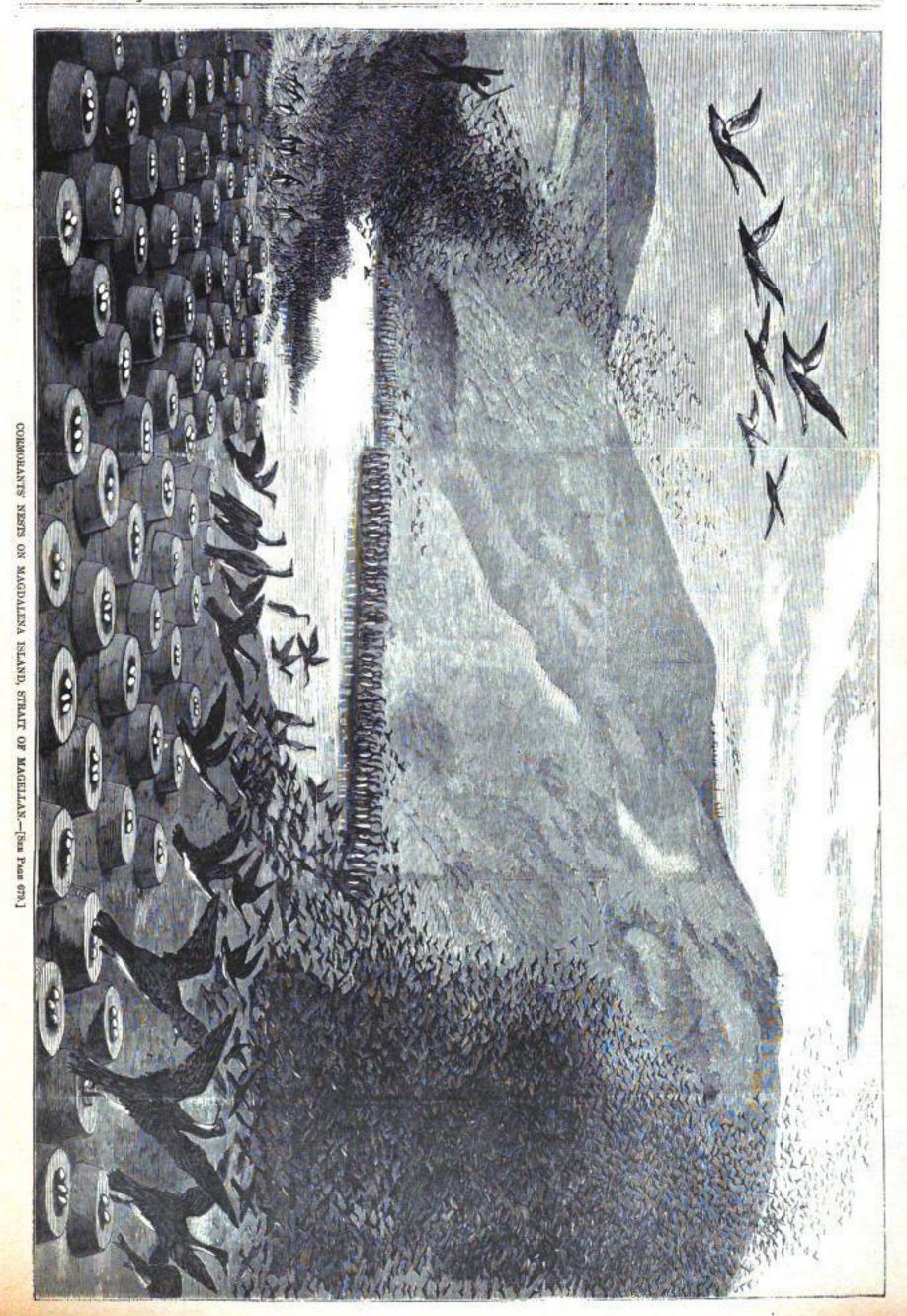
"Why don't the men propose, mamma, Why don't the men propose? Each one seems coming to the point, And then away he goes." "They are frightened at your cost, my dear; They are thinking of your clothes."

When Haddock's wife kicked him out of hed he said, "Look here, now, if you do that again it will be likely to cause a coldness in this family."

FATAL FALL-An unhealthy antumn.



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MAKING THE BEST OF IT. By ANNIE THOMAS.

Beauty is easy enough to win But one isn't loved every day.

"My face tingles so from the cold air that I shall be unfit for publication for some boars. Let me off the dinner; leave me up here quietly till later-do, Dora."
"Up here" was in Dora Ralston's dressing-

room; and the one who wanted to be left there was her cousin, Georgina Villars.

"Nonsense, Georgie; your face will do very well, and I won't have every one disappointed. Here for three days hope has told the flattering tale of your coming, and expectation has been strained to the atmost; and you did not come, and I have had to strain my imagination and suggest improbable causes for the delay. Now get up and dress.

The speaker was a pretty, graceful blonde, who was giving a good deal of attention to the reflection of herself in the glass, and to the disposition of some flowers in her hair. When she had satisfactorily adjusted the last petal, drawn on her gloves, and possessed herself of her fan, she turned round to the couch at the foot of her bed, on which in an attitude of ease and indo-lence Miss Villars was stretched.

"I am too lazy to move," the last-named young lady marmured, sleepily. "Do let me alone, there's a dear Dora. You look so joyous alone, there's a dear Dora. You look so joyous that I must shut out the sight of you," she con-

tinued, pulling her hat nearly over her eyes.

"No wonder your face tingles: you must be sufficated with all these wraps on," Dorn said, trying to get her cousin's closk and hat off.

"There is still twenty minutes for you. Do be-

gin to dress-1 will help you."

Georgie leisurely drew a key from her pocket. "Unlock my trunk, then," she said, "and take out the first dress you find, and all that I

want. When you have taken the things out I will get up."

"Mamma's maid shall belp you," Dora said, looking impatiently at the key. "I rather want to be down in the drawing-room, to tell the truth." truth.

"Yos, why?" Georgie asked.

"Yos, why?" Georgie asked.
"Mamma wishes me to go down," Dora said, falling back upon her sense of filial duty by way of obligation; "but I feet sure that if I leave you you'll stay where you are, and that would be too anneying. Really I don't know what to do."
"Put the key down and leave me to my own

devices," Georgie said, springing from the sofa.
"You won't lot well enough alone, Dora."
"What do you mean?" Dora asked, half

"You would not rest till you got me here; and now you're in a hurry to show me, "Georgic said, walking over to the dressing table, "Well, I will do the best I can for myself, and be down before the second bell rings. I promise; so you may be off. If aunt can spare her maid, I shall

may be off. If annt can epoch to be glad of her. Now go."
"Vory well," Dora said, and then she went away; and Goorgie Villars sat down again and looked into the fire.

"How many years is it since my pretty cousin first began to take pleasure in showing me all her new toys, and making me feel that no one would give them to me for love, and that I hadn't the money to get them? What is her new toy, I wondor? her anxiety to get me here betokens that she has one."

The girl who sat by the fire and thought this could vary well afford to speak of Dora Ralston as her "pretty consin." She, Miss Villars herself, was infinitely prettier and ten thousand times more attractive than the daughter of the house. The personal advantages were clearly on her side, even if she was judged now that she was wearied with her long journey, and her face was "tingling," as she herself said, "to a most

unbecoming tingo."

She was infinitely prettier than the pampered blonde, who had never had a crumple in her roseleaf from the hour of her hirth. Yet she, Georgie Villars, had been compelled to rough it in a way that it would uttorly have crushed Dora to con-

template.

Miss Villars had now come half across the kingdom to spend a week or two of the Christmas holidays at Knighton Hall, her uncle Mr. Raiston's place. She would much rather have spent the short time that was her own with a eccently married friend in London. But Dora Ralston wanted her cousin to come and see how nature and successful she (Dora) was. So the poor governess gave up her pet plan, sacrificed herself to her family, and came when they re-

The way she had roughed it had not had a had effect upon her yet. She was as bright-hicking and as bright-hearted a beauty as could well be seen. A moderate-sized girl, with a lovely figure, at once graceful and stately, and a splendidly-shaped, richly-colored little oval face, lighted up by a pair of dark, melting eyes, whose brilliancy was tempered by long, curling lashes that would rest on her cheek when she lowered

"The affectionate solicitude of my uncle and aunt will be most sorely tried if I don't go down to dinner, I suppose," she said to berself, as she got up from her chair about ten minutes after Dora had left her. There was a little sneer on her lip for a moment, but it died away, and was succeeded by a beaming, blushing smile, as she thought, "Well, it's only for a while, it will soon be over." Then she fell to the task of dressing with a will; rolled her wavy dark hair high up round the top of her head in a luxuriant loose rable, opened her box, took out a mass of dra-pery, and in a few minutes stood in the midst of clouds of gray games, with strings of gray Homan pearls round her throat and arms, and gray gloves on her slender small hands.

She wasted no time in looking at herself after She wasted no time in looking at herself after she was ready. She opened the door and looked into a dark passage, for Mr. and Mrs. Ralston reserved all their lamps and candles for such portions of the house as fell under the observ-ation of strangers. This was essentially the family corridor, and the family had learned to stumble up and down in safety. Friends, in speaking of the Ralstons, described them as

averse to "unnecessary expenditure;" those who were not blinded by affection or tongue-tied by interest called them "disgustingly mesn."

Georgie was nearly a stranger in the house, despite her relationship with the owner of it. When her father died, leaving her alone in the world without money, he recommended her to apply to her uncle Raiston for protection and advice. She was not twenty then, but she was far too clever to apply to Mr. Ralston; she wrote and told him of her futher's death, and he in return wrote in a of her father's death, and he in return wroce in a rebuking strain that was very hard to read. It was difficult to define what he blamed her for, but she had a feeling that he did blame her for something. The advice he gave her was comprised in the suggestion that she should "do something for herself, respectably, and always lear in mind that he should feel it very much if she disgraced herself." Being a very practical, tensible girl, she felt no resentment either at what he said or at what he left undone, but just took what he gave—the advice—namely, to do somewhat he gave—the advice—namely, to do somewhat he gave—the advice—namely, to do some-thing for herself respectably.

What she did was what thousands of women

as young, as fair, as fascinating, and as unfit for it as herself have to do. She went out as a gov-erness, and ran the gauntlet of several families, in which more or less hard measure was dealt out to her. Once or twice a year, whenever she moved from one place to another, she wrote to ber relations at Knighton Hall, and apprised them of her well-being and whereabouts. These letters were generally answered by Dora, who said regularly that they "hoped soon to see her at Knighton"—a hope that had not been realized until this time of which I write.

When Georgie had with danger and difficulty got through the dark passage where none but the family were free to break their necks, she found her way down easily over a handsomely carpet-ed, liberally lighted staircase into a hall where a huge fire burned in a centre stove, and where two or three men in livery stood about. One of these advanced before her, opened a door, an-nounced her name, and the next moment she was, so to speak, in the bosom of her family. It was a warm, not to say a hot, welcome that

was awarded her. Mr. Raiston-a rotund, pursy little man, about five feet high, with a fat crimson face, and no nose worth mentioning-strutted up to her as she entered, and patting her effinitely on the shoulder, vociferously declared her to be his "dear little niere, Georgie, by Jove! whom he remembered when she was that high" (holding his hand two inches and a half from the floor). Then he patted her again, and propelled her forward to receive the more subdued welcome Mrs. Halston offered her.

Mrs. Raiston was a hard-featured little woman, with dull gray eyes, and an acute, suspi-cious expression of face. A cold, cat-like, quiet little woman, who never offended people by rea-son of her extreme caution, but who could be antagonistic to thom to an extraordinary degree when she had once made up her mind that it beboored her to be so. She welcomed her husband's nioce, Georgie Villare, now with perfect polite-ness, but with none of the fervor that had char-acterized Mr. Ralston's greeting of the girl. And yet, for all ber aunt's comparative frigie Georgie had an instinctive feeling that she (Mrs. Ralston) was the one to be trusted most in the family.

She looked round on the rest of the guestson those to whom Dora had imperiously given her to understand she had been promised as a sight. And at the first glance she found them all wanting in all the elements that went to make people interesting to her. There were two or three elderly gentlemen and ladies of the unmis-takable type that speaks of squirearchy and se-clusion; country neighbors, evidently, who would take stock of the dimer presently, and return it in kind before the expiration of a month. There was one young lady—young at least by courtesy—who was unmarried still, and was therefore obliged, by her sense of duty to herself, to weary the boxes that were growing antique by play-ing croquet, and dancing whenever she was given the opportunity. And lastly, there were two men—evidently unappropriated men; and "which of them is Dora's new toy?" Georgie Villars thought as her eyes fell on them. Then, before she had time to speculate farther, one of these men was being presented to her as Mr. Buller, and he was offering her his arm to lead her in to dinner.

"Who is our vis-à-vis?" she asked, after a short time, when the dinner-table conversation -or gabble, rather-was in such full swing that there was no chance of her being overheard. Their ris-à-ris was the other evidently unapproprinted man; and it was equally evident that Fors Raiston did not mean him to be unappro-

priated much longer.
"Nir Lionel Arden," Mr. Buller answered, and instinctively, as he answered, he could help glancing keenly at the girl by his side, in order to see whether or not she appeared to be in the least degree impressed with the sound of

But Georgie's glorious eves surveyed her risà-ris with the same calm indifference that had lived in them before her companion had told the tale of the title. Presently these same glorious eyes floated languidly on and rested on her cons-in Dora; and then Mr. Buller, still watching her keenly, saw her lips part and her eyes deepen with amusement.

"Is he a new or an old Aubitus of my uncle's

house?" she asked, after a pause; "I don't re-member his name even having been mentioned to me before.

"An old acquaintance, but quite a recent Activat," Mr. Buller replied. "He has been a comparative recluse for some years; but your cousin's charms have lured him out of his soli-tude, and, if report speaks truly, will lure him into matrimony again."
"Is he a widower, then?"

"Yes. His first wife died when they had been "Yes. His first wife died when they had been married little more than a year; she was very young, too, and very lovely, which added to the melancholiness of her death. Poor Arden! I, for one, never expected to see him sunning him-led in ladies' glances again."

self in ladies' glances again,"

Georgie was watching the man at her side attentively as he spoke, and it seemed to her that an element of bitterness mingled with his aston-ishment at "poor Arden's" relapse into com-parative happiness again. Could the bitterness be caused by her cousin Dora? She determined to try and find our.

was expecting too much of a man of that

type of physique that he should be faithful to the memory of a shade forever," she said. "Yes, I suppose it was; nevertheless I, Ar-den's oldest friend, did expect it of him. Even as a very young fellow, he would not accept the flatteries and incidious courtesies that women have always been ready to lavish upon him for his handsome person and his fascinating address. Your consin appears to have conquered, however." He looked eagerly for an instance of the er." He looked eagerly for an instant at Dora as he said this, and from his look Georgie gathered that before Dora had attempted the con-quest of Sir Lionel Arden she had accomplished

that of Mr, Buller.
"He has a handsome person. Of his fascinations I can't judge yet; but I think I should prefer another look than that almost boyishly-sanguine one in the man I married," she said, critically and artfully. Then her eyes rested on Mr. Buller's face for a moment—a face that was handsome enough, but that was lined with much thought and some care; and as she looked he fult all her beauty, and she felt "this man has a history.

Georgie Villars asked no questions of her cousin until they were standing before Dora's dressing-room fire, previous to parting for the night. Then she asked two, half-absently: "What is Mr. Buller, Dora?"

"What is he? Oh, rather a nice man, with very funny ideas. He had a good property until a year ago; then he gave it up, because some rubbishing paper was found, written by his fa-ther, requesting him to share the property that he had been brought up as heir to with an elder brother, by a private marriage, of whom he had never heard. Papa said the request would have been blown to pieces in a court of law. But Mr. Buller goes in for being honorable, and chivalrous, and all that rubbish; so he sacrificed to his unknown brother, and went himself as a tutor—fancy it!" Dora wound up in a tone of such angry scorn that Georgie Villars read off some back numbers in Mr. Buller's history very

And, I suppose, before he did this very des

"And, I suppose, before he did this very despicably chivalrous thing, that you had some interest in him?" she asked, sarrastically.

"Indeed I had," Dorn answered, carnestly.

"We were engaged, but I got peps to break it off at once; he's down staying in the neighborhood for the Christmas holidays now, and he will come here and let me see that he likes me still—though, of course, it's very painful to me."

Dora put her pretty little head affectedly on one side as she spoke, and looked pensively down at nothing through her long eyelashee fur a moment. Then she resumed.

"But, though a marriage between us is quite

ment. Then she resumed;
"But, though a marriage between us is quite out of the question now, I have the highest respect for him, and I should like to see him happy; you would suit each other so well, Georgie. I had the possibility in my mind when I made you come down now. I hope you'll fall in love

with one another."
"Thank you," Georgie said, dryly. "I thought that I should be offered a reversionary thought that I should be offered a reversionary increeses in one of your broken toys if I came down; it was always a habit of yours to do so, if you remember, dear; and I am duly grateful. What is Sir Lionel Arden—to you?"

"Nothing definite yet; we are not quite en-gaged, that is," she added, burriedly; "but he admires me more than any one he has ever seen —more even than he did the wife who died so

ng ago."
"Has he told you this? If he has, it is def-

"Has ne took you ame," he has," like enough, I think."
"He hasn't exactly told me," Dors said, hesitatingly; "but I can read it in his manner, and in Mr. Buller's as well. Arthur Buller can't conceal the fact that he sees what Sir Lionel it's so silly of him.

"Did you ever love Mr. Buller, dear?" Geor gie asked, softly.

"Oh, desperately at one time!"
"But you showed him no favor when his for-

no eyes for me, but the baronet has.

tunes fell? "I have shown him some now by introducing him to my lovely cousin," the heiress of Knighton Hall answered, lightly. Then Georgie yawned, kissed her cousin, and listlessly turned away to her own room. "The heartless coquents!" she said to herself, as soon as she was alone. "She will be punished. The hamished lover has no save for me hur the hamps has

With unwonted hospitality Mr. Ralston had invited Sir Llorel Arden to be his guest for the ensuing week; and when he had accepted the invitation he had acknowledged to himself that lovely, fair, volatile Dorn was the magnet that attracted him to Knighton Hall. However, he had not been there three days before he discorered that for him there was a powerful attrac-tion, in the shape of Dora's splendid cousin, Miss

Villars. And Dora herself awoke partially to the fact; and, scenting danger, and unable to tell how best to avert it, she entreated her mother to get Arthur Buller there to stay." the sort of semi-romantic hero to take Georgie's fancy, " she said; "and at present Georgie does force her society on Sir Lionel in such a forward

way."

"I always thought her a bold and unscrupulous young woman," Mrs. Raiston said, shrewishly. She, too, saw how things were going, Sir Lionel rarely left her husband's lovely niece's side. But on no account would she have blamed the man. The woman in such cases as these al-ways has to bear the brunt of it. So she called

ways has to east the trunt of it. So she called Georgie bold and uncorupulous, and declared that it was evidently disgusting to bir Lionel the way in which she ran after him.

Mr. Buller came as invited, but his coming made no manner of difference to the pair of delinquents. It was utterly and entirely untroe that Georgie was bold or unserrupulous, and that the ran after or discussed him. But whe side out she ran after or disgusted him. But she did not shun him. The man had a charm for her quite independent of his title and his wealth; and, since he sought her, why should she deny herself the happiness which that charm shed over their intercourse? She did not shun him, and he sought her; and Dorn waxed very wrath, and strove to revenge herself by flirting veho-mently with her old love.

"Dorn, you're a fool to go on as you do," her mother said to her with cold decision one day; "but Georgie must go. I shall manage to get rid of her, and at the same time let bir Lionel know what her position is when she is not here He won't wish to marry a teacher out of a school,

So that day at luncheon the attack which was intended to rout Georgie was commenced in the following way:

"What length holidays do they give at your

school, Georgie?"
"Six weeks," Georgie answered, blushing a little. She was not ashamed of the reference to ber position—that had been confided to Sir Lionel—but of the meanness of her aunt's attack she was most heartly.
"Dreadfully long!" that lady said; "most un-

just to both parents and children, I think, to give such long holidays. Had you taken another sit-nation for the time, then, that you were so un-

"No. I wanted to go to some dear old friends to stay the whole time," Georgie said, spiritedly. "Lucky people! to be able to spare a room to one guest for the whole six weeks," Mrs.

Halston said, attempting a little laugh; and then Georgie said, simply, that she "would not monopolize a room at Knighton any longer." "Well, you see we have a good many friends to receive," Mrs. Raiston said, half-apologetical-ly; "and if you really would not mind, dear, and as your friends are so anxious to have you-"
Mrs. Raiston began to stammer and blunder under the fell consciousness of being keenly ob-served by both Sir Lionel Arden and Mr. Buller -keenly observed by them, and astirically observed by her nicee.
"I shall not mind it in the least, aunt," that

young ledy said, smiling; "but I am not so sure about my friends—"

"Oh, I imagined that they were friends on whom you could rely," Mrs. Ralston interrupt-ed, sneeringly. "Of course if you can't go to

"I can go elsewhere," Georgie interrupted er sunt, "Rely! it does not do to rely on her aunt. any one, I am beginning to think," the girl added, sorrowfully. Then, remembering that a semblance of sorrow was in bad taste in superficial society, abe banished it, and resumed with "I must be false myself this afternoon-false

to Dors. I promised her that I would go for a drive with her, and instead of that I must stay in and make some of my arrangements."

"My maid can pack for you, dear," her aunt

said, suavely.

"You—and she—are very good; but it's not the pecking so much as some letters, which, by-the-way, must be written before post-time," she incoming up, and so dissolving a meeting in which were too many of the elements of embarrassment to be perfectly agreeable to any

About an hour after this Dora, exquisitely habited in a driving costume of black velvet and white arotic fox-skin, was standing on the lower step of the flight that led up to Knighton Hall, flickering her whip and watching her punies. They were a pretty pair, small grays, nearly matched, nicely groomed. But she was resolv-ing in her own mind that she would have someng very superior to them when she was Lady Arden.

It was a great relief to her that her cousin was not going with her this afternoon. It was an even greater relief that her cousin was going away altogether. Not that Miss Dora Ralston paid herself the poor compliment of imagining that she needed a clear field. Still Sir Lionel had not come to the definite point so speedily as she had believed he would do before Georgie came upon the ground. "The mere sight of too many girls bothers and distracts a m pretty beiress of Knighton told herself confi-dentially; "he is apt to get a feeling of being begirled, and to calculate the cost of so many costumes en masse." Then she turned round and darted an impatient look into the hell. Her cavalier, for Sir Lionel was going to ride by the side of her carriage, was long in coming,

and Dora detested waiting.

She meant that this drive should do great things for her. Not that the actual proposal could be made during it, because her little tig occupied the perch behind; but it would be magnificent opportunity for paving the way to

the actual proposal. Revolving these things in her mind, it was with a feeling of horror that she saw Mr. Buller approaching her. It was with a feeling of even greater horror that she heard him

say:
"Will you accept my escort instead of Arden's, Miss Ralston?"

"What do you mean?" she stammered, not liking to refuse the old love such a trifling favor,

and yet hating to grant it.
"I mean that, from what I gathered from him ten minutes ago, he will be too busy to keep his engagement."

"Impossible!" she said, angrily; and at that moment Sir Lionel Arden came out hurriedly toward ber.

"A thousand spologies, my dear Miss Ral-ston!" he began. "Something has occurred to prevent my having the pleasure I promised myelf this morning. Business of importance-"Takes you away?" she asked, engerly.

"Takes you away?" she asked, eagerly.
"It may almost immediately, but not to-day;
still, I must take steps toward settling it to-day.
You will excuse me and forgive me?" he pleaded.
"Both, certainly," Dora said, in a strained tone, as she got into her pony-carriage. Then she nodded a cool farewell to both the men, and

drove rapidly.

"Piqued, by Jove!" Sir Lionel said, shrugging his shoulders carelessly. "I could do no other, though."

"Have you any business of importance on hand this afternoon?" Mr. Buller asked, dubiously.

"I have, indeed; about the most important a man can have, I fancy. I want to ask a woman to be my wife."
"And that woman is not Miss Raiston?"

"That woman is not Miss Ralston," the other one said, emphatically. "How it might have been if she had not seemed so sure of me I don't know. As it is, my business this afternoon is to try and get a word with her cousin."

The two men separated soon after this. One of them went into the house. The other one sammered away down the avenue that led to the entrance-gate, through which Dora would pass by-and-by on her way home. "She may listen by and by on her way home. "She may listen to me now," he thought, with that queer, inex-plicable hankering after a woman whom he felt to be unworthy of him which is a fee some men can not conquer. It is needless to say that the man who thought this was the discarded lover, Arthur Buller. The baronet had gone in to walt an opportunity for the fair sake of Georgie

Villars.
"She said she had letters to write, so she sure to come to the study in time," he thought, wending his way to that apartment. He had not been in Mrs. Ralston's house long; but he had been there long enough to discover that that excellent lady deemed that a bedroom was a place to sleep, not to write or sit in. According to the place to sleep, not to write or sit in. ly, there were no sids to caligraphy in any one of the bedchambers. People had to answer importunate lovers and wives and duns in the sight of all men down in the study. So in the dy Sir Lionel Arden sented himself, and presently unto him there entered Mrs. Ralston.

She gave a start of unmitigated surprise and displeasure when she found that he had not gone with her daughter; for both mother and daugh-ter had decided that a cosp would be made that day. "I didn't expect to see you here," she said; and he explained that he had important business to write and think about that afternoon.

"You're not thinking of leaving us, I hope she said, with anxious snavity.

"I have not thought about it yet, Mrs. Ral-ston; but I may find myself compelled to do so sooner than I had anticipated," he replied, po-

Dear me! how our party seems to be break-up!" Mrs. Halston said. "There is Georgie ing up!" Mrs. Ralston said. going unexpectedly, as one may say; but there -- that is nothing; Georgie always was glad to get away from her own relations to strangers

who don't care a rap about her."

This, on the face of it, seemed rather unjust from the lips of a woman who had herself sug-gested that Georgie should go, Sir Lionel thought. But he held his peace, and Mrs. Raiston pres-

ently resumed: The willfulness of that girl is past belief, Sir The wintumers of that girl is past belief, our Lionel. I shall pity the man who marries her, if she ever does succeed in getting a man to do it; but, as I tell her uncle, she is too bold-faced about it. I am sure she has been nothing but an anxiety to us all her life;" and Mrs. Halston sighed as she concluded.,

How cordially the man wished that he could , "She shall be an anxiety to you no longer; is going to be my loved and honored wife!" the dared not do it. Georgie was poor and friendless, and he was rich and powerful, but all the same lifer assent was not to be taken for grant-ed. He restrained himself, therefore, and suffered Mrs. Ralston's tongue to run on apace unchecked. After a time the hostess withdrew. She had some rather important household business to attend to, but she would have gladly neglected it had the possibility of Georgie's coming down and finding Sir Lionel alone presented itself to her. As it was, she went about in happy unconscious-ness that, about half an hour after she left him,

ness that, about nair an hour after she tert him, such an enormity did actually take place.

Now, before Dora came down equipped for comquest and her drive that day, she had told Georgie, in all but the plainest terms, that she was engaged to Sir Lionel Arden.

"I am a little late," Dora had said, carelessly, looking at her watch when she had adjusted her hat; "but one may venture to keep a man wait.

"but one may venture to keep a man wait-a little when he is only just fettered." And is be just fettered?" Georgie had asked; ing a little

and Dors had replied:

"Yes, my dear; my days of frivolity and flirt-ation and freedom and female friendships are numbered."

This speech was in Miss Villars's mind as she

This speech was in Miss Villars's mind as she came slowly into the study. "He deserved something better than my butterfly cousin," she was saying to herself, when she canght sight of him seated at a Davenport writing.

"Is Dora home?" she asked, quickly.
"I don't know, Miss Villars," he answered, looking up cheerfully; and then, seeing that she hesitated about coming on, he rose up and advanced toward her, passed her, shut the door, and very much astonished her by doing these things. things.

"I could not avail myself of the honor your cousin offered me this afternoon," he said, com-ing up to her and speaking in a low voice. "I

had other weightier business on my mind."
"Indeed," she said, quietly. "I will not dis-turb you;" and she turned to leave the room. Was the man going to confide to her that he was writing to town to have the family jewels reset

for Dora?

"But you will disturb me most painfully if you do leave me," he said, earnestly. "Miss Villars, I have something to say to you. I came here thinking your coasin a pretty, innocent young girl; like a fool, I believed her to be interested in me really: and I thought that, if she was this, I might easily come to be interested in her, and to be happy with her as my wife. I came here, and that dream dissolved, and I am dreaming another in its place."

er in its place."
"From which you will awake as speedily,"

"From which you will aware as specially, she said, half scornfully.
"From which I trust I shall only awake to find it a reality," he said, eagerly. "I am dreaming of a nobler woman now, Georgie; of one who is more to me already than Dora could ever have been. I am open to the charge of loving hastly. I know; how lastingly I can love. ing hastly, I know; how lastingly I can love,

you only can help me to prove."

He paused for an answer, and none can Georgie, flushed, bewildered, tearful, stood look-ing upon him with blank amazement. She had given him her beart hastily enough, and there was balm in the thought that she had not given was baim in the thought that see had not given it for nothing. But there was no balm in the memory that he was her cousin's affianced lover, and that she (Georgie) was a traitress, therefore, for listening to him.

"How will you ever look Dora in the face

again after saying such words to me?" she stamered, at last.

ca's is a pretty face, but I don't care much about seeing it again," he said, laughing; "be-sides, she can't slay me for having evaded her

"But are you not engaged to her?" Georgie asked.

"Thank Heaven, no! I mean nothing disparaging to pretty Dora; but when a man has a chance, or fancies be has a chance, of the highest, he does not gratefully grasp at what may hanging beneath. You may answer me withou

hanging beneath. Tou may answer me without a back thought of your cousin; even if you did not exist, I could not marry her."

"Then I will help you to prove that you can love lastingly," Georgie said, shyly; and they made their compact quickly, and scaled it with Love's own seal—a kiss.

Meanwhile Dora was making the best of it. Her discomfiture had been very great during her outward-bound drive; but on her way home she had met Mr. Buller, and her beart had softened at the sight of him as it never would have softened had Sir Lionel not wounded her vanity. She pulled up and spoke to him.

She pulled up and spoke to him.

"I would offer you a seat, but it's a shame to try the springs of my carriage by driving three people in it," she said, good-naturedly.

"Then send the boy home walking," he said, promptly; and as Dora did not definitely object, the boy was sent home, and Mr. Buller got up by Dora's side, and they drove slowly on together.

"Dora," he said, softly, after a few minutes" elleres, "do you ever think of the old days?"

"Pora," do you ever think of the old days?"
"Yes—sometimes," Dora said, confusedly,
"Do you ever remember how dearly I loved
you; do you ever feel that it is good to be so
loved by a man? I won't take advantage of any confession you may make to me; I only want to feel that you have not quile succeeded in obliter-

ating the past."
"Not a bit of it," Dors said, promptly. "Why can't we resuscitate that past?" he pleaded.

"Why, you see," Dorn began, nervously, "you would do such a silly thing—give up every thing, and leave yourself so poor! It wasn't my fault. Papa broke it off."

You can't do without luxuries? Believe me, love is the greatest of them. I could keep you comfortably as my wife; but your father is a rich man, and could give you all you desired, and would, I believe, if you asked him."

Dors ponted. She did not wish to quite refuse or to accept this man. She wanted to keep him on until she could see how things would go with Sir Lionel. So the wily little diplomatist pretended to sob, and then said:

"I dare not listen any more now; I dare not, indeed; I feel in a cloud. I will answer you to-morrow, Arthur." Then she whipped her ponies, and drove home quickly; and he was steeped in happiness because a coquette had called him by his Christian name.

Astounding news met her on her return. Her mother came flustered and hot to Dora's room.
"Here's a pretty thing!" the agitated lady

"What is it, mamma?"
"What is it?" Mrs. Raleton said, mimicking
"What is it?" Mrs. Raleton said, mimicking
ser. "Nothing to mince about, I can tell you,
foreseen from the moment your though I have foreseen from the mom

papa and you were such fools as to urge that Georgic should be asked here. Why, she has entrapped Sir Lionel into making her an offer." "And she has accepted it?" Dors asked cagerly.
"Accepted it!—she has jumped at it."

the first displacement of the poor the same in the same of the sam

ly, as if she had been shot,
"It does seem hard, horribly hard," she said

at last, letting - few tears fall. "All our lives I have had the best of every thing, and Georgie has only come in for what I didn't care to take; I never thought she would have turned upon m

in this way."

"Has he said nothing to you—nothing that we can take hold of?" asked Mrs. Raistoy.

"Nothing," Does said, defiantly; "it's no use to look savagely at me, mamma. I would have had him say things fast enough if I could, to please papa and you; although," she added, virtuously, "I never could have given him my heart, as I shall take care to let every body

What do you mean to do?" her mother

asked, in some surprise.

"Marry where I love," Miss Dora said, quietly. "Now, mamma, let us be sensible; we
should both hate to hear that people thought he had thrown me over for my cousin; and people will think that if we don't crush them with the fact of my prior engagement.

"But you have no prior engagement," Mrs. Ralston said, waxing more and more wrathful as she waxed more and more puzzled.

"But I can have one very easily. Arthur Buller proposed to me again this afternoon, and I told him to wait till to-morrow for my decision; now I will give it to him before dinner. so that peps will be able to give the health of the two engaged pairs. Now, mamma, it's no use; my plan is the only one to be followed: we must make the best of it."

So Dora's advice was taken, and the happy pairs were tousted most affably that night by Mr. Halston. The weddings took place on the same day, about two months after these events, and Dora had the intense satisfaction of giving the impression, and seeing the impression take root, that Sir Lionel would never have turned to Georgie had she (Dora) been free. She prides herself much on having made the best of it, and on having harmlessly deceived every one, including her husband.

As for him, he loves her for what abe is to him. He knows she is not a "perfect woman nobly planned;" nor a very high-principled oue, for that matter. But he is satisfied; and his great gifts of loving, and power of long-suffering, make him what Dora calls "very easy to live with." live with.

But he knows as well as Sir Lionel and Lady Arden do that speedy answer to his suit was not given gratuitously. It was paid down as the price of silence on the subject of her hopes re-specting the baronetcy. But, though there is something humiliating in this, Mr. Buller is wice enough to recognize that it is also expedient to make the best of it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Ir may interest some of our readers to know the cause of the recent high tides. The new moon was on the earth's equator, and was at the same time in peri-gee (that is, nearest the earth)—a conjunction of cir-cumstances said to threaten high tides and destructive commences said to threaten high pides and destructive storms. On the 5th of October a straight line drawn from the centre of the earth would have passed directly through the moon and the sun, both being on the same side of the earth. The sun and moon thus exercised their greatest attractive power on the water, and a high tidal wave was the result.

An American watch-maker is reported to have made a chance discovery that the balance-wheel in nearly every watch is, if made of steel, converted into a mag-net. If this is a fact, the magnetic character of the wheel will account for many perturbations in watches which have althorto been inexplicable. A key or the steel blade of a knills in the same pocket as the watch will exert a disturbing infinence. But even if there should be no piece of steel in the pocket the magnet will necessarily tend toward the north, and so far interfere with the calculations of the watch-maker in a very delicate piece of mechanism.

The Trustees of the Avondale Relief Pund assure the public that the fund is specific; that it is given solely for the sid and relief of those persons who sur-vive the appalling death which involved husbands, fa-thers, brothers, and some; and that to no other chari-ty, present or prospective, shall any of the fund be sa-tioned. The prospective, that it is not all solely the signed. It is proposed that all but \$40,000 be distrib-uted within a year to the widows and orphans. The \$40,000 will be permanently invested.

In an interesting sketch of "the great American magazines" the Emming Mait places (Isa-per's Monthly at the head of the list—"a position," it remarks, "to which its age and general merit estitie it." The Mail goes on to say: "It was once the fashion, in the fal-low days of American liberary criticism, for critics to talk lightly of Borper's; but the public were, as always, practically indifferent to the critics, and true to their practically indiffe stee, and they bought the magazine i dred thousand. The variety, quantity, and adapted-ness of the matter furnished by this magazine are omething surprising. It does not claim to be a great literary moulding influence, or any thing of the ort. It only claims to give, and does give, for the literary moulding price, a surprising quantity of excellent matter, pro-fusely and well illustrated, and of a kind that the peo-

"A week ago I was worth \$50,000 clear of the world. To-day every dollar I can get together will amount to just \$65." Such was the remark of a gertleman in Wall Street one day during the late financial panic, and hundreds might have made somewhat similar statements. Said one broker: "I have been on the statements. Baid one occurred to the work and street thirty years, and I sever knew there were such thieves in existence until today." If gambling in gold and stocks brought, in such a crisis as has just occurred, its just punishment upon the dishonest gam blers only, it were well; but thousands and thousand blers only, it were well; but thousands and thousands have suffered innocently, and in various ways. There is a general sympathy expressed for some firms, who have been honorable and honest in their dealings, but who have experience? a total fallure.

It is rather unique taste that has induced Miss Midly Morgan to choose for her business one which has belonged especially to men — namely, cattle report-

Dorn heaved a big sigh and sat down sudden-as if she had been shot. It well stitled for this line of business. Horses shot ly well ditted for this line of business. However and other descentic animals have been a pusedon with her from childhood. Her inther was an Irish country gentlessas, and an enthusiastic tox-buster. His daughter shared, with pussion, his predilection, and the pusher of the pusher, the predilection of the pusher of the push doughter shared, with passion, his prediffection, and qualled at no obtained that her horse was stilling to leap. No hedge, ditch, or gate that her either-hunters cleared was refused by her; and notwithstanding several falls, and three dislocations of bones, her ander remained mechanism. At her father's death she wound up his estate, and sojourned in Italy after a course of European travel. Her extraordinary knowledge of horses attracted the notice of some noted persons in foreign countries, and she was even cumulasioned, at one time, to purchase horses for King Victor Rmanuel. She is about thirty, and is said to be in many respects a superior worsen, speaking several in many respects a superior worsen, speaking several languages, and possessing a well-cultivated mind.

One of the pleasantest affairs of the season was a musical entertainment lately given by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, at New Hartford, Connections—pleasantest ant, because given with no thought of gain or gold. The andience consisted of about four hundred operatives belonging to various factories in the vicinity, who had been invited to the musical treat. Miss Kellegg presided at the plane, and song every variety of song, and in many different languages, so that every one would have something that entited their taste. The delight experienced by the poce surking-people increases with a servery. innguage fails to express. They were almost wild with enthusiasm. Those that could not gain admit-tance surrounded the residence, and from without en-joyed the delicious notes.

Professor Paber's speaking-machine has been exhibited at the International Horticaltural Exhibition at Hamburg. It is said to articulate various words, and even to snewer questions and simple sentences with wonderful distinctness.

It is satisfactory to bear that M. Armand, a French savant, has stated to the Academy of Sciences that he has discovered a sure antidote to alcother in the common water-creas. It destroys the poiscoons effects of alcotine, and yet does not alter the aroma of tebacco. A solution of water-cross may therefore be employed for steeping the leaves of tobacco, and would thus divest them of their noxious properties, sand, moreover, a draught of the same will act as a sure entidous to ulcotine. In the face of this important discovery, to blootine. In the race of this important discovery, anti-tobacce societies will no longer have any excess for the affectionate interest they have any excess played in the health of smokers, or for the lavish abuse they have so freely bestowed upon their victims. Instead of tracts, the anti-tobacconists abould

The following is a description of the manner in The londwing is a description of the manner in which marriages among the Scotch peasantry were formerly conducted: The food awain who had resolved to make proposals sent for the object of his affection to the village ale-house, previously informing the landflady of his intentions. The damest, who knew the purpose of the message, busked herself in her best attire and waited on her admirer. She was ber best attire and walted on her admirer. She was entertained with a glass of ale; then the swaln proceeded with his tale of love. A dialogue like the fatiowing ensued: "I'm gam to speir whether ye will tak me, Jeany," "Deed, Jock, I thocht ye micht has speir't that lang syse." "They said ye wad refuse me, lassie." "Then they're leves, Jock." "An' so ye'll no refuse me, lassie?" "I've tell't ye that twice over already, Jock." Then came the formal act of heterothal. The rarrier necessar the though of their were already, Jock." Then came the formal act of betrothal. The parties persent the thumbs of their right hands, which they licked, together, and vowed fidelity. The ceremony possessed the solemnity of an eath, the violator of such an engagement being considered guilty of perjary. In alleadon to this practice a favorite Scottleh song commences:

There's my thumb, I'll ne'er begulle thee."

In 1866 there were sent over the wires in the United States 19,964,770 messages, a larger number : Great Britain, France, and Anstria combined.

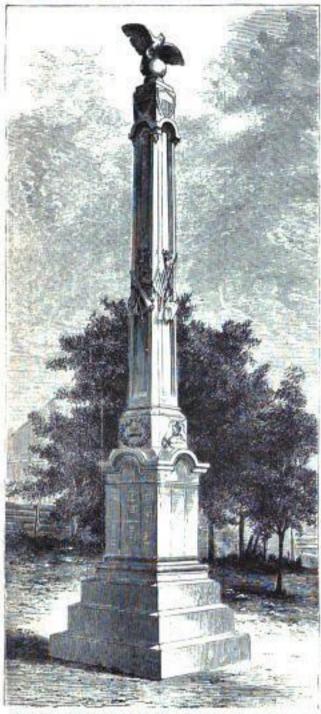
That English ladies are getting their fair share, at least, of literary work, will be seen from the fact that four magazines are now edited by ladies; and, also, hat three or four of the best known writers of magaine Sctions are of the gentler sex.

Among many sensible remarks of the late Lord Palmerston, his suggestions on the subject of legible bandwriting are well worthy of attention. Bis lordship, who wrote a very plain, clear hand himself, thought every body ought to be able to write in char-acters easily decipherable. We think so too; the object of all writing is that it may be read. Many of our eminent men write a most abominable acrawl. Every body knows Mr. Dickens's sketch of a learned sergeaut, whose opinions all the solicitors sought on the most abstrace points of law, and whose old cierk was the only person. In the world who could desipher them when the counsel had written them out. The great humorist binness, however, is an offender in this re-

Here is a man who would have delighted the Vicar Here is a man who would have delighted the Vicar of Wakadeld's heart. Jeremy Washbourne, when a young man, married, and when he had reached thirty his wife died, leaving him a father of ten children. He married again. At the age of forty-eight he was once more made a widower, and a father to the extent of seventeen children. Unawed Jeremy married again; and at the age of seventy relapsed into widowserhood, his third wife bequeathing to his love twenty-on children. The bone of Jeremy's bene, and the on children. The bone of Jeremy's bene, and the fiesh of his fiesh had been therefore multiplied into forty-eight. Of the offspring of the first batch be in the great-great-grandfather, of the second the greate; of the third of course the grandfather. grandfather; of the third of course the ; The statistics have credited him with th and twelve as his contribution to posterity. He lives at Hull, England, and is yet fresh and hearty.

The German savant, Falb, has been exciting the The German savant, Falb, has been exciting the greatest slarm among the inhabitants of South America, having predicted an earthquake more severe than that of last year. This slarm has been increased by the fact that some of the German professor's prophecies have been verified, as on the 19th, 11st, and 19th of Angust several abooks of earthquake were experienced, and at Louisne and Arica the sea receded or Argust several marks to tartuguate were experienced, and at Iquique and Arica the sea receded with great valocity, and afterward returned, causing much damage to small craft near the coast in that locality. All siong the sea-shore shocks m have been experienced, and the consternation

The late gale was disastrous to the oysters. In some beds fully one half were destroyed. At various points the oysternet find their prospective yield estity interfered with. The wind and tide lifted and transported was quantities of sand, d.stribating it over the beds, and completely burying the oysters.



SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT AT NORRISTOWN, PENN.
[PROTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM STREET.]

SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS IN PENN-SYLVANIA.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

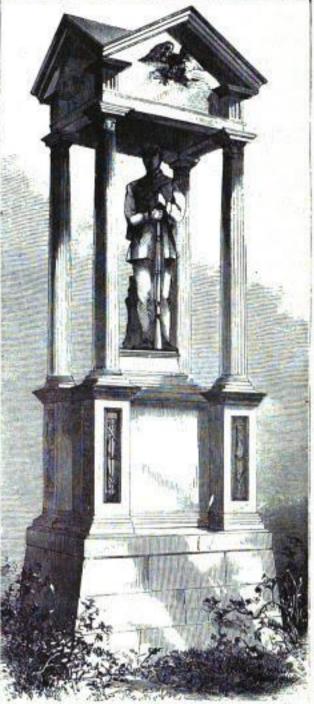
Next to the erection of homes for the widows and children of the soldiers and sailors fallen in the late war, there is no more fitting token of popular gratitude to the patriot dead than the perpetuation of their remembrance by means of monuments. We give on this page illustrations of two such monuments recently erected in Pennsylvania—one in the public square of Norristown, the capital of Montgomery County, the other on the grounds of Girard College, Philadelphia.

The Girard College monument was designed and executed by Stratthen & Sox, of Philadelphia. The scalptor of the statue, Mr. J. A. Batley, also produced the Washengrox statue in front of Independence Hall, and the colossal statue of Frankly on the new Leslyer building in Philadelphia. The statue, six feet in height, and of Italian marble, represents a young private resting on his musket. The canopy is built of sandstone from Ohio, of drab color, the whole block weighing fifteen tons. The height of the entire monument is twenty-two feet; its cost \$6000. Each pediment has a bass relief, and on each face of the pedestal there is an appropriate inscription.

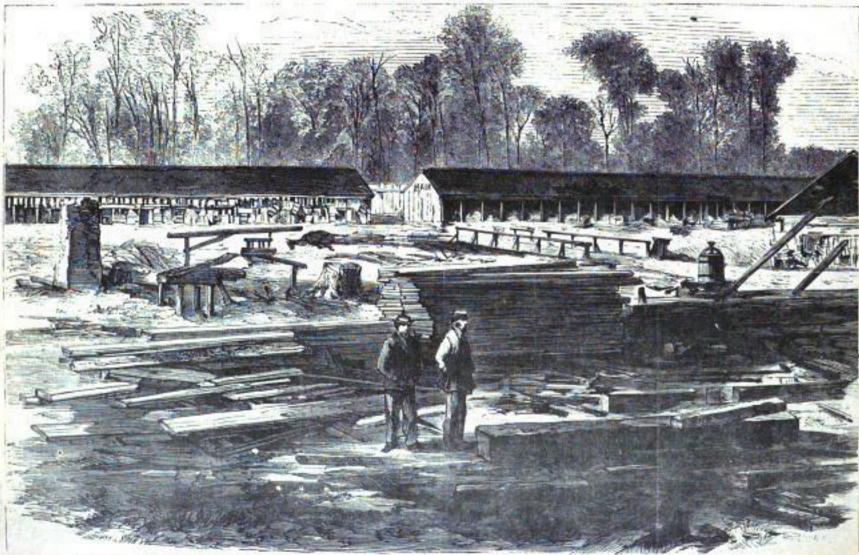
The monument at Norristown reflects great credit on its designers and those engaged in its mechanical execution. It has four bases, three of blue marble, and one of white marble, moulded. Next is the die, four feet square and four feet high, on which is engraved the names of five hundred and forty-seven soldiers, all that have been hitherto reported. On this rests an arched cap two feet high. Its lettered sides will tell by whom the monument was erected. Above this cap is a moulded die, two feet five inches high, having on its four sides, in high relief, the coat of arms of Pennsylvania, the coat of arms of the United States, and two wreaths of immortelles whose leaves of oal;, hurel, and ivy typify Liberty—the prisoner's pleasing dream—Victory and Friendship—Fidelier in Adversity. One wreath entireles the words, "Our Patriot Dead," the other the prophetic decla

THE INDIANAPOLIS DISASTER.

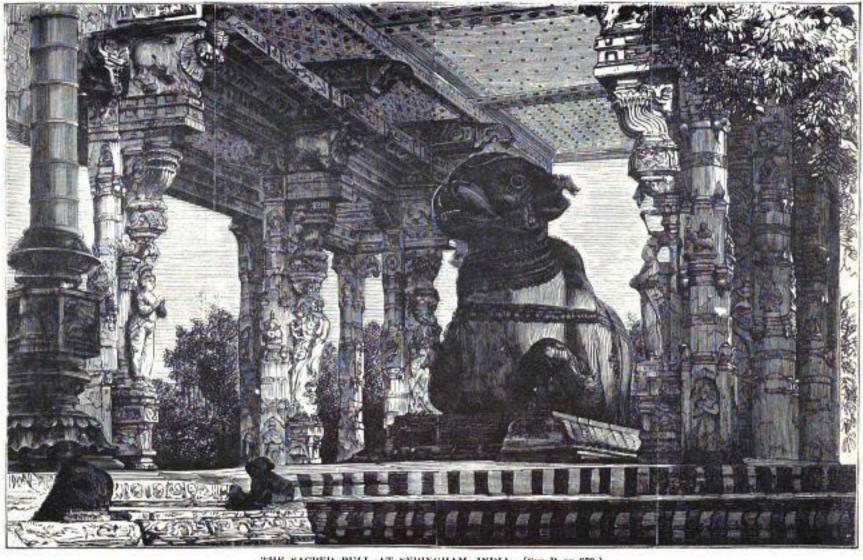
In connection with the State Fair at Indianapolis, Indiana, a frightful accident occurred on October 1. The fair had continued for four days under the most The fair had continued for four days under the most nuspicious circumstances, when, about four o'clock r.M., just as the thousands of spectators were about to leave the grounds for their homes, a steam-boiler connected with a portable saw-mill exploded. There was a large circle of interested spectators immediately around the machine, when a noise said to have been equal to that of an exploding park of artillery saluted the ear, followed by a volume of steam and a blinding cloud of dest and smoke, while the air was filled with debots of timber,



HOLDIERS MUNUMENT AT GIRARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.
[SERTORED BY E. H. KLEMBOTE.]



SCENE OF THE TERRIBLE BOILER EXPLOSION AT THE STATE FAIR, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.-(PROTOGRAPHED BY C. OTIS AND CO.)



THE SACRED BULL AT SERINGHAM, INDIA. -[See Page 679.]

pieces of iron, and shreds of clothing, mingled with the fragments of mangled humanity. A large piece of the boiler, weighing 500 pounds, was carried a distance of a hundred yards, such was the force of the explosion. Then followed

the rush of the 15,000 people in that part of the grounds, some striving to escape, and others to reach the scene of the disaster, while many were trampled under foot. So far as could be ascer-tained there were 27 persons killed by the ex-

phoson, and 56 wounded. The number of the wounded, however, is supposed to have been much larger.

Governor Bakun's coachman was standing near the horses, while the Governor, in com-

pany with Major WALKER and Captain DE LA HUNT, was standing just at the side of the carriage. Mrs. BAKER had left the Governor but a short time before, and for half an hour the Governor was in great distress for her safety.



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION'S NEW BUILDING, FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY. PROTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD. -[SEE PAGE 686.]

The coachman was badly injured. The escape of the Governor and his friends seems miraculous.

Several yards from the scene of disaster was found a pair of legs held together by the merest shred of flesh. At one place was the headless shred of flesh. At one place was the heacies
tronk of a man; the arm of a man was found
driven into a poplar board; while not far from
Power Hall was seen the body of a man so horrilly mutilated that his heart, stomach, liver, and
lungs could readily be seen. When first discovered his heart was still palpitating, and the motion of the organ was plainly observed.

Our illustration on page 684 represents the
scene of the disaster as viewed from Power Hall.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCI-ATION BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Tire Young Men's Christian Association of New York has been a centre of influences for good that have extended over the entire country. About a year ago this association commenced the erection of a building on the corner of Fourth

the erection of a building on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, opposite the Academy of Design. This building, of which we give an illustration on page 685, is now nearly completed, and will probably be opened about the middle of November.

This edifice is in the Renaissance style of architecture. Its frontage on Twenty-third Street is 175 feet, on Fourth Avenue 80 feet; it runs back 100 feet. The lastment will be mainly occupied by stores; but there is a gymnasium occupying a portion of it and extending apovard so as to include a part of the first story. On the first story there are to be eight stores. On the first story there are to be eight stores. The remaining space is occupied by the gymna sium and the estrances, including the entrance to the Lecture Room. The main entrance on Twenty-third Street is twenty-two feet wide.

On the second story there will be the rooms of the Association: namely, the Reception Room, Rending Room, three parlors, Dressing Room, and Wash Room. These are on the left-hand side. Opposite is the Lecture Room, which extends through the third story, and which is expa-ble of senting 1610 persons. The sents in this room are iron chairs. The Secretary's Room also is on the second-floor.

On the third story is a small lecture room, three class rooms, the library, extending through the fourth story, and the entrance to the gallery

of the main Lecture Room.

The fourth and tifth stories are occupied by artists' studios, of which, on the fourth-story, there are 16, and on the fifth 20. On the fifth story there is a picture-gallery, lighted from the troof, for the exhibition of artists pictures. The height of the building, from foundation to the roof, is 72 feet, the Mansauri roof is 14 feet high, making the total beight of the building 86 The central tower on Twenty third Street, including its base, adds 34 feet to the height There are also four corner towers, each 8 feet in height. The whole building is to be heated by

The cost of this edifice is \$500,000. There is, however, apward of \$100,000 still remaining inguid.

The Library will, when filled to its capacity, contain 60,000 volumes. Every thing will be done by the Association to make this place of resort attractive to young men. Besides the Li brary, Rending Boom, Bath Rooms, and Coffor Rooms, and the pictures of the best artists, there are other important attractions. Among these we may mention a course of twelve lectures to be delivered during the winter by Professor Do-HENCS, B. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, Mr. NOTES. and other gentlemen.

WESTERN FARMS.

Few of our readers in the East have any ade quate conception of the extent of the prairie farms of the West. In a recent issue of the New York Times we find the following description of

one of these farms: "While at Jacksonville this week I made myself arquainted with some facts relating to one of our prairie farmers, who occupies a princely estate near that beautiful city, and also has a mountoon could form of 26,500 acres in Champaign County. It cost him \$400,000, and is styled, with much appropriateness, "Broad-leads" It is needly seen wides from north to lands." It is nearly seven moles from north to south, and six from cost to west; and its cattle capacity for summer pasturage, when fully grass stocked, is estimated at 10,000 head. On the west side of the farm are two postures one and a half miles by three unles, that contain nearly 3000 acres each. To the cust of these is a 'putch' of corn half a mile wide and three miles On the fame there are 5000 acres in corn, which, it is calculated, will yield, at a low estimate, 250,000 bushels. Of course such a form as this is worked by the most approved machin ery of all descriptions applicable to agricultural labor, much of which is made on the "place," as there is a blacksmith shop, as well as a harmolo and corpenter shop in constant operation. The working stock consists of fifty voke of oven, and fifty spans of horses and mules; and the working force of a superintendent, a general foreman, six assistant foremen, a book-keeper, a baker, a corpenser, a batcher, and about one hundred and fifty other operatives. The head-quarters are in the creater of the farm, and there are six out sta-tions fully equipped. The average cost of board-ing is thirty-five cents nor day.

The farm is divided by two reads, two miles

agart, north and south, and one through the centre east and west. These are lined with fifty-four moles of hedge, which was mostly set four years 200. Heiges have been, or are to be, set on evsection line. Screnty-five miles were set in the spring of 1868, and twenty-five last spring,

These bedges are to supersede the post and board fence, of which there are now eighty miles. This has required about 50,000 posts, 640,000 feet of lumber, and eighty kegs of suils. "Mr. Alexander is the owner of this farm, and

his operations are stated to be, as nearly as prac-ticable, every year, as follows: He first pur-chases 4000 head of Texas steers, which cost him \$140,000; cost of handling, interest, etc., \$47,-000; making an aggregate of \$187,000. His average sales are \$70 per head, or \$290,000, leaving him a profit of \$93,000. The profits upon the grain and other crops of the farm bring the whole up to nearly \$200,000, after paying all expenses, and including a cent or interest of \$4 per acre on the land." \$140,000; cost of handling, interest, etc., \$47,-

Heat, in the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, is found in Aven's Managers, after a fruitless search among other remedies. A word to the wise is sufficient.—[Com.]

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нітсисоскъ

New Monthly Magazine.

Read what Moore's Rural New-Yorker says:

Read what Moore's Rural New-Jorser says:

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new musical periodical is but a pretude of what is to
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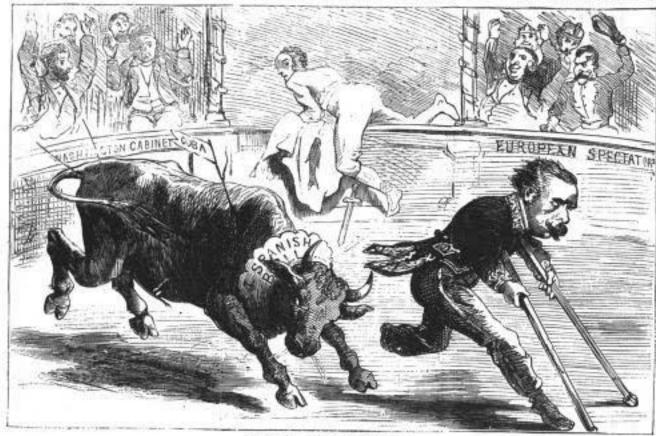
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

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H. W. BEECHER AND H. B. STOWE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER and HARRIET BEECH-ER Stown are brother and sister, being children of Rev. Lymax Bercher by his first wife, Rox-ana. Harrier was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 15, 1812. HENRY WARD was been at the same place, June 24, 1813. HARRIET,

therefore, is just one year and one week older than HENRY WARD.

H. WARD BEECHER graduated at Amberst College, Mass., in 1834, and studied theology under his father at the Lane Seminary, Cin-cinnati, Ohio. In 1837 he was settled as a Presbyterian clergyman at Lawrenceburg, Indi-ans, where he remained for two years, afterward removing to Indianap-olis. In 1847 he ac-cepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is still the pustor of that church.

Mr. Beacmen is the greatest pulpit orator in America. He is distinguished as a lec-turer; he has taken a prominent position in journalism, baving been one of the found-ers of the Independent; but his characteristic function is that of a preacher of the Christian gosped. It is not enough to say that he has the largest uniform congregation in the United States. That might be secured by qualities totally different from those pos-sessed by BERGHER, It is very rarely that the emotional nature is so completely under the regulation of the intellect as it is in him, With a large heart, pulsating in sympathy with every progressive moral movement, he has also a large head and a well-balanced judgment to prevent him from becoming a ning a mere sentimentalist or fanatic. One of the inent of his qualities is his common-

Mr. BEECHER's mind has been well stored with book-learning; but his principal studies have been of life in nature and in man. To few men have been revealed so clearly the springs of human acways from experimentnl knowledge; his words are born of his own life, or are the re-flection of his observa-tion. His sermons are perver purely metaphysical; they are never doctrinal, in the ordinary acceptance of the term; but they are the results of life studies. He studies mostly outside of his library. Usually he does not

know the subject of his Sabbath morning's discourse until within a few hours of his appearance in the pulpit. His mood, the incidents of the day, or some great moral question that de-mands attention, will decide that. Early Sunday morning this decision is made; a few leading heads are written out in full, and all the details

of the sermon are left to the inspiration of the moment. No, it is not inspiration; it is a well-disciplined and well-filled mind that moves into thought and speech before the waiting audience of sands that longs upon the speaker's words.

ARPERS

HARRIET BELCHER at the age of fifteen was sociated with her elder sister CATHARINE as

HARRIET BESCHER were married. Up to this time HARRIET had been known only within a limited circle; but she had, in what little she had written, shown her power of delineating character, especially the character of New England pos-ple. In 1831-52 Mrs. Srown published "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a serial in the National Ero,

guages of Europe, and was dramatized and acted gauges of zerope, and was dramatized and acted
in almost every thentre in Europe and America.
"I have not read a novel for thirty years," said
Lord Palminston; "but I have read 'Uncle
Tom's Cabin' three times, not for the story, but
for the statesmanship of it." It is impossible to
calculate the excent of the influence of this novel
upon the political af-

fairs of An

In 1853 Mrs. Stown visited Europe, and was warmly welcomed among all classes. On berreturn she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." She She made a second Euromade a second Earo-pean tour a few years later, and on her re-turn published "Dred." Her "Minister's Woo-ing," "Agues of Sor-rento," "The Peut of Orr's Island, "and "Old Town Folks, "published during the last twelva years, though by no means as successful as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Uncle Tom's Cabin, have still been received with great favor.

To really appreciate Mrs. Srows it is necessary to be upon inti-mate terms with her, to see her in her hours of repose, when she is really stronger than in activity. All who thus know her are her sworm friends. She has that remarkable quality so rarely possessed by man or woman — namely, absolute self-posses-sion. In her manners, as in her conversation. there is no appearance of effort. She is not fussy in her entertainment, and even those who are shy and awk-ward are in her pres-ence perfectly at ease. She has lived a remark. able life, even if we put out of sight that sphere of social sympathies and influences to which her literary success has introduced her. The interior life of Chanготти Впохта not more remarkable, whether we consider the individual characters of the two women, or the outward circumstances that awakened them into activity and controlled their development. The pictures of New England life given in "Old Town Folks" are simply reductions of the orig inal photographs made upon Mrs. Srowk's mind in early youth; sabsequent culture has only enabled her to rate the unessential from the essential. and to draw the outlines with greater skill and fidelity, "The Minister's Wooing in-dicates how strongly she was impressed by the religious problems of New England life, It is peculiarly fitting that we should give the portraits of Haxry

WARD BRECHER and WARD BESCHER and
HARRIET BESCHER
STOWN in a single group as we have done. Not
only are they brother and sister, of nearly the
same age, but they have many mental, or rather,
we should say spiritual, characteristics in common. Their mission in life, too, has been the
same—namely, to agitate the human heart, not to
fanatic enthusiasm, but to conflict against wrong.



HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.-(PROTOGRAPHED BY J. GUENEY AND SOK.)

principal of a female seminary at Hartford, Con-necticut. In 1883 she accompanied her father, who had been elected President of Lane Theo-latinal Seminary Control of Lane Theological Seminary, to Cincinnati. Associated with her father was Rev. Calvin E. Srowe, Professor of Biblical Literature—a man of culture and of great good sense. In 1836 Professor Srowz and

an anti-slavery newspaper of Washington. Upon the publication of this novel in book form in Bos-ton it was found that the writer had achieved a memorable success—a success unrivaled by any that had previously been won by a literary woman: 400,000 copies were sold in America, and 500,000 in England. It was translated into all the lan-

IN OCTOBER.

A STILLMESS as of submm woods
In moonless morns, when winds are deal;
Soft seas of mist in all the vales—
Mist on the mountains overhead.

A drowsy day: warm sweat of dew About the hand-rail of the bridge; Beneath, the slow stream's flawless face Unruffled into rut and ridge.

At noon a sudden gleam of sun, And lightly from the lower grounds. The vapors climb, and being with them Starved echoes of the valley's sounds.

Oh time of truce from striving crowds,
Whose clamor drowns the poet's voice;
Oh days that make the poet's heart
With thrills of feller life rejoice!

Ah me! all aweet and wandering sounds Of country life have left mine ears; And scenes that stirred the soul to song Are baried with the buried years.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

In November will be commenced "MAN AND WIFE," a new Serial Story, splendidly Hilustrated, by WILKIE COLLINS (Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," and "The Mocostone"). New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement of the Story to the end of 1870 for \$4.00.

WHICH?

I S there any good reason why an intelligent citizen of New York, who wishes to promote the highest welfare of the State and country, should support the Democratic ticket at the election in November?

Is there any thing in the principles or the antecedents of the Democratic party, or in the character and ability and patriotism of those whom it usually elects to office, which such a citizen ought to prefer to the principles and history of the Republican party and to the candidates whom it presents?

Indeed, is it not difficult to ascertain what the principles and policy of the Democratic party are? Hibald abuse of the President and the Administration, success at radicalism, and slanders of the colored population, can not be accepted as arguments; and the pertinacity with which they are urged merely reveals the want of legitimate and forcible objectious to Republican ascendency.

In this election there are really two serious issues, and only two. One is strictly political, and the other financial. One is the Pifteenth Amendment; the other, taxation and national honor. The Republicans propose by the adop-tion of the Fifteenth Amendment to settle finally, in accordance with justice and American principles, and with the action of the people during and since the war-the question that has so long tormented and convulsed the country. The adoption of the amendment will be substantially the declaration that the people of the United States, taught by the most disastrous experience the danger of maintaining unreasonable and unjust political distinctions, have determined to prohibit them altogether. The declaration will be made in the manner provided by the Constitution and in the most decisive form; and once adopted, the most irritating of questions disappears from our poli-tics. New York, indeed, has already adopted the amendment. But it is not yet a part of the Constitution, and a Republican victory in New York will be a popular ratification of the act of the Legislature which would have great moral infinence.

The Democratic party, the old bulwark of slavery, the opponent of emancipation, and the contemptuous slanderer of the colored population, opposes the amendment. In the Southern States, indeed, as a condition of reconstruction, it has submitted to the recognition of equal political rights among citizens. But its spirit may be inferred from the course of its chief leaders in those States during the Presidential campaign of last year, and from the vehement opposition to the amendment in the Neethern Democratic conventions of this autumn. Nothing whatever can be gained by the defeat of the amendment but prolonged and bitter agitation. The brain and heart and conscience of the country will continue to demand this peressury act of justice and common-sense until is becomes the fundamental If the sober and intelligent voters of New York wish that this angry question should be kept open, they will support the Democratic If they wish that it should be closed honorably, justly, and in the true American spirit, they will vote with the Republicans for equal rights.

The position of the two parties in regard to the financial situation is not less directly hostile. The Republicans demand that there shall be no equivocation, and that the debts of the United States shall be paid in gold, and that the immense injury constantly done to our

credit by the suspicion that we may turn out to be a nation of swindlers shall cease. They point to the steady reduction of the debt under their auspices, and to the fair adjustment of taxation, and challenge the Democratic party to show that it presents any other financial policy than that of Mr. PENDLETON, which is fatal to the credit of the country. No people, indeed, like to pay heavy taxes. Upon this disinclination the Southern Democratic leaders counted when they rose in rebellion. They hoped that the necessary cost of war would disherten the country. But the people disappointed this hope, and defeated the rebellion; and now the Democratic leaders, who made the tax necessary, denounce it as odious. But Democratic force could not dissolve the Union—shall Democratic sophistry disgrace it? Whoever in New York wishes this result will support the Democratic ticket.

support the Democratic ticket.

Or is there a feeling that the Republican party has been spoiled by success, and that it is necessary to try the Democratic? The city of New York, in which that party has indisputable power, shows the character of its administration. Does the voter wish the economy and honesty that are shown there to become universal? The Democratic party has perfected a system of frauds upon the ballot-hox; it elects judges whose names are a stench; it depends upon ignorance and hate to swell lisvote; its management of the city makes men despair of a popular government. Is this the party—whose national history is summed up in a word, that it was the party of slavery—to which the honest voters of the State would intrust the general welfare? If it is, they will vote with the party which saved the country in the field, and would now secure its prosperity by a policy of justice and honor.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

THE Republican candidates in New York are men for whom it will be a pleasure for honest people to vote. General Scout is a fit reprosentative of the great German element in the population, a soldier whose renown was assured sarly in the war, and to whom the Convention earnestly looked as their first choice for the nomination. For reasons which were undoubtedly satisfactory, he forbade the use of his name. But when it became necessary after the adjourn ment to select a candidate. General Stong, vielded to the universal wish, and his nomination was made as much by the common desire of the party in the State as by the General Committee. His nomination is very strong and wise and conciliatory; and his acceptance, under the circumstances, will not be forgotten by the party.

HORACE GREELEY is almost the most familiar name in the country. Identified from the first with the Republican party, and devoting his great abilities as an editor to its service, he early made his paper its chief national organ. Frank in the expression of opinion; patient of obloquy and reproach, of ridicule and bitter hostility; in the judgment of many of his political friends often visionary, impracticable, and exasperating, he has never for a moment lost the public confidence in his honesty and patriotism; and his political influence upon public opinion has undoubtedly been greater than that of any other individual. Seldom called to office he has never asked for it, and, as he says in his letter of acceptance of his present nomina tion, he has never refused any honorable service which his party might demand. The higher praise is also his, that he would never decline any such service that he could honorably perform; for his party might call upon him for an honorable service that he could not justly undertake. His nomination is an indication of the determination of the Republican party of New York that its character and purpose shall appear in its candidates, and vindicate its claim to the sympathy and support of all honest men.

This appears also in all the other nominations upon the State ticket, and in most of those made for the Legislature. In Queens County the Republicans have adopted the Democratic renomination of the present Assemblyman, who was free from complicity in the outrageons tax-levies of the last session, one Republican Senator who voted for those levies has been renominated, and of the twenty or more tainted Assemblymen not more than four or five have succeeded in being renominated; and they will be defeated, we trust, by the action of the honest Republican voters of their districts. All these things show that the Republican party has the will and the power to purge itself of all hartful suspicion. It has no Tummany dictator, no man whose will settles nominations and determines policies, no regnlating ring. But its regulator is the general consciousness of its members that the spirit of a party is necessarily shown in the character of its candidates, and the determination, so conspicuously displayed at its last national Convention, that it will not be controlled by its bummers and soldiers of fortune. This is the reasonable and conclusive ground of the popular confidence in the party. This is its iu-spiration in the coming election in New York;

and this, if every voter properly considers the great importance of the election, and if the city frauds are not overpowering, will make that party triumphant in November.

a conspiracy of four years against the rights of man and the honor and peace of the United States—why should it not be frankly stated?

JAMES BUCHANAM was the service instrument

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

DREAMS, not elections, go "by contraries," and the vehemence with which the Democratic papers declare that the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio do not show that the people sustain General Grant's administration, proves their consciousness that that is their exact significance. If Mr. PACKER had been elected Governor of Pennsylvania, the same papers would have loudly assured us that Pennsyl-vania condemned the Republican principles and policy. If Mr. PENDLETON had been elected Governor of Ohio, we should have been told that the Massachusetts of the West repudiated its ancient faith and embraced repudiation. Such a result would have been hailed as the tardy repentance of the country-the more striking because exhibited in a Republican State-that the candidates of Tammany had not prevailed last year against the candidates of the people. Indeed, the prodigious lessons that would have been drawn from the most attenuated Democratic majorities in those States are incalculable. But, as the majorities turned out to be Republican, the Democratic papers assure us that they mean nothing whatever, least of all an approval of the Republican principles and administration; and we are informed that the decisive defeat of Mr. PACKER in Pennsylvania and of Mr. PENDLETON in Ohio has demonstrated their great popularity almost as fully as if they had been elected."

If the Democratic party can fatten upon such hasks of comfort, of course no one will complain. But the Democratic leaders meanwhile know quite as well as every body else that the elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania mean precisely what they meant last year when General GRANT was elected President. They mean that the American people are still honest; that they intend to pay their debts without any kind of swindling; that they think it is quite time to acquiesce in issues that the war settled by the last resort; and that they do not look for a better conduct of public affairs to the party whose spirit and methods are shown in the system of electoral frands in the city of New York and in its municipal management. They show, moreover, that the natural reaction, the inevitable personal disappointments, the innumerable private griefs, that follow every Presidential election, the unlimited and unscrupulous slander that has been uttered against the President, the sneers, the derision, the foul insinuations, which are so easy to a clever pen, have totally failed to affect the great public heart that trusted the General in the field and with gratitude and confidence called him to the Presi-

So emphatic and significant a verdict is not to be argued down or sneered away. It re-veals that kind of tenacity which it is supposed that a republic can not possess, and which, amidst the universal skepticism of Europe and of multitudes of Americans, was displayed by this country during the war. It is the indication of the clear perception in the public mind of the fundamental principles upon which alone the peaceful progress and prosperity of the country can be secured. As the New York Tribuse truly says, the result should chide the croskers. It should show still more clearly the vitality of the Republican party, and of the conviction deeply seated in the popular heart that it is indeed the party of the people. It asks for no privilege nor exclusion. no class, and proclaims and secures fair play. The result of the October elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio should make every Republican surer and bolder, firmer to demand the constant elevation of the party standard, and even more trustful than ever of the fidelity to their truest interests of the American people.

As for Iowa, her Republican fidelity is as sure as the law of gravity.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

THY New York World complains of the tone in which the Republican papers speak of con-spicuous Democrats like Mr. Pranca and Mr. BUCHANAN after their death, contrasting it with that of the Democratic press in alluding to Mr. LINCOLN. If the tone is "reviling," it can not be more indecent than the incessant flings at Mr. LINCOLN in the personal column of the World for two or three years after his death. But while a "reviling" tone is, of course, indefensible, the press has no more imperative duty than to tell the whole truth of public men when they die. No man in his senses would think of asking or expecting that such official careers as those of Presidents PIERCE and BUCHANAN should not be censured in comparison with the Presidency of Mr. LINCOLN; and it is of the utmost importance that no conspicuous actor in our politics, whose public career has outraged humanity, liberty, and the better sense of the country, should disappear in a mere swash of

The administration of FRANKLIN PIERCE was

JAMES BUCHANAN Was the servile instrument of the slaveholding interest — why should the truth be concealed? That Mr. PIRRCE was an amiable man and beloved by his friends is true; but his interest to the public, which justifies criticism of his career when he dies, is not that he was a courteous and kind neighbor in Concord, but that he countenanced border ruffians in Kanses, Mr. Buchanan was probably a respectable gentleman, as the phrase is used; but, sworn as the Chief Magistrate to defend the Union, he declared that he had no authority to prevent its dissolution. It is not true that the colitical questions of their time died with these Presidents. They were questions that never die; questions of human rights and American If there is any political morality whatever—if there is any difference between a magistrate who strains every possible point against liberty and one whose heart embraces every man-if there is any difference in conduct which hopelessly rivets chains upon the inno-cent and that which joyfully breaks them, the official career of Mr. PIEBCE or of Mr. BUCHAN-AN can no more be compared with that of Mr. LINCOLN than the private repute of AARON BURR with that of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Suppose that when Mr. Prance died the other day all the newspapers of both parties had said only, as the World says, that he was "one of the most estimable and upright of men." It would have been a suppression of the truth as flagrantly immoral as a falsehood. If the kind of offense against civilization of which his Presidency was so signal an illustration is to be regarded as a mere temporary political interest, that vast influence upon public conduct which arises from the consciousness of posthumous justice is destroyed, and to the exceeding injury of society. If every body, whatever the principles and character and result of his public section, is to go into history merely as privately estimable and upright, moral distinctions in public life are abolished altogether, and Catnoux is as admirable a figure in our history as

old Jons Bnows.

The official conduct of Mr. Pinnen inflicted deep and terrible wounds upon the country. It confirmed the desperate assaults of the slave party upon the public conscience. It promoted a wide national demoralization. It was directly responsible for massacre and a bloody reign. of terror in Kansas. It depressed the hopes of every American citizen who aspired to see his country vindicate its origin and its best genius; and it disgraced the name of the United States wherever it was uttered. This was the service of FRANKLIN PIERCE to this country and to mankind. It is recorded in our annals. It will be the verdict of history. When he disappeared from the public scene, it needed only to have been mentioned as occasion made the reference necessary. But when, at his death, it is sobstantially claimed that nothing more should be said than that he was an estimable and ppright man, a decent regard for public morality requires that the whole truth be told. Nor is it, is is alleged, an unkindly rawage of the grave to tell the truth soberly, however strongly. Let every man in high office have a living consciousness that when he dies no fondness of private regret, no remembered personal urbanity, can woo to silence or evasion the tongue that tells his public story, and every such man will weigh well his apparent present advantage with his final renown; and every citizen will learn that no station is splendid enough to dazzle the just public perception of the moral character and tendency of official action.

A VOICE FROM MISSISSIPPL

Is the late lamented JOHN C. CALHOUN could return and read the platform of the Republican party in Mississippi, especially the first four resolutions, he would either groan that his country had so degenerated, or, illuminated by celeatial experience, he would join the party and proclaim its glad tidings more scalously than ever he preached "Southern rights" against the rights of human nature. In the report of the platform, the resolutions of which we speak go off, as it were, like a volley of triumph.

First. The Union first, last, and forever. Second. Freedom of speech and of the press. Third. Universal suffrage and universal nu-

Fourth. Free schools—their benefits to be extended to every child in the State.

The resolutions go on to declare for all the constitutional amendments; for the immediate removal of disabilities; and for the new State Constitution, without disfranchisement or proscription. How many of the noblest victims of the war, if they could have known that within less than ten years of their death a party with every prospect of success would proclaim such principles in Mississippi, and be cordially supported by the Administration, would not have felt, indeed, that they did not give their lives in vain! No great sacrifice ever produced more immediate and vaster results. In the four Mississippi resolutions lie the charms which are to redoem that State, and every other that went

into rebellion-the policy which would have saved them all their sorrow had it been that of those States for the last generation.

These principles, and the measures that spring from them, and the spirit which accompanies them, are those of the Republican party of the United States every where. If the observer turn his admiring eye to the great Northwest, the marvel of progress and prosperity, he is not surprised to learn that those great States have been always faithful to these principles, and are steadily Republican. If he look at New Enwhich is not ashamed of her history, he finds that the Mississippi resolutions have beartier echo than from Bunker Hill and the Green Mountains: and he is not surprised that to leave New England out in the cold was the singry wish of the haughty chiefs who were not for the Union first, last, and forever; and not for freedom of speech and of the press; and not for universal suffrage; and not for free schools. Those chiefs ruled the country by the Democratic party. Let the same observer look at any State or section which is indisputably cratic, and consider whether it is equally grateful to him with these as an American or

The great service of the Republican party in this country is that it has made a truly popular republic possible. Under Democratic supremacy, the fundamental principles of such a government were despised. Our system had be-come a vast propagandism of slavery. That has been overthrown, but its spirit and its traditions still linger in the party through which it worked. Nowhere does that party lead the van for the Union first, last, and forever, nor for freedom of speech and of the press; nor for universal suffrage, nor for free schools for all children. It clung to slavery while slavery lasted. It would have supported the South-ern black laws if Congress had not made them impossible. It would still maintain all of slavery that it can, denying the suffrage to intelligent and industrious men, and every where promoting that exclusive spirit of caste and race which will angrily agitate the country until it is laid.

By their works let the two great parties of this country be judged. And by them, because the general principles and policy of each are un-changed. Let any candid man answer, Which has been the party of liberty, of intelligence, of progress, of humanity? Which has been the party of retrogression, of igner once, of slavery, and inhumanity? The tend : - a, the imperative necessities of a political; or estronger than the hopes and wishes croome of its members. By those tendencies, by its unjust and inhuman spirit, by its wanton crimes against liberty, let the Democratic party be judged.

FATHER HYACINTHE AND THE CARMELITE SUPERIOR.

Tun correspondence between Father Hya-CINTHE and the Superior of his order at Rome has been published, and is of the utmost signif-The first letter of the Carmelite Supe rior was written in July, and deplores and laments and regrets Father HYACINTHE's course, and repeats and amplifies its grief and remonstrance at great length. The offense of the Parisian orator was what may be called outside work. Instead of following the rut of safe ecclesiastical tradition he thought for himself, and he freely expressed his thoughts. "I have earnestly exhorted you," says the Superior, "not to identify yourself with questions in dispute among Catholics, and on which all were not agreed." That may be the Carmelite method of advancing the truth, but it is not one that would carry the truth very far. And this seems to have been the opinion of Father HYACINTHE. The Superior then proceeds to a formal order that the Father shall not print any letters or speech; nor to speak outside of the churches; nor to be present at the Chambers : nor to take part in the Peace League, nor in any other meeting that "has not an exclusively Catholic and religious object."

To this order forbidding him to print letters Father Hyacistum ret With indignant ter which is already famous. eloquence he protested against that which, if Roman, was not Christian. He declared that his tongue should never be tied, and he threw off the robe of his monkish order, and left his monastery. In tones that have rung through Christendom he asserted religious liberty, and with a fervor that recalls the ancient days of religious protest he repudiated in advance the spirit of the assembling Council. To such an answer, from such a man, at such a moment, there could be but one response from his ec clesiastical superior, and that came on the 26th of September. The Carmelite Superior, in & little higher tone, recalls Father HYACISTER'S various acts of disobedience; and reminds him that a monk who leaves his monastery and throws off the robe of his order without regular permission is considered " a real apostate, liable to the greater excommunication. He orders the Father to return to his monastery and to implicit obedience within ten days from the date of the letter, or he will be deprived ennonically of his position in the Carmelite orsure. Father HYACINTES did not obey, and the penalty has undoubtedly been enforced.

The Superior treats the whole matter canonically. There are rules of the order, he declares, which Father HYACISTEE has violated; and he is therefore punished for disobedience Father HYACISTEE does not deny that he disobeys, but he absolves himself from all guilt in disobedience by withdrawing from the moral obligation to obey in leaving the order. But to leave the order under such circumstances would seem to be a departure from the Church

The spirit of the letter of protest is not spirit compatible with the rule of a Church which demands that a preacher shall not touch subjects upon which all are not agreed. Mr. CHOATE was said to have praised his pastor's sermons because they did not remind him of his secular life. His theory of preaching was that of the Carmelite Superior. He was a sheep who wished to be led by still waters. But Father HYACISTEE knows that the minister of God must deal with the storms of human passion of every kind-with doubts and questions and despairs—and that the moral aspect of no question which interests the human mind and beart, or which affects human life, is beyond the proper scope of his discours

Father Hyacustur's letter is that of a man who refuses in advance to submit to the decision of the General Council if his own judgment does not approve it. But if the Pope and Council together are not infallible, what authority expresses the infallible decisions of the Church l Father Hyacustus virtually denies the infallibility of the Church. Has he not then censed to be a Romanist?

THE GEORGIA JUBILEE.

THE Georgia State Agricultural Society propose to make their annual fair on the 16th of November a Peace Jubilee. The most distinguished guests have been invited, including the President, Vice-President, and Cabinet, Congress, the Governors, and the ex-Presidents, and "the principal generals of the two late hos-tile armies." Should they all come, or a rep-resentative number of them, the Committee, in their own words, trust "that when a large concourse of people, from all sections of the Union, shall witness the meeting and exchange of civilities between distinguished and trusted men from all sections—shall see the great and idolized chieftains of the two late contending armies most and shake hands on the same platform, surrounded by the emblems as well as the implements of husbandry-shall literally see the spear turned into the pruning-hook, and the sword into the plow-share'-shall actually witness a restoration of the union of the hearts of the people-much, very much will be accomplished for the country which has not been done by laws and garrisons."

The programme is a little dramatic. The Committee will find it hard to persuade General GRANT to play in a pantomime, nor ought it to count too surely upon the satisfaction to the country of seeing General Lun side by side with the President. General LEE has thus far wisely chosen to hold himself withdrawn from the public view, and he would yield to ill advice if he should abandon his retirement. The project is doubtless well meant; but of course the distinguished company will not come, nor would their coming be of especial service. Thus kind of spectacular emotion is not agreeable to "the genius of the people." The colonists were very much in earnest about freedom, but they did very well without a Goddess of Liberty; while the Frenchmen, who had the goddess, did not have the liberty. How much Italian patriotic seal has blazed away uselessly in the brillians rhetoric of ribbons! We hope, however, that the Georgia fair will be very successful; that the number and interest of the visitors will show how truly at heart they have the welfare of their State and of the Union; and that the orators will show how intimately allied the highest interest of the farming class is with the general prosperity of the country.

NOTES.

In alluding to an article in the Boston Advertiser upon the late Republican nominations in this State, the Albany Evening Journal says:

"But what Mr. Curves is blamed for most, however, is not that he declined, if decline he mast, but for the peculiarly demoralizing method of his declination. He buried the nomination back as if he decuised it as much as the Aderriser itself does. He might at least have communicated his declenation quietly."

Mr. CURTIS was in another State when the Convention met. The political situation in New York was not unknown to him. Too late to pre-vent it he saw in the New York papers that his nomination was probable; and before learning the action of the Convention every consideration that should have affected his decision, and which has since been urged, was fully considered by him. But as his acceptance was bonorably mpossible, and as there was but a month before the election, he felt it to be his duty, without awaiting the official notice of his nomination, and to prevent loss of time from remonstrances and misunderstandings, to make known his nevessary decision as soon and as widely as possider, and will remain under the established can- I big. In doing so he certainly did not use many

words, but he chose such as he hoped would convey at least some impression of his profound sense of the honor which was offered him, not only by the fact but by the manner of the nomination He said: "While I am sincerely grateful for this most honorable and unexpected proof of the con-fidence of my political friends, with whose declaration of principles I cordially agree, it is impossible for me to accept the nomination. He mistakes nor me to accept the nomination. He mistakes both those friends and the force of words if his lotter is constant. letter is construed by them as hurling back their nomination as if he despised it; and he has no doubt that, upon reflection, th Evening Journal will own that it has, certainly with no ill intent, misconceived his action.

Mr. Dickers must have been greatly amused by the ingenious misunderstanding of the little phrase in his speech at forming namenal and his in the people governing was infinitesimal and his in the people governing was infinitesimal and his faith in the people governed was illimitable. It is surprising how many shrewd gentlemen, upon reading these words, shook their heads sagely, and remarked that they had long suspected that Mr. Duckness would somer or later declare his Toryism. One paper observed that he had turned his back upon all his books. Another, with indig-nation, asserted that he had given himself the lie. The misinterpretation was as remarkable as it was ludicrous. As it was generally received and an-grily criticised the remark was nonsense. For what could a man be supposed to mean who said that he did not believe that the people could gov-orn themselves, but that he had illimitable faith in the people? Faith in their ability to do what? He had begun by saying that he would tell his political creed. Consequently to say that his faith in the people governed was illimitable was to express the utmost political confidence in them. It was an astounding ingenuity of misconception to suppose that Mr. Dickers would stand before Jour Butgarr's constituency and declare his want of faith in the people.

Ms. Pillmork lately made a speech upon taking the chair at the Commercial Convention, in Louisville, in which, by alluding to his sign-ing the Fugitive Slave Bill, he showed that his mind was not at rest upon the subject. He said: mind was not at rest upon the subject. He said:
"I freely confess it was against my feelings. I
examined it carefully, but found no defect in it. It was constitutional, and, although I knew when I signed it I was signing my political death-warrant, I signed, and would have done it, had it taken my right arm." Mr. Fillmone's feelings ance my right arm. Mr. Fill.nour's feelings did not approve the bill, and he was politically ambitious; but he outraged his feelings and blasted his political hopes by signing a bill that put every colored person in the country at the mercy of any slaveholder. The sacrifice of conscience and laudable ambition upon such an altar is not a very ennobling spectacle. Mr. Fill.nour. MORE, perhaps, does not remember that to catch slaves under this law was so much "against the feelings" of some of the United States sioners that they resigned rather than obey. If, instead of sacrificing his feelings and ambetion to sign a law imperiling the life and liberty of innocent men, women, and children, Mr. Fill-more had chosen to resign his office, he would have spared his feelings, served his ambition and humanity together, and have made his name for-ever honored in history.

On the 4th of October the Cincinnati Inquirer, a Democratic paper, said:

"Our advices from all parts of the State amount to ocitive assurances of the election of Mr. Pannaron positive assurances of the election of Mr. Passurances by a majority larger than the average against us in the past six years. We are not disposed to overestimate our strength or everstaic our prospects, but we are so certain of success in the contest to be closed on Tuesday week, that we feel it a duty to those who have belied in the good work about to be consumated to tell them that their labor has not been in valu. The people are at last aroused to a sense of their true interests."

The result of the election was the defeat of Mr. PENDLETON by a decisive majority. The New York World remarks of the election in New York in precisely the same vein :

"The editor of the Tvibone knows that it is just as morally certain that the Democratic State ticket will be elected by an overwhelming majority, and that the lower branch of the Legislature will be Democratic, as it is that the election day will come."

This is the way that the Democrats have counted their chickens for the last ten years.

Two Lyceums can this winter hear the latest adventures at the equator and the pole. Mr. Du Chanae, the African explorer, whose lectures to children are the most striking and delightful novelty of the lecture system, will speak in Boston on the 27th of October and the 3d of November; and Captain Hall, the newly-re turned Arctic navigator, who has made himself at home with the Esquimaux, and who is ac-companied by a family of that people, began his lectures in New York on the 18th of October, under the auspires of the American Geograph-ical Society. The address of Captain Hall is for the present at this office.

Mr. Augustus Mayanton, who has had a ong and practical acquaintance with editorial life in New York, and who is very competent to treat the subject with interest and point, has in press a volume upon "Henry J. Raymond and the New York Press for Thirty Years." It can not fail to be a valuable and entertaining historical work.

A PRIENDLY enthusiast writes to the Sun of Mr. GEORGE LAW that he has "locmed up among us and moved silently, as the great orb of day, for a number of years;" and that "he is of cay, for a manner of years agreed reader, has an extraordinary memory, and, next to Dr. Saures. H. Cox, is probably the best historian in the country." The enthrodest centis, however, to mention the titles of Mr. Law's historical works.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Ix Pennsylvania, Ghio, and Iowa there were fitted elections on the 18th of October. The Governors of Pennsylvania and Ohio were re-elected by a light majority. In Pennsylvania the Legislaturo has a Republican majority of 25 on a joint ballot. In Ohio the House is Democratic and the Scuate Republican. The Republican majority in flows is very heavy.

In Savansah, Georgia, Colonel John Screven, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, was elected October 11.

There was a mass-meeting of the working-men at Cooper Institute, in this city, on the evening of October 12. Among those who addressed the meeting was Mr. Thomas Commity, the accredited representative of the working-men's unions of Birmingham, England, to the trades' unions of America. The resolutions adopted advocate the policy of independent political action on the part of the working-men.

A large number of the working-men.

A large number of the informulal citizens of Philadelphia, including the principal mercantile stress, have addressed a memorial to their Representatives in Congress, recommending the support of Mr. Jencher's Civil Service bill. "B may be safely attirant," say these petitioners, "that no civilized community has a public service so costly and so incompetent as our own."

public service so costly and so incompetent as our own."

In an address delivered in Ohio previous to the late election, ax. Senator Hen Wade remarked: "I believe that, under God, the Administration is performing its duties with an housety of purpose, and a determination to do the right, to save severy doular that can be saved, and apply, it to the liquidation of the debt; and that is my idea of fluoreiring. It is a kind of becomes a formation to the right, to save severy doular that can be aswed, and apply, it to the inpulsation of the debt; and that is my idea of fluoreiring. It is a kind of becomes a Grant's Administration has quievred upon it with triumphant encourse, and ought to be sucheded. I seem that it would bave liked to vote for a tried states man when I voted for him. I did not know how itruly he held the great principles of the Republican party: and I would part with my life quicker than I would part with the principles in-day. I have sever yet secreted one single latch from them, and never will. I feared General Grantmight not hold to those principles on position which had called upon him to being their out. I would have chosen a man, if I could have held my own way, who had been tried by fire, and in whom we knew there was no shrinkape. Hot, Sire, thenced Grant has been tried. You see his dealings with the Government, and you find them all of the glurious strips you and I would want to pet in. We know, now, his heart is steeped in the grant Republican deciries. I am giad to ascertain the begins of the Governor Senter, of Tenersee, was inaugurated Gotober 11. In his recost message to the Legisla-

Governor Senter, of Tenoresce, was insuporated October II. In his recost message to the Legisla-ture he opposes repudiation, and strongly urges the ratification of the Pulicenth Amendment.

The Virginia Legislature reasonabled on the 18th for the election of United States Scratters. for the election of United States Senators.

In New York and other large cities on the 11th of October there was, in accordance with the order of the Central Republican Junts of Cobs and Porto Rien, a formal celebration of the anniversary of the Caban, a formal celebration of the naminerary of the Caban, according to the Cobsen particle, and is leoked upon by the Cobsen particles as the Fourth of Jely. The 10th this year fell on Sanday, and the celebration was deferred. Sigme M. Lemm, the Cobsen Mindeer to this country, presided at the mass-meeting heid is the evening at the Copper Institute in this city. The Cuban flag was saluted in the afternoon in the City Hall Park. One of the granters on that eccasion had the arm blown off.

At the recent election of litrectors of the Erie Initi-

nore on that ectasion had the arm blown off.

At the recent election of librators of the Eric Ilmitroad, Gould and Fisk were again victorious. The old board was in the main reclected; and by a classification of the Directors, in accordance with a recent act of the Legislatory, Gould, Fisk, and Tweed do not go out of office until 18-4.

The free-trade discussion on the evening of October II in Beaton, between Professor Forey and Hon, Horses Greeley, drew out quite a large audience, who listened with attention to the dehats.

A Transcondingual Railrand Convention was held.

Estened with attention to the dehats.

A Transcontinental Railroad Convention was held at George October 7 and 8. There were about sixty delegates present. The main object of this convention was in examiner the speedy construction of an independent through line of railroad, by the most direct rouse practicable, from Portland to Chicago. By the conte raggested at the convention from Portland to Chicago, through part of Canada, and theore to connect with the great upper thoreighfure to Project Sound—the monal passage between China and Enforce would be shortened by over 2000 miles. With this advantage, added to that which it stready possesses in its fameure bashor, Portland hopes to throw New York and Boston in the shade as commercial centres.

The edicial figures at the Agricultural Department estimate that the cotton crop of the Southern States this year will be worth \$200,000,000; while the total value of the exports of the South is set down at \$235,500,000. At this rate the value of Southern products is about \$51 \$7 per head for the cultir Southern products is about \$51 \$7 per head for the cultir Southern products is about \$51 \$7 per head for the cultir Southern products. These figures per be show that the South is even now the richest section of the country. Charles William Elliot was inargurated as President of Harvard University October 12.

The Commercial Convention met at Lardwille, Kentecky, Celorier 12, and was presided over by ex-President Pillmore. One of the principal questions considered was that of immigration to the Neuth. On the lath there was a grand trade procession extending for other miles. There were 160,000 spectators in the streets.

ing for this miles. There were assessed and the streets.

The whaling schooner Sease N. Smith, of Boston, was lost in the herricane of August 28. All hands were drowned, with the exception of the captain and four seasons, who, after remaining on the wreck, which was on its beam ends, for eight days and nights, without food or water, were taken off and carried into London by an English bark. The captain's wife and two children were drowned in the cabin.

At the Jerome Park course on the 11th Mr. Came-

two children were drowned in the cabin.

At the Jerome Park course on the 11th Mr. Cameron's filly, "Inversalsd,"wen the Jerome Stakes; one sails and three quarters. Time, 8.54i. The second race was wen by "Gorden;" the Members' Cupthird race—by "Metaire;" the Selling Stakes by "Harbinger." On the 14th the winners were "Linele Rogers," "Fineses," "La Polka, and "Corsican." On the 14th the winners were "Mitchell," "Remoracless," "Yespecias," "Abdol Rades," and "Duffy."

The Engineer of the Board of Health in New York has recently proposed to that Board a plan for utilialing the waters of East and North rivers for extinguishing free and cleaning the streets.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Emperor Napoleou has ordered that the trav-eling expenses of the French Bishop of Quebec, in going to and returning from the Ekumenical Coun-cil, shall be deflayed from the Imperial exchequer, A dergyman of the Church of England—Rev. Chas, Vayeey, rector of Illalungh, Yorkshire—has been preaching sermons so wildly betterdox in detrime as to provoke the interference of the Archhielesp.

The test of the Passymyan war to the alties is eq-timated to have been £66,500,600 and 288,840 men. timated to have been August, 600 and 199,500 men. Castellar, the lender of the Spanish Depublicans, has fied to Portugal. A number of the Provincial journals in Spain have been suppressed. The Republican Depublics of the Cortes refuse to attend the Chambers and arcsecvated in the city. Their arrest has been determined upon. In a recent debate in the Cortes General Prim is reported to save said that Spain only awaited a freezable result of the China was to grant the cookly an the refusing and Libertice Gestral.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM M. BELKNAP.

THE NEW Secretary of War, Major-General WILLIAM M. BELENAT, is a native of Hudson, New York. He was born in 1831; his father was Brigadier-General Braenar, a soldier in the War of 1812, and in the Mexican War. On the death of his father Belenar moved to Iowa. At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the army as Major of the Fifteenth Iowa. For gallantry at Shiloh he was made Lieutenant-Colonel and Provost-Marshal of the Fifteenth Corps. He afterward rejoined his regiment as Colonel; after the fall of Vicksburg he was brevetted Brigodier-General, and led the Iowa Brigodie in the Atlanta campaign. He marched to the sen with General Shermann, and, on the arrival of the Army at Savannah, was brevetted Major-General. He commanded a division of the Fifteenth Army Corps in the march through the Carolinas, fought his last fight at Benton-tille, and at the end of the war was offered the rank of Brigodier-General in the Regular Army, which he der lined. He delivered the address at the last reunion of the Army of the Tennessee. As to his competency for the exalted position to which he has been appointed, it is sufficient to say that President Grant has carefully followed his past career, and has given him the preference to all others.

THE HUSS COMMEMORATION AT PRAGUE.

The occasion of the commemoration at Prague of the fifth centenary of the great Reformer Huss has been associated with the recent proceedings in Bohemia having reference to that assertion of nationably against Austrian absorption which so long characterized the proceedings of the patriotic Hungarians. The leaders of the movement, remembering the obl fame of Bohemia, and wishing to see it restored, were determined not to let such an opportunity pass unimproved, and accordingly the festival assumed an almost solemn importance. The occasion was all that could be desired; the raising of a monument to Huss was certain to evoke a large amount of enthusiasm; and the result verified the promoters' expectations, for within the walls of Prague were assembled all those who had the Zeck nationality at heart. At their bend—as they are always the leaders on such occasions—were Palacet, Russen, Busting-Shiretsowski, Scallenowski, and some others less eclebrated. All the Sclave peoples recognizing the sowerignty of the house of Austria sent departations, all the trade corporations marched with banners and sung the National Hyma, and the same ceromony was being observed in every town in Bo-



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM M. BELENAP, THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.
(PROTOGRAPHED AT BRADE.)

hemia. The commemoration was started in Hussiners, a listle village where Josty Huss first saw the light in the fourteenth century; and the house in which he was born is still standing—a

plain, unpretending edifice enough, resembling the ordinary dwellings of the Bohemian peasantry. It would seem as though its preservation had been decreed that it might remain a national monument; and it was an exciting spectacle to see defiling before so simple a structure 20,000 men adorned with the national colors and shouting patriotic hymns with a high enthusiasm that gave extra pathos to the wild and stirring aira. The town of Prague—most picturesque of ancient European centres of population—presented an impressive spectacle; but the crowning moment, when REGUER mounted a balcony, and addressed the assembled crowds, defies description. The people had taken possession of every point of vantage; and even the roofs of the houses were packed with caper assemblies waiting to listen to one of the most popular orators in the country. So great is his fame that even in Visuana silence reigns in every meeting where he drights to speak; and his very opponents listen with profound attention to his eloquent harrangues. It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of his speech on this eccasion; for it would need the action, tone, and gesture that accompanied it, even if it could be properly translated into another language. Suffice it to say that every eye and every ear of the assembled thousands seemed to hang upon him as he went on, and the answering enthusiasm was fully equal to the ceremony that had called it forth.

LURKING LOVE.

Wsues turking love in ambush lies Under friendship's fair disguise, When he wears an angry mien, Imitating spite or spleen; When, like Sorrow, he seduces; When, like Pleasure, he amuses; Still, howe'er the parts are cast, 'Tis but "Lurking Love" at last.

THE WEBER CANON.

We give on this page a view of the scenery of the Weber River cafeon, near the Great Salt Lake, in Utah Territory. This wild gorge of the Wasatch range of mountains, through which the railway enters the Mormon settlement, was one of the most difficult parts of the line to construct. The Weber River, a large stream, with many rapids, cleaves its way through high bluffs that rise more than a thousand feet above its chatmel, and breaks out at the Devil's Gate into the plain of the Great Salt Lake. Several embankments, cuttings, tunnels, and bridges were needful within a short length of railroad. The tunnel, to which the opening is shown in our view, was excavated by the Mormons, being comprised in a contract known as "the hundred-mile job," taken by a party of those industrious saints, under the personal direction of Brionam You's himself. The train which appears on the line is traveling westward toward California. This point is about one thousand miles west of the Missouri River.



THE UNION PACIFIC RAHAROAD-WEBER CANON AND RIVER.

STOPPED HALF-WAY!

THE tender of the Hector was lying alongside the wharf, waiting for the last contingent of pas-sengers to go off to the ship. Few people, in-deed, except those accustomed to such scenes, could feel otherwise than perfectly distracted amids the hubbut that casued.

amidst the hubbub that ensued.

The steam-whistle from the tender blowing, the bell ringing with that maddening sound preluding every departure of this kind, convincing all timid people that they are inevitably too late, deafening them, and driving them nearly wild in their frantic efforts to make their voices heard above the din and uproar; harsh tones raised to shrillness in command, and echoes of responses to orders carried out; such sounds and sights are not to be forgotten, especially when we know that deep and touching human feelings and emotions are making themselves heard and felt all tions are making themselves heard and felt all

There were partings between mothers and sons, sisters and brothers, fathers and daughters, even husbands and wives; friends determining to go out to the ship, to get the last glimpse of their dear ones, some resolving to part at once. There were faces bathed in tears, others set and rigid, as they gazed their last, perhaps, into lov-ing eyes, now filled with looks of sad and yearn-

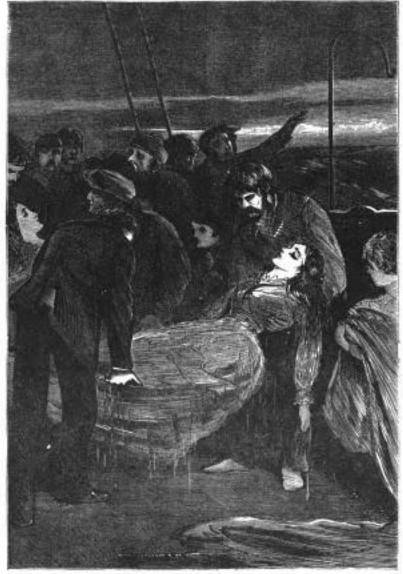
ing tenderness.

Among these groups I was struck with one of

Among those groups I was struck with one of three women, consisting of two young girls and an eiderly lady; but whether the latter was the mother of the younger ones, or merely some old and confidential nurse or housekeeper, I could not quite make out. They were questioning and consulting about the place of parting: should it be here, or should they all go off to the vessel?

The cluer female seemed to be in great sorrow, and the girls were dreading to leave her. The crould around them where they stood was very thick; and as they were jostled about from place to place I could not help noticing the extreme basety of the elder sister. She was charming to look upon—bewitching I may call her; for the feelings of the moment gave a marvelous mobility and amount of expression to a relous mobility and amount of expression to a countenance in it-off perfect in line and feature. countenance in it-alf perfect in line and feature. Masses of soft clustum-brown hair seemed to frame the delicate oval face, which was lighted up by a pair of dark blue eyes, shaded with long silky lashes. A small and rather provoking nose, an insimuating pouting little mouth, and dimpled chin, together with a beautifully formed head, gracefully poised on a tall and elegant figure, made up indeed a most fascinating specimen of feminity.

During the time occupied in the depositing of the mails I rentured to address the three women, for their perplexity seemed increasing every moment. I saw at a glance how matters stood. The steam-tender was terribly crowded, and they



"WE SAW THE THREE SAFELY DRAGGED OVER THE SIDE OF THE BOAT."

were evidently timid about going on board. I | parting with their old friend or nurse over at also made out that the girls wished to have the | once; so, after consulting a moment with Sim-

mons, who seemed rather proud of having me under his charge, and ready to do me becow, and fall into my wishes in every way, I offered to give them a seat in our boat. In a well-managed aside, I ventured to say to one of the ladies, "Pray let farewell be said here." I felt that I was perfectly justified in addressing them under such circumstances, when all conventionalities are cast away, and all differences of position and rank are utterly ignored. I was sure that it could be only right to smooth away the difficulties that seemed to add so much perplexity to the sorrow that was unpermost in the ity to the sorrow that was uppermost in the hearts of these three ladies, for ladies in one sense they unquestionably were, although per-haps wanting a certain something in tone and

haps wanting a certain something in tone and refinement.

The removal of the gangway, and the departure of the stemm-tag, amidst load shouts and cheers, now absolutely compelled the young ladies to accept my offer. As nothing could be waited for after the mails were on board, it was necessary that the steam-tender should be along-side the ship, with its living cargo discharged, before the arrival of the mail-boat; thus I had still time to make some arrangements for the

before the arrival of the mail-bost; thus I had still time to make some arrangements for the comfort of my fellow-passengers.

While purposely busying myself in this way the parting between my three friends took places. All passed quickly and quietly; but I own to having felt some very musual choking sensa-tions while glancing at the sorrowful faces of the girls as I handed them into our best, which in number moment was conting her way through gains as I manned them into our beat, which in another moment was cutting her way through the sparkling water toward the Hertor. For a time I knew that subs and tears must have their way with my two companions, and all my best and most chicalrons feelings were aroused as I noticed their weeping sail young faces looking so lovely in their sorrow.

lovely in their sorrow.

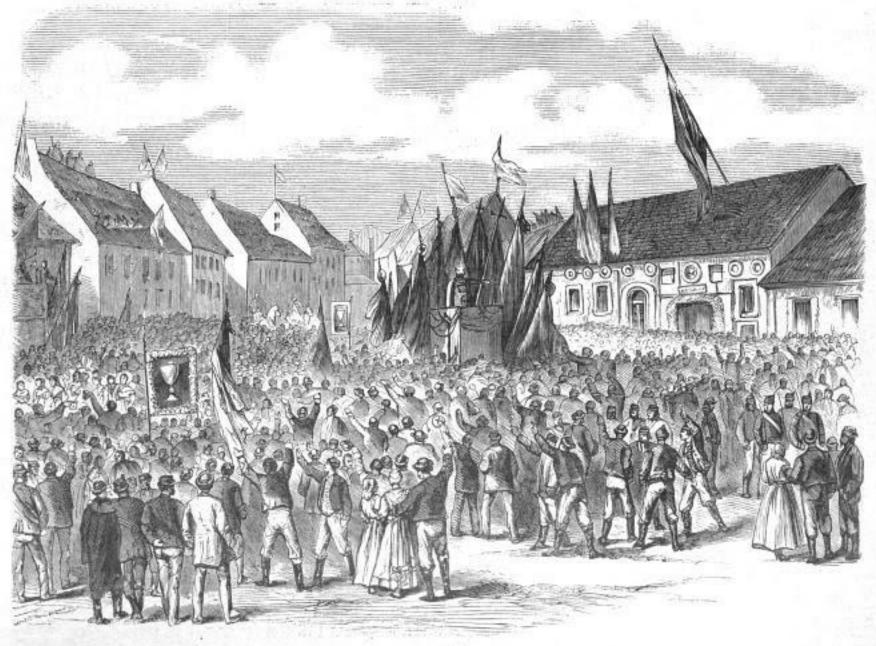
I could only glean from them, in a few broken words, that they were going to Cape Town, where a married brother resided. They were orphans, they told me, and had just juried from a very dear old nurse, who had taken charge of them from childhood. I also found that their name was Smith. The name certainly was fa-miliar to me; indeed, I am positive I had heard it before, but never had I seem such charming hearers of it.

As we neared the ship they began to recover themselves a little; and I almost wished that I, too, was going to the Antipodes, "A rounge with such companions," thought I, "would be, in truth, a very phoenix of royages!"

Arriving alongside the vessel, I did all in my power, in carrying shawls, hand-bugs, etc., to na-sist my companions up the ganguny.

Feeling that their position was really a very un-protected one, my first care, after having stowed

away their little packages, found out their cobin



THE HUSS COMMEMORATION AT PRAGUE-CEREMONY BEFORE THE HOUSE OF THE REFORMER.

lowed, was to see the stewardess, and to interest ber in my fair charges.

Great confusion reigned even here, but there was order in it—no doubts, no counter-orders now! Partings were all but over; and, for weal or for woe, each heart there had to face a new future. I speculated much upon the fate of the elder of my two friends, who smiled most sweetly upon me as I bade her and her sister my last

On leaving the saloon I ran with great force, On leaving the saloon I ran with great sires, in my haste, against a young man, who, by his costume, was evidently an outward-bound passenger. I believe I must have burt him, from his look of mute and half-angry surprise; but it soon passed away, and I was both interested and amused by the manner in which he took my apol-

ogies.
"Don't apologise, pray," he said; "for my part, I should not have cared much if you had knocked the breath clean out of me; I don't find

life a very enviable thing just now!"

He was a fine stalwart-looking fellow, but with somothing rather eccentric in his appearance and manner, which was increased by a peculiarly lach-rymose expression of countenance. He carried a small black leathern hand-bag, on which was painted in white letters, so conspicuous that I round not fail to read it, the name of "Cuthbort Deliverthe No."

Dolworthy, Esq."

At such times, when people are saying good-hy on the eve of a long voyage, social formalities are but little regarded; and those who have un-dergone a sorrowful leave-taking, or whose feelings are much excited by conflicting emotions, seldom scruple to fall into conversation, and even to include in confidences with complete strangers. Thus it was that, in a few minutes after our ren-contre, and after I had expressed my regret that life was so unsatisfactory a thing to him, Mr. Dol-worthy and I found conselves talking as if we had

worthy and I found consolves talking as if we had been acquaintances of some standing. We came up on deck again together, and, continuing our dislogue, he went on to say:

"I am going out to Melbourne; and perhaps your mirth will be somewhat excited if I tell you for what purpose. People say I'm a queer fellow, and I dare say I am; but, the truth is, I want to ask a girl out there to be my wife. I only left Melbourne six months ago; I had made as much money as I wanted, and came to England."

"Why, in the name of fortune," I inquired, "did not you make your isomore's certain, as

"did not you make your insmorets certain, as well as your money?"

"Ah! I don't know, I'm sure—want of pluck, perhaps; I was afraid she would refuse me; and though I'm a cool hand at most things, in this I behaved like an ass! But some women, you I behaved like an ass! But some women, you know, can make fools of strong men. I don't think she cared for me, and I hoped I might forget her by coming to England, but I can't, so I determined to know my fate, and here I am at the starting-point again!"
"If I were you," said I, tickled at his oddity, "I would hardly go so far for a wife. I can tell you there are two most charming girls on board; I have just established them in their birth, No. 4. The eider sister, my dear Sir, would harn any

The elder sister, my dear Sir, would turn any man's head! Now do take the goods the gods penside, make the most of your opportunity, for-get the young lady in Mellourne?"

"I forget a woman who has been in my thoughts constantly for months and months! I am not that sort of man, I can tell you! I love this woman now, and shall love her always, whether she cares for me or not."

He was going on, with many veriferations of constancy, when our dislogue was summarily interrupted by more bell-ringing, and shouts of "Now for the shore! now for the shore!" Then ensued a fresh hubbub and excitement, with more jostling and hustling, and I had but one moment to shake hands heartily with my new friend, and wish him "God-speed," before regaining the

gangway. Simmone's task ended, we re-entered our beat just as the noble Hector's broad canvas began to belly to a favorable wind. I naturally fell to thinking about life on shipboard, and my acquaintances of the hour. People living in towns, in the bus-tle of large communities, are not readily prone to commit themselves in matters matrimonial; their thoughts flow in many divers channels; but dur ing a long sea passage all distinctions are level-ed. Every one falls into the same social position, no distinctions are made, and for months perhaps no opportunity is offered for comparing social de-I was but mortal, and could not help thinking of the pretty face of the elder of my two com-panions. If I had been going out in the *Hector* I should then and there have fallen head over ears in love with her. All the perplexities, objections, difficulties, and obstacles incidental to marrying upon nothing would have vanished into thin air ne across her in what is called socibut had I come across her in what is called soci-ety, it would have been a different matter. I could not have kept pace with my more prosperous and wealthy friends as a married man; for what had hitherto sufficed for one would have to do for two. and perhaps in time for half a dozen. But I own that these selfish considerations never would have found place amidst the boredom and ennul of a

long sea voyage,
"Ah!" I thought to myself, "I would not give much for the chances of that young lady in Mel-bourne who has been so long adored in secret by my 'knight of the worful countenance' and won-derful name! He must be of adamant, that Cuthbert Dolworthy, if he passes the next two or three months unscathed in the society of such a 'Helen' as I have left him with on board the Hector,

My musings were brought to a close by our My massings were brought to a close by our reaching shore. I really had quite enjoyed my little escapade; for while having been greatly amused, I had also added to my store of philosophy. I often wondered how my sometime follow-passengers fared on their voyage; nor was it surprising that I kept a sharp look-out

for them, and done such small offices as time al. for some news of the Hector. And in love fine lowed, was to see the stewardess, and to interest, morning, a few months after, I had news in-

With the keenest interest I read the subj story in a Portstower paper, which my friend Dick Crosbie sent me:

"GALLANTRY AND ROMANCE AT SEA.

45 From a private letter we are enabled to give the following account of a romantic and tragic incident which occurred on board the clipper ship Hector on her voyage between England and the Cape:

"There was a fair complement of pas and we had been at sea a sufficient time for them to settle into the little coteries and cliques which form a distinguishing feature of acciety during long voyages. The learned and literary had long voyages. The learned and literary had come together, and the very proper and serious people had fallen into their places, likewise the fast and noisy, who, in this instance, were the most numerous. Two brainless young men were conspicuous among the latter for a tremendous firstation, which they were carrying on with a couple of young ladies named Smith, bound for the Cape, and who were making the voyage, for some unaccountable reason, quite alone. These girls did not appear to have been accustomed to such attentions as they were then receiving and Two brainless young men were such attentions as they were then receiving, and the novelty of the life, the bracing air, the fine weather we were enjoying, and the general pleas-ant excitement which prevailed, seemed to have drawn them, perhaps imperceptibly to them-selves, into a course of conduct and behavior which something about them indicated was not the natural bent of their dispositions.

"Be this as it may, not an opportunity was lost for the partie curves for "carrying on," as the phrase goes, on all possible occasions. Madcap pranks, and an evident desire to chaff and make pranks, and an evident desire to chaff and make game of every body not in their set, formed lead-ing characteristics of their conduct. One of the chief butts of their merriment was a tall, good-looking, athletic young fellow, but who, from his melancholy mood, downcast looks, deep-drawn sighs, and 'banished lord' sort of aspect, formed a fair prey for their gibes and ridicule.

"This behavior fracuently bordered on down-

"This behavior frequently bordered on down-right rudeness, and little effort was made to sub-due their voices when indulging in their com-

"Many such expressions as 'poor old moody-mug!' 'don't disturb him!' 'be's in love, you know!' 'have pity!' 'dear old sober-sides!' etc., must frequently have been overheard by him. must frequently have been overheard by him. However, he was either unconscious, or unwilling to take any notice of what was going on. It appeared to make not the slightest difference to him; and, for anght one could tell by the expression of his face, he might have been deaf, dumb, and blind for any effect that this questionable conduct seemed to produce. The more questionable from the fact that, at the outset of our voyage, Mr. Dulworthy, as he was called, evinced a strong desire to be civil to the unprotected girls in a most courteous and respectful terted girls in a most courteous and respectful manner. For the first few days his attentions were received gratefully enough; but, after that, the advances made by Messrs. Binks and Bagman, the two fast young men above referred to, seemed to possess greater attractions for the Misses Smith, and gradually poor Dolworthy was snubbed and put aside.

"Modest and retiring, he accepted the conditions apparently as a matter of course; but one could not help feeling that it was the old story of brilliant, dashing superficiality, with plenty of brass and self-conceit, outweighing, in the eyes of thoughtless women, sterling worth and true

chivalry,
"However, Dolworthy accepted his position in the stoical manner I have described; and the only distraction in which he ever indulged was in occasionally joining the sailors in hoisting, lowering, or re-setting the sails, and other employ-ments incidental to nautical life, showing therein considerable knowledge, and a keen rest for viggrous exercise.

"Now the weather was so fine that the boats, instead of being always made stug on dock, were sometimes (contrary to the usual custom at sea). for the sake of giving more room, thrust outside the bulwarks, hanging, as we landsmen common ly see them, over the water from the davits. Into one of these, the smallest (I forget what it is called), our two young ladies were frequently in the habit of mounting, by the assistance of their caraliers. There they would sit for hours, sometimes far into the evening, reading, or chattering to their friends on the deck. Occasionally, soined their friends on the deck. Occasionally, sciend by a sudden impulse, the result of high spirits, they would begin to rock the bost backward and forward like a cradle, by swaying themselves from side to side, getting what they called 'a swing.' In these efforts they were, of course, aided and abetted by Mossrs. Binks and Bagman.

"On more than one occasion they had received an official caution against doing this; but little beed was taken of any thing which was calcu-

beed was taken of any thing which was calcu-lated to interfere with their amusements.

"On a certain evening, not quite as fine as usual, there being a strong breeze, the little group of four were assembled at their favorite haunt; the young ladies seated in the stern of the boat, young men leaning over the bulwark, talking

"The sun had just set, and the majority of the passengers were below at tea. Few people happened to be on deck at the time-none near this particular boat. We were running briskly before the wind, and peals of laughter rang again and again from the party. They evidently were becoming very excited, and the swinging diversion was going on vigorously.
"Suddenly, Binks, who was standing near the

stern davis, said, 'Hallo! I have got a new idea.'
"'Have you, by Jore!' said Bagman; 'take care of it. What is it?'

" 'Why, look here!' the other went on; 'we can give our little pets a new sensation, and swing them up and down, instead of across and across

"With this he began to unfasten the rope which ran through the pulleys and blocks of the iron stanchion or davit, and by which the stem and of the boat could be lowered into the water.

"" But you must hold tight though, by Jove, old fellow, said his friend. "Oh, all right, don't you fear. Now then, ladies, sit fast; down you go, and up again, only a little way; lend us a hand, Bagman." And the two gradually allowed the stern of the boat to drop some two feet out of the borizontal. An accompanying feet out of the borisontal. An accompanying titter and suppressed scream followed the move-ment as the boat was immediately brought back to its proper position. Again it was repeated, and again, and again, amidst the general merri-

and again, and again, amoust the general merri-ment of the four; the girls enjoying the fun equally with the men.

"Emboldened by the success of their experi-ment, they lowered the boat each time more and more, until at length this very perilous proceed-ing became fraught with the most terrible dan-got. It was, indeed, a case of playing with adord took

get. It was, indeed, a case of playing with edged tools.

"Here were two cockney landsmen meddling recklessly with gear which requires the most dextrous handling, the mismanagement of which, in cases of lowering boats at sea, has, perhaps, led to more loss of life than any other single incident at a time of shipwreck. On they went, however, with their game, the two men hashing the roos backward and forward with the hasling the rope backward and forward with the effect described.

"Should it slip from their hands, or the weight of the boat, with its burden, become too much for their strength, nothing in the world could prevent the unfortunate girls from being precipitated into the sea, the boat being left dangling perpendicularly by its hows to the second davit.

second davis.

""See saw, Margery Daw, here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down,' and other similar intellectual quotations, formed an appropriate accompaniment to this diabelically idiotic proceeding. A man coming slowly along the deck in the twilight suddenly increased his the deck in the twilight suddenly increased his speed on seeing what was going on, and, with a deprecatory action, cried:

"" For God's sake, gentlemen, desist, desist!
Do you know what you are doing?"

"" Rather," replied Bagman; "we fister ourselves we generally do know what we are up to.
Don't we, Binks?"

"But Binks's reply was interrupted by the renewed vehemence and protestations of the new-comer, who appeared almost inclined forci-bly to prevent a continuance of the hazardous

by to prevent a continuance or the lands, the game.

"If that rope slips from your hands, the young ladies will be drowned," he went on.

"Yes! but, you see, we don't mean to let it slip. Confound it, Sir, mind your own business, and don't interfere with us, was the reply.

"It is my business, and every body's business; and if you don't leave off this instant I'll fetch somebody who shall make you."

"Go to the deuce. I tell you we know what we are about," was the only response to this.

"The interposer turned on his bed, and was walking hastily away, when a fearful shriek rent

"The interposer turned on his beet, and was walking hastily away, when a fearful shrick rent the sir, followed, as he looked back, by a splash in the water; the boat was hanging by a single davit, and the two young men standing horror-stricken and helpless, gazing into space!

"It was now nearly dark, the ship running

a good ten knots an hour; but without ment's hesitation the stranger tore off his coat, and in one second had leaped over the side of the vessel, some thirty feet into the sea.

"The piercing cry of 'Man overboard!' ran like wild-fire through the ship, which was speedily brought to and put about; but a long space of time and distance, of course, were lost before the way she had on her could be counteracted. and she could be brought back to any thing like proximity to the spot where the unfortunate girls and their would-be preserver were probably strug-

gling for life.

"A boat was lowered with marvelous dexterity and all the promptitude and skill of the best seamanship; a blue-light was burned; the passengers and crew crowded every available space, and with eager straining eyes watched the boat's preceedings. By the aid of the last glimmer of day and the strong blue-light there was little difficulty in seeing what went on. To the unspeakable joy of all, it was soon evident that those in the bost were pulling lastily to-ward something which they had discovered sooner than we.

"After a while, however, we, too, who were on board ship, could see it, and it became perfectly clear to every body that the brave man was supporting one of the girls as he struck out manfully toward the boat. There was not sufficient sea running greatly to impede his efforts, but ever and anon he would look back over his shoulder, as if looking for something else. Following the direction toward which his head turned, we at last discerned, as did he, at about twelve yards' distance from him, another form, which, of course, we knew to be that of the unhappy sister.

the unhappy sister.

"Instantly relinquishing his intention of swimming to the boat, he deliberately put about and made straight away for the poor girl, who had risen probably for the last time. It was a mo-

ment of intense anxiety.
"Would be reach her ere she sank never to rise again?

"He struck out with superhuman efforts. One could almost picture the veins upon his forehead swelling with the tremendous energy he was displaying. He approached within three yards or so; another instant and he would be up with her—when, as it were after the manner

of dissolving views, her form seemed fading

"But no! thank Heaven! Another via stroke with his right arm, the only one at liberty, and he held up the drooping head above water! Trammeled as he now was with the two sisters, of course all efforts at motion had to be given up. To keep affoat with his burdens was the utmost he could do.

"His arms were unavailable, and it appeared a great question whether, fine swimmer as be evidently was, he could sustain, by treading water, such an incumbrance, until the boat should reach him.

"It was a question of moments, and the anxiety which we had gone through in witnessing his efforts to reach the second girl was repeated in a tenfold degree as we watched and calculated the chances that the boat might have of coming up with him in time.

"It did, however, and, amidst a deafening cheer from the ship, we saw the three safely dragged over the side of the boat. On regaining

dragged over the side of the boat. On regaining the ship it appeared very doubtful, after all, if the great bravery and endurance displayed by our hero might not prove unavailing.

"Perfectly senseless, both sisters were subjected to the usual restoratives, but, unhappily, with a favorable result only in the case of the elder. The younger sister never showed the alightest symptoms of returning animation. Two days after she was consigned to that grave from which so much human endurance and courage had failed to rescue her.
"The wretched fellows who were the cause

of this metancholy culamity naturally retired into a very unenviable and miserable obscurity for the rest of the voyage. It had been of course sim-

rest of the voyage. It had been of course simply an accident; the rope had suddenly slipped through their hands, and, from the great weight stached to it, once on the run, it was impossible again to check it. It is needless to say the remainder of our voyage was unhappy enough.

"All cliques and coteries were leveled indeed now; but on arriving at Cape Town we lost the hero and heroine of the sad tragedy. It was the destination of Miss Helen Smith; and though Mr. Cuthbert Dolworthy had taken a passage right through to Melbourne, he did not hesitate to stop half-way for the sake of watching the stop half-way for the sake of watching the thorough recovery and restoration to bodily health of the lady who owed her life to his noble

Running my eye down the rest of the column of the Portstower Observer, in which this re-markable story appeared, I found its fit and proper conclusion under another heading.

Ah me! I never thought that poor lad Melbourne would have much of a chance. man, stern of courage, determined in purpose, unswerving in thy physical efforts to do the no-blest deeds, how weak art thou still in thy heart! How easily turned from thy set intentions when the love of a woman is the sole commodity at

"Married, on the 4th of February, 18 St. Barnabas, Bancroft, Cape Town, by the Rev. Sigismund Perkins, Cuthbert Dolworthy, Esq., of Dolbarton, Durham, Great Britain, to Helen, only remaining daughter of the late Josiah Smith, Esq., of Herne Hill."

SERVED OUT.

Is the year 183- there lived at Bordeaux the last-or one of the last-of a long line of scoundrels who had made that part of France infa-mous (to our ideas) by a succession of cold-blooded murders, committed under the sanction of what people were pleased to call the Code of Honor. This was a certain Compe De V Honor. This was a certain Comee De V—, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable sing froid, and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of companion, as some said, when the fit—the dueling fit—was not on him; but this came on once in about every six months, and then be must have blood, it mattered little whose. He had killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journalists, advo-cates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of quarrel was of no importance; if one did not or quarret was of no importance; if one did not present itself readily, he made one; always con-triving that, according to the code aforesaid, he should be the insulted party, thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small-sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be historically true that such creatures were endured in France; just as we are assured that re were at one time wolves in Yorkshire; only the less noisome vermin had a harder time of it as civilization progressed than was dealt out to the human brute.

The latest exploit of the Comte De Vprevious to the story I am about to tell was to goad a poor young student into a challe and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, to that it would be fairer to use pistols, he replied, that "fools sometimes made mistakes with pistols," and the next morning ran him through the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the blood thus shed quieted him for another half year, and rather more, for public opinion was unfavorable, and the air of Bordeaux became too warm for

But the scandal blow over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a cafe by the river-side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into the little garden of this establishment our wolf swaggered one fine summer afternoon, with the heavy dark look and nervous twitching of the hands which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. The evil fit was on him; consequent-by he found himself the centre of a circle which expanded as he went on. This did not displease him. He liked to be feared. He knew he could make a quarrel when he chose, so he looked

mass a quarrel when he chose, so he looked around for a victim.

At a table almost in the middle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, and an expression of countenance which at first struck one as mild and good-humored. He was engaged reading a journal which seemed to interest him, and enting strawberries, an oc-cupation which does not call forth any latent strength of character. Above all, he was pro-foundly unconscious of the presence of M. le Comte De V-, and continued enting his strawberries and reading his paper as though

no wolf were in that pleasant fold.

As the Count approached this table it became sufficiently well known whom he was about to honor with his insolence; and the circle narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature baited especially when we are out of danger ourselves.

The strawberry enter's costume was not such as was ordinarily worn in France at that time, and he had a curious hat, which—the weather being warm—he had placed on the table by his side. "He is a foreigner," whispered some in the dress-circle. "Perhaps he does not know Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur le Comte seated himself at the ta-

he opposite the unconscious stranger, and called loadly, "Garçon!"

"Garçon," he said, when that functionary ap-geared, "take me away that nasty thing!" point-ing to the hat aforesaid.

Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his jour-nal, was on the brim of the "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garçon was embarrassed.

"Do you hear me?" thundered the Count, "Take me that thing away! No one has a right to olare his hat on the table."

"Take me that thing away! No one has a right to place his hat on the table."
"I beg your pardon," said the strawberry-

easer, politely, placing the offending article on his head, and drawing his chair a little aside; "I will make room for Monsieur."

The garcon was about to retire well satisfied, when the bully called after him:

"Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me away?

"But, Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself." What does that matter to me?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"
"That I should take the gentleman's hat,"

"By no means," observed the stranger, un-wering again. "Be so good as to carry my covering again. "Be so good as to carry my hat to the ledy at the counter; and ask her, on my behalf, to do me the favor to accept charge

my behalf, to do me the layor to accept charge of it for the present."

"You speak French passably well for a for-eigner," said the bully, stretching his arms over the table and looking his neighbor full in the face—a titter of contempt going round the circle.

"I am not a foreigner, Monsieur."

"I am sorry for that."

"So am I."

" May one, without indiscretion, inquire why?" "Certainly. Because, if I were a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot

behave himself very rudely."
"Meaning me?"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning, precisely, you."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Count, half turning his back upon him, and facing the lockers-on, as much as to say, "Now observe how I will crush this poor creature."

"Monsieur," replied the strawberry-eater, with perfect politeness in his tone, "I have the honor not to know you."

not to know you."
"Death of my life! I am the Comte De

The strawberry-eater looked up, and the easy good-natured face was gone. In its place was one with two gray eyes which flashed like fire, and a mouth that set itself very firmly.

"The Comte De V——," he repeated, in a low voice.

low voice.

Yes, Monsieur. And what have you to say

against him?"
"17 Oh, nothing."
"That may be well for you."

"That may be wen for you.

"But there are those who say he is a coward."

"That is enough," said the bully, starting to his feet. "Monsieur will find me in two hours at this address," flinging him a card.

"I shall not trouble myself to seek Monsieur le Comte," replied the strawberry-eater, calmly

tearing the card in two.
"Then I shall say of Monsieur what he, permitting himself to lie, said just now of me."

44 And that is?" "That he is a coward."

"You may say what you please, Monsieur le omte. Those who know me would not believe you, and those who do not-my faith! what care what they think?"

"And thou-thou art a Frenchman!" No one but a Frenchman could have thrown

so much disdain as he did into the "th The strawberry-eater made no reply, but turned his head and called "Garçon!" The poor trembling creature came up again, wondering what new dilemma was prepared for him, and stood quaking some ten yards off. "Garçon, "said the stranger, "is there a room vacant in the hotel?" "Without doubt, Monsieur."

"A large one?"

"A large one?"
"But certainly. They are all large—own apartments."
"Then engage the largest for me for to-day, and another—no matter what—for Monsieur le

44 Monsleur, I give my own orders when neces-

"I thought to spare you thestrouble. Go, if you please" (this to the waiter), "and prepare my rooms."

Then the strayberry-eater returned to Listrawberries. The bully gnawed his lip. could not make head or tail of this phlegmatic opponent. The circle grew a little wider, for a horrid idea got abroad that the Count had not found one who was likely to suit him, and that he would have to seek elsewhere what he wanted.

The murmur that went round roused the bully.
"Monsieur," he hissed, "has presumed to
make use of a word which among men of hon-

"I beg your pardon?"
"Which among men of honor—"
"But what can Mossieur le Comte possibly
know what is felt among men of honor?" asked

the other, with a shrug of incredulity.
"Will you fight yourself with me, or will you not?" roared the Count, goaded to fury.
"If Monsieur le Comte will give himself the

trouble to accompany me to the apartment which, no doubt, is now prepared for me," replied the stranger, rising, "I will satisfy him."

"Good," said the other, kicking down his chair; "I am with you. I waive the usual pre-

liminaries. I only beg to observe that I am with-out arms; but if you—"
"Oh! don't trouble yourself on that score,"

said the stranger, with a grim smile. "If you are not afraid, follow me."
This he said in a voice sufficiently load for the

nearest to hear, and the circle parted right and left, like startled sheep, as the two walked toward the house,

Was there no one to call "police?" no one to by and prevent what to all seemed imminent? ul! The dreaded duelis had his evil fit on, and every one breathed freely now that he knew the victim was selected. Moreover, no one supposed it would end there. The Count and his friend (?) were ushered into

the apartment prepared for the latter, who, as soon as the garron had left, took off his coat and waistcoat, and proceeded to move the furniture so as to leave the room free for what was to follow-the Count standing with folded arms, glar-ing at him, the while. The decks being cleared for action, the stranger locked the door, placed the key on the mantle-piece behind him, and said:

"I think you might have helped a little; but never mind. Will you give me your attention

for five minutes?" Perfectly.

"Thank you. I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but I was educated in England at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own Lycées I should, per-haps, have gained more book-knowledge; but as it is, I have learned some things which we do not teach, and one of them is, not to take a mean advantage of any man, but to keep my own head with my own hands. Do you under-stand me, Monsieur le Comte ?'
"I can not flatter myself that I do,"

"Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned, then, that one who takes advantage of brute strength against the weak, or w practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do youfollow me now, Monsienr le Comte?"

I came here, Monsieur-" "Never mind what you came for; be content with what you will get. For example—to follow what I was observing—if a man skilled with the small-sword, for the mere vicious love of quarreling, goads to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life, and kills him, that man is a murderer; and more-a cowardly murderer, and

a knavish "I think I eatch your meaning; but if you have pistols here—" foamed the bully.
"I do not come to eat strawberries with pis-

tols in my pocket," replied the other, in the same calm tone he had used throughout. "Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken, and in the society of men who have grown out of it, and others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned would be justly punished if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin by meeting some one who would take him at the same disadvantage as he placed that

poor boy at."
"Our seconds shall fix your own weapons,
Monsieur," said the Count; "let this farce end."
"Presently. Those gentlemen whose opinions I now venture to express, not having that craze for blood which distinguishes some—who have not had a similar enlightened education-would probably think that such a coward and knave as we have been considering would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating eastigation be-fitting his knavery and his cowardice."

"Ah! I see; I have a lawyer to deal with,"

sneered the Count.
"Yes. I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to break one of its pro-

"You will fight me, then?"

"Yes. At the school we had been speaking of I learned, among other things, the use of my hands; and, if I mistake not, I am about to give you as sound a thrashing as any bully ever got. "You would take advantage of your skill in

the box?" said the Count, getting a little pale.
"Exactly. Just as you took advantage of your skill in the small-sword with poor young

"But it is degrading, brutal!"
"My dear Monsiour, just consider. You are four inches taller, and some thirty to forty kilogrammes heavier than I am. I have seldom seen so fine an outside. If you were to hit me a good swinging blow it would go hard with me. In the same way, if poor young B—— had got over your guard it would have gone hard with you. But, then, I shall only black both your eyes, and perhaps deprive you of a tooth or unhappily in front, whereas you killed him."

"I will not nevert this barburous encounter. "You must; I have done talking. Would you like a little brandy before we begin? No? Place yourself on guard, then, if you please. When I have done with you, and you are fis to appear, then you shall have your revenge—even with the small-sword, if you please. At present, bully—coward—knave, take that, and that, and that!"

And the wiry little Anglo-Frank was as good as his word. In less time than it takes to write it the great braggart was rendered unpresentable for many a long day. That number one caused him to see fifty suns beaming in the firmament with his right eye; that number two produced a similar phenomenon with his left; that number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe the coiling more attentively than he had hitherto done. And when one or two other thats had completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help, the strawrry-eater took him by the neck and-well, another and lower part, and flung him out of it on to the flower-bed below.

The strawberry eater remained a mouth at Bordesux to fulfill his promise of giving the Count his revenge. But then again the bully met with more than his match. The strawberryeater had had Angelo for a master as well as Owen Swift, and after a few passes the Count, who was too eager to kill his man, felt an unpleasant sensation in his right shoulder. seconds interposed, and there was an end of the affair. It was his last duel. Some one pro-duced a sketch of him as he appeared being thrown out of the hotel window, and ridicule-so awful to a Frenchman-rid the country of him. The strawberry-eater was alive when the Battle of the Alma was fought, and is the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.

ANDREW REED, THE YOUNG WATCH-MAKER.

"IT is not surprising that the sons of Dr. As-DREW REED should wish to publish the history of his life of goodness and active benevolence though, in fact, the permanent records of his character and works exist in the many institutions which owe their existence to his activity and derotion." These are the words of the Queen of England in reference to a man who was the honored instrument of doing such a vast amount of good that his name undoubtedly ranks among

the first philanthropists of the age.

Fond of books from infancy, his good mother not only trained and taught her little son, but entered with all sympathy into his pursuits—be-came his companion and friend. Nor was his pious father less tender and constant in cultivating the confidence of his son. The boy was sent to a school in Islington, and made great progress in his studies. The parents decided that he should learn his father's trade, but the boy petitioned to be allowed to study Hebrew and Greek. The careful mother, fearing that such studies might interfere with his progress in business, had him apprenticed to a master. But the tempta-tion of books was a very harmless one compared with the temptations of another kind that awaited Andrew in his new situation. His master's son was a wild youth, and the young apprentice entered on his diary the following: "By the wicked behavior of my master's son I was made still worse. I went twice or thrice to the ac-cursed play-houses." On this account he got his indentures canceled and returned to the parental roof. Working the usual hours at watch-making, in his leisure he kept his mother's books, instructed his sister, and taught a little orphan girl, their servant, to read and write—thus early beginning his orphan work.

Books, books, evermore books, were the choice friends of his leisure hours; and though he worked well at his trade, his good mother in her diary might well write down, "These are things diary might well write down, "These are things which, if the lad be for business, show too much taste for study." And she was so far right, that God was leading him through secular to sacred pursuits. And we Reed's Hebrew and Greek studies led him to theology, and his joy knew no bounds when it was decided in the fumily counsels that he should go to college. dismantled his little work-shop, sold his tools, and laid out the money in books.

It is almost needless to say that he was a successful student, and that on his leaving college he had many invitations to settle; but he ultistely became the minister of the New Road, East London, where he remained the useful and honored pastor for no less a period

than fifty years. In 1816 he married Елггалити Нолмия, who proved an efficient belpmeet in the work of ministry and in his plans of benevolence. His extraordinary career as a philanthropist is wor-thy of record. He began his work among the sea-faring population of London. He befriend-ed the parents, established schools for the chil-dren, and founded the first penny bank for sav-He founded the London Orphan Asylum, ings. the patronage of which became so extensive that in 1825 a large building was erected at Clapton at a cost of £25,000. Afterward he established at Wanstead an Infant Orphan Asylum, the erec-tion of the building costing £40,000. He founded a third Orphan Asylum at Reedham, and also the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots.

Besides these stupendous works of faith and labors of love, Dr. REED founded a Home for Incurables; and, not forgetting the interests of education, while employed in helping the helpless, he was the friend of the Hackney Grammar School, and always the active promoter of Sabbath and day schools for the children of the industrial classes

Those who knew Dr. REED best loved him

most. Declining all offers of change, he staid, as we have recorded, with his beloved people as their pastor fifty years. On November 27, 1861, the anniversary of his birth, and of his ordina-tion as their minister, he resigned his charge.

Amidst all his literary and other labors he did not think of writing his life. One of his sons, perceiving that his venerable father was fast failing, asked him if he had ever arranged any memoir. Dr. REED replied by writing the following note: "To MY SAUCY BOY WHO SAID HE WOULD WRITE MY LIFE, AND ASKED FOR MATERIALS.

A. R. I WAS BORN TESTERDAT : I SHALL DIE TO-MORROW; AND I MUST NOT SPEND TO-DAY IN TELLING WHAT I HAVE DONE, BUT IN DOING WHAT I MAY FOR HIM

Who has done all for me.
I sprang from the people: I have lived FOR THE PROPLE— THE MOST FOR THE MOST UNRAPPT;

AND THE PEOPLE, WHEN THEY KNOW IT, WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO DIE OUT OF LOVING REMEMBRANCE,

What can be added to such a summary? He died, as he had lived, happy in his Mas-ter's service, and conscious to the last of His love, February 25, 1862, aged 74. He had given out of his own limited means £4540 in promoting his various plans of benevolence; and he was the means of raising funds to the amount of £1,043,566 13s, 1d. for the helpless and afflicted!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Moon. Virinaer has written to the papers to say that his celebrated Purylan de Rome has not a particle of Hymeinche in the composition.

America appears to think the Cuben harvest is at last it for carrying. If she fall to accomplish the work it will not be for the want of Station!

BAD FOR THE RATE-The coming of the Chinese.

A good Title for a Book-"Will It Take?"

THE PIRST SUMPOY OF CANNIHALIEM-Job, when he

A PAYORITE GAME IN THE ABOTTO REGIONS..." Old sledge" on the loc.

Should old acquaintance be forgotf-Not if they

How Bornon,—At the American celebration of In-dependence-day at Vienna, this year, a speaker, grow-ing eloquest on the future of the republic, repeated a description of its boundaries given by an enthusiastic Yankes, who said, "It was bounded on the east by the Atlantic, on the north by the Aurora Boresiis, on the west by the setting sun, and on the south by the Day of Judgment."

HINTS PROM A POSTMASTER.

When you call at the office for your mall, and the postmaster hands it out, ask him if that is all.

If you ask for mail and he tells you there is none, tell him there ought to be.

Bourt bring the mail to the office until the mail closes, then curse the postmaster for not unlocking the mail-bug and putning your letter in.

When you want a straing on your letter, tell the postmaster to pot it on.

Be sure to ask the postmaster to credit you with stamps, and if he has any accommodation about him at all, he will do it.

If you have a box, stand and drum on it until the postmaster hands you your mail; it makes him feel good, especially if he is waiting on some one else.

"if you had avoided rum," said a rum-seller to his naturest, "you could now ride in your carriage," 'And if you had never sold rum," said the bacchanal, 'you would have been my driver."

One of our young readers in the West sends us the following better and poster:

Dran Exerce, Enclosed find a ryme on the picture in this weeks weekly suffiled A Little Fearsmaker. If you think it is worth anything you will greatly oblige by publishing. I am not quite four-teen yet and find great difficulty in keeping out of Egyms. Whenever I feel so inclined I get a life of Chatterion and cool down my enthusiasm, but I have read so often that there were pieces of arsenic in his threat when they found him, that I am afraid I am getting calous and soon even that dodge may full. I have been at work since I was ten years old and therefore I have not much efficacion. I followed the career of Squipteyed Bob and various other personages whose affections are set forth in dime novels, and after stopping that in diagnet I plunged into science on my own hook. Dipping one day into one thing and the next day into another, and here I am knowing scarcely anything and so I grees I will stop Your traly

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER

Mama leaning 'gainst the mantle With her face all in a pout Papa hid behind the paper Shows there's been a falling out 9

Lithy sitting on the carpet
Flazen hair and sky blue eyes
Looks from one unto the other
With a grave surprise

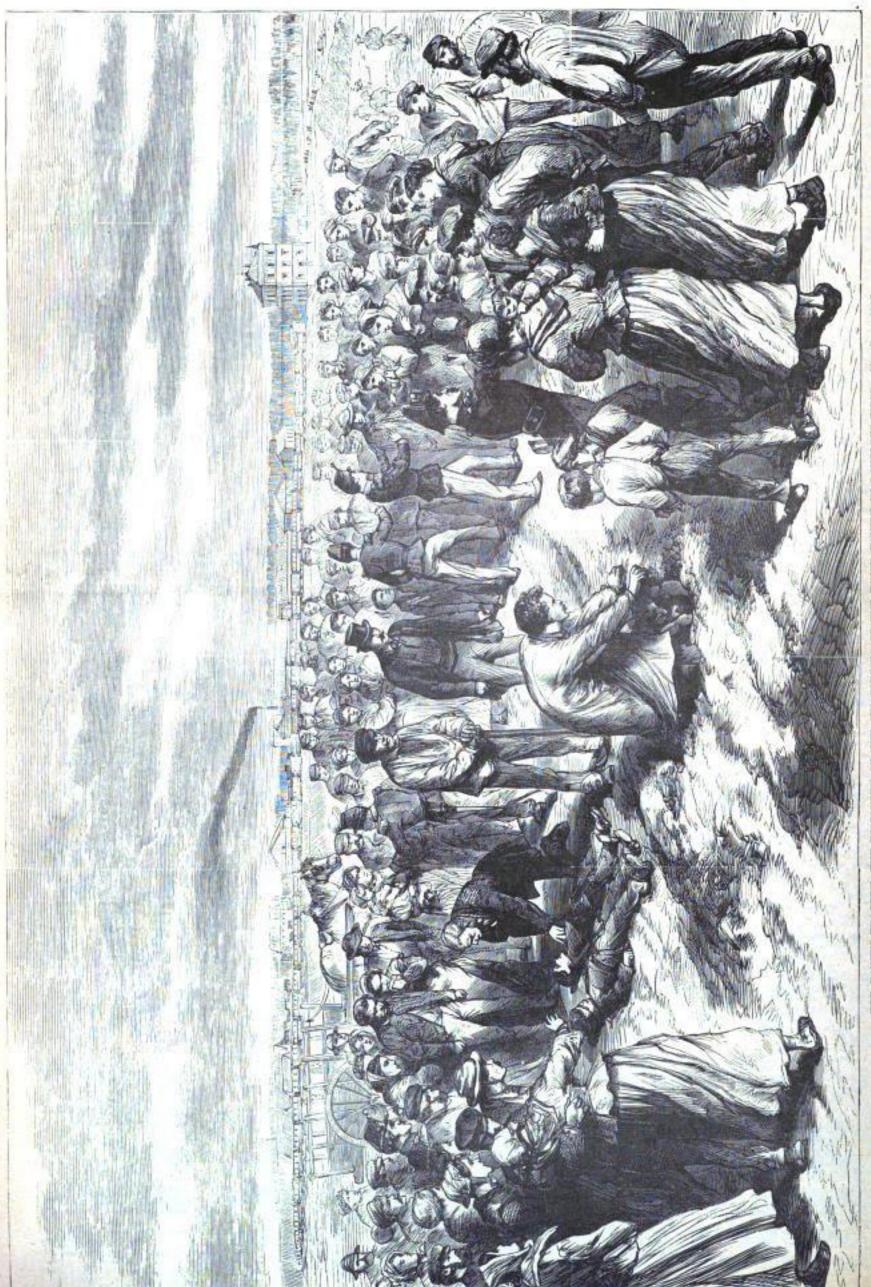
Till at last she deops her Dolly Rises softly from the floor Passes Pa who tries in vain O'er the daily news to pore

4 Catches mama's listless fingers '
Tugs away with all her might
And her baby voice of pleading
Puts all angry thoughts to flight

5 Dispersed angry feelings widely As the wind would scatter chaff Mother stooped and kissed her darling Breaking in a merry laugh

6 Papa dropped his paper joyous Caught sweet Lilly to his breast— Now Pil stop, for more is useless Let the resider guess the rest

"I say, Sam Johnsing," said Pete Gumbo, " wat be dem relations with Gray Briting vite fells falk so much "bout?" "Wall, I doesn't "partly know, Peta," said Sam; "all my relations wot Pknows on is in else Wirginny."



THE PANTIN TRAGEDY-THE DISCOVERY OF THE SIX CORPSES OF THE KINCK FAMILY IN LANGLOI'S FIELD.-[Sen Page 697.]

THE PANTIN TRAGEDY.

No murder for many years has created an excitement so universal as the recent horrid butchery, in France, of Madame Kusek and her six children (besides an infast unborn), to whom must probably be added another victim—namely, Madame Kusek's husband. The bodies of the mother and of five of the children—four sons and one daughter—were, on the 21st of September, accidentally discovered by a peasant in a field in the neighborhood of Pontin, a little village situated a short distance northward from Paris.

On the 22d the police

On the 22d the police had already ascertained that the deceased were the wife and children of Jean Kinck, an engine-maker of Boobaix (a manufacturing town of the north of France), who had just left their mative town in order to join their lushend and father in Paris. As the latter and his eblest son, Gustave Kinck, had both disoppeared, it was at first supposed that they were the murderers. Certain discussions, to which money matters had given rise, in the family confirmed this suspicion; and, asserver, a mysterious young man, who had been stopping for the last ten days as a small inn near the milway station of Pantin, lad given his same as all as a kings.

near the randary station of Pantin, lead given his name as JEAN KINGE.

JEAN KINGE, the facther, was possessed of a property of 80,000 france, equal to \$16,000 in gold. He had gone to Gasbuiller, in Alsaes, to establish a branch of his business. He was soon followed by his son Gustavas, a boy of about sixteen years of age, and it was settled that the entire family should shortly remove its residence to Gasbuiller.

Gnebuiller.

In a few days Madame Kiner sent to ber bashand \$200 francs by a registered letter. Kiner kild not bimself appear to receive this money, but the letter was called for by a young man representing himself as Jaan Kiner, but whose conduct excited suspicion, in consequence of which the letter was not given up to him. Meanwhile Madame Kiner regularly re-





THE VICTIMS OF THE PANTIN TRAGEDY.

ceived letters from her husband, dated in Paris, These letters were not in his hand—but that was explained by an accident. In obedience, as she supposed, to her husband's request, she departed from Roulaix for Pautin, September 19.

tember 19.

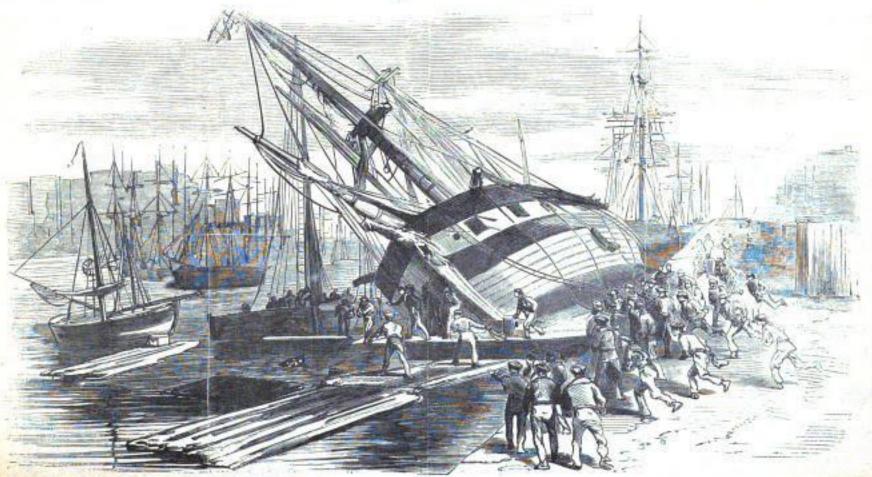
She was ignorant of the fate which awaited her. For, instead of being about to join her husband, she was rushing into the arms of Jean Barrista Theoryways, his probable marderie—the young man who had attempted to obtain the registered letter at Garbwiller! She, with her children, was beguiled to the scene of the terrible tragedy about to be enacted. It was at night, and out in the solitary field the mother and the children were beutally burchesed, being literally burchesed, being literally burchesed, being dearth over their hadles.

The basies first discovers.

The basics first discormed dail not include those
of the father and son. This
hed to the supposition that
they were the morderers.
There had been some alterration between Krack
and his wife about the
question of altering their
residence, and this was
brought forward as contenantory of the ins-hand's
guilt. A story was founds
out of the merest faution:
July Krack was jealous,
and had numbered his urife
on account of some illicit
amourt.

While those conjectures user rife. Thoremann, the real assisting, was discovered. It was at Hayre. Thoremann was taking his beer at a said of a drinking school. No. 57 Rug Royale, when a marine producine named Farmann, which was going his rounds at 10 of check r. st. to drive trady sailors on heard their thairs, and, from the descriptions he had received of the supposed Pandia murderer, suspected him, and took him to the police station. The two went out together and walked along the Rug Royale and the Quai aux Casernes. Presently Farmanner what was his mame.

"Wandergenburque," at least that is the nearest



THE PANTIN TRAGEDY-STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE ASSASSIN TROPPMANN AND THE CALKER IN THE HAVRE BASIN.

spelling that can be made out. FERRAND of served that it was a queer name, and asked him if it was really true that he had no papers. "Yes," he said, "I have some letters in German," showing them. FERRAND was by no means satisfied with the German letters, and said he should have to take him before the cureur Imperial, at the mention of which func-tionary TEOPTHASS turned deadly pale. Contionary Theoremann turned deadly pale. Continuing his insidious but conversational examination, Francasto said: "You say you come for work—what is your trade?" "A mechanic." "Where do you live?" "A! Roubaix." "And where are you last from?" "Paris." The three words, mechanic, Roubaix, Faris, were a revelation to Francann. Instead of keeping his own counsel till be had his man in safe custody, he could not resist the temptation of giving utter. could not resist the temptation of giving utterance to his belief in his own penetration, and he said, "Yes, and it's my belief that you left Paris by way of Pantin." Thereupon Taorranan, in despair—they were on the Pont de Lombardie at the time—took advantage of a can passing along the carriage-road to rush to the left foot-way, while France was on the right, and jumped over the railing of the bridge into the dock basin. "Who will save that man for me?" cried out France, in a stentorian voice. In an instant one of the dock porters, a man named HAUGEL, who had already saved four lives, plunged into the water, and after a violent struggle—for TROPPHANN did his utmost to drown himself and disable HATOKI.—the murderer was brought near enough to a boat to be pulled on board by FERRAND slive.

TROPPMANN being taken to Paris and to the Morgue, was shown the hodies of Madame Kreek and her children, laid out on the marble slabs, and he was asked if he recognized them. "The prisoner," says the account in the Gracks, "walked a few steps along the room, and, with a sews food on one present exhibited with with a save froid no one present exhibited, said without moving a muscle of his face or faltering in his voice, as he pointed with his finger to each of the dead bodies, 'That is Madame Kinck; that is Kelle; that is Herny; that is Alphen; that is Achies; that is little Many.' Thorr-MANN finally admitted that he was an accomonly an instrument in the hands of the Ktreeks, father and son. On the subsequent Sunday about 30,000 persons were streacted by curiosity to the field of blood at l'antin, and in the course of the day the remains of GENTAVE KINCK were discovered. There was every indiration that he had been murdered at about the same time as the others. This discovery disproved the truth of Thorrmann's story. It is supposed that Jean Kinch, the father, had also been murdered by Thorrmann, being the first

This tragedy has occasioned the greatest ex-citement. Figure claims to have had an in-creased circulation of 30,000, on account of its detailed publication of all the incidents of the

VERONICA.

By the Author of " Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

En gibe Books .- Book HE.

CHAPTER L.

AUNT AND RIECK

In the first shock of amazement at the calam ity which had overtaken the family at the vicarage, none of those who participated in it had had room in their minds for the entertainment of any minor sensation of surprise.

But it was not very long—not many days, that is to say—before Lady Tullis, or, as her proper title now ran, Lady Tullis Gale, began to wonder how Mr. Levincourt had discovered her shereabouts, and to question Maud on the sub-

The latter had been very ill during the first days of her stay in London. Grief and anxiety alone would not have prostrated the youthfu vigor of her body. But so many harrowing emo-tions preceding a long night-journey, and so overwhelming a shock awaiting at the close of the journey a frame in great need of food and ress, had stricken down the young girl, and hid her on a bed of sickness.

Her aunt forgot her own delicacy of bealth and inert habits to tend Maud. She would scarcely allow a servant to come near the suffering girl, but waited on her day and night with untiring

In spite of the terrible circumstances which had brought Mand to London, in spite of the dreadful discovery that the man who had been guilty of the abduction of Veronica Levincourt was the husband who had wronged, outraged, and finally abandoned herself, it would not be too much to say that Hikka Talkis enjoyed the first moments of happiness she had known during many weary years by the bedside of her sis-ter's child.

It was sweet to feel that there was some one bound by the ties of blood to feel kindly toward her. It was still sweeter to find a being whoat least for a time-depended upon her for love, and care, and tendance.

The poor lonely wife, in the first days of the discovery that her husband had ceased to feel for her even such love as can be inspired by a fair face, had longed with all her heart for a

The conduct of Sir John Tallis, which had gone on deepening through every shade, from gray indifference down to absolutely black brutality, had effectually quenched whatever germ of regard for him poor Hilda might once have cherished. But for some time she clung to the idea that he would be kinder to her if there were any prospect of her bringing him an heir. She was the kind of woman who would probably have loved her children better than her husband, even

had that husband been good and affectionate.

She would have enjoyed superintending the
government of a nursery, and have craved for
no other companionship than that of her prat-

tling babies.
The dependency of sickness made Maud appear almost like a child in her aunt's eyes. Lady Tallis nursed her with more than needful devotion. She was jenlous of any person save herself approaching her niece to render any service. The sound of Maud's voice calling on her for the least tendance was music in her ears. She would even have liked the sick girl to be more exacting in her demands. And had Maud been the most fretful and imperious of invalids, instead of being, as she was, thoroughly patient and self-con-trolled, Lady Tallis would have joyfully indulged her in every whim.

In a few days, however, the illness passed away, and Maud insisted on rising, although Lady Tallis declared that she ought not to leave bed for at least another week to coo

The vicar remained in London until Mand's the vicar remained in London until Stands health was re-established. He lingered about the house in Gower Street fitfully, and would seldom consent to enter Lady Talkis's spart-ments; but he informed himself daily of his ward's condition.

At length, after rather more than a fortnight's

sejourn in London, he returned to Shipley.

"It is a horrible trial to go back," said he, in his farewell interview with Maud.

"Must you go, Uncle Charles?" she asked.

her eyes brimming with tears, which she kept from falling by a strong effort of will. "Must I? Yes: I can not give up the vicar-age. I can not exist without it. I can not afford to pay another man to do my duty there, and retain enough to live upon. I might put off the evil day a while longer. But to what purpose? The sight of the place—the very name of the place—is losthsome to me. But what can I do?

"I wish I could help you!"

"You can not help me, Maudie. No one can

help me."
Then Maud asked a timid faultering question, holding his hand and turning away her head as she spoke. Had he heard any tidings of—of— the fugitives?

She could not see his face, but his voice was See could not see his face, but his voice was very storn and deep as he answered her. They had gone abroad together, he had learned. Gone to Italy. It mattered nothing to what, place. She was dead to him henceforward. Mand most mention her name no more. He had answered her question; but she must promise never to speak to him of his lost daughter more.

"I can not promise it, dear Uncle Charles."

"I can not promise it, dear Uncle Charles," said Mand, no longer able to restrain her tears. "Mand! Do not you separate yourself from me too!

"No, no! I shall always love you, and be grateful to you. But I—I can not make that promise. Some day you might be glad yourself that I did not make it."

Mr. Levincourt rose. "Good-by, Mand," he said, abruptly. "The time is drawing near for my departure. I have but a couple of hours before leaving London."

He went out and closed the door. She heard his footsteps descending the stairs slowly and heavily. He paused, came back, and re-entering the room where Maud was silently weeping, took her in his arms and kissed her forehead. She clong to him, sobbing. "Oh, thank you," she murmured — "thank you for coming back. You are not angry with me, dear Uncle Charles?"

"No, no; not angry—never angry with thee, my sweet childie. God bless thee, Mand! God forever bless thee!"

"You will write to me, Uncle Charles, will you not?"

you not?

"I—perhaps—well, well, I will write to you."

"And I may come and stay with you again some day? If even it is but for a time, I may come? You will be so lonely!" she added, with a passionate burst of tears.

"Heaven knows, my child! It may be that some day— Good-by, Maud. God Almighty bless and guard you forever!"

Theu he went away. Lady Tallis's intentions in her behavior to her niece were all kindness, but it often happened that she inflicted pain from want of judgment. But on the evening of the day on which the above interview took place Lady Tellis's garrulity was grateful to Mand's feelings. So long as her aunt would talk on indifferent subjects, and let her listen in silence, or at most with the occasional contribution of a monosyllable, the young girl was able to retain a calm ness and quietude that

were seething to mind and body.

Lady Tallis's conversation rambled on discursively from topic to topic. She talked of childhood, and of persons who died before Mand was born, as though the latter must naturally be thoroughly sequainted with what she knew so well.

All at once she laid down her work, and exclaimed: "Oh, by-the-by, now! There's some-thing I particularly wanted to say to ye, and I have never said it yet!"

Mand was beginning to understand that her aunt's emphasis was by no means always proportioned to the importance of that which she had to say; at least as far as she (Mand) could judge of the relative amount of importance that could fairly be attributed to Lady Tallis's speech-She was, therefore, less startled than she might have been a fortnight earlier by her aunt's

impressive announcement.
"What is it that you wanted to say, Aunt Hilda ?

"Why, my goodness, my darling child, I won-der how in the world I never asked the question before! It has been in my mind headreds of

Mand waited patiently, with an attentive face.

"How in the world did you and Mr. Levincourt find out that I was living here? D'ye
know, my dear pet, I am perfectly astonished to
remember that I was not more astonished at the time! Can ye understand that state of mind? It was all such a whirl, such a sudden, mex-pected kind of thing altogether, that I suppose a little wonder more or less didn't make much dif-

"Our coming straight to the place where you lived was a mere chance, Aunt Hilda. We came here with merely a hope, and not a very strong one, that we might get your address from Mrs. Lockwood. And even then we should not have found you, had not Uncle Charles's card been carried up to Mrs. Lockwood with an inquiry for Lady Tallis written on it. Otherwise, as you are now Lady Galo, we should have missed you, though you were so close to us. But Mrs. Lockwood knew at once that you were the person we were asking for."

"And did ye know Mrs. Lockwood? Why now, just imagine her never mentioning in the Our coming straight to the place where you

now, just imagine her never mentioning in the most distant manner that she had the smallest acquaintance with any of the family! I declare it's most extraordinary! And the times I have acquaintance with any of the family! I declare it's most extraordinary! And the times I have spoken to her of my niece! For, my darling, I needn't say that if we have been separated all these years, it has not been from any indiffer-ence on my part!"

Mand quietly explained that she had never seen or known Mrs. Lockwood, but that she had

met her son at a country house; and that he had spoken of Lady Tallis, and of the manner in which he and his mother had made her lady-

ship's acquaintance.
"It's all perfectly true, my dear, every syllable of it!" said Lady Tallis, with as much solemnity of corroboration as though Maud had expressed the gravest doubts of Mr. Hugh Lock-

wood's verscity.
"Yes, aunt; I did not feel any doubt of

"Yes, aunt; I did not feel any doubt of that," she answered.
"No, ye need not, child. An exceeding amiable and gentleman-like young man he is. And his mother is a delightful person. I called on her according to promise, when I came to London. I was staying in a boarding-house; and that's what I would sener advise any one I cared for to do the longest day they had to live! Oh, upon my honor and word, the dreariness and misery of the boarding-houses I have been in exceed description. I thought I would find something like society, but, oh dear me! the people you have to put up with are something something like society, but, oh dear me! the people you have to put up with are something unspeakable! However, that wasn't what I was going to tell ye. Well, I asked Mrs. Lockwood did she happen to know of any respectable lodging in her neighborhood. For I was resolved to get quit of boarding-houses altogether. And I wished to be within hail of some human being that would say a kind word to me once a month or so; for, indeed, child, I was very lonely."

"Poor Aunt Hilds!" whispered Maud, stroking Lady Tallis's thin hand.

ing Lady Tallis's thin hand.

"Oh, indeed ye may say 'rich Aunt Hilds,'
now I have you, Mandie. Here, let me put this
foot-stool under your feet. Nonsense, child, about
'troubling myself.' You're not half as strong yet as you fancy yourself. There! Well, so just fancy my delight when she said that she would be very glad to let the first-floor of her own bouse to a person that she knew! My dear, I jumped at it. And here I am, and extremely comfortable it is. And cheap. For you know, my dear child, that he keeps me shamefully short of money. Sometimes I have much ado to get any at all. Well, there, then, we won't say any more on that score just now. But ye'll like Mrs. Lockwood—ch indeed ye will!"

"Is she—I mean is her son at all like her?"

"Not the very least bit in the world," rejoined Lady Tallis, with a sort of almost triumphant emphasis. "Not one atom. I never, in the emphasis. "Not one atom. I never, in see whole course of my days, saw a mother and son more extirely unlike each other."

" Entirely unlike each other. Why, now, the young man—Hugh—is a strapping handsome young fallow as you'd be likely to meet in a long summer's day. Isn't he?"

"Oh yes. "Oh yes! Upon my bonor, you don't seem more than half to agree with me. But I can tell you that if you don't think Hugh Lockwood a remarkably fine young man, you are more fac-tidious than the girls used to be in my time. It may be true that he hasn't quite the grand air. And if you are as much of a Delaney as your poor grandpapa you may object to that. Hugh certainly is tant soit peu bourgeois."

"Oh, I thought, Aunt Hilda—we all thought

at Lowerer House-that Mr. Lockwood was thor-

oughly a gentleman."
"Well, I'm delighted to hear it. I fancied you were tarning up your nose at him a little. How finshed you are, child! Let me feel your forchead. No: there's no appearance of fever. And now the color is fading away again. I shall send you to bed at nine o'clock—not a moment

Very well, Aunt Hilds. But you were say-

ing—that—that Mrs. Lockwood—"
"Oh, to be sure! Yes, let me see. Mrs.
Lockwood— Oh, new I have is! I was saying that she is so unlike her son, wasn't 1?
Well she is. He is, as I said, a strapping, robust-looking creature. I suppose he inherits his burliness from his peasant ancestors. His father's father, you know, was— Aht you do Fnow all about it? Yes—quite rustics. And Hugh is not in the least ashamed of his grand-

"Ashamed! Why should he be ashamed?"

"Well, my dear, if you come to that, why should we be proud of our ancestors? Upon my word, I don't know. Still, there is a kind of feeling. However, Hugh is too manly and upright for any mean pretensions, and I quite respect him for it. But as to his mother, she is the timest fairy of a woman you ever saw in all your days. She really is more like one of the 'good people that our old nurse at Delancy used to tell us about then any thing sleen in size I to tell us about than any thing else—in size, I
mean—for there is nothing fantastic about her."
"I am sure to like her for her kindness to
you, Aunt Hilda."

"Indeed, she is very kind. And so thought-ful! and has such good manners! She came every day while you were in bed, and inquired about you. But she never intrudes. But I thought of asking her to take tea with us quietbrought of assing her to take tea with us quietly some evening, if you don't mind. For now
her son is not at home, she is kenely too. And
before I had you, Mandie, I was very glad of
Mrs. Lockwood's company."

Mand, of course, begged that her aunt would
invite Mrs. Lockwood as often as she chose,

But in truth she shrank from the sight of a stranger. There was no hour of the day when Veronica was absent from her thoughts. There had been no preparation for the terrific blow that had fallen. She had bade Veronica farewell that night at Lowster House with no faintest foreshedowing of what was to come. She tormented herself sometimes with the idea that if she (Mand) had returned to the vicarage and remained with Veronica the evil would not have happened. There were moments when she longed, with a painfully intense longing, to set forth to follow the unhappy girl, to find her, and tonged, with a painfully intense longing, to set forth to follow the unhappy girl, to find her, and bring her back, and soothe and cherish her, and shelter her among them again. She could not understand that her guardian should abandon his daughter without an effort. Then the doubt arces whether Veronica herself would consent to return. to return.

"If I could go to her, see her, and persuade her, she would come back; she would leave that dreadful man. She can not care for him—" So ran her thoughts. And then the remem-

rance would startle her like a sudden bl the man was the husband of her mother's sis-ter; and she would hide her face in her trembling hands, and shudder with a confused sense-

She was spared the speciacle of any scute suf-fering on the part of her aunt.

fering on the part of her aunt.

Lady Tallis made no pretensions to outraged wifely affection. All such sentiment had been killed in her long years ago. But there was a curious phase of feeling—the last faint protest of her trampled self-respect—the one drop of gall in her submissive nature—which made her regard Veronica with something as near reneur as could be entertained by a character so flavor-less, meek, and weak. ss, meek, and weak. Maud shrank with instinctive delicacy from

any mention of Veronica to the wife of Sir John Gale. But her aunt had voluntarily spoken of the vicar's daughter on one or two occasions; and had mentioned her in terms that caused Mand the most exquisite pain. The relations of the latter to all concerned in this misery and shame were peculiarly complicated and delicate. And the sorrowing girl strove to hide her grief. Mand's was still the same nature which had caused Mrs. Levincourt to characterise her as "stolid" and "unfeeling," when she had suppressed her childish tears at sight of the strange faces in her new home. Mrs. Levincourt never knew that the pillow in the little crib had been werted that first night with bitter, but silent tears. Mand could bear the pein of her wound, but she could not bear that it should be ap-

proached by a course or unsympathizing touch.

For all these reasons, and from the knowledge, speedily acquired, that her sunt was too entirely devoid of dignity to be reticent upon any subject which it entered her head to discuss, Maud looked forward with nervous dread to the introduction of Mrs. Lockwood into Lady Tallis's drawing-room.

CHAPTER IL THE LOCKWOODS.

ZILLAH LOCKWOOD was a very remarkablelooking woman. It was not merely the small-ness of her stature that made her so. She was, as Lady Tallis had said, extremely fragile and fairy-like, with very delicate, well-formed hands and feet, and an upright straight figure. But this small, frail creature conveyed an almost startling impression of power and resolution power of an undemonstrative, steady, suppressed kind.

"How enchantingly pretty Mrs. Lockwood must have been!" was the exclamation of nine people out of ten, after seeing her for the first

Those who remembered Zillah Lockwood in her youth declared that she had been enchant-ingly pretty. But it may be doubted whether she had ever been so, in the strict sense of the word. There could be no doubt, however, that hers must always have been a singularly attractive face. And it was perhaps even mo ive face. And it was perhaps even more generally attractive at fifty years of age than it had been at twenty. She had an abundance of gray hair, soft, fine, and carefully dressed. Her ferehead was low and broad; her eyes were black and sparkling, but their lids were discolored, and there was a faded, weary look about the whole setting and surrounding of her eyes that contrasted with the fresh, delicate paleness of the rest of her comelexion.

her complexion.

"Crying spoils the eyes. Years ago I cried, almost incussantly, for six weeks," she once said, quietly, to one who remarked this peculiarity of her face. "At last they told me that I was riskher face. "At last they told me that I was risk-ing total loss of sight. So then I gos frightened, and left off weeping—with my eyes." Her jaw was slightly what is called under-hung, and when the lips met and closed firmly (as they habitually did when her face was in re-cess) his recollisits cave as expression of give pose) this peculiarity gave an expression of sin-gular resolution to her mouth. It looked as though it were forcibly compressed by a special effort of her will. The upper lip was thin and straight. When she spoke, she showed two per-fect ranges of small sharp teeth.

Her whole person was pervaded by an air of repulous and dainty neatness. She always ore black, and her head was adorned, not covered, by a white muslin cap, whose crisply-frilled horder of delicate lace was a marvel of freshness. The collar at her throat and the cuffs at her wrists were of plain linen in the morning, of lace in the evening, and in either case were guiltless

of soil or stain.
"How she does it in this smoky London is more than I can conceive!" would poor Lady more than I can conceive!" would poor Lady Tallis exclaim, easting a pathetic glance on her own dingy and crumpled garments. But her ladyship was one of those unfortunate persons for whose clothes dust and smoke and stains seem to have a mysterious attraction. "Smuts" flew to her collar, and settled there fondly. Dust eddied round her in suffocating clouds whenever she ventured into the streets, or else she found herself wading ankle-deep in mud. Gravy splashed itself over her sleeves at dinner; ink ryaded her attire when she wrote a letter; and pervaded her acture when the stronged on her the grease from lamp or candle dropped on her silk garment with a frequency which almost seemed to argue conscious malice.

The first impression which Mand Desmond derived from Mrs. Lockwood's appearance and manner was a sense of relief.

She had half expected a vulgar, bustling, good natured, noisy woman. Maud had gained suf ficient knowledge of Lady Tallis to be aware that her perceptions were not acute, nor her taste refined. Indeed Mand, in pondering upon her aunt's character, was frequently brought face to face with problems, the pursuit of which would have led her into deeper speculations than she contemplated attempting. Why was this wo-man, gently born and bred, endowed with blunter sensibilities, duller brains, coarser—yes, truly coarser—manners than the poor widow of a humartist, who sprang from mean obscurity and eked out her living as a letter of lodgings? Why, of the two sisters, Hilda and Clara Delaney, had one been a refined, graceful, elegant gentlewo-man, and the other—such a woman as Lady man, and the other—such a woman as Lady Tallis? Mand remembered her mother, and contrasted her bearing and manners with Lady Tallis's. Had Clars Desmond pronounced any woman to be kind, thoughtful, and well-man-nered, those persons who knew the speaker would have expected the object of her penise to be one whose society might be pleasant to the most fac-ticious. But when Hilds Tallis used the same phrases, Mand perfectly understood that they must be accepted with due reservations.

Her first sensation on meeting Mrs. Lockwood was, therefore, as has been stated, a sensation of relief. It was soon evident that there was no fear of Mrs. Lockwood's failing in discrimina-

tion or tact.

"You met my son at Loweter House, Miss Desmond?" said Mrs. Lockwood, stitching away with nimble fingers at the hem of a handker-chief. She had been drinking tea with Lady Tallis, and had seen Mand for the first time that

evening.
"Yes. Mr. Lockwood was staying there at the same time with myself."

"Captain Sheardown has always been very

kind to Hugh. His father, Admiral Shear-down, was my husband's earliest friend and pa-tron. The admiral had a great taste for art.

"So had poor pape!" exclaimed Lady Tallis.

"I remember Clara—your dear mother, my pes —had a very pretty taste for flower-painting. And papa had a master from Dublin to stay in the house nearly the whole of one summer on Clara's account. My brother James and I couldn't enjaye him! Sure he was the snufflest old wreteff ye can imagine. We would plague his life out by hiding his snuff-box." "I expect Hugh home next week," pursued

Mrs. Lockwood, calmly.

"And, indeed, I will be delighted to see him again," said her ladyship. "He is a pearl of

young men."
"I don't know about being a pearl," said Mrs. Lockwood; "but Hugh is a good son. I think he is on the whole a good man."
"Of course he is! Why wouldn't he be?

Hugh is an excellent creature."
"It is a bold assertion to make. In all my

life I have only met with two good men."
"Well now, on my honor, I do believe there are a great many good men in the world—if one only knew where to find them!" said Lady Tallis. Then she added, "As for you, you ought to go down on your knees, and thank Heaven for such a son as Hugh. Oh, if I had only had a boy like that I'd have doted on him!"

The faintest possible smile flitted over Mrs. Lockwood's face. She kept her eyes fixed on her work, as she answered, "I have a sneaking kindness for Hugh myself. But he has his

"I don't believe he has a fault in the world!"
protested Lady Tallis, energetically.
"I can assure you that he has, though! Among others-obstinacy. Hugh is very ob-stinate. Ask Miss Desmond if she did not get the impression that my son has a strong will of

Mand had been listening silently to the talk of the two elder women, and had been watch-ing Mrs. Lockwood's face with an intentness that would have been ill-mannered had it not been for the fact that the latter kept her eyes east down on her work, and so was unconscious of the young girl's close observation. Mand was a little disconcerted when the heavy dark

A Company of the Comp

lids were suddenly raised, and the bright eyes

beneath them were fixed upon her own.
"Oh, I—I don't know," she said. "I suppose a man ought to have a strong will."

"And a woman—?"
"Oh, a woman," interrupted Lady Tallis,
"must just make up her mind to have no will You may fight and struggle, but a man is always the strongest, an best du compte! And as he has all the power, I don't see what use her will can be to a woman!"

"Is that your philosophy, Miss Desmond?"

"Oh, I? I don't think I have any philosophy, "answered Mand, simply."

"At all grants, rightly or wronger my con-

phy," answered Mand, simply.

At all events, rightly or wrongly, my son
is obstinate, and he wishes to take a step that
I think ought to be deferred yet a while. He is dying to set up on his own account, as the phrase goes. Digby and West, to whom he was articled, have offered to keep him in their office, on advantageous terms, for a couple of years. I say, hold fast your one bird in the hand! Hugh hankers after the two in the bush. We shall see. I am afraid Captain Sheardown's councils have confirmed Hugh in his desire. My son writes me that several of his father's old friends in the neighborhood of Shipley and Dancester have been encouraging him to make the attempt; been encouraging him to make the attempt; and have been promising him all sorts of things. Hugh is only twenty-four years old; and he believes most of what is said to him."

"I am quite sure," said Mand, with some warmth, "that Captain Sheardown would say nothing that he did not mean."

"Doubtless. But promises impossible of fulfillment are made with the most perfect sincerity every day."

every day.

After a little more desultory chat Mrs. Lock-wood folded up her work, and went away, say-ing that she would leave Miss Desmond to go to rest; and that she would prepare with her own hand a basin of arrow-root for the supper of Lady Tallis, who was not looking strong, she said. "My arrow-root is excellent, I assure you," said Mrs. Lockwood to Maud. "Her ladyship will rive me a certificate. I am a very fair cook, am I not, my lady?"
"Indeed, then

I not, my lady?"
"Indeed, then, I don't know the thing you can
sof do, if you try?" said Lady Tallis, enthusiastically. And, when Mrs. Lockwood was gone,
she descanted to Mand on their landlady's talents and good qualities in a strain of unmixe are you not enchanted with her?" she

asked of her me "I-yes; I like her very much. She is very clever, I think."

"Oh, clever's no word for it. She is an extraordinary little creature; quite extraordinary. You don't know all that's in that head of hers

yet, I can assure you."
"I should imagine that she has known much sorrow and trouble," said Mand, musingly. "I

wonder what her history is!"
"Oh, as to that," rejoined her ladyship, to whom the suggestion appeared to be a new one,
"I don't suppose she has much of a history at
all. How would she? She and her husband
were quite humble people."
"But, aunt, she has evidently received a good

education, and she has the manners of a lady, moreover. Did you notice, too, in reading the

title of that French book that lay on the table, how admirably she pronounced it?"

"My dear child, for that matter, we had a dancing-mistress once who spoke French beantifully! And she was quite an ignorant person. Her father was a Parisian barber, we were told; but she called herself Mademoiselle de Something

or other. I forget the name now. Any way,
Mrs. Lockwood is vastly superior to her?

The incoherence of these remarks, and the impossibility of conjecturing what it was they intended to prove, silenced Maud.

Presently Lady Tallis exclaimed, in a sudden,

pouncing way, which her delicacy alone prevent-ed from being absolutely violent: "And ye haven't told me yet how you like my little Queen of the Fairies!"

"Yes, aunt, I said that I liked Mrs. Lock-wood very much: only-"

"Only what?"

"Well, it seems rather a pity that she should take such a gloomy view of things, does it not?" "Gloomy! Now upon my word and honor a cheerfuller little creature I never saw or heard

of! That is my notion, my dear girl."
"Gloomy is not the right word, either." "Yes; but what I mean is, that—that— It is rather difficult to explain. Mrs. Lockwood is cheerful, but it is not because she finds things to

"Well, then, all the more credit to her for being cheerful."

"I think she would be more likely to be credulous of an evil report than a good report; not because she is ill-natured, but because ere that she must have had some great trouble in her life.

At the beginning of the following week Hugh Lockwood returned home.

He had, of course, already learned from his mother the fact that Lady Tallis and her niece

were inmates of the house in Gower Street.

He was able to inform his mother of many particulars of the blow which had fallen on the family at the vicarage. The whole country was ringing with the story. Hugh had heard it discussed in all sorts of tones, by all sorts of people. A great number were inclined to blame Mr. Lovincourt severely for having been culpably negli-gent in regard to his daughter's association with a man like Sir John Gale. On the other hand, many persons (especially matrons of Mrs. Beg-bie's stamp) declared that bolts and bars would not have sufficed to keep Veronica Levincourt in respectable obscurity; that they had always known, always seen, always prophesied, how it

would end; that the girl's vanity and coquetry had long made them cautious of permitting her to associate with their daughters; and that it was all very well to blame the man-of course he was a wretch! no doubt of it!-but he have been regularly hunted down, you know, by that artful, abandoned, dreadful, dreadful

end of the content the market by the property of the content of th

"There is nothing so cruel as the cruelty of one woman to another!" said Hugh, after re-counting some of these sayings to his mother. "Is there not?" said Mrs. Lockwood, com-

posedly. "And Mrs. Sheardown," she pursued, after a moment's panse, " is she too an number of the crue!?"

"No; Mrs. Sheardown could not be cruel!
No, she is not cruel. But she is—even she is a little hard on the girl."
"H'm! Is this Miss Levincourt so very hand-

some as they say? You have seen her?"
"Yes; I saw her at Lowster. She is strikingly beautiful. I do not know that I ever saw
such eyes and such coloring."

d not vain or coquettish, as these 'cruel' women say?" well, yes, I think she is fond of admira-

on. But her manner was very charming."
"That is charming, Hugh; that love of ad-Masculine vanity is always tickled by the implied flattery of a pretty woman's airs and

Flattery!" "To be sure. Hanghty or espiegle, stately or languid, what a coquette wants is your atten-tion; and that flatters you. How many men, tion; and that flatters you. How many men, do you suppose, would think Venna herself-beautiful it she honeatly did not care two straws whether they looked at her or not?"

"Well, mother, despite my "masculine vani-ty," I can truly say that I never in all my life saw a girl whom I should have been less likely to fall in love with than Veronica Levincourt."

"That was fortunate for you!"

"Good, kind Mrs. Sheardown thought me in some danger, I believe, for she dropped a word or two of warning— That man must be as black a scoundrel as ever existed!" cried Hugh, sud-

denly breaking off.
"Is the identity or Sir John Gale with Sir

John Tallis known in Shipley?"
"Yes; I had learned it from your letters.
But, except to the Sheardowns, I said no word of the matter. But an old woman who was stayof the matter. But an our woman may Boyce— ing at Dr. Begbie's—a certain Betsy Boyce— wrote up to some gossip-mongering cross in Lon-don for information about Sir John Gale. And

in that way the whole story became known."
"Of course you did not see Mr. Levincourt

again?"
"No one has seen him except his own serv-ants and little Plew, the surgeon, since his daughter's flight."

"Oh, in church, of course, he has been seen. The Sheardowns purposely staid away from St. Gildas the first Sunday after the vicar's return. But I was told that the rustics, who compose the majority of the congregation, behaved with more delicacy than might have been expected from them. They kept out of the vicar's way on leav-ing church; and those who did see him contentthemselves with silently touching their bats, and passing on. By-the-way, the person who told me all this is horribly out up by this dreadful affair. It is a certain Mr. Flew, a surgeon, and a really good little fellow. The village a sips say that he was a bond-slave of Miss Lev court. I never saw a man look more miserable. He fought her battles tooth and nail until it be-came known that Sir John Gale had a wife already. Then, of course, there was no more to be said of the girl's being married to him. But, although Plew is the mildest-looking little fellow you ever saw, I should not care to be in the shoes of any man who spoke an ill word of Miss Levin-court in his presence. And the Shipley folks understand this so well, that if a group of them are discussing the vicar's daughter, they break off at Plew's approach as though he were her brother. He is a loyal little fellow, and I am sorry for him with all my heart."

"He must be a very uncommon sort of man," observed Mrs. Lockwood, dryly.

"Ah, mother, mother!" exclaimed Hugh, kiss-ing her forehead, and looking at her half fondly, half sadly, "our old quarrel! I can not under-stand how it is that such a good woman as you are should find it so hard to believe in good-ness." of any man who spoke an ill word of Miss Levin

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP. Saxey, an English naval officer, prophesied the

great flood would occur between the 5th and 9th of October, and also some time during the mouth of No-vember in the present year. November is yet in prospect, but there have been floods enough in Octoher to place Saxby among the prophets for all time. To be sure the first flood came a little before its time, and some of the others were not quite punctual, but rological calculations can not always be exact. in astronomers, also, calculated that the 5th of October would be the most unlucky Friday New York had known for many years, in consequence of the ex-traordinary attraction of the moon just about that time; that the tide would rush in and reach a mark never before approximated. But although one of city papers, leaved on the 8th, to save the chara of the weather prophets, announced in a wonderful paragraph that all Broadway had been blown down, the new poet-office site leveled with the ground, Central Park completely unroofed; that the high tide had almost depopulated the city, some few hundreds only being saved by clinging to Triulty steeple and the telegraph poles; that the editor himself was writing under some twenty feet of water; and that if the reader did not believe it he must ask the weather prophets — yet New York city, in general, was unconscious of such extreme suffering; Every body was so much rejoiced at the abundant supply of Crowas so much rejoiced at the abundant supply of Cro-ton water that they probably did not observe any special atmospheric changes. But the heavy rains which relieved the city from dearth of water, brought fearful destruction throughout the country. October, 1869, will long be remembered as the date of one of the most extensive and desciating freshets ever exthe most extensive and descisting freshets ever ex-perienced in the Eastern and Middle States.

Incidents of the great food continue to come in from various quarters. Many small towns and vil-lages have been almost cut off from communication with the outer world in consequence of the loss of bridges, the breaking away of highways, and the nec-ecesty suspension of travel. One of the saddest and most singular of the many and descintions caused by the freshet occurred in Phillips, a hitherto flourishing and beautiful town in Maine. Not only were scores of houses submerged, streets rundered i able by black alluvium and drift-wood, not able by black alkevium and drift-wood, mills and bridges floated away, and trees uprovied and broken bridges Bested away, and stees uprocess and records to pieces, but the beautiful cometery was completely related. The waters ewept with destructive force over it, and every stone and monument was moved from its place. Some were washed into adjacent over it, and every stone and monument was moved from its place. Some were washed into adjacent fields; some broken; the Iron fences inclosing lots were twisted into shapeless forms; and, endder still, many of the graves were washed open, and the bodies rest-ing there were footed away. Some were found miles away; others have not been recovered. The body of one man who died last spring was found upon his own farm, at some distance from the cemetery. The whole village presents a scene of desolution and ruin; but this invasion of the resting-place of the dead is most painful of all.

A wedding has taken place in St. John's Church, Sligo, Ireland, which created great ammement; the united ages of the couple being 126 years,

A wide and important field of inquiry is opened to the medical profession by the condicting statements in regard to the utility of vaccination as a preventive of small-pex. Many eminent men in Europe declare that the influence of vaccination upon the system is very deleterious, and that it affects no real protection regions that decaded discuss. against that dreaded disease. It is also affi those who are not vaccinated recover more easily from scute diseases than those who have been vaccinated. On the other hand, many equally eminent physicians give their testimony, based on facts and long experi-ence, in favor of vaccination. "Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" It would seem that this subject is worthy the most careful consideration and investigation of the most able physicians in the world.

A School for Theft has been discovered near the freight depot of the Union Pacific Hailroad, in Omaha. A saloou-keeper known by the name of "Billy Mack" has been in the habit of enticing boys into his saloon, giving them instructions in petty thieving, and pur-chasing from them the little articles they can "lift." Twelve or fifteen boys have nightly slept at his estab-

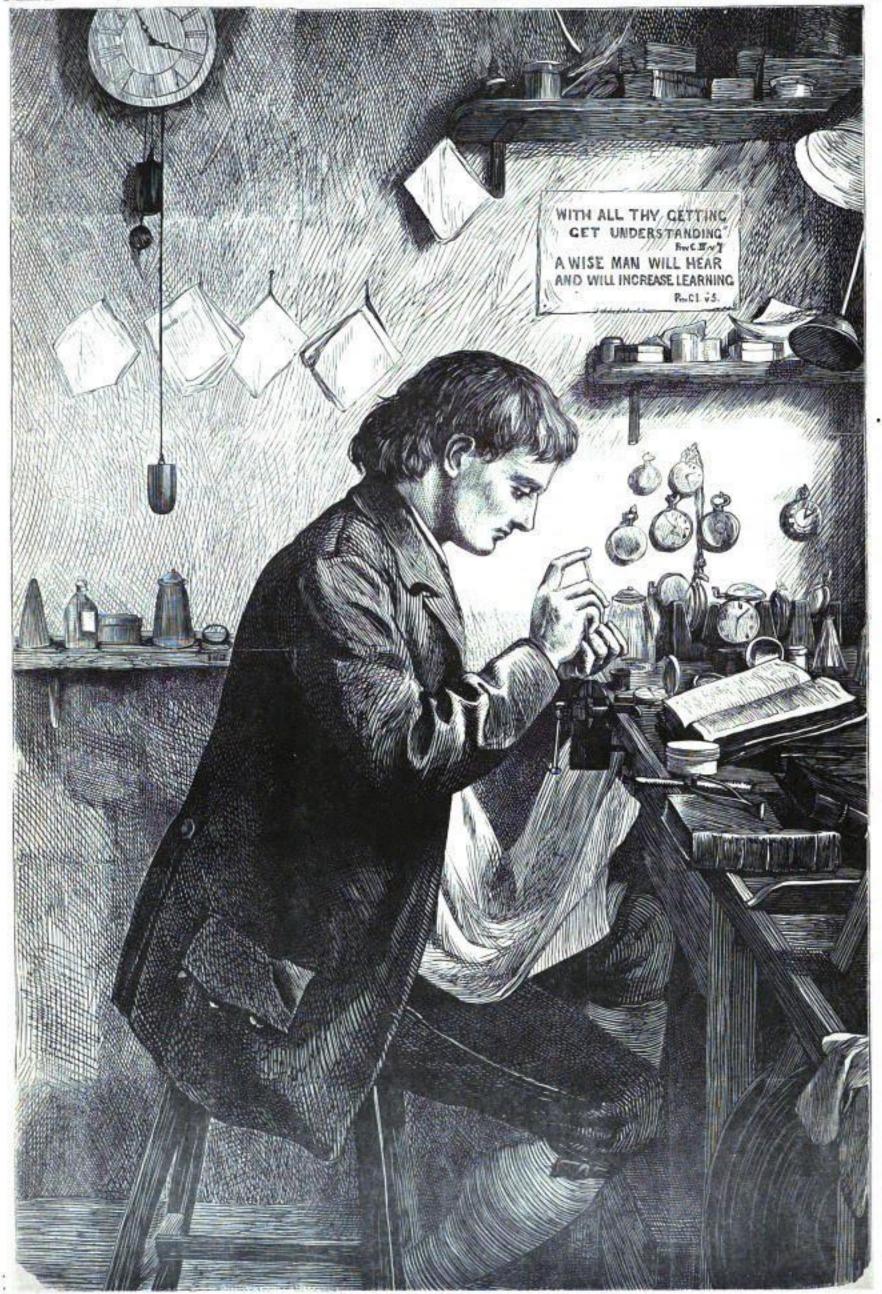
 Modern science regards inearity as merely a symptom of cerebral disease, which is quite as susceptible of medical treatment as other forms of bodily allocat. The universal testimony of physicians having charge of institutions for the insure is to the effect that when patients receive early and judicious treatment from eighty to ninety per cent. will recover. In accordance with this modern view, a new hospital for the curs of the insane has been located pear Pourbles the site being exceedingly beautiful, and affording magnificent views of natural scenery. This site, one sisting of two bundred and six acres fronting on the Hudson River, was presented to the State of New York by the citizens of Datchess County. Work was com-menced on the building late in the season of 1887, though little was done that year. In 1868 one section of two hundred and thirty feet in length was completed; and another section over three hundred fact long will be finished this year. These two sections will accommodate about seventy-five patients, and will probably be ready for occupation in the co

Titnsville, Pennsylvania, is-if reports are true-a remarkable place. Within one week, recently, four weddings took place there; the four bridegrooms were all merchants; they did business on the same street, and occupied the same block; they were all widow-ers; and last, but not loset, in the aggregate they have had thirteen wives.

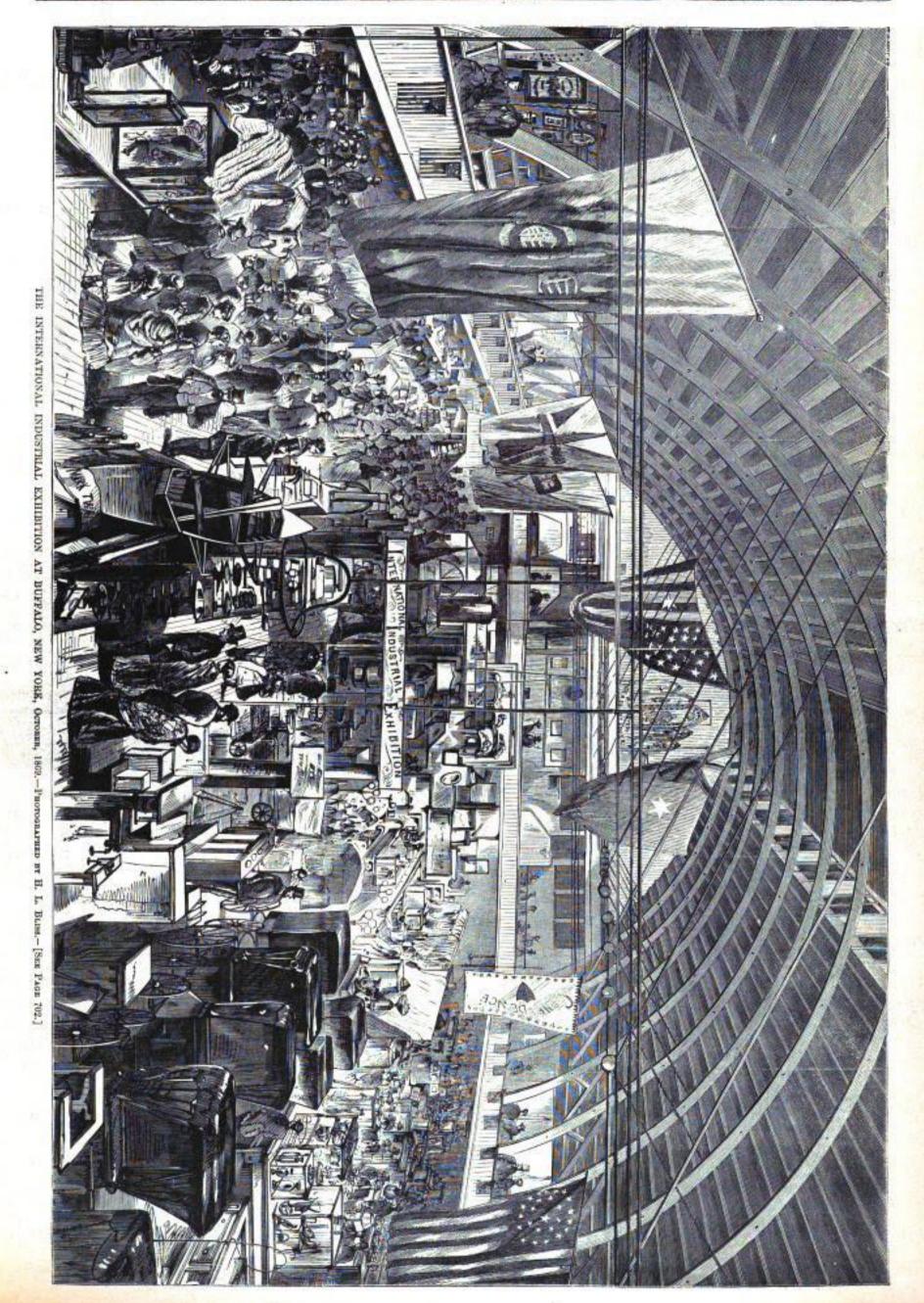
The annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was this year held at Pittsburg. Three hundred and fifty missionaries are at present connected with the Board. The support of eighteen of the female missionaries has be sumed by the Woman's Board of Missions. In the Armenian missions sixty-five churches have been gathered, and are now moder the care of forty-one native partors, and sustained wholly or in part by their own people. Three hundred new members were added to three churches hat year, making on a were added to these churches hat year, making an aggregate mem-bership of about three thomsand. The average attend-ance on Sabbath worship in the Armenian missions is ance on Sabbath weeship in the Armenau about eleven thousand. More than one hundred young about eleven thousand. More than one hundred young men are in training for the ministry in the theological schools at Marsovan, Marash, and Harpoot. In Syria the event of the year has been the organization of the eershaary for the training of a native ministry; and never has there been a brighter day in the history of the Syrian mission than the present. In Peesia the Gospel is now proclaimed by more than a hundred na-tive helpers, and more than a thousand pupils are India cal laborers. Eleven missionaries have gone to China. within the year, and six more will soon follow. Three new stations will soon be established in China. Hawailan Missionary Board employ a missionary who is a native Chinaman among the Chinese population of the Islands, which numbers over 1800.

Did it ever occur to you when lacing up your book how much brass might be consumed in making those little tips or tags on the lacings, the convenience of which you scarcely realise until, by chance, you find one minus? Fifty thousand pounds of brass are anone mirus? Fifty thousand pounds of brass are an-multy consumed for shoe-string tips in the United States, all of which is manufactured in Waterbury, Connecticut. The brass and German silver parts of all or nearly all the watches manufactured in the United States are also made in Waterbury.

Vast differences of thought between the ancients and the moderns—not to the advantage of the mod-erns—are expressed in this one fact, that the ancients wrought ornament into, or upon, what was twoful, while the moderns take great pains, and apply the choicest materials, to fashion something which, though the total materials, to make one change which, though it have the form of usefulness, is never to be used, and is purely ornamental. This idea is fully exemplified when you see a drinking vessel, or a vase, set up on a bracket, never to be removed, except for the purpose of being shown as on ornament.



A"DEDW REED, THE YOUNG WATCH-MAKER-[See Page 695.]



INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EX-HIBITION AT BUFFALO.

THE First Annual International Exhibition was opened under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute at Buffalo, October 6. The Rink, in which the exhibition was held, is 225 feet long by 100 feet wide, and, in addition to the main or, great facilities for the exhibition of articles were afforded on the stage, and in the upper and lower galleries, which extended along the sides and ends of the building. The arrangements made evinced great taste, and the whole affair was an honor to the city of Buffalo.

The main floor was divided into five aisles. At the west end of the Rink a stage was located At the west end of the Rink a singe was located, being one of the most attractive portions of the interior. The exposition included every variety of industry. There were fine specimens of pho-tography, illuminated printing, wood engraving, electrotyping, and hithography. There were sew-ing-machines; household familture; carriages, clocks, and silver-ware; furs, woolen goods, and dress patterns; stationery, crockery, cutlery, and glass-ware; wood and willow-ware; curiosities in hair-work and wax-work; curvings in bone, ivory, and wood; specimens of ladies handiwork every description; varieties of oils and artists' materials; models of new inventions; arti-ficial limbs and dental machinery; agricultural implements; specimens of architectural work; implements; specimens of architectural work; native wines; musical instruments; upholstery; chromos and paintings; articles of vertu; machinery, and, indeed, specimens of every department of human art and industry.

On the evening of October 6 the formal opening took place. The exercises commenced with a prayer by Rev. Dr. Lone, which was followed

by an address from the President of the exhibi-tion, Mr. Davin Ball. The great event of the evening, however, was the Hon. Honack Gran-tay's address. The attendance during the exhibition was very large.

THE PICTURESQUE IN LITERA-TURE.

In itself it is probably to the mass of readers a matter of very little interest to know that Dryden was very fond of wearing a black velvet cost, talked very little, but took snuff constantly, ejaculated, "Egnd," and was much given to anxious gesticulations in instructing the players at the rehearsal of his tragedies; and, except in as far as it refers to men distinguished in letters and politics, it can be of no interest at all to any to know that the crooked little thing that taked questions, and translated the Hiad on the backs of old letters or odd scraps of paper, al-ways kept a candle burning at his bedside, in order that if a thought or a phrase struck him in his dreams he might get up at once and make a note of it; that Macaulay, like Gray, had his moods for writing, and threw down his pen and put on his hat fur a walk when he had worked out his vein of thought or criticism; that Buffon was went to share and put on clean lines when he sat down to write; that Johnson did most of his work upon a three-legged clear; that Gibbon wrote three volumes of his history under the shade of a beautiful acaria overlooking the Lake of Geneva, and sent his first rough MSS, to the press without any intermediate copying; that Byron, after rending the Edinburgh Review of his youthful poems, sat down and drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dissuer, took "a deep study of Milton," and then relieved is soul by writing his " English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" that Petrarch was excessively fond of turnips, and wept as he read over his sonnets to Laura; that Tasso had a peculiar affection for Malmsey, and thought it favorable to poetic inspiration; or that Sheridan finished the ic," locked up in the manager's room of Corent Garden, with a bottle of Madeira and an old stage copy of the Duke of Buckingham's Re-hearsal. Thrown together pell mell, in a vol-ume of ana or a packet of old letters, these notes sound very insignificant—the mere gossip of tea-tables. Yet tritles like these often possess a distinct value of their own; and, after all, it is only by the light of this tittle-tattle of tradition that we can make the dry bones of history live, that we can re-endow the great soldier and the great statesman with flesh and blood, reproduce Na-poleon in our imagination as Sir Niel Campbell has pictured him in his calinet at Fontainable dressed in his old green uniform, with gold ep-nulets, blue pantaloous, and red top-boots, unshaves, uncombed, with particles of smill scattered profusely upon his upper hip and breast, impatiently pacing the length of his apartment, and shrinking in his soul from his fate; or that we can see Lord John Russell sitting down at his desk to draw up his scheme of Parliamentary Reform on a sheet of note-paper: or reproduce in our mind's eye Land Melbourne and his Cabinet discussing the Coru Laws, the easy and witty Premier planting his back against the door, and carelessly putting the question to the vote. "Now, what is it to be, an eight-shilling sliding-scale or free trade? It does not much matter which; but, mind, we must all say alike!" It is only by the light of this goesip, too, that we can see Lord Derby and his colleagues in St. James's Square, settling the points of their Ten-Minutes' bill; or picture a great writer to our-selves in his library, see and know him as his friends saw and know him, look over his MSS., and that with him over the first stand with Gibbon, for example, in the rains of the Unpitol, and plan the History of the Decline and Fall; stroll dong Flort Street with Dr. Johnson to the Mitre Tavern, or to the Kin-cat, to meet Burke, and Beauclerk, and Gibben, and Goldsmith, and Boswell; spend half an hour with Cowper in his "workshop" in the ganlen at Olney, whose he wrote his letters and fahricated has verse, "the

grass under the window all bespangled with dew-drops, and the birds singing in the apple-trees among the blossoms;" walk down the High Street of Edinburgh with Professor Wilson to Street of Edinburgh with Professor Wilson to his class-room, "with a book under his arm and a week's beard on his chin," to lecture on Moral Philosophy; or sit at that old desk in the Morasso Chronicle office and look at Dickens as he turns out the "Sketches by Box or "Pickwick;" or look over poor Thackeray's MSS, as they were returned by publisher after publisher, and speculate with him whether it is worth while to my one more house or hum the MSS, congratulate him at last on finding a publisher. congratulate him at last on finding a publisher, laugh with him over the petty vexations of criticism, especially at that sagacious description of himself as a second Oliver Goldsmith, with a dash of Hornee Walpole, and share with him the gratification of seeing his work on every drawing-room table, and in every hand.

The works of these men, of all men of genous, rank among the friends and companions of every man of thought and culture, and through them "friendships profound and generous are formed with men long dead, and with men whom we may never see. The lives of these men have quite a personal interest for us. Their homes become as consecrated shrines. Their little ways and familiar phrases become endeared to us, like the little ways and phrases of our wives and children;" and any trifle that illustrates their character, any note that brings them nearer to us, is treasured up in our memory as we treasure the momentos of friendship and affection, the lock of hair and the packet of faded letters. Brougham wrangling in court all day upon some petty point of law, afterward sitting down in his chambers to write an article on Phlebotomy for the Edinburgh, or to smash Professor Young's theory of light, by denying the accuracy of the theory of light, by denying the accuracy of the experiments of one of the most careful and patient of inquirers, dining at Holland House and talking till eleven o'clock "de omni scibili, French cookery, Italian poetry, and so on;" Gray, writing his Elegy with a crow-quill, and perfecting it line by line; Sheridan telling the watchman who found him under the piazasa of Correct Garden, half seas over that he was Covent Garden, half seas over, that he was "Wilherforce;" Charles Lamb taking up the candle to go and examine the bumps on the cannot to go and examine too bumps on the bend of a man who sententiously remarked that "Mr. Milton was a great poet;" Tom Hood propped up by pillows on a sick-bed to quix his own portrait in the preface to his poetry; Theo-dere Hook laying down his knife and fork at the end of the fourth course at a Lord Mayor's din-per, and offering to take out the rest in each; ner, and offering to take out the rest in cash; Baron finishing off a chapter of the "Advancement of Learning" and taking up his diary to make an entry, "to have in mind and use the Attorney-General's weakness," or "to have ever in readyness matter to minister saulk with of the great counsellors, both to induce familiar-ity and for countenance in publike places;"what can be more characteristic of these men than anecdotes of this description? They are like those perl-and ink sketches of Leech, where the whole character of a man is condensed in a single stroke of the pencil. They are, in a word, biography in hieroglyphics. Even with the help of those traits "how pale, thin, and ineffectual" do many of the great figures of history stand out before us! Without them, where we now at least have men we should have only shadows, or men "like Ossian's ghosts in hazy twilight, with the stars dim twinkling through their

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE SEWING MACHINE.

(From The Mother at Home.)

"Is reply to numerous letters requesting information and advice with regard to the many sewing machines now in use, we gave in the July number of the 'Mother at Home' our own limited experience, and also expressed a wish that others would favor our readers with the results of a larger and more thorough knowledge than our own. This suggestion has brought us letters from all parts of the country, all, without exeeption, enthusiastically advocating 'WILLOW & Grans Machine." We have room for but one out of the multitude of letters before us, but that expresses the general idea of all."

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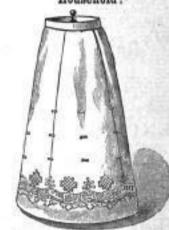


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NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 1869.

THE REISSUE OF JOURNAL OF CIVI

Vol. XIII.—No. 671.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

Extered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1900, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York



GOV. J. W. GEARY, OF PENNSYLVANIA .- (Phot. by P. Getekenst, Paul.)

OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA.

THE recent elections indicate that the balance This recent elections indirate that the balance between the two parties which divide the country has not been essentially disturbed by the events of the post year. The Republican party, indeed, may be said to rest upon a firmer basis, since many who voted for General Grant last antumn, and who then felt uncertain as to the wisdom of the choice made by their party, are now the strongest adherents of the administration. In both Oilo and Pennsylvania the election. In both Ohio and Pennsylvania the elec-tions this fall have been very close, owing to the reloctance on the part of a large class of Republicans to vote except upon important national questions.

elected - Journ W. GEARY, of Pennsylvania, and RUTHERS-FORD B. HAYES, of thin. Both of these gentlemen were dis-ringuished in the late war; both of them acced the service at the commencement of the struggle; and, though neither of them had a West Point education, both succeeded, by energy and fidelity, in obtaining a very high rank. Gov-ernor GEARY, during his first administra-tion of the affairs of tion of the affairs of his State, provoked great indignation among the Demo-erats; but, notwith-standing that fact, and although his rival in the recent canvass, Lades Pacture, was Judge PACKER, was well known throughout the State as a man of strict integrity, of immense wealth, and was every where re-spected, yet GEARY has been re-elected by a majority of from four to five thousand.

The majority for Governor HAYES is still larger in Ohio. The Democratic candidate, GEORGE H.

av P. Gerskesser, Panal advocate of repudia-sion, and his defeat was on that account the more certain. We have laid so much stress upon the result of the late elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, because the elections in these two States have so long been regarded as important indications of the political sentiment of the whole country.

ST. ANN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

ever, since 1787, un-der the name of 1 The Episcopal Church of Brooklyn."

The new church, on the corner of Clinton and Livingston streets. is a master-piece of art. Messrs, Res-wick & Sands, of New York, are the architects. Its stylo is what is termed the Second Pointed, which is a commingling, we believe, of the old Gothic and the Nor-man. The cornerstone was laid by Bish-op Portes: and the Rector, Dr. Scheneck, in May, 1867. Its di-mensions are 75 feet by 126, the height from floor to roof be-ing 90 feet. It is built of Belleville and Cleveland stone. This is the first successful attempt to interweave the Cleveland white with the Belleville brown sandstone in this style of architect-ure. The interior decoration is by COHN, the first polychrome painter in this coun-try. The organ was built by Hanny En-nes. An important feature connected with the church is its beau-

GOV. R. B. HAYES, OF OHIO .- (PHOT. BY LEUX VAN LOS.) tiful claims of eight bells. Rev. Dr. N. H. Schenck, the present Rector of St. Ann's, is one of the forem Episcopal ministry. He prenches extemporane-ously. He is a brother-in-law of the Hon.

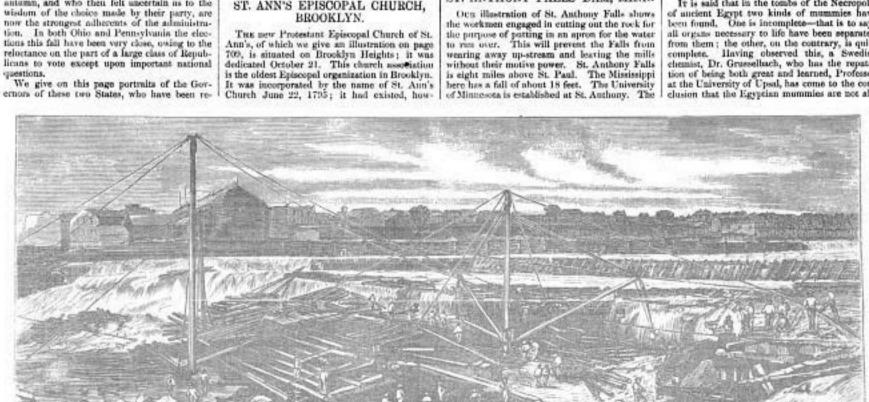


GROUGE H. PENDLETON, of Ohio.

town contains five or six churches, about twenty stores, and numerous saw-mills, besides other mills and manufactories. The population in 1860 was \$2.78.



It is said that in the tombs of the Necropolis of ancient Egypt two kinds of mummies have been found. One is incomplete—that is to say, all organs necessary to life have been separated from them; the other, on the contrary, is quite complete. Having observed this, a Swedish chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, who has the reputation of being both great and learned, Professor at the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian mummies are not all,



ST. ANTHONY FALLS DAM, MINNESOTA-[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITNEY AND ZIMMERHANN, St. PAUL, MINNESOTA.]

as has been said and believed for some thousands of years, bodies embalmed by any process of preservation whatever; but that they are really the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation has been lost. Professor Grusselbach adduces many proofs in support of his idea; among others, his experiments during the last ten years, which, he says, have always proved successful. He took a snake and treated it so as to benumb it as though it had been curved in marble, and it was so brittle that, had he allowed it to fall, it would have broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for one or several years, and then restored it to life by sprinkling it with a simulating fluid, the composition of which is his secret. For fifteen years the snake has been undergoing an existence composed of successive deaths and resurrections, apparently without sustaining any harm. The Professor is reported to have sent a pention to his Government, requesting that a criminal who has been condemned to death may be given to him to treat in the same manner as the snake, promising to restore him to life in two years. It is understood that the man who undergoes this experiment is to be pardoned. Whether the Swedish Government has accepted or rejected the learned chemist's proposal is not known.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

EM" In N. member will be commenced "MAN AND WIFE," a mere Serial Story, splendidly Illustrated, by WILKIE COLLINS (Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," and "The Moonstone"). New Subscribes will be supplied with HARPEE's WEEKLY from the commencement of the Story to the end of 1870 for \$4.00.

THE PRESIDENT'S WORD.

WHEN the President's letter to Mr. Bossen was published, the general feeling undoubtedly was that it was unnecessary. But, after all, it is very well that there was a quiet denial of the story so eagerly told and so skillfully insignated of the President's complicity with the late conspiracy in Wall Street. The charge has since been openly made that he was virtually a partner in the shameful transactions of the gold clique; and it has become a question of variety between the President and certain persons of whom it may be said that their characters are not abose suspicion, nor their word as generally acceptable as Mr. Strawart's

Indeed, this is one of the cases which test the value of character. There are riccumstances which may require an honest man to do more than admit or deny, and which may nuthorize him to enter into cluborate explanations. But they do not exist here. Party vio-lence and individual unscrupabusness may assert and hint and wonder and deplore, but if General GRANT's simple word is not enough to dispose of this matter in the minds of honest men, no evidence would avail. General Grant has been in full view of his countrymen for the last seven years. His character is certainly as simple as his services are great. Incoseantly and malignantly slandered, as every candidate for the Presidency and every President must be, deliberate falsehood has not been charged upon him, although it was implied by Assurew Joursons, whom the country thoroughly under-stands. Unsuspicious, and therefore careloss of appearances, General GRANT is the very man not to consider the interpretation that hostility and malice may place upon the most innocent actions. Mr. Vas Buucs, the most accomplished of politicians, would certainly not have made a summer tour like President GRAST'S; and no other President would, under the circumstances, have written a letter to Mr. Boxxen. But we have no doubt whatever that the popular confidence in the President is not in the least disturbed. On the contrary, General GRANT is stronger in the popular heart to-day than at any time since his election.

A ring of gold gamblers now virtually call Such an allegation from such persons affects the President's good name as much as an insult offered to a lady in Broadway by a group of rowdles at a corner, and no more. The Ring may multiply apparent corroborations, they may vary their cry, the newspapers may deprecate and declaim, and announce that "this is a most damaging array of facts, if the allegations are to be accepted as true;" they may call for "a better defense" than the President's word. Defense against what? Against a charge made by persons whose word has no weight whatever with the great mass of intelligent and reputable citizens, that, being President of the United States, General GRANT used his knowledge and employed his official authority to make money in a conspiracy. What success could be so sweet to the conspirature as that the President should attempt a better defense" than his word in reply to such nn assertion? Washington was accused of debauching the public conscience. His coun-

try believed it just as much as it believes that GRANT was an accomplice in the late gold conspiracy, whose designs he is known to have frustrated.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION AT HAND.

GENERAL Stokt made a speech at Albany last week amidst great enthusiasm. In direct and decisive sentences he declared for the fair play which it is the great object of the Republican party to secure. "If a man may be denied the right of voting because he is black, I may be deprived of the same right because I am a German." "The laws must be made without distinction of color, race, or religion. "The true American citizen will not bear the character of a Yankee or a Frenchman, of an Irishman or a German; but will unite the power of the American, the energy of the French, the activity of the Celt, the steadiness of the Teuton. The party that adopts these ideas, whether Republican or Democratic, is my par-As for the financial question, the Generty." As for the financial question, the Gener-al declared that honesty is the best policy. The new Constitution of the State should be adopted, if for no other reason than that it equalizes the suffrage, and removes the property qualification. The hero of Pea Ridge is not accustomed to dodge, and he spoke plainly of the Temperance question. "I do not consider in-temperance a proper subject for legislation: it had better be reached by reformatory means."

The election is now close at hand. As in all the canvasses of the year following the national campaign, there has not been much out-ward excitement. The Republicans have nominated representative men. Besides Signt, and GREELEY for Secretary of State and Comptroller, MARTIS I. TOWNSEND, of Troy, the candidate for Attorney-General, is known through the State and beyond it as one of the most indomitable of Republicans; a lawyer of great ability, experience, and success; an orator of inspiring vigor and humor; a man of unquailing spirit, of untiring energy, and of spotless character. Undoubtedly the character of the candidates, with the emphatic success of the party in Ohio and Pennsylvania and ever-faithful Iowa, have had the most stimulating effect upon our friends in the State; and although a party which was defeated last year must not be too sanguine, it would surprise to one if the Republicans of New York should resume control of the State, in which beyond question they are a unifority of the lawful voters.

The unchanged and unchangeable character of the Democratic party is shown in the renomination of all the candidates of the ring. The ring in this city has set aside Judge CLERKS, one of the ablest and most opright of Democratic judges, and has re-nominated Judge M'CUNN, whom to name is to describe. Is not this nomination alone sufficient to satisfy any besitating citizen of the spirit and policy that he sustains by voting for Democratic ascendency? Of course in the city such candidates will be elected. But the power that controls the city nominated Mr. Hoppman, and to serve the purposes of that power, Mr. HOTFMAN, as Mayor, issued the proclamation protecting frauds last year, and, as Governor, signed the Eric bill. Is it the Tammany ring that is expected to oppose corruption, and promote economy, and insist upon honesty in administration? Let those who think so vote with the ring on Tuesday.

A NECESSARY REFORM.

Tun Secretary of the Treasury has thought t to be his duty to remove all his subordinates in Texas who are opposed to the election of the Republican candidate. Our sympathics and toges in the election are certainly those of the Secretary. We have no doubt that the success of General Hamilton would be a very grave misfortune. But no misfortune is more serious to the country than the system of the civil service which make it a mere party machine, Safe and economical government is utterly impossible if our present practice is to continue. The service of the country is prostituted by it to the supposed interests of a party, and the most absolute demoralization is inevitable. The Secretary, of course, may plead the traditions of a generation. He may ask whether, if the party in power can supply honest and capable officers, it is not fair to put them in the places of those who already fill the offices, and so maintain a unity of sentiment and an harmonious support of the policy which the people have approved.

The reply to this ancient and usual remark is, that such a system necessarily tends to a disregard of bonesty and capacity, and invites the officers to a kind of interest in elections which they ought not to have. Why is it desirable to change the subordinate officers of the civil service? Because they are desperate partisans. But why are they desperate partisans? Because they know that their bread and butter and the comfort of their families depend upon the success of those who will keep them in place. The Secretary of the Treasury would not find it necessary for a party purpose to remove those officers is provious secretaries had

not done the same thing. If the clerks in the service were not made partisans by the system they would attend quietly to the duties for which they are paid, and they and the country would be tranquil and satisfied. Is not party spirit furious enough already, that we must diligently study to exasperate it still further?

The President has not been trained as a political partisan, and he can see this subject without the prejudices unavoidable by those who have been. He can see that, although ours is a government of party, there are considerations which party must respect or the common welfare be constantly imperiled. And the subject is one of such vital importance that we hope it may be recommended by him to the most serious consideration of Congress, That would commend it also to the most attentive reflection of the country. As the Nation truly says, the present difficulty is the public apathy upon the subject arising from the consciousness that a law on paper is of no use, and that as it would be administered by the same old politicians there would be really nothing gained. But by removing one of the great sources of corruption, a movement is made toward general political partification.

Nothing can be worse than the present system, and if nobody will do any thing, it is plain that nothing will be done. But as the late memorial of Philadelphia citizens to their repre-sentatives declares: "If Democratic Republicanism be not a mistake the people must show themselves as competent to enforce the performance of the routine functions of gov-ernment as a despotiam can be." It is not enough that a government be powerful; the worst governments have been so. It must be thrifty and sagacious; and as economy and good sense are indispensable to private success, so they must be felt to be essential to public prosperity. Undoubtedly the Secretary of the Treasury found himself perplexed by the situation in Texas. But his action, against which the Tribuse warmly protests, however necessary it may have seemed to him, must certainly show him, with all other good citizens, the imperative necessity of the reform of the Civil Service.

CUBAN BELLIGERENCY.

As we write, the Spanish gun-boats are still detained, and there has been no addition to the actual public knowledge of the intentions of the Administration. An article in the Trib-see suggests that a "high public functionary" has proposed that the gun-boats be released at the demand of the Spanish Minister, and that simultaneously the Government declare that it can not render this aid to Spain without giving Cuba comfort by recognition of the belligerent rights of the revolutionists. The Tribuse asks whether Spain could take exception to this policy. But what ought the United States to say upon the subject? This proposition suggests a new kind of neutrality, which consists in helping both sides. But, as we have before said, however unfortunate for the Cuban cause our neighborhood to the island, and consequent convenience to Spain, may be, the recognition of belligerent rights proceeds upon very differ-

While the United States are at peace with Spain, the citizens or the government of that country may undoubtedly order a fleet of gunboats to be built in New York. Nor can we properly prevent their departure, unless we have proof that they are to be employed in hostilities agninst a nation with which we are at peace, or in a war in which we have declared our neutrality. If, therefore, the gun-boats were to serve against Peru, we could rightfully detain them. But if they were to be used in the port of Barcelona to repress an insurrection, we could not rightfully stop them until we had declared the belligerent rights of the insurgents. To allow their departure, and to accompany it with such a declaration, would very justly be construed by the insurgents as a mockery, and by other nations as a folly. For to recognize belligerency at the moment when we know that the assailed government has acquired fresh means of subdaing the revolt is to disregard the vital facts upon which the whole system of neutrality rests.

To apply these principles to the Cuban situation, it is very plain that the deration and character of the revolution, the extent and force of the revolutionary sentiment, and the evident power of the revolutionary government are such as to justify the recognition of belligerent rights to-day, or they are not. If they are not, how can the conditions and prospects of the revolution be so improved by the increase of the Spanish navy as to authorize such recognition? But if they are, why not declare our neutrality to-day, and forbid the departure of the flees, was detained, as is alleged, under suspicion of another destination? If the reason of our recognition of belligerent rights is symjustly with a people fighting for independence, we have had the reason ever since the outbreak of the Cuban revolution, and it is a reason which should be the more persuasive in the degree of the feebleness of the effort. Upon this ground, indeed, if the weakness of the Cubans were such that they could only sigh and not strike

for liberty, the United States ought to have delivered them. But this is to authorise the United States to interfere wherever they choose in the affairs of other nations, and to invite other nations to interfere aTplessure in ours: a policy which would destroy peace and liberty and progress every where.

It seems to be assumed by the Cubans who remain at some distance from the front of the revolutionary line that the United States will be responsible if the revolution fails. The honest and rigorous enforcement of our neutrality laws they regard as a measure of malignant hostility to Cuban liberty; and there have been the bitterest denunciations of our cold, commercial, selfish spirit; of our recreancy to our own principles and forgetfulness of our own history. But a proper enforcement of laws designed for the general welfare of civilization does not show a peculiarly selfish spirit, while the American principle has always been that they who would be free must themselves strike the blow. Nor will any intelligent friend of Cuba allege that the American revolutionary colonies were aided by France from any feeling of affection, or from any desire upon the part of a monarchy to encourage rebellion among subjects. If it be true that the colonies would not have gained their independence without the aid of France, it is none the less true that France aided the revolution without the slightest sympathy with its principles or its purpose.

seed, the position of the United States toward Cuba is not one of which any citizen can be ashamed. With a natural sympathy for those who protest against long misrule, and who strive for independence, there is mingled the consciousness that neither Cubans nor Frenchmen nor Englishmen should expect another people to liberate them from the oppressions of their own governments; and a perfect readiness, when the character and progress of the struggle justify the measure, to assume the risk of trouble by declaring neutrality. Meanwhile, before this appears, the United States have refused to play false with their own laws and with Spain, their ally; but have made earnest representations to Spain, looking to the end of the war and the independ nee of Cuba. That Spain declines to yield is not surprising. No one who has ob-served the Spanish character, or who is familiar with the modern method of settling such questions, could suppose that Spain would concede of its own will that Cuba was victorious in the field. It was to be presumed that Spain would demand an armistice, which leaves the question of force unsettled, and require a vote, while Cuba would naturally doubt the practicability of an honest vote, and would always feel, if there were a general disarmament and an election manipulated by Spanish residents, that the United States had bound her hands and betrayed her. The result of the "tender of good offices"

would, therefore, be favorable to Cuba. For it would leave upon the Spanish mind the impression that, while the United States would honestly respect their own laws and treaties, and would not recognize Cuban belligerency until they were justified in recognizion by the law and practice of nations, yet that the sympathies of the country were with Cuba. That this has been the result is unquestionable. Apparently the struggle will continue, and the United States will recognize Cuban belligerency when the facts of the situation, and not American sympathies, authorize the recognition.

TRADE—HOW IT HAS BEEN DISTURBED.

DOMESTICS and fancy dress goods have been marked down out of concession to buyers, who hesitate in their purchases, not understanding the precise effect of the late affair in Wall Street. The break in the canals, which prevented the usual transfer of grain to the seaboard, operated injuriously, as the West relies upon the active movement of grain to free itself of obligations, and make its purchase of necessaries. The stoppage of traffic on the canals tightened the money market in the West, as the money borrowed to more Western produce became due during the detention of canal-boats. Owing to the two causes trade has been much shortened, as purchases are made to supply only immediate wants. When the tendency of prices is downward, country dealers prefer to wait until the full decline is reached. There s no doubt that heavy sales must yet be made, as stocks re-main very light in the hands of distributors.

The policy of marking down goods at so early a period in the fall trade is very ques-It makes a great difference whether this is done when fifty per cent, of stocks remain unsold, or it is delayed to clean out the residue after the season is nearly over. A leading manufacturer led the way, and others followed. Sales have not been enhanced by it; on the contrary, it has been regarded as a confession of weakness, and it is taken advantage of by many purchasers. So far as concerns some descriptions of domestics, it was scarcely possible to prevent a reduction in sympathy with cotton, although the price of the raw meterial is still too high to afford a reasonable profit to the manufacturers of

EL COMPLEMENTANTE, L'ALTERNA DE L'ANTENNA MONTANTANT MANTENNANTANT DE LA COMPLEMENTANT DE LA COMPLEMENTANT DE

The failure of an important house, supposed to have arisen from a demand for margins made when gold had reached a high point in the late speculations, has tended somewhat to unsettle prices, as it is not known how far into the mercantile ranks these losses, occurring in the ordinary course of business, may have reached. Importers, who buy for gold and sell for currency, find that their business partakes more or less of speculation, except they buy gold as fast as sales are made. The house in question borrowed gold expecting that it would fall, and had to meet the market at an excessive rate. The complications arising from the late speculations affect almost all business in a greater or less degree. A case which has come to our knowledge illustrates this difficulty.

A commission merchant in New York, in executing a foreign order for the purchase of cotton or breadstuffs at a given limit in price, must at the time of the purchase adjust several

1. The price of the merchandise in currency, 2. The rate of freight to be paid in the for-

eign market in their currency,

8. The rate at which his draft or bill of exchange on the foreign merchant can be sold, payable in gold.

4. The rate at which he can turn the gold into currency, so as to be able to pay for the cotton or breadstuffs.

Dealers in this trade, having arranged for buying wheat or cotton on foreign account, sometimes, owing to the condition of the market, sell the gold which they expect to receive for exchange. For this purpose they ordina-rily borrow it from a broker, putting up, for the time being, the currency price. Through the New York Gold Exchange Bank these op-erations were easily managed. If no change occurred in the market rate there would be no difference to adjust between the borrower and lender; and if not closed, which was at the option of either party, the transaction was re-

On the day preceding the late panic's mer-chant who had bought a cargo of wheat, desir-ing to avail himself of the then high quotation for gold, sold through his broker, A, to another broker, B, \$25,000 gold at 143}. The following day (Friday) this broker, A, in order to com-plete the transaction, borrowed this amount of gold from a firm, C, ledging with them the curmcy proceeds at 143.

Owing to the great decline in gold which occurred on Friday—after its rapid advance to 160, 162;—the firm, C, with whom the currency was lodged, became embarrassed.

At this time the merchant, finding that the wheat was not equal to sample, canceled the purchase of wheat, and at the same time, to enable him in part to deliver the \$25,000 gold, purchased \$15,000 at 135. Before the residue was purchased it was found that B, to whom it was to be delivered, could not pay for it, and the sale was canceled by B paying the mer-chant 22 per cent, in gold.

In this stage of the business the firm, C, unable to deliver over the currency, obliged the merchant to take \$25,000 gold at 135, while the market price was then only 130-the firm, C, paying the merchant the discrence in currency between 135 and 143-and the borrowing transaction was canceled. Thus the latter betransaction was canceled. Thus the latter becomes the unwilling purchaser of \$25,000 gold
at 135, which, added to his previous purchase
of \$15,000 at 135, makes in all \$40,000 in
gold at 135, less the amount received in compromise from broker, B, which, on \$25,000,
reduces the cost to about 183‡.

This is by no means an isolated case. Many of the firms engaged in exporting produce have made such losses; and yet they were conduct-ing business not supposing that they were speculating in gold, or that it was liable to any extreme fluctuations. The authors of this mischief, which has affected the trade of the country in a most serious manner, ought to be condemned in all quarters. But yet some of them appear to be rewarded with new

The power conferred last winter by the Legislature to classify the Directors of the Eric Railroad, so that only five shall go out in any one year, was not used until after the electifor Directors, which occurred about the middle of October. If there had been any prospect of a doubtful contest there is no question but that the classification would have been made in advance of the election. It is probable that the right to make it then applicable was used to bring the stockholders into harmony with those who could not be divested of full control; and this accomplished, the process of excluding five was postponed for a year. A few, unable to stand any longer the public censure, resigned; and it appears that the Board is now largely filled with the clique which is understood to have made the raid upon Wall Street, and probably with employes in the offices of the Company. On looking at the classification it would appear to have been made in the inverse order in which public confidence is felt, and with the certainty that the grasp upon the road will never be loosened until the judiciary of the State shall send what remains, after its juices have been extracted, to a Receiver. Its life can be postponed only by issuing bonds con-

A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH

vertible into stock, and selling the latter in some secret and illegal manner to the gam-blers of Wall Street, who will hope to put it upon the public, and thus augment the great andal upon the American name which the

full history of this road will inevitably inflict.
The effect of the raid upon Wall Street, though seriously damaging, can not have the general results upon the finances of the country which many suppose. We have often shown that, as the credit circulation of the United States is a fixed quantity—being about seven hundred millions in greenbacks, National Bank notes, and fractional notes—no panic can arise of magnitude until this circulation becomes generally discredited. No one sup-poses that such a dilemma is at hand; on the contrary, very few show any want of confidence in the present system. Business will always be disturbed by the variation in demand, which calls for money in one portion to move cotton, and in another to move wheat, and then to be at the sea-board to aid in making shipments; and it must be borne in mind that the South must retain more money than usual to enable it to conduct its enlarged industries, and that California is likely to become debauched with paper-money, now that the Pacific Railroad makes the East and the West one people.

But, notwithstanding that this augmented demand for money in new quarters drains it from accustomed depositories at New York and elsewhere, it must return whenever the demand is more argent here than in other localities. In 1837 and in 1857 there was a large diminution of the quantity of money, arising from the ex-port of gold and silver to foreign countries. Now, we repeat, the quantity is fixed, its cir-culation is limited to the United States, and instead of having to draw our means of paying debts from abroad, as we were obliged to do in 1887 and 1857, we have only to bid enough for it by telegraph, and our express companies de-

liver it before any time transaction can mature.

If these circumstances had received their due consideration, a serious fall in the price of goods would not have occurred; and as there is a farger demand abroad for cotton and grain than this country can supply, there must necessarily be a corresponding activity in the distribution over the country of goods of every description accumulated at the sea-board and at our manufacturing establishments.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF NEW YORK.

In every point in which the proposed Consti-tution of the State of New York can be compared with the present one it is an improvement. The chief blot of the existing Constitution—the electoral disqualification on account of color—is wholly removed by the new one. The fatal defect of an elective judiciary is not indeed entirely removed, but provision is made for a submission of the question to the people. The improvement of the Legislature is sought by lengthening Scnatorial terms and extending Assembly districts. To guard the purity of the ballot-box, the registry is to be more strin-gent. And there is an admirable article to repress bribery and corruption. So important an improvement do the leading lawyers of all parties in the State consider the new Judiciary article that they have united in a recommenda tion to the people to adopt it. The most dis-tinguished Democratic lawyers in the Convention heartily supported the article in debate, and they are not to be diverted from the advocacy of a real reform in the administration of justice by the hostility of the Democratic Convention.

The new Constitution has been generally published, but we suppose very little read or considered. The long session of the Conven-tion, and the sharp censure which it received for delay from the chief organ in the State of the party under whose auspices it assembled, alienated the public sympathy, and its work was prejudged. Yet the duration of the Con-vention was inseparable from its nature and from the work it was to do. A popular assembly, to revise the fundamental law of a State like New York, can not do its duty in a week or month; for to the majority of its members very many of the topics presented are noces-Certainly it w s a body in which each party in the State had many of its able men, and in no political assembly composed of different parties has there ever been greater mutual courtesy and good feeling. Its labors resulted in a very great improvement of the present Constitution by changes and additions, and the people of New York ought to accept the work.

NOTES.

Tun defeat of Andrew Journou as Senator from Tennessee is a subject of general congratu-lation. It is not conceivable that he would have said or done a single wise thing in that position; and if the Opposition must elect a Senstor it is desirable that he should be at least intelligent and courteous, qualities which the warmest friends of Mr. JOHERSON will hardly claim for him. If it were not for the condition of Sena-tor Browscow's health this defeat would undoubtedly be the political demise of the ex-President. But whether he reappears in pub-

lic life or not, his name and career will always be a warning to the Republicans. There is something politically wiser than superficial ex-pediency. The nature, character, habits, and training of a man are more powerful than any training of a man are more powerful than any apparent change of opinion. They will control him in the long-run, and the party which would intrust him with place and power must not be surprised if he utterly decrives it. If the Republican party had selected a candidate for the Presidency in 1864 for the same reasons that persuaded them to nominate Axonau Joseph for the ed them to nominate ANDREW JOHNSON for the Vice-Presidency, where should we be to-day? Character is as much more valuable than pro-fession in politics as it is in every other sphere; and if ANDREW JOHNSON serves to impress that great truth upon party managers he will have been of real service to the country.

THE Evening Mail makes a statement in regard to the original publication by Mesers. Harrier & Brothers of Mr. R. H. Dana, Jun.'s, "Two Years Before the Mast," and prefaces it by the remark that, "The following is said to be Mr. Dana's own account." It is simply impossible that it should be Mr. Dana's account, for every important assertion in the statement is un-true. Nothing is easier than the invention of stories concerning the relations between authors and publishers; and nothing is more difficult than to ascertain the exact facts, which are sole-ly the business of the parties.

THE New York Times, in a recent article re-joicing that the State Senate had "been purified by the rejection of three of its most notorious members, MATTOON, WILLIAMS, and VAN PET-TEN," proceeded to remark that the reflections of these persons might be shared by others, and mentioned among them ex-Senator Halls, of Essex. If the Twee had said ex-Senator Campment, of Oueida, its remark would not have been more astounding; and it hastened the next day to correct itself by stating the simple truth, that Mr. Hall was not renominated in Essex because he has left the county to reside in Albany. The Times added: "The objections to his course grew out of the contest for the United States Senatorship, and in no manner affected the un-Senatorship, and in no manner affected the up-rightness of his character or the purity of his conduct. As the author of the stringent Bribery bill of last session, he excited himself to check in the only effectual way the corruption which has disgraced both branches of the Legislature." Until this unfortunate slip of the pen of the Times, which has always borne willing testimony to the ability and devotion of ex-Senator HALE to the public service, no word was ever breathed upon his good name; and the honorable slacrity with which the Times corrected the error shows its regret at its mistake. But no correction ever quite repairs such a mischief, and we allude to the matter now that those who may have seen the charge only may also know that it was in-stantly withdrawn. There has been no man in public life in the State of a more stainless honor an MATTHEW HALE.

DESCREAM and Republican lawyers unite to recommend the Judiciary article in the new Con-stitution. In the Convention the best men of all parties supported it. No discussion was abler or more prolonged than that upon this article, and the people of the State may be sure that it is a reform agreeable to the interests of justice and the public, if not of the ring.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL CRESWELL, a most vigorous and efficient officer, is engaged in a ne-gotiation which will be of signal public service, and secure for his administration of the Department an honorable remembrance. On the 1st of January, 1868, the single rate of postage between the United States and Great Britain was reduced from twenty-four cents to twelve. Mr. CRESWELL now proposes, if he can persuade the British Government, to make us a New Year's gift, on the 1st of January, 1870, of a further reduction from twelve to six cents. This would be practically an ocean penny postage; and it is a change that would be halled with the greatest tion in both countries.

PROFESSOR PLYMPTON, the new Professor of Natural Philosophy and Mechanics in the Cooper Union, which may truly be called the College of the People, will deliver his inaugural address in the large hall on the 50th of October, at 8 p.m. His lectures will be given in the mechanical lec-ture-room every evening in the week, except Saturday and Sunday, at 7\$ p.m., and will be free to all who may choose to attend.

The Church Union, a religious weekly; in this city, has assumed a new name. in this city, has assumed a new name. It is now The Christian Union. The aim of this new journal—namely, "the presentation of essential Christian truth, advocating, in the spirit of Christian love and liberty, the fellowship and co-operation of Christians of every name"—is indeed commendable. This journal contains eixteen pages, cut and stitched, and is easily handled. Besides the editorials, lecture-room talks, and contributed articles of Heavy Waxn Bregwer. contributed articles of HENRY WARD BEECHER, it contains also contributions from well-known and eminent writers, household stories, general correspondence, and a careful summary of do-mestic and foreign religious intelligence. Its circulation has more than doubled during the past month, since Mr. Buncuan's identification

The great national exposition of the progress of the industrial arts, which has been held in this city for several weeks under the auspices of the American Institute, closes Saturday, October 30. We are pleased to learn that it has been very suc-

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Pavern Hyanswers on Senday, the Sith, sinefed the French Catholic Church early in the morning, after which he went to Plymouth Church and heard Henry Ward Beecher, by whom he was cordially welcomed at the close of the service. Pere Hyaninthe has been disposessed of all his monastic charges.

The Virginia Legislature, October 18, elected Lieutemant-Governor Lewis and Judge Johnston United States Benatore.

The Tennessee Legislature, on October 28, elected Henry Cooper to be United States Senatore in place of Fowier, whose term expires in March, 1871. Ex-President Johnson was defeated, Cooper receiving 55 votes and Johnson was defeated, Cooper receiving 55 votes

ident Johnson was defeated, Cooper receiving 25 votes and Johnson 61.

The efficial majority of Governor Geary, in Pennsylvania, is 4006. Judge Williams's majority is 5308.

Hapte's majority for Governor, in Othe, is 5008. The Republicans have secured a majority of one in the Renate and three in the House.

The annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee is to take place at Louisville, Kentincky, November 17 and 18.

and 18.

The Western Members of Congress, it is stated, are generally favorable to the removal of the capital out West. A test vote is expected to take place on a proposition for an appropriation to erect new buildings for the State and War Departments.

The privateer Caba, at Wilmington, was libeled on Cotober 19 by the United States courts, and surrendered to the gun-boat Profit. Capitain Higgins was held as a prisoner of war, and the crew were put ashere.

deved to the gun-boat Profic. Captain Higgins was held as a prisoner of war, and the crew were pot ashore.

Alexander H. Stephens has been confined to his house since last February by Illnoss. He has little hope of ever leaving home again.

Chicago has just capanized a Stock Exchange.

The New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects gave their annual anhibition and reception on the night of the 18th dit, at their new rooms, sit Broadway. The Seature of the evening was the inauguration of the Architectural Library of the City of New York, under the anaptices of the Chapter. In Southwest Colorado a party of mountaineers recently discovered the bones of six men and farity-six horses, which are supposed to be the remains of a pertion of one of General Fermani's exploring partice, lest twenty years ago.

A status of Abrisham Lincoln was unveiled in Propect Park, Brooklys, October 31, with imposing ceremonics. He A. A. Low presided, and Rev. Dr. Storm delivered the cration.

Two distinct shocks of earthquake were felt in New Regisand on the morning of October 33, Boston, Worcester, and several other towns in other portions of the Eastern States being shaken to snot an extent that the people were greatly frightened, although not hurt.

The new postage stamps have been designed by the

cesser, and several other towns in other portions of
the Kastern Starce being shaken to such an extent
that the people were greatly frightened, although not
hart.

The new postage stamps have been designed by the
Bureau of Engraving, and are said to be a great improvement on the old ones and on those now in use.
Fresident Grant's head is to be on them.

Thomas Ewing, Sen., was taken suddenly ill in the
Supreme Court Chamber at Washington on the trid
alt, while somewhat excitedly arguing a case in which
to had been comed for tweety-dwe years.

John Swanson, proprieter of an extensive cotton
factor, near Stockholm, Sweden, has just purchased
19,000 acres of land in Dunklin and Stockard counties,
Mascorn, where he will establish colonies, build factories, mills, etc., and carry on the cultivation and
manufacture of cotton. The enterprise will give employment to 1800 families, part of whom are on the
way from Sweden, and the rest will soon follow.

Masters if and 13 of the Foll of Henor, just issued
by the War Department, show that nearly 14,000 Union
soldiers are interred in the national consistery near
Memphis, Tousessee, of whom 4000 are colored: stool
are interred at Chalmatic, Louisiana: 16,675 at Marietta, Georgia, Fort Doueleon, Chaltanonga, Murthreeborough, Stone Eliver, and Knouville. Tempessee.

At the recent election in California for Judges of the
Supreme Court the Democratic candidates were succasaful by a large majority.

The Congressional Select Committee on American
havingation Interests, which has just held seasions in
this city, Boston, and Portland, Mains, visited Fall
Hiver, Massachusetts, on Friday, and there adjoursed,
to meet in Philadelphia on the first Tousday in December. We learn that the questions before the Committies were finally narrowed down to there distinct proostitous, one or all of which will probably be recommended to Congress. These are: Remission of all
driles on materials entering into the construction
of ships; the permitting of Streign ships to be perc

cios.

Governor Holden, of North Carolins, has been compelled to issue a proclamation threstening the enforcement of mardal haw in Lenoir, Jones, Orange, and Chatham counties, unless the disturbances which have for some time prevailed therein shall cause. Thefix and murders have been committed; jails broken open; officers of the law assassinated; and coloced men hanged. Indeed, civil law has been put at definere, and there is no security for life and property. The far-famed Colliseum of Boston was drawn at a lottery October 23.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Upon the capture of Valentia by the Government troops the Spanish Republicans appear to have given in. As soon as their defeat was certain General Prim declared himself a Monarchist. The Duke of Montpender now appears to have the fairest charce of monceeding to the Spanish throne. General Prim has declared in the Cortest that should any decrees of the Papal Church prove hostile to the Spanish Constitution they will be declared null and vold. Three thousand more troops have been ordered to Osha to assist in quelling the insurrection.

Mail advices from Nassau state that the steamer Lillian, which rathed with an expectitionary force from Florida for Cuba, has been captured by the British gan-boat Lepseisy and taken into Nassau, where she was released by the suthoutless under the rather of the Attorney-General that she could not legally be beld.

the Attorney-General that she could not legally be beld.

The Papal Army at Rome was reinforced by the arrival of M recruits from Canada, October 20.

Hos. William H. Seward arrived at Mannanilla October 7. He was there not by the Governor of Collina, who, in the name of Preddest Juares, gave him a cordial welcome as the great of Maxico.

In the Republic of Maxico there are now 2000 miles of telegraph in operation. Bit railroads are in progress, and 340 miles of railroad are in active operation.

The greatest Catholic procession ever witnessed in Montreal took place October 11—over 20,000 people participating in the demonstration. This was on the occasion of the removal of the relice of St. Sano from Bondecours church to the Richop's palace.

It now seems to be cartain that the Sace Canal will have to be decoured before it can be of much service to commerce.

The Glissions Coblinat mines an amount to the Theory of the commerce o

have to be despened before it can be of much service to commerce.

The Gladstone Cabinet refuses an amnesty to the revolutionary political prisoners in Ireland.

The Barl of Berby died on the morning of October 28, in his Tast year.

The cholera has made fearful ravages in India during the past summer. Since 1600 there has been no hot season so fatal to European residents.

A temple has been recenfly erected in Calcutta by the Brahmo Somaj—a religious organization founded thirty years ago by an educated Bengales, who despised the faith of his native country and was opposed to idolstry, but who at the name time doubted the claims of Christianity, The service of this new temple countries merely of hymna, prayers, meditations, tourserscious, and readings.



HON. JOHN R. BRADY.

Hos. JOHN R. BRADY.

THE manimous nomination of the Hon. JOHN R. BRADT for Justice of the Supreme Court, by the Convention of the Democratic party of this city, is a well-deserved tribute to the capacity and integrity of one of the ablest and most highly esteemed gentlemen on the Bench. Judge Bigare was first elected to the Common Pleas in 1856. In 1862 he was re-elected, having received first the unusual compliment of the Republican non-ination, and subsequently of every political or-guaization in the city. He was consequently unanimously elected. In 1867 he was re-electwas not an aspirant for the normal state of the was re-elect-was not an aspirant for the nomination that has just been tendered him, being satisfied with his present position in the Common Pleas. The nomination sought him, not be the nomination.

Indeed, he positively declined to be a candidate against Judge CLERKE, and only when it had been determined by the Tammany leaders not to been determined by the Tammany leaders not to renominate that gentleman did he yield to the urgost solicitations of friends of all parties, and accept. During the war Judge Baxer was among the first to proclaim his unswerving de-vious to the Union. During his service of four-teen years on the Bench he has enjoyed the re-spect of the lear and the community, alike for the putity of his personal character and his obili-ty and integrity as a Judge.

THE NEW FISH MARKET.

This new building erected at Fulton Ferry for a Fish Market is now nearly pleted; it was opened for business on Octo-ber 25. The old fish market, on the same site, was a nuisance; but the new structure is an ornament to that portion of the city. The building is of wood; it is 193 feet long by 68 feet wide, and is two stories high. The roof is surmount-ed by three cupolas, each supporting a flag-staff, as shown in our sketch; and the front has three gables. There are eighteen entrances, each having a solid door with a large win-dow above it. The interior is admirably arranged for the purposes of a market. The walls are painted a drab color, and the ceiling light blue. The cost of the building is \$120,000.

This market is erected by the Fulton Market Fishmongers' As-sociation, incorporated

during the present year, and is devoted exclusively to wholesale business, supplying all the retail dealers of New York and adjacent cities, and furnishing large quantities of fish to distant cities. Two hundred and fifty vessels are employed in the fisheries of this marreseas are employed in the fisheries of this mar-ket; and there are frequently discharging at the same time from fifteen to twenty vessels, each having from 15,000 to 25,000 pounds of fish on board. The fishing-grounds extend from Cape May to Cape Sable. Lobsters are caught from Cape Cod to the northern coast of Maine. The green turtles displayed for sale in the market are not taken by vessels specially fitted out for the business, but are brought to New York on fruit vessels from the West India Islands and Florida. The Fishmongers' Association lessed the da. The Fishmongers' Association issues the land along East River on which their market is built for \$5000 per year, with the right of using one half of the basin at the rear of the building, the Association agreeing to keep the pier in re-

An elegant entertainment was given on the evening of October 18 in the market, by the Association, as a formal opening of the institution. Among the prominent gentlemen present were Rev. H. W. Brechen, Rev. Hyatt Setts, Rev. Mr. HAMMOND, Rev. Mr. GALLAGHER, General Stoums, Colonel Thumas Divors, and many of-ficials of the city government. A magnificent supper was provided, and dancing was kept up until a late hour.

PRES. ELIOT. OF HARVARD.

CHARLES WILLIAM Essor, who on the 19th of October was augurated President of Harvard College, is a young man, a grad-uate of the class of 1853, and for several years adjunct Profess-or of Mathematics and Chemistry on the col-lege staff. President ELIOT is a native of Boston; he belongs to the ELIOT family so long identified with the history of that city. His father, the Hon. S. A. Ellor, was formerly a Representative in Congress, and at another time the Mayor of Boston. In 1863 CHARLES W. Extor resigned his professorship, and became connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, as a professor. He was abroad year before last in company with Presi-dent ROGERS, of the Institute, when the latter was on his mission from Massachu-setts to the Paris Ex-position. Mr. ELIOT,

while in college, was an oursman, and is said to have been the stroke our of the first Harvard Bost Club.

Hon. JOHN H. CLIPPORD, who inducted him into office, thus closed his address to him on that

" Endowed with intellectual tastes and moral characteristics, and accustomed to the prosecu-tion of studies, all eminently fitted to prepare you for your great work; familiar with all the de-partments, both of pupilage and instruction, in the institution, within whose walls you have been nurtured and almost domesticated, as in a second home; your judgment enlarged and strength-ened by the ripened fruits of foreign travel, and the observation and study of the best processes of education at home and abroad; receiving a generous and cordial welcome from your learned and accomplished associates to their compani ship and chieftainship; and added to all these personal and social qualifications an hereditary loyalty to the institution which can not fail to in spire the heart of a son whose honored father, so many of us remember, was one of its most devoted, efficient, and valued friends—there seems nothing wanting to our heart-felt congrutula-tions on this day, both to the university and

President Euror's inaugural address was an admirable lecture upon college education.



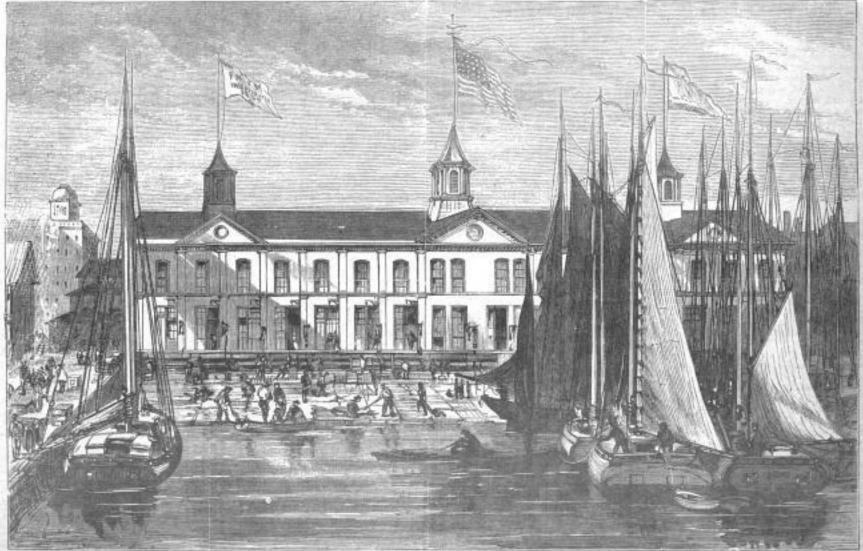
CHARLES W. ELJOT, PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY. (PROTOGRAPHED BY JOBN A. WEIPPLE.)

THE DRAGON OF LYME REGIS.

The British Museum has lately received the fossil remains of a flying dragon, measuring upward of four feet from tip to tip of the expanded wings. The bones of the head, wings, legs, tail, and great part of the trunk, with the ribe, bladebones, and collar-bones, are imbedded in dark lina shale from Lyme Regis, on the Dorsetshire coast. The head is large in proportion to the trunk, and the tail is as long as the rest of the body: it is extended in a straight, stiff line, the vertebral bones being surrounded and bound together by bandles of fine, long, needle-shaped bones: it is supposed to have served to keep outstratched, or to sustain, a large expanse of the flying membrane or parachute, which extended from the tips of the wings to the feet, and spread abong the space between the hind-limbs and tail, after the fashion of certain bats.

The first indication of this measure was described by Buckland in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," and is referred to in his "Bridgewater Treatise," under the name of Preredectyles measuremy. The subsequently acquired head and tail give characters of the teeth and other parts, which establish a distinct generic form in the family of Flying Reptiles. The animal will be described in the next volume of the Monographs of the Palacontegraphical Society. Two British Museum has lately received the

Monographs of the Palaeontographical Society.



NEW FISH MARKET, NEW YORK CITY .- [SKERGRED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE MOTHER OF OSOPO.

Upon the west bank of the Tagliamento, a

river flowing through the Venetian territory, there stand the ruins of Osopo, which in 1859 was a flourishing village, with about 900 inhab-

But during the Italian war with Austria the German troops surrounded it. They forbade any one to pass in or out, so that the villagers could procure no food. Their reason for starying the village was this: It was situated at the foot of a rocky cliff, on whose summit stood a fortress, which the Austrians could not succeed in taking, on account of the only road up the cliff being so narrow and dangerous that the soldiers could only go up it one by one. The Italian garrison, of course, kept a sharp look-out on the path. The only resource of the Austrians, therefore, was to starve the village, in the house that companion for the helpless in the hope that compassion for the helpless women and children, dying of hunger, would induce the fortress to surrender. All the men who could do any thing had fled to join the Italian army.

One evening in September, when every thing looked hot, dried up, and dusty, two women were sitting together on the door-step of one of the best-looking houses in Osopo. The house-door opened into a large room furnished with long wooden tables and benches, and surround-ed with shelves, on which stood a quantity of glasses and red terra-cotta jugs. Over the door hung a bunch of grapes, and the words, "Osteria, Buon Vino," were painted in bright

This had been the inn of Osopo, but it was deserted now. The rooms were drearily clean and empty; the glasses dusty and untouched. One of the two women was the mistress of the inn, and she held by the hand her two boyspale, thin, half-starved little fellows of about three and four years old. The other woman, whose name was Maddalena, looked younger and rather less starved than the other. They were dressed nearly alike, in skirts of derk "bordsta," a kind of strong cotton, with white bodiess, and bright-colored handkerchiefs crossand the state of t

through them.

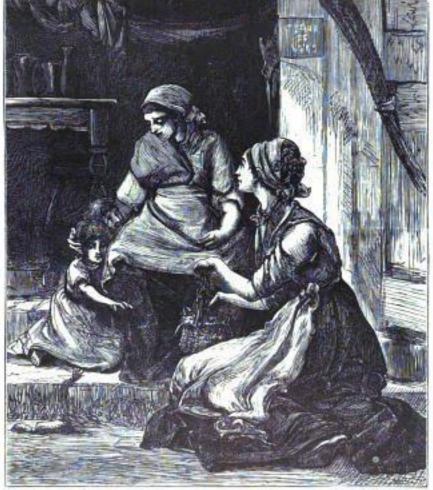
Maddalena had shoes on, but Rosina's foot

were lore.
"Look, Rosa," said the former, giving her friend a basket which contained some bunches of grapes and a little Indian corn flour.

"No, Maddalena," said Rosina, and she pash-ed it away; "a thousand thanks, but I can not rob you of your food."

"Nessense; you know I am alone, and I

"Nessense: you knew I am alone, and I deprive no one else of it. It is mine, and I really can not bear to see those two children, who but a short month ago were the finest in Osopo, dwindling awny. Besides, I no longer I have kept a handful of flour to make my 'polenta' for supper, and this evening I go to Udine. Come behind the house, Rosina, and you will see how the black clouds are hanging over the fortress and the hills all round. To-



"I CAN NOT DRAG THEM ALONG WITH ME, AND I AM THEIR MOTHER."

night there will be a 'temporale,' one of those great autumn thunder-storms, and when the light-ning is flashing, and the thunder and ratu have driven even the Austrian sentinel- under shelter, I will pass through like a flash of the lightning itself. They will not dream of any one's being out on such a night. To-morrow I shall be at Udine; the o I have friends, and shall feed work directly. I'erhaps, too, I may see your husband there, and when he hears about you he will swim the river, as some of our soldiers from the fortress once did, and come to help you."

Rosina's eyes firshol, and she shook her head.

Rosina's eyes flashed, and she shook her head,
"That is what you and all the village think,"
she said; "that my husband has forgotten me,
and cares not what comes of me and his little
ones. But I know! I know that he lies cold and
dend on one of the battle fields, or he would be
here at my side. Ah! I would go with you,
cara, if it were not for those poor little creatures;
I can not draw those above with we word I am I can not drag then along with me, and I am

their mother. Santa Maria Vergine! I love them more than life, Maddalona; but in this way we shall all three die together. What shall I do when that which you brought is exhausted? But you must go. You were right, for it rains already. A happy journey? I will pray for you

"And so will I, dear Rosa; I will do my best to help you. A rivedered, then. In heaven, per-

Et.

Tu sy night Rusina put her children to sleep after their scrap of supper, and then sat listening with pleasure to the rain and thunder that were aiding her friend's escape, and thinking, "To-morrow she will be at Udine. Perhaps help will soon come.

But each day she rose with the same hope, and

each day was disappointed. On the eighth evening after Maddalena's departure Rosina gave the children the last hit of

the food she had brought, made them say their prayers, together with one for the safe return of the "Babbo," which they had said night and morning for a month past, and put them to bed. Then she bent over the elder and said, as calmly

as she could,
"Nino must be good to-morrow, and take care Name must be goes to morrow, and make care of Cicio. Mammina is going to get bread. Old Natalia, who lives opposite, will come and dress you, and give you some breakfast, and stay till mamma comes back in the evening. Addio,

Addio, mamma," said the sleepy child. The mother kissed those during faces again and again; then she looked out. It was a dark, cloudy night. She put on a black shawl, and went to the house opposite. Taking up a pebble she threw it at a window, which presently opened, and some one looked out. and some one looked out.
"Natalia," said Rosina, "to-night I shall pass

the Austrian ranks, and go to Udine to fetch bread for the little ones. For the love of God go to them in the morning, dress them, feed them, and take care of them till I return. At

this time to-morrow I shall be here again."
"Mad girl!" grambled the old crone, "do
you want to get shot? There's that Maddalena,
who went away a week ago, and has not been
heard of sizes." heard of since

"Is it likely she should?" half laughed Rosina to herself.

"As for the brate, I'll go to them; but as to feeding them, why, I've tasted nothing myself for two days."

Rosina threw something tied in a handkerchief

in at the window, which came thump on the room-floor, saying, as she did so,

"In that are four apples I have saved. They'll keep up life in them for to-morrow till I come; and then I'll give you some bread. Natalia. For God's sake, remember." And she walked

"Fool," muttered the old woman. "Fool," mattered the our minute.

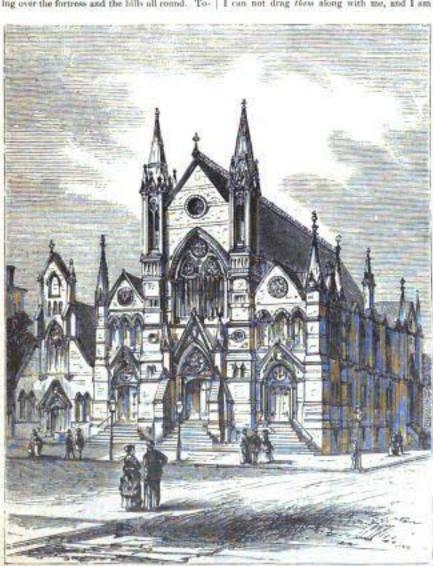
did she say? The brats can do without. I dare
say they've eaten to-day, and well too. Oh, this
le's a welf that gains, gnaws!" She hunger! It's a wolf that grows, grows!" She felt for the bundle, and almost involuntarily bit a piece of one apple.

Rosaxa did not know that almost before she left the village her children's food had already been consmocil,

She wilked so and on. There was the out-line of the enum: she could distinctly hear the sentinel's step. Forward! forward! she was al-most past. Also! the moon, till now hidder be-bind dense clouds, came and. She went d. wn on-her hands and knows behind a hedge; a dried twig sumpped under her weight. The sentinel turned: "Who goes there?" She tried to run; it was too late. The soldier was coming on, his musket raised.

"Mater, one pro nobis." She turned and dromed on her knows. "Miscriccordia! I want She unlked on and on. There was the out-

"Mater, one pro nobis." She turned and drupped on her knees. "Misericordia! I want to harm no one, only to get head for my inno-cent behass. Brend! for merey's sake!" "Firead!" The Croat Isaghed mackingly, and held out half a black load. Her eyes gleom-ing with mingled fear and hope, she stretched out her hand, and advanced a few steps to take to the hand. Only a few. There was a shot, a long, fear-



67. ANN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N.Y.-Serrourd by T. R. Davis.-[See Ferst Page.]



"A LITTLE HAND I COULD NOT SEE, SWEPT O'ER THE TREMBLING KEYS."-[SEE PAGE TIG.]

ful shrick, and a ball from the Creat's musket struck the mother's forehead. Did the sentinel laugh as he returned to his post?

IV.

THE next evening two little children were wan dering along the road from Osopo. The small, transparent forms of skin and bone had no cov-ering but a torn shirt. They wandered at last, as if by instinct, to where a figure lay, stiff and as if by instinct, to where a figure lay, stiff and rigid, on the ground. They clung round it, crying, "Mamma, mammina, Natalia never came to dress us, nobody gave us any thing to est. Up—come, mamma. How cold you are! Why do you sleep so long?"
The fort was taken at last, and both it and the village were demolished. If the husband and father ever lived to return to his native place

he would have found nothing but charred rains, and in the little cemetery a small wooden cross to mark the resting-place of all that he loved on

A BLIND MAN'S LOVE. BY BOBERT BUCHANAN. See Illustration on Page 708.

I swam the humming of the streets forever, As in a sleep—the people came and went Around my sest unseen, like shapes that pass Unseen, but heard, in hannied lands; and oft Light lengther and a motion close around me, And gentle speech, disturb'd me. What to me Was beauteous interchange of day and night— The coming and the going of the sun, Gathering grayness, and the rising moon— Gathering grayness, and the rising moon... And what to me was light of our or stars, Since light and darkness came and went around, Unmark'd by weary eyes that could not see, That had not seen the day for seven years! Only, when sunlight daily went away, My world grow stiller, colder—that we

And I was hard and dall at twenty-three Dull with my grief, hard to the core from dwelling, Steeping or waking, in the dark so long; One, and one pleasure only had the power And trouble all my soul, until it set A sunshine of its own. A light footfall, A tender greeting, futlering of a dress, A touch as soft as is a rose's leaf, That fittlers to the grass and makes no sound. These were the intimations of a world Beyond my sorrow, the admonishings Which sweeten'd that dall gloom wherein I dwelt. Which awasten'd that dail gloom wherein I dwell. Oh, sweeter far than any beanteous thing The eye could look upon, one little name, One little soft sweet name, I murman'd o'er, Sochly, to keep my heart still: ah i the name, The . "the living name I murman'd o'er, And saw in golden letters in the dark! May! May! May! May!—it brought me back the time When I could see the roses and the leaves. The silver splesh of water, the blue hills Settled in sunny weather! May! May! May! I marman'd it forever to my heart, For joy, for joy of it!.... Sweeter than all To sit within my shadowland, and hear That one voice singing, while a little hand I could not see, swept o'er the trembiling keys, I could not see, swept o'er the trembling keys, And all the air around me seemed to melt. Into a vapor, in whose midst there sat One sweet girl-shape before an instrument Her bright ourls shining, and her eyes of bine Looking on see! Then the sweet sound would can The vision made of music died away,

At seventeen, a fever struck me down, And I arces, and found the world was gone, And nothing but a shadow world remain'd. Six weary years we dwelt in London town, My mother seeking for her stricken a Such help and skill as only could be Such seep and actilities only down to found.

In that great cloud of sound; for each it was,
And nothing more, to me. But neight avail'd!

All skill fell powerless. will those weary eyes
Bebeld not.—still I wearled and grew hard.—

Still meen'd and pray'd to God that I might die,
'I'll that new friend, a neighbor's child, came near,
Made light of more, neve my acel without Made light of music, gave my soul within Ryes to perceive and passion to create, And haunded me with trach, and scent, and sound, Such as made darkness more divine at times Than seeing and the sunshine.

Strange as a trumpet wakening the dead To wonder and white robes, came blessed light To wonder and white robes, came ble Light, light—a revelation; and I saw. Tet, for a time, the motion of the world Look'd dim and ghostly—shapes like phantoms on Strange as those wondrons dashes on the ball of darkness, and my spirit was oppress'd With the maccustom'd burden of the sense. Blow, as a lily opens, leaf by leaf, Light deepen's—brightening, brightening— Fall-orb'd, great, golden as a lily's beart, Unclosed God's perfect day.

Then, as I sat, Breathless with the new bliss of the bright world, Breathless will the new biles of the bright world, Soft motion and the flutter of a dress Disturb'd me. Turning, redisnt as a rose, I saw a face I knew not: strange and meck, Not because-were not luminous, looks not light, Like those which I had pictured in my dream; Yet the face smiled upon me eagerly, And lighten'd as it smiled—while, darkening, And nighter's as it emission-while, derkening I flash'd and number'd learticalete works, And, trembling like a leaf, she cried alond In the same voice that I had loved so long In darkness—in the same beloved voice That I had fundled in my shadow-land: "Do you not know me? I am May!" I shiver'd and felt cold.

For all the world Seem'd bitter and a cheet. The face I dream'd, The light young delicate face with eyes of blue, Had faded in the golden light of day; And in its place a pensive twilight check, A common creature of the cisy, with eyes Not imminous like the eyes I made in dream, Linger'd and smiled. The world seem'd suddenly Stale and unprofitable-all the blise of light Was bitter—all the fragrant sense of love Seem'd like a wither'd feast-day poey found At daybreak, when the revelers are gone,

In the stale-smalling ball-coom of the feast.
Then I beheld her, like a frighten'd hind,
With widening cychalic shrink; and feeling shamed
To look so coldly on my little friend,
I equeend a feeble smile into my cheeks,
And took her hand; she, futtering from my touch,
Stood marker, and I wan he as she litted. And took her hand: she, ficthering from my to Stood musing; and I saw her as she lived— A pensive woman, delicate-limb'd, and small, With brown hair braided o'er Madonna brown, And dark eyes suffering from the gentle light They shed on others: on her brow the light Falling subdued and spettle. This my May! This golden-hair, we spirit of my dream! Nay, then, the world was bitter and a cheet!

Ah, love, my love! come nearer. Let me kins
The broad, pure brow: and, kinsing, may I kins
Away all sorrow. Sweeter this ach hair,
Silver'd with the miraculous snows of time,
Than all the luminous locks that e'er beguiled
Rash sallors to the shallows! Tet, at first,
This perfect face repell'd me—it arose
Coldry, like something strange, to which the voice
I knew so well seem'd allen; and I loathed
The light for changing thee! The light for changing thee!

Then, for long days

The face withdraw, and left me to my thoughts.

And the streets murmar'd, and the world look'd bright,

And shadow-land had died into a drawn. Ne'er had I felt so utterly alone! Yes, darkness had been blest society: But now the light was solltude ind

Now shall I tell by what slow witchery, Dear love, I grew to years for those soft eyes And that pole, asking face. How, in the light That was as darkness, unaware, again I bearben'd for thy foot; and how I wept, I bearben'd for thy foot; and how I wept, When from a distant chamber came to mine The trouble of thy singing. Then I cried Thy name out loudly, like a fever'd man, And gently up before me rose again The twilight of thy face; and all at once I felt I loved it—not as young men love—Rot with the fever'd humor of the flesh—Not as I hand the avendment for lo deser-Not as I loved that wondrous face in drear But strangely, clingingly, and belplessly, As weary men ask rest, as fever'd lips Crave coolness, as in the parch'd Syrian sands, Under the sun's insuferable blase, Men seek the shadow of the locust-tree.

Yes, how I love thee! Descert, draw the blind, And do not light the lamp, but let me sit in darkness as of old; and play to me The time I loved so in my shadow-land, When I conceived thee other than thou wert, Yet never purer, dearer 1....80, O Soul, What pictures come and fade before thy sight! All life is hush'd—the world, the daylight fades To twilight and a silvery star of sound !

PERHAPS IT WAS BETTER SO. AN OLD WOMAN'S SKETCH.

BARROUTE is a pretty little watering-place in the South. I have lived there a good many years, and have seen many changes in what was formerly a little fishing-village, and now strives to be designated as a town. There is scarcely a to be designated as a town. There is scarcely a chine along the coast that I do not know, and can not connect with some expedition; scarcely a path in the quiet dim pine-woods that I have not trodden in fine weather and wet, in early norming or moonlit night. It is a quiet place; young people are apt to call it "slow." There is no promenade. The pier is an unpretentious rude structure. Very few theatrical or musical people penetrate so far beyond the pale of civilization, and the few balls are given by the countries families likely account. ty families living around; still, we can boast of a post with long hair, and his particular friend an emiment art-critic—a little man with a hald head and a long beard. Itinerant musi-cians bring down the last airs from the last opera with their organs and German bands, and set one wondering how music has degenerated with-in the present generation. The circulating li-heavy is a constant source of interest, and one of the most exciting incidents is the arrival of a batch of new novels from town. I am very fond of reading; an old maid, with but few friends, I do not know how I should pass the long nights without my books; and though sometimes the troubles of the young people keep me awake at night, still I feel certain that when I get the third volume they will all be made happy, and that I shall be happy too.

One wet aftern n I put on my big cloak, and One wet afternoon I put on my big cloak, and hidding my maid get my tea by the time I re-turned, I set out for the library. Luckily a new parcel had just arrived, and after a perplexing selection, and having quite a heap in my arms, I was ascending the cliff to my house when I met Joliffe, the postman. There was a letter for me —a rare cocurrence—and so, doubly freighted, I reached home, where I found every thing warm and comfortable after the rain and wind outside. The letter was from Ethel Berry.

"My roas Muss Brown?"—it said.—"Mamma and I are coming to Barmonth in a few days. We do so long to see you and the deer old place again. It is quite saiding here; and I am so thred of the people and ranket of town. I suppose every thing and every body are exactly as they were; nothing changes with

"A glimpse of the sea, a blow on the cliff, and the sight of your dear face will do me a world of good. Somebody's coming too!
"Your loving Ernen."

This was just like Ethel, so fond of quiet, and This was just like Ethel, so fond of quiet, and loving Barmouth so truly. I was so glad to hear she was coming down again, for I looked upon her as a dear child of my own. I wondered who "Somebody" was. Not a ladyfriend, or she would have said who. I could scarcely think of Ethel having a lover. I knew I should be jealous, and wonder why they could not leave her with me instead of wishing to take her away, when there were so many girls in the world. But I thought Ethel must be nicer than any of them, and could hardly wonder at any word. But I mought hardly wonder at any man thinking so too; and then she wrote as though she was so happy. I felt quite delight-ed to know that, though full of curiosity, and

told my maid that I expected visitors in a few days, and we began planning means to receive them. My book seemed quite uninteresting aft-er this, although there was a wicked father and er this, although there was a wicked father and a patient suffering daughter in it, who would have made me cry at other times. Well, one morning when the sun was shining brightly upon the blue sea and chalk cliffs, and the wind was blowing freshly upon me as I was trimming my rose-trees in the garden, I saw a figure that I knew so well coming lightly toward me, and presently I had my dear in my arms. She was just the same. Tall and pale, her dark blue eyes with that tender pathetic look in them that is quite indescribable, and her golden-brown hair falling about her shoulders.

falling about her shoulders.

"And how are you and the roses? You look quite beautiful, though I do believe you're crying. Oh, how brilliant every thing is here, how fresh and bright! Sit down, and tell me about

every body and every thing."

And I had to tell of all that had occurred for the last six months, from how poor Lord Kelley bore the loss of his wife, to Joliffe the poetman,

and the last litter of puppies.
"And now, in return for all this valuable information," I said, "sell me, Ethel, who 'Some-body' is?"

e blushed, and then with a little laugh "Ob, I must not tell you now; I will show him perhaps, presently; and he doesn't bite." And she began admiring the roses and my last poor little water-color sketches, so that I did not

press her to tell me more.

"And now," she said, presently, "I must take
you to memma, who would have so liked to come
to you if she could."

So I donned my hat and cloak, and we set off for Thirley House, where they lived when in Barmouth. It was surely one of the most beautiful mornings I ever remember; even in the dense woods that led to the Hall the sun lit up the vistas and usually dark nooks, and threw vivid shadows across the path in a manner that delighted Ethel, who sniffed the sweet air as she danced along, as I have seen many people do who have been living in a big smoky town. As we were walking we heard some one whistling

"Faites-hi wer event" from "Faust."
"Somebody's coming," said Ethel, regulshly, and presently the whistler same in sight, and I was introduced to Mr. Arthur Dawlish. He was was introduced to Mr. Arthur Pawhsh. He was a large-limbed young man, with dark brown hair and wavy brown beard; decidedly handsome, and knowing it. There was a languid grace in his bow to me, and indeed a general air of sleepy complacency that was rather irritating.

"So glad to know you," he said, amiling; "I have heard so much about you from Ethel, and

'pon my bonor it's quite remantic meeting in a wood in this way. I hear you paint, and all that sort of thing; rather nice bits about here, I should think. Mrs. Berry and Miss Crawford

are waiting for you, so perhaps we'd better go to them;" and then we went on to the Hall. Upon the terrace we found Mrs. Berry, a no-Upon the terrace we found Mrs. Berry, a no-ble-looking woman, with the same dark blue va-thetic eyes as Ethel's, walking about with her crutch, and Georgiana Crawford, daughter of General Crawford, beside her-a medium-sized General Crawford, beside ner—a meaning and girl of four-and-twenty, with very black hair, dark brown eyes, and very vivacious. Old men and women become spectators to the little tragedies and comedies enacted by the young, and, little noticed themselves, they see much that exlittle noticed themselves, they see much that ec-capes the more active members; and I, gossip-ing with Mrs. Berry, noticed how completely Miss Crawford monopolised Arthur Dawlish, and how animated he became when speaking to her, and then half unconsciously I compared her to Ethel, and though she talked well, I thought to Ethes, and though the talked well, I thought her somewhat Frenchified animation and loud laugh contrasted unfavorably with Ethel's quiet smile and air of repose. I took Ethel home with me that night, and when we had parted from our escort, Mr. Dawlish, she said:
"Isn't he nice? And oh, if you knew how good and patient he is, and how much he loves me, and I love him? We were engaged in London, and are to be married in June, and—isn't he handsome?"

he handsome?

"He is very handsome," I said, cheerily.
"Every body thinks so, but I was afraid you might not; and mamma likes him so much; so does Georgians, I think, though he says he does not like that sort of girl. Very rude, as I told him." And so she ran on, and I listened, glad to think my dear friend was so happy.

And so day after day passed, and I was constantly going to the Hall, or Ethel and Miss Crawford and Dawlish came as a deputation to ask me if I omitted doing so. The more I saw of Miss Crawford the less I liked her; I did not indifferent think with Ethel that Dawlish was so indifferent to her-indeed, he seemed only too much inter-ested—and observing him look after her when she moved about, and an eagerness in his speech to her that he never showed with Ethel, a daily-growing dread took possession of me that I in vain tried to shake off, which God knows was vain tried to shake off, which God knows was only too soon confirmed. One morning I was painting in my Herie sitting-room; the morning was oppressively warm, and every thing was so still that I could hear the plash of the waves still that I could hear the plash of the waves upon the shore beneath the cliffs. Mr. Dawlish was in the garden, smoking one of my rose-trees which was suffering from blights, Ethel and Georgiana superintending, the latter trying to smoke a cigarette that he had made for her. It was so hot that I leaned back in my arm-chair, musingly contemplating my sketch of a piece of broken worn cliff against a stormy gray sky, when I heard him talking earnestly, and, uncon-sciously listening, I heard him say:

"I can't stand this much longer; you know

how much I love you, and I can't act this indif-ference toward you."

I was all attention now. He was not speak-

"But, Mr. Dawlish," Georgiana answered,
"bow dare you speak to me thus, Sir? Are you
not engaged to Ethel?"

"Of course I am; but it can be broken off—it
shall! You know how I love you; why, you have
made me—you have won me over. I thought I
loved her until I met you; but I have only just
learned what love is." learned what love is.

"You have no right to say this to me. I shall go in to Miss Browne."
"I think not. Come, we understand one another; and why act this farce when no one is by? Poor Ethel! Oh, why didn't you leave me in peace? I loved her in my contented, easy sort of way until you came, and now I only pity

her."
"I am sorry to hear this," she answered. "I never dreamed you cared for me; I thought you liked me as a friend, and now you wish me to

liked me as a friend, and now you wish me to be an enemy."

"Georgia, don't you like me?"

"I will tell you. I like you.—I love you, though it is wicked to say so, but I thought you were playing with me. I never dreamed you were in earnest, and I tried to go away and leave you with Ethel; but I could not—my passion was too strong. I fought, oh so hard! but I succumbed. Have pity upon me for my weakness. I ought never to have told you so much."

"If I had but met you before I was bound in homor," he said, regretfully, "we should have been spared this wretchedness."

"No, you would not have cared for me if you

So, you would not have cared for me if you had been free.

"How bitter you are! Do you want me to swear I love you more than I ever thought I could love any thing? You can not trust me,

"Trusts you implicitly, and is deceived. Ar-thur, I speak bitterly because I love so fondly. A woman ever abuses the man she loves as passionately as I love you; but I could not bear to bear you maligned by others, and if they did speak against you I would console and defend you—I would bear any thing, brave any thing, for your sake. You know it!" she said, in a pas-

"Hush, dear; we shall be overheard!" he said, hurriedly. "Scenes are so absurd, you know; I love you so much; but what will they say, pledged

as I am?"

"Oh, courageous man!" she interrupted, bitterly, "what will they think of me?"

"Well, people always say horrible things and
tell any amount of lies; but of course I am perfectly indifferent to any thing they may say.
Only yesterday Ethel was talking about our
marriage-day, little thinking, poor child, how
distant that may be. She is going to be so deceived—to suffer."

"How cold you have grown! Do I not suffer
too?"

I could not bear to stay and hear more; trem-I could not bear to stay and hear more; trem-bing with indignation and diray with the shock, I went through the French window into the gar-den. Dawlish was still scated upon the grass puffing at his pipe, and Miss Crawford was stand-ing beside him swinging her straw hat in one hand, the other resting lightly upon his shoul-der. He colored slightly as I looked at him; but the strawder was decree with her would selfbut she returned my giance with her usual self-possession, as she said with one of her trilling

Come out to look for Ethal, Miss Browne? She is at the foot of the cliff gazing at the sea, as though she were Hero expecting Leander to emerge from the waves. A most charming

with a ned I passed quickly down to the shore. She was seated upon a little hillock of sand beside the pier, and thinking so intently that I stood by unnoticed for some time. She was looking seaward with that far-off gaze that some eyes have when people are very happy or in great trouble. Presently she turned her head

and saw me.

"Why, you have come out without your hat, and you look so pale and tired! Have you left that lasy Arthur puffing away at his pipe, and Georgie encouraging the "alaughter of the innocents?" It is so hot; and I was so happy thinking what a prize I had got among men, and how capitally we shall get on together—Arthur and I, I mean—that I could have gone on dreaming all day."

I sat down beside her.

"I are rather sized dear." and that was all I

I am rather sired, dear;" and that was all I bies.

It all seemed like a bad dream. How could I break it to her? she trusted him so entirely; to her he was so good and true. he really cared much for Miss Crawford—it was merely a passing whim with him; he seemed so weak, unstable, and so little worthy of trust that I shuddered to think of my darling being married to such a man; but if I remained silent aft-er what I had heard; if I did as so many people do, allow things to come right, would ther come right? If they went wrong, the sin would rest with me; and I knew Ethel's beautiful confidence, once rudely abused, could never be restored.

"Oh, what can I do!" I thought, with her cmall hand in mine; "she looks upon me as a guide, an advisor, and I am so unfit for a great ordeal that the sight of her happiness, and the knowledge that I can blight it forever, makes a

I could not do it; I sat silent and wretched, wondering how it would all end. to the house, and Ethel joined them on the lawn; while I, pleading a headache, went to my room to think over my trouble. Dinner came, and I tried to be cheerful, and join in the running talk of the young people; then Dawlish proposed a stroll upon the pier as the only place where we should get a breath of air, which might do my

It was a beautiful evening. The sun was sink-ing in a blaze of crimson and gold, pointing the

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sea, with the faimest ripple on its face, the old black pier, and the bests gently rising and full-ing, with rese-color. The hills over at White-cliff were lines of blue and mauve. People were cliff were lines of blue and mauve. People were in groups upon the pier and beach, love-making, flirting, and gossiping. The long-haired poet and his inseparable companion were the centres of admiring circles; fathers were spelling out their rewspapers in the fading light, while children proffered to them trophies in the shape of tiny fish that they capeured from the sen. The wet shingle sparkled like a mass of rude jewels, and the distant pine-woods looked vividly green and cool beyond the ruddy cliffs. and cool beyond the ruddy cliffs.

Every thing was so calm and peaceful that we scarcely cared to talk, and the loud laughter of the fishermen about the beach jarred upon the senses. We sat down upon a seat above the wooden steps leading to the water, Dawlish moodily smoking, and Ethel looking at him from time to time wonderingly. He was usu-ally in such equable spirits that she was puzzling over his air of preoccupation. Miss Crawford sat upon the steps with a book upon her knees, but she was not reading. The sun sank beneath ridges of angry-looking red, the hills grew pale and indistinct. Impatiently knocking the ashes from his pipe, and shaking himself like a big Newfoundland dog, Dawlish rose. "I shall go out for a sail," he said; "there's

just wind enough to manage to crawl along. I feel hipped, and want a change of some sort. Miss Browne, will you and Ethel and Miss Craw-ford come? Though you are not a good sailor, the sea's like a big duck-pond, and the boat won't pitch a bit. Jack," he called to a fisherman ioliing in his boat, " get the sails up, I'm going out

I declined to go, dreading the mist that was gathering; and Ethel would not leave me, she said, with my head so bad; so be nodded, and seeing Jack had unfurled the sails and was wait-ing for him, he sauntered down the steps and got the boat.

"Jump out, Jack," he said; "I sha'n't want you. I'm an old hand at it, and can sail her my-self well enough."

I wouldn't go out beyond the bar if I was Sir," the man said. "We shall have a you, Sir," the man said. "We shall have a dirty night, and the wind blowing off the shore

you will have to make a long tack coming in, Sir;" and he pointed anxiously at the leng black clouds fast rising in the west.
"All right, I shall be back in an hour; let

"All right, I shall be back in an hour; let go." and waving his broad straw hat to us, and budding us good-night, he settled himself com-fortably in the stern, and the boat glided slowly out to sea. We remained watching it until it be-came a mere blot upon the waves, and then, the wind growing colder, I proposed that we should return home. Some people took possession of Miss Crawford, and Ethel and I walked slowly up the cliff together, turning now and then to look at the boat as it grew smaller and smaller. When we got indoors, feeling no inclination to

talk, I took up one of my novels, while Ethel sat upon the hearth-rag gazing dreamily into the fire. "Hark!" she said, suddenly; "what is that?" There was a sweeping rush and a mosning There was a sweeping rush and a meaning noise, as though the trees were bending to the wind. We went to the window. The moon shone brightly, though obscured occasionally by flying masses of thick cloud,

"Arthur will surely have come back by this time," she said, anxiously. "Shall we go down to the pier and see if any of the beatmen are still there?"

We hastily put on our cleaks and hats. The wind blew so strongly that we could scarce fight our way down to the beach against it. All was changed. The little waves had become big crest-ed breakers, and the foam was flying along the sands in great white patches. Lolling against the little wooden pier-house for shelter we found

Has Mr. Dawlish come in?" I asked. "No, Miss; and I don't think he will to-night, the wind blowing off the land. But," he added, quickly, "like enough he run into Whitseliff be-fore this wind came on. He's too good a sailor to bent against it in such a craft as an open boat.

to beat against it in such a craft as an open boat, So it's no good my waiting here any longer, is it? He'll be snagly housed by this time t'other side of the water. Good-night, Miss."

Wishing him good-night, I persuaded Ethel that he must be right, and that we had better go too. So once more we fought our way up the cliff. It was twelve o'clock when we got back. She looked pale and anxious, so I insisted upon her having a little wine. She just touched it with her lins.

with her lips.
"Do you think Arthur would be sure to get safely to Whitecliff? Oh, if any thing happened to him!" she said.

to him?" she said.
"But, my dear," I answered, as bravely as I could, though I felt terribly ill at case myself, "a sailor must surely know best. I dare say he is asleep in bed now, dreaming about you; and unless you go to bed at once, what a sorry white little face will great him when be comes back to-morrow! He will not easily forgive him-

very chediently she did as I wished, and I went to my room, but I felt it useless to try and sleep through the storm. A tertible dread had taken possession of me, and I could not shake it off. I drew my easy-chair to the fire and listen-ed to the storm. I could not rend, I felt so strangely nervous and excited. I could in the stillness of the house hear every sound outside with painful distinctness—the creaking of the trees, the ratile of the essement, and the con-fused roar of the wind and waves. I cangit sight of my face in the mirror over the manule-piece, and quite started, it looked so haggard and spectral. The fire barned low, and I put on some logs of wood. At length, thoroughly worn out with the day's emotions, I had fallen into a troubled dose, when I was awakened by a low

1350 to ...

voice speaking regions. I turned, and saw Ethel in her white night-dress, peeping through the window into the night. "Oh, Arthur," she sobbed, "come back! Why did you leave me? why did I not go with you? Cruel sea, spare him, he is so dear to me; we love one another when the state of the company of the co other so dearly, you can not harm him. Why am I here safe and sheltered while you may be fighting with the waves for your dear life? If any thing happened to you I should die, I should not care to live without you. Oh, if we could but die together! How could I let you go! The treacherous sea looked so peaceful, so the treacherous sea looked so peaceful, so kind; but I ought to have felt what was coming; and I let you go, and perhaps may never see you again. My love, my love, I love you better than life, and you may die! How the strong, bitter wind blows! will it never grow still! If I could but tell you how I love you! You may often have thought se cold and thoughtless; you may never hav known low I hung upon your every look and std—"
"Ethel!" Ethel!

"I coul- not sleep," she said, piteously, turning to me. "Do /ou thin; he is safe? I see you are fearful. hat can we do?" "Child," I said, "he is in the hands of God.

We weak women can not us any thing; but He can do all things. Pray to Ham; put your whole

trust in Him; be sure He was hear you."

"I have prayed, but it is so hard to have to wait and do nothing. Listen to the wind; and to think he may be in it at this very moment! You do not love him as I do; you can not feel what I feel." She sank upon the floor - my feet, looking up at me pitifully. "Forgive me, but I hardly know what I am saying; and I

but I hardly know what I am saying; and I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

I wrapped a thick shawl round her, and all through the weary night we remained waiting for the morning. It came at last, gray at first; then the east brightened, and the sun rose. The wind had fallen, but the sea was still angry, and the spray flew in showers over the head of the pier. The sight of the brightness and sunshine

pier. The sight of the brightness and supshine was very cheering, and we felt half ashamed of our fears of the night.

"You must lie down and get some sleep, or Dawlish will be quite shocked at the sight of this little wobegons maiden when he comes over this morning," I said; and then, calling my maid, I also went to bed, and fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep. Presently Martha came up with a cup of tea.

with a cup of tea. "Parson Dale wishes to see you, ma'am; but he says he isn't in any hurry, and will wait," she

said.
Dressing as quickly as possible, I hurried down stairs, where I found him walking quickly to and fro. After the usual greeting, seeing he paused and seemed at a less how to go on, I said, "You wished to see me, I think." "Mine is a terribly painful daty;" and then he stopped, and I saw how grave he was.

"A message from Mr. Dawlish?" I gasped

He had a letter in his hand, and pointed to it

significantly.

"I had wished to prepare you for this sad news: this is a message about all that remains of Arthur Dawlish."

" Read."

"Head."

He gave me the open letter, written in an uncouth hand. I can hardly tell how I gathered the sease, the words so ewam before my eyes. The body of a gentleman had been washed ashore at Whitechiff—supposed to have sailed from Harmouth; then a description of Arthur followed. I wrung my hands, while he tried to console me with trite commonplaces.

"Go away, please," I said, "lest she should bear you;" and I tried to think what I should do, when I beard a low mean, and, turning, saw her standing at the doorway. She had heard all; she had the letter in her hand. I ran up to her, but she seemed unconscious that I was there. She tried to spell out the words, but no

She tried to spell out the words, but no sound came from her white lips. I took her hand to lead her away, when a tall figure entered the room; a voice stern with grief said, "Let me come to my child;" and her mother caught her in her arms. I groped my way out, a thick mist before my eyes, and left them.

Ethel had a long serious illness. The doc-tors met in my little room and held daily con-sultations; but at length the crisis was passed, and very slowly she recovered. She was very thin, and pale, and silent. Her greatest pleasure was to be drawn in an invalid-chair down to shore, where she would sit watchin for hours, and I standing beside her; and know ing that she was thinking of him whom she had lost, believing him to have been so good, tender, and true, the thought has often come to me that perhaps it was better so."

FRENCH AGRICULTURE.

THAT agriculture has prospered in France in the last thirty years is written on the face of the country to the eyes of travelers whose journeys date back so far. But, excepting in the north-western departments, French agriculture has searcely kept up with the general advance of agriculture in Western Europe. In fact, M. De Lavergne goes so far as to say that in Spain alone of the countries of Western Europe has there been so little advance in agricultural wenith and population as in five out of the six divisions into which be portions out the territory of France. This tardiness of the development of French agriculture he ascribes, in the first place, to the Revolution of 1792, and its disastrous effects in shaking the security of property, followed, as it was, by the exhausting wars of Napoleon; and, in the second place, to the extreme severity with

which the system of French taxation presses on the poorer parts of the country, so much being taken from them for the purposes of the central power, and so little being spent in them. The urban population of France has more than dou-bled since the Revolution of 1789, but the rural population has remained nearly stationary. And the increase of comfort and ease has fallen almost entirely to the lot of the urban population. At Paris the average consumption of meat per head is said to be ten times as great as that in the de-partments of Crouse and Corrère, and M. De Lavergue asserts that at Paris the consumption of agricultured produce is ten times as great per beed as it is in the poorest parts of Brittany; although we confess we have some hesitation in accepting a statement which would, we should have thought, prove conclusively that these un-lucky Bretons must all die of starvation. Still agriculture has, of course, made great advances in France; and it is only when we compare the backward five-sixths of France with the improving northwestern district, or with Prussia, Belgium, or England, that we can speak of agricul-tural backwardness in France. The gross prod---- o' France is now double what it has eightly pears ago, but whereas, in the centre of the country, the yearly yield per hectare has advanced only in the proportion of 40 to 60 france, it has advanced in the northwest in the proportion of from 80 to 180 francs. A foreigner, in talking of France, scarcely realizes how very much one part of the country varies from another, and a visitor to Paris can scarcely be aware how un-sparingly that superb capital has speked the for-gotten, unvisited departments dry in order to make its magnificence possible. Why the north-west is so far ahead of the other districts of France is not easy to see. A great part of the soil is bad, and the climate is humid and comparatively cold. It has thriven because man has there waged an incessant and successful war against nature. The wealth of the northwest is the fruit of frugality, prudence, and industry.

THE PAPAL COUNCIL.

Parsons are placing their palaces at the dis-posal of the Pope for the use of the bishops dur-ing the session of the Council, and the Pope, who has recently been very dejected, has recov-ered his cheerfulness. He has been much dis-turbed by Father Hyacinthe's letter, which has produced a most painful impression at the Vat-ican. Nothing else is talked of among the re-ligious bodies, and it has fallen like a bomb on the Jesuits and reactionists. To the great wrath of the Jesuits, it has been commended in some of the preparatory congregations, where several illustrious scrows, noted for their attachment to illustrious seneas, noted for their attachment to the Church, have expressed concurrence in its views. The declaration of the German hishops also continues to be a source of vexation at the Vatican, and foreign hishops have already ar-rived who show the same hostile spirit. The Jesuits have decided rather to create a schism in the Church than submit to the Liberal tenden-cies of the age; the Liberals on their part are availed determined.

equally determined.

Meanwhile it is believed—the German bishops, Father Hyacinthe, and M. De Montalembert notwithstanding—that the ambition of the aged Pope will be realized, and that he will be pronounced infallible by the assembled hierarchy. It must be borne in mind that upward of six hundred be borne in mind that upward of six hundred bishops have already committed themselves to the proposed dogma; and all has been so well arranged in Rome that every bishop attending the Council will, by his presence alone, signify his adherence to the programme laid down by the Jesuits. "It is a strange proceeding," said the Bishop of Argyle and the Isles to his clergy a few days ago—"strange if we consider that those greated in it are navigating what they a few days ago—"strange if we consider that those engaged in it are navigating what they call the Church. The night is dark. There is no open vision. The track is unknown. The rs meet and declare that the captain is infallible, and retire, it may be, if they please, to sleep. Does this seem a grotesque description? Alas! is it not a true one? This project is surely the revelation of a great need-a proof of weakness, not, as it has been called, of strength -of the failing strength of that Church which requires such extraneous help to bolster up her once so great authority. Alas! darkness lit by such a torch can do little to illumine the profound around it. The construction of an artifi-cial means can only produce children in its own likeness. It is Saul seeking enchantments; a meeting of wizards to create a brazen head like s, or a calculating head like Habbage's But the subject of the forthcoming assemblage in Rome, when we think of the objects which it has in view, and the interests which are at stake, is more pathetic than grotesque. The axe is recognized to be blunt, and more strength is to be put upon it, all blunt as it is—that is the proed remedy. We do not say this in irony-from it. Were this a meeting of humble ristians, or the heads of Christ's Church (if far from it. it has heads), seeking after truth, our deepest sympathy and our highest reverence would go with them. But this it is not. It is the pathetic spectacle of men socking to make certain their own preconceived opinions by a decree of their own, and to change God's way into their ways, to turn the flood into a particular channel, and to rule God's acts into unison with their

The London Times returns to the so-talled miracle of St. Januarius, remarking that the question is less as to what belief the miracle deserves than as to who it is that any longer be-lieves in it. Where is there an Italian who can at all read and write who thinks of San Gennaro and his miracle with any other feelings than those of scorn and indignation, with feelings of bitter resentment against that evil combination of civil

and ecclesiastical misrule by which the mass of his brutified countrymen have been plunged into a depth of superstition and fetichism from which it is doubtful whether all the efforts of the present educational system will ever have power to rescue them? The miracle has never been disdence, never wholly believed, never freely impugned. Those have seen and those have believed who were determined to see and believe. It is the same with winking Madonnas and bloodsweating crucifixes, table-turning and spirit-rap-ping. It is faith that does it all. Pope Pius IX. pang. It is man that does it all. Pope Pins IA., may, at the next (Ecumenical Council, make St., Januarius's miracle a dogma. It will not, for all that, be believed any more or any less than it is now; but there will always be men to go and see it, whether they believe it or not.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

By Ove Sage.-Life is a disease of which one dies

Pleasant—To open your wife's jewel-box, and dis-cover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keep-sake.

Sharr Woman Thant — A gentleman, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, Madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed team." She answered, "I hope it was not, Sir, became you went away without paying."

Too Parricuan,—"I went in to bathe," said a Yankee: "but before I was long in the water I saw a huge double-jawed shark making rapidly toward me. What was to be done? When he was within a yard of me I faced round, dived under the shark, and, taking a knife from my pocket, ripped the mouster up." "But did you bethe with your clothes on?" saked an astonished listener. "Well," answered the story-teller, representably—"well, I do think you needn't be so taraction particular."

After all there is not much difference between the diowers and the opponents of Dr. Jenner. The one re escetasions, and the other are receive-haters.

RAFIR COMPOSITIONS.—The following are literal translations from essays composed by Rafir boys at the mission station, Reiskamma Hork, South Africa: "The Rhimozros.—The story of the ridinocerus. The ridinocerus. The ridinocerus. The story of the ridinocerus. The ridinocerus is a very angry beast. The horn of that beast is one. It is said that when it sees a man it pursues him still be climbs into a tree, that he may escape from that beast. And if he does not run he is torn to pieces by it; but if he ran and climbed into a tree he will escape, became that the ridinocerus does not know how to climb. But it is said that then it sits undernessit his tree where the man has come down, or whether that ridinocerus is sliding there still. "The Hymn.—The Hyera is a very greetly beast, It is said that when thou seest its den there are old parennie of people, and people's heads and bouss. It is said that it does not chow, but when it failables and wholes to run the stones rattle in its stomach, and it stands listealing till the morning, and the people come sed kill it."

The secret of the success of Chicago newspapers said to lie in the fact that every man and woman the town takes every paper, for fear a divorce noti in which they are interested may be published as they not find it out.

"Why, dear me, Mr. Lengewallow," said a good old lady, "how can you drink a whole quart of that hard clder at a single dreaght?" As soon as the man crelid heasthe again he replied: "I beg pardor, Madam, but upon my soul it was so bard I couldn't bite it off."

"OUR COUNTRY."

"OUR COUNTRY."

Greatest country! beyond people!
Finest churches Lallest steeples;
Pastest borses—fairest women;
Biggest lakes that fabre swim in.
Most of relivous; longest stress—
Beats creation "all to shivers;"
Beens creation "all to shivers;"
Beens of one thing—mostly pumpkin;
Jumps the highest—squats the lowest;
More disasters—more delusions;
More confessions—more confusions—
Who can best us? who outdo us?
Who can beld a candle to us?
Higgest country—bigger to be— Biggest country—bigger to be— Now they talk of adding Cubs.

A New Soccury.—The last society spoken of in Cal-ifornia is the "Pay-Nothing." It is said to be alarm-ingly prespectus. The pass word is "Lend us a doi-lar;" the response, "Broks!"

Many of the police seem to regard the public as so many bottles of medicine, "To be well shaken before taken."

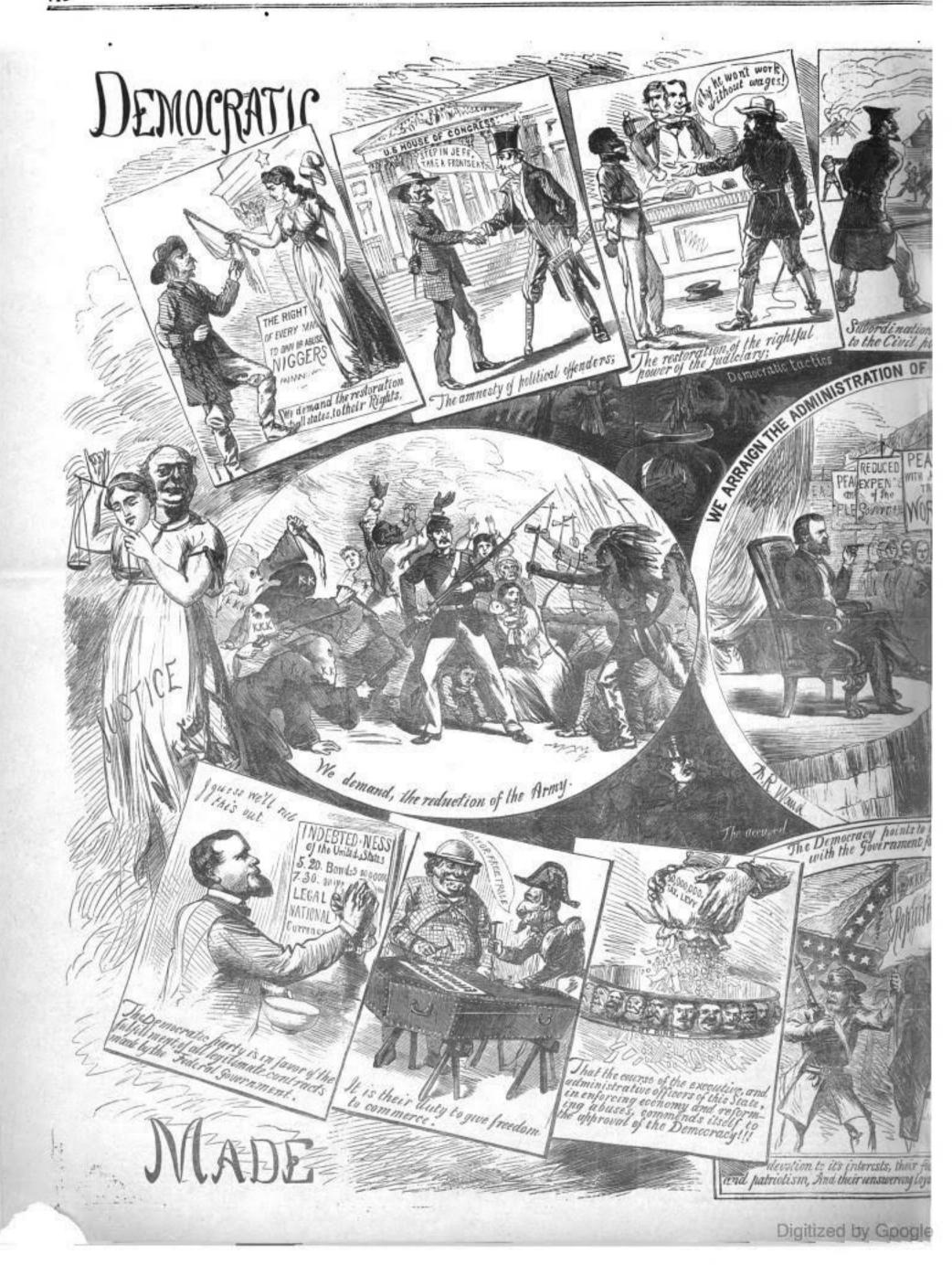
A billet-donz did William send, To tell the love that bursed him flat it was more like fitty, don't! The answer she returned him.

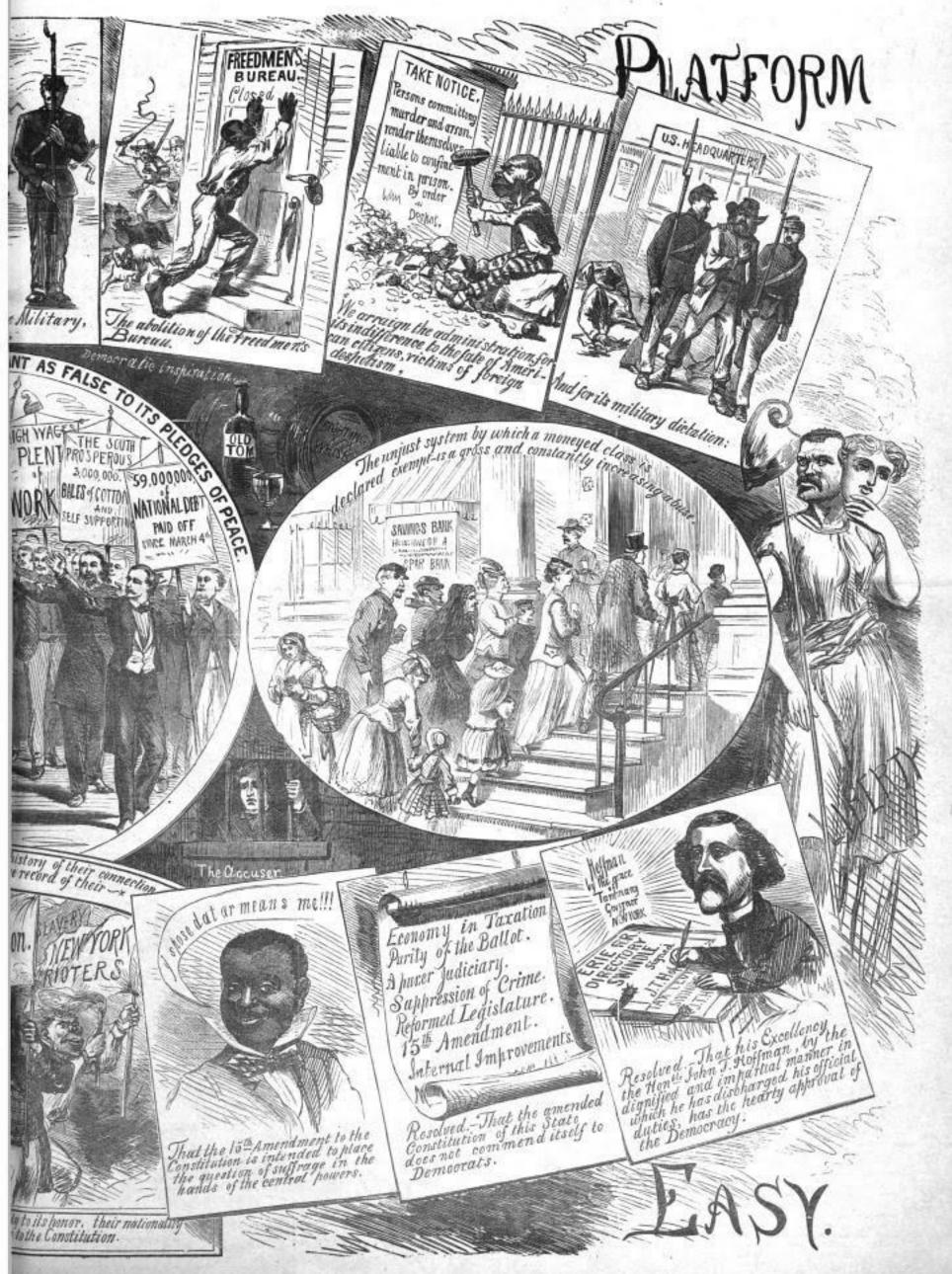
The Siamese Twins always go to bed at the same time: but Chang usually gets up about an hour before his brother. By an understanding between theraselves Chang does all the indoor work and Eng runs all the errands. This is because Eng likes to go out: Chang's habits are sedentary. However, Chang always goes along. Eng is a Bapties, but Chang is a Reman Catholic: still, to please his brother, Chang consented to be baptimed at the same time that Eng was, on condition that it should not "count." During the war they were strong partisans, and both fought gallantly all through the great struggles. Eng on the Union side, and Chang on the Corleberate. They took each other prisoners at Seven Cake, but the proofs of captars were so evenly balanced in favor of each that a general array court had to be assembled to determine which one was properly the captor, and which the captor. The jury was trable to agree for a long time: but the vened question was finally decided by agreeing to consider them both prisoners, and then carchanging them.

"Shel your eyes and listen mit me," said Unclo

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Vell, the first night I opens store I count de moneys, and flock him nix right. I counts him, and dere be tree dollar gone, and ret does yet task I does then?" "I can not say." "Vy, I did not count him ony more, and he come out shust right ever since."

While tradging along one day alone a soldier met a Methodist circuit-rider, whom he at once recognised as such, but affected ignorance of it. "What command do you belong to?' inquired the preacher. "Texas regiment in Van Deen's army. And yourself?" "I belong," solemnly replied the preacher, "to the army of the Lord." "Then, my friend," said the soldier, "you've got a very long way from head-quarters,"





BELOW THE HEIGHTS.

I say at Berne, and watched the chain Of icy peaks and passes, That towered like gods above the plain. In stem majestic masses.

I vaised till the evening light I pon their heads descended; They caught it on their glittering height, and held it there suspended:

I aw the red spread o'er the white, just like a maiden's blushing, Till all were buthed in rosy light that seemed from heaven rushing:

The dead white snow was full of life, As if some huge l'ygmalion Had sought to find himself a wife In stones that saw Deucsion.

Too soon the light began to wane, Though linguring soft and tender, And the snow-giants sank again Into their culm, dead splender.

And, as I watched the last faint glow, I turned as pale as they did, And ighed to think that on the snow The rose so quickly faded.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

En fibe Books .- Book EE.

CHAPTER III.

IN MR. PROST'S SANCTUM.

MESSES. FROST AND LOVEGROVE, solicitors, had their offices in a large old house in Bodford Square. The whole of the ground-floor was used

Square. The whole of the ground-floor was used for offices. In the upper part of the house lived the family of the junior partner.

The chief reason for selecting the locality of the offices—which did not sound, Mr. Lovegrore said, an altogether "professional" address—was that he might enjoy the advantage of residing at his place of business; of being, as he was fond of mentioning, "on the spot."

"That is exactly what I don't want," said Mr. Eross. And accordingly he inhabited a house

Frost. And accordingly he inhabited a house

at Bayswater.

But the Lovegroves, especially the female Lovegroves, declared in family conclave that Mr. Frest lived at Bayswater rather than at Bedford Square because Mrs. Frost doesned Bedford Square vulgar. She was reported to have asked where it was, with a vague air of wonder, as of an in-quirer into the geography of Central Africa. And Augustus Lovegrove, Junior, the only son of the family, gave an imitation of Mrs. Frost setting out to visit her husband's office, furnished with a sandwich-case and a flask of sherry, as though for a long journey; and mimicked the tone of fashionable borodom in which she asked the coachman where one changed horses to go to Bedford Square. But that, said his sisters,

In fact, there was a suppressed, but not the less deadly, fend between the houses of Frost and Lovegrove on all social points. In their business relations the two partners seldom jarred.

Mr. Freet was a much cleverer man than Mr. Lovegrove. He was also the better educated of

Tavegrove. The was also the tester enceted of the two, and nature had gifted him with a commanding person and an impressive address.

Mr. Lovegrove was a commonplace individual. He said of himself that he had a great power of sticking to husiness; and he said truly. Mr. Prost entirely appreciated his partner's solid and unobtrusive merits. He declared Lovegrove to be "a thoroughly safe, dependable follow." And the flavor of patronage in his approbation was in

no degree distasteful to Mr. Lovegrove. In the office their respective qualities and acquirements were the complement of each other; and they agreed admirably. Out of the office their views were so dissimilar as to be antage

Mr. Lovegrove was a very devout High-Churchman, and shook his head gravely over Mr. Frost's want of orthodoxy. Indeed, to describe Mr. Frost's coinions as unorthodox was to characterize them with undue mildness. Mr. Frost was a confirmed skeptic, and his skepticism was nearly allied to cynicism.

There is a homely illustration, immortalized by the pen of a great modern writer, which may, erhaps, convey an idea of the state of Mr. Frost's

In one of that great writer's well-known pages political reformers are warned, when they empty the dirty water out of the tub, not to send buby whose ablutious have been made in it floating down the kennel likewise. Get rid of the dirty water, by all means; but—save the boby! Now Mr. Frost, it was to be feared, had not

saved the baby.

Then the women of the two families did not stand in amicable relations toward each other. Mrs. Levegrove was envious of Mrs. Frost, and

Mrs. Frost was disdainful of Mrs. Lovegrove. The two husbands would occasionally remonstrate, each with the wife of his bosom, respecting this inconvenient, not to say reprehensible, state of things; and would openly, in marital fashion, wonder why the dence the women were

so spiteful and so silly!
"I wish, Georgy," Mr. Frost would say, "that
you would behave with decent civility to Lovegrove's wife when you meet her. She does not come in your way often. I think it very selfish that you will not make the least effort to oblige when I have told you so often how serious an inconvenience it would be to me to have any coolness with Lovegrove."

"Why can't you get on with Mrs. Frost, Sa-

"Why can't you get on with Mrs. Frost, Sa-rah?" Mr. Lovegrove would ask, gravely. "I and Frost never have a word together; and two more different men you would scarcely find." But none the less did a feeling of animosity smoulder in the breasts of the two ladles. And perhaps the chief circumstance that prevented the feeling from breaking out into a blaze was the wide distance which separates Bayswater from Bailford Sensor.

from Bedford Square.
At the latter place Mr. Frost had a little private room, the last and smallest of a suite of three, opening one within the other, which looked on to a smoke-blackened yard some five feet square. Mr. Frost had shut out the view of the opposite wall by the expedient of having his winw-frame filled with panes of colored glass. This diminished the already scanty quantity of daylight that was admitted into the room. But Mr. Frost neither came to his office very early nor remained there very late; so that his work there was done during those hours of the day in which, when the sun shone at all, he sent his beams in through the red and purple panes of

It was understood in the office that when Mr. Frost closed the outer one of the green-baize double doors which shut in his private room, he was not to be disturbed save on the most pressing and important business. So long as only the inner door remained closed, Mr. Frost was accessible to six-and-eightpence-yielding mor-tals. But when once the weight which usually kept the outer door open was removed, and the dark green portal had swung to, with a swift noiseless passage of the cords over their pulleys, then no clerk in the employ of the firm, scarcely even Mr. Lovegrove himself, willingly undertook the task of disturbing the privacy of the senior

And yet one morning, soon after Hagh Lockwood's return to London, Mrs. Lockwood walked into the offices at Bedford Square, and required that Mr. Frost should be informed of her presence; despite the fact, carefully pointed out to her notice, that Mr. Frost's room was shut by the outer door; and that, consequently, Mr. Frost was understood to be particularly engaged.

"I feel sure that Mr. Frost would see me if

you would be good enough to take in my name," said the little woman, looking into the face of the clerk who had spoken to her.

There was something almost irresistible in the composed certainty of her manner. Neither were the lady-like neatness of her dress, and the soft, sweet, refined tone of her voice, without their influence on the young man.
"Have you an appointment?" he asked, hes-

itating.
"Not precisely an appointment for this special morning. But I have frequently been ad-mitted at this hour by Mr. Frost. If you will kindly take in my name to him, I am quite will-ing to assume the responsibility of disturbing him."

"Well, you see, ma'am, that's just what you con't do. The responsibility must be on my shoulders, whether it turns out that I am doing

right or wrong. However, since you say that Mr. Frost has seen you at this time before— Perhaps you can give me a card to take in to

Mrs. Lockwood took a little note-book out of her pocket, tore off a blank page, and wrote on it with the nontest of tiny pencils, the initials

Z. L.

"I have no card," she said, smiling; "but if
you will show Mr. Frost that paper 1 think you
will find that he will admit me."

The clerk disappeared, and returned in a few moments, begging the lady to step that way. The lady did step that way, and the green-brize door closed silently behind her short, trim, inck figure.

Mr. Frost was sented at a table covered with papers. On one side, and within reach of his hand, stood a small cabbeet full of drawers. It was a handsome antique piece of familiare of inhald wood, and would have seemed more sulted to a lady's bondoir than to a lawver's office, But there was in truth very little of what Mr. Lovegrove called "the shop" about the furniture or fittings of this tiny sanctom. The pur-ple carpet was soft and rich, the walls were stained of a warm stone-color, and the two easy-chairs—the only seats which the small size of the room gave space for-were covered with morocco leather of the same has as the carpet.

Over the chimney-piece hung a landscape; one of the blackest and chimiest that Wardour Street could turn out. Mr. Frost called it (and thought it) a Salvator Rosa.

The only technical belongings visible in the room were a few carefully-selected law books on a snore shelf near the window.

"Lovegrore does all the pounce and pareh-ment business," Mr. Frost was wont to say, jo-

cosely. "He likes it."

But no client who had ever sat in the purple morocco easy-chair opposite to Mr. Frost failed to discover that, however much that gentleman might profess to despise those outward and visible symbols of his profession which he characterized generically as pounce and parchment, yet he was none the less a keen, acute, practical,

hard-bended lawyer. Mr. Frost looked up from his papers as Mrs.

Lockwood quietly entered the room. His face wore a look of care, and almost of promature age; for his portly apright figure, per-fectly dark hair, and vigor of movement betokened a man still in the prime of his strength, But his face was livid and haggard, and his eyebrows were surmounted by a complex series of wrinkles, which drew together in a knot, that gave him the expression of one continually and painfully at work in the solution of some weighty problem.

He rose and shook hands with Mrs. Lock-

wood, and then waved her to the chair opposite !

"Tell me at once," he said, folding his hands "Tell me at once," he said, folding his hands before him on the table, and slightly bending forward as he addressed the widow, "if your business is really pressing. I scarcely think there is another person in London whom I would have admitted at this moment."

"My business is pressing, and I am much obliged to you," replied Mrs. Lockwood, looking at him strendly.

at him stendily.
"You think, with your usual incredulity, that "You think, with your usual increasing, that he real occupation when your visit interrupted me. Sometimes, I grant you, I shut myself in here for a little— Hah! I was going to say peace! for a little quiet, for feisure to think for myself, instead of hiring out my thinking faculties to other people. But to-day it was not so. Look here!" Look here!

He pointed to the mass of papers under his hand (on the announcement of Mrs. Lockwood's approach he had thrown a large sheet of blotting-paper over them), and fluttered them rapid-ly with his fingers. "I have been going through ly with his fingers. "I have been going throu these, and was only hasf-way when you came. "Bills?" said Mrs. Lockwood.

"Some bills, and some— Yes; chiefly bills. But they all need looking at." As he spoke he thrust them aside with a care-

As he spoke he thrust them aside with a care-less gesture, which half hid them once more un-der the blotting-paper.

Mrs. Lockwood's observant eyes had per-ceived that one of them bore the heading of a fashionable milliner's establishment.

"I am sorry," she said, "to interrupt the cal-culation of your wife's bonnet bills; but I really must intrude my presaic business on your no-tice."

"What a bitter little weed you are, Zillah!" rejoined Mr. Frost, leaning back in his chair and regarding her thoughtfully,

You have no right to say so, "The best right; for I know you. I don't

"Oh! you don't complain!" she echoed, with

a short, soft laugh.
"No," he proceeded; "I do not complain

"No, he proceeded; "I do not companin that your tougue is steeped in wormwood sometimes; for I know that you have not found life full of honey. Neither have I, Zillah. If you knew my anxieties, my sleepless nights, my—But you would not believe me, even if I had time and inclination to talk about myself. What is it that you want with me this morning?"

"I want one more."

"I want my money."

"Have you come here to say that?"

"That's the gist of what I have come to say.
I put it crudely, because shortly. But you and I know very well that that is always the burden of the sele."

"Do you expect me to take out a pocket-book full of bank-notes and hand them to you across the table like a man in a play? But," he added, after a momentary struggle with his own temper, "it is worse than useless for us to jan-gle. You are too sensible a woman to have come here merely for the pleasure of dunning me. Tell me what has induced you to take

"I desired to speak with you. To the first note I sent you, asking you to call in Gower Street, I got not answer—"
"I was engaged day and night at the time. I

meant to come to you as soon as I had an hour's

"To the second note you replied that you were going out of town for three days."
"It was quite true. I only got back last

night. And therefore I came here this morning,"

"And therefore I came here this morning,"
"Has any thing new happened?"
"Something new is always happening. Hugh
is bent on setting up for himself. His father's
friends in the country have urged him to do so,"
"It would be folly on his part to leave Digby
and West for the next year or so. I give this
opinion just as I should if I were asked for advice by a perfect stranger. You doubtless think
that I am actuated by some underhand motive."

I am actuated by some underhand motive."
'No; I do not think so. And, moreover, I should agree with you in your opinion, if I did not know that Hugh is entitled to a sum of

money which would suffice to make the experi-ment he contemplates a judicious instead of a rash one. I do not see that." "Hugh, at all events, has the right to judge

And you have the right to influence his

judgment Sometimes I am tempted-nay, often, very often, I am tempted-to tell Hugh every thin and let him fight his own fight. I am so tired of it!"

"Tell him, then!" ejaculated Mr. Frost, impatiently. "I, too, am weary, God knows!"
"You have the power to put an end to your weariness and to my importunities. Do me justice. After all, I am but claiming what is my own."

"It is your own. I know it. I have never sought to deny it. You can not say that I

He rose with a quick, irritable movement from his chair, and stood leaning against the mantle-piece, with his back to the empty grate.

"Then why not restore it at once, and end

this weary business?" "Surely you must understand that such a sum is not to be had at a moment's notice!"
"A moment's notice! How many years is it

since you promised me that it should be as soon as Hugh came of age?"

"I know, I know. But during this last year or two there have been embarrassments, andand-difficulties. Mrs. Lockwood leaned her head on her hand

and looked up at him. "Do you know," she said, slowly, "what I begin to be afraid of?

That you have been telling me the truth lately,

and that you really are in pecuniary difficulties!"

The blood rushed darkly over the lawyer's face, but he met her look with a smile and

face, but he met her look with a smile and an ironical raising of the eyebrows.

"Upon my word," he said, "you are civil—and ingenious! You begin to be 'afraid that I have been telling you the truth!" I presume you have hitherto supposed that I kept your cash in hard, round, yellow sovereigns, locked up in a box, and that I had nothing to do but to take them out whenever I chose and hand them over to you! I am every that I can not them over to you! I am sorry that I can not altogether dissipate your apprehensions. I have been telling you the truth, but, nevertheless, your money is safe!"

The air of superiority in the man, his voice and bearing, were not without their effect on Mrs. Lockwood. She faltered a moment. Then she said, "You can at least name some time for a sestlement, can you not? Give me some fixed date to look forward to. I have been very pa-

tient."

"Look here, Zillah, I have a very advantageous thing in view. It will be highly lucrative, if it comes off as I anticipate. It has been proposed to me to go abroad in the character of legal adviser to a very wealthy and powerful English commany, and—"

English company, and-"To go abroad!"

"Temporarily. For a few months merely.

It is a question of obtaining a concession for some important works from the Italian government. If the affair succeeds, I shall be in a po-sition not only to pay you back your own—that," he added, watching her face, "is a matter of course in any case—but to advance Hugh's pros-pects very materially. Will you have a little more patience and a little more faith, and wait until the winter?"

"Six months?" said Mrs. Lockwood, weari-

by.

"Yes; six months. Say six months! And meanwhile— As for Hugh, since he knows nething, he will be suffering no suspense."

"Hugh? No, thank God! If it had been a question of subjecting my son instead of myself to the grinding of hope deferred, the matter should have been settled in one way or the other

years ago!"
Mr. Frost looked at the small, frail figure be-Mr. Frost locked at the small, frail figure be-fore him; at the pale, delicate-featured face, framed in its soft gray curls; and be wondered at the strength of resolution to endure that was expressed in every curve of her mouth, in the firmness of her attitude as she stood with her little nervous hands clasped in front of her, in the steadiness of the dark eyes whose setting was so worn and tear-stained.

"Good-by, Zillah," he said, taking her hand; "I will come to Govern Street soon."

"I will come to Gower Street soon."
"Yes; you had better come. Hugh misses you. He wants to talk to you about his plans,

he says."
"I shall give him the advice I told you—to

"I shall give him the advice I told you—to stay with Digby and West for at least another year on the terms they offer. Bless my life, it is no such hardship! What hurry is there for him to undertake the responsibilities and cares of a professional man who has, or thinks he has," added Mr. Frost, hastily correcting himself, "no-thing in the world to depend upon but his own

Mrs. Lockwood made as though she were about to speak, and then checked herself with a little,

quick sigh.

"Zillah!" said Mr. Frost, taking again the hand he had relinquished, and bending down to look into her face, "there is something new! You have not told me all that is in your mind."

"Because what is in my mind on this subject

is all vague and uncertain. But I fancy—I think—that Hugh has fallen in love." "Ah, you are like the rest of the women, and put your real meaning into the postscript. I knew there was something you had to say."
"I did not mean to say it at all. It is only a

"I have considerable faith in the accuracy of your surmises; and it furnishes a likely enough motive for Hugh's hot haste to make himself a place in the world. Can you guess at the wo-

man?"
"I know her. She is a girl of barely eighteen. She lives in my house."
"What! that Lady—Lady—"
"Lady Tallis Gale's niece, Miss Desmond."

"Stay! Where did I hear of her? Oh, I have it! Lovegrove is trustee under her mother's will. She has a mere pictance secured to her out of the wreck of her father's fortune. Besides, those kind of people, though they may be almost beggars, would, ten to one, look down on your son from the height of their family grandeur. This girl's father was one of the Power-Desmonds, a beggarly, scatter-brained, spendthrift, Irish-gentleman! I dare say the

young lady has been taught to be proud (probably hypothetical) descent from a savage inferior to a Zulu Kaffir."

"Very likely. But your elequence is wasted on me. You should talk to Hugh. I'm afraid

he has set his heart on this. "Set his heart! Hugh is-bow old? Three-

and-twenty?" Hugh will be twenty-five in August."

"Hugh will be twenty-live in August.

"Ah! Think of a woman of your experience talking of a young fellow of that age having "set his heart" on any thing! No doubt he has "set his heart." And how many times will it be set and unset again before he is thirty?"

"God forbid that Hugh should be such a man

as some whom my experience has taught me to

"Humph! Just now this love on which Hugh has 'set his heart' was a mere surmise on your part. Now you declare it to be a serious and established fact, and 'God forbid' it should not be!"

"When will you come?" asked Mrs. Lockwood, disregarding the sener.
"I will come to-morrow evening if I can.

"I will come to-morrow evening if I can.
You know that my time is not mine to dispose
of."

of."
True. But it is sometimes easier to dispose
of that which belongs to other people than of
one's own rightful property, is it not?"
With this Parthian dart Mrs. Lockwood dis-

With this Parthian dart Mrs. Lockwood disappeared, gliding noiselessly out of the small room through the next chamber, and acknowledging by a modest, quiet little bend of the head the respectful alacrity of the clerk who had first admitted her, in rising to open the door for her exit.

WILD-FOWL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Our illustration on page 716 represents a scene which Mr. Thomas Baines (a gentleman who has spent several years in traveling through the region of the Zambesi River) saw in November, 1864—a multitude of fiamingoes, pelicans, and dufkers on the sand-spit dividing Sandwich Harbor from the sea. It should be observed that many of the harbors on the shores of Southwest Africa are formed by the prevalent southeast wind drifting from any projecting point a constant cloud of sand, and depositing it so as to form a shoal, between which and the shore is a sheltered bay, where ressels of moderate burden may lie in perfect quiet while the surf breaks furiously outside this apparently frail barrier. Walvisch (or Whalefish) Bey and Sandwich Harbor are of this class, and the lagoons and shallows of each are frequented by duikers, or cornecrants, pelicans, and flamingoes. The dufkers are so numerous that a flock of these birds wheeling in many evolutions over the bay or settling on the beach durkens a space of ground half a mile or more in extent. The flamingoes, wading to a uniform depth, form regular lines along the curve of the beach, like regiments of soldiers; or, when disturbed, rise in the air like a flickering resente cloud, dazzling with intense brilliancy under the unclouded sun. Some of the smaller species of flamingoes which are found more inland are entirely of a deep and beautiful crimson. The kind usually found along the shore has crimson wings, white neck with a delicate flush of pink, and pink or light crimson beak and legs. The bird shown in the foreground of our engraving has not yet attained its perfect plumage. Its wings are marked with rown, just beginning to give place to the crimson; its beak is pale blue, and its legs are slate-color. A thorn-backed shark, some parts of the skeleton of a whale, and a few shells are seen lying on the beach.

"HESITATION."

Swear seventeen! Poets have sung about it—painters have painted it, or tried to paint it; musicians have thrummed peans of praise to it on their harps, sackbuts, pealteries, banjos, and all kinds of instruments; cowards have fied its too-palpitating infinences; warriors have trembled before its exacting charms. What wonder, then, that one poor simple youth—like the one depicted in our illustration on page 717—should feel his honest heart sink when the moment arrives in which he is to learn his fate?—too bashful to look in the glass, and see reflected there the half-coy, half-impudent face that bids him come if he dare, and yet entreats him to dare to come, filled with strange wonderment that the old father should cheer him on and hid him not be such a fool, as though be had forgotten his own fool's days, when the plump old lady beside him was much such another skittish maiden. She has not forgotten it; for in her encouragement of the bashful lover there is a touch of proud remembrance of the time when she, too, hesitated; and, knowing that hesitation was torture, yet and, knowing that hesitation was torture, yet prolonged the pain for the sake of the triumph. It will be all over presently, for there is a courage on that youthful brow which, when he is within arm's-length, will carry him on till there shall be the reflections of two faces in that one small looking-glass, and then besitation will be over, and by one word the life-history of both will be fixed.

A LEOPARD HUNT WITH FOX-HOUNDS.

Cotacamum, the principal assistation of Southern India, has a great advantage over the Himalayan stations, being situated in the midst of an extensive platean, instead of being perched amidst precipices like Simla. To the west of Cotacamund, which occupies nearly the centre of a platean of thirty square miles, stretch the vast undulating downs, covered with a turf so strong and coarse, and affording such unfailing footbold, that, even in the westest weather, a horse may safely be ridden at speed along the steepest hill-sides, which are unbroken even by a mole-hill. A few small thick woods, dotted over these slopes, harbor innumerable jackals, regular mountaineers, strong-limbed and longwinded. The Madras fox-hounds, which are necessarily sent away from the plains during the hot season, from March till October, have been this year engaged for that time by the Cotacamundians, and have been meeting twice a week. They have given good sport and equitted themselves very creditably, in spite of the difficulties involved in the fact that to view eight or ten jackals in an hour is by no means an uncommon occurrence. A fair number of victims have, nevertheless, been pulled down in full career, or ignominiously dragged from earths; and "Jack," though not possessing, perhaps, the placek of an English fox, will often give a smart run of twenty to forty minates, very different from his namesake on the plains. But

n Mary College

oer filestration is from a sketch furnished by a local correspondent, who took a part, on June 22, in a most extraordinary run, which has excited the wonder of all the Angio-Indian sportsmen. The hounds had run down a jackal and killed him in the Nungenad Valley, and the only persons with them were Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Arkirs, and the huntsman, when a fine full-grown leopard saddenly darted from the thicket, and away went every dog full cry after this strange object of chase. They soon came up with the animal, seized him, and rolled him over; but he punished some of them with his teeth and claws. He broke from them, and get into a copse, with a brook at the bottom, where the hounds again caught him, and he then turned at bay. Thirteen couple of them, having got deep into the thicket, were quite out of sight, while the barking, yelping, and howling of the dogs, and the furious growling of the leopard, told of the conflict going on. The huntsman, and several gentlemen who had by this time come up, endeavored in vain to call off the pack, which is of the Pytchley breed, and is too valuable to be exposed to the risks of such an encounter. After the efforts of half an hour the hounds were got out. None of them were killed, but several were hadly bittes. Guns were meantime sent for, and Mr. Avxirs made two good shots at the leopard, crippling him with the first and killing him with the second.

CHARLES READE'S IDEAL WOMAN. THERE is, perhaps, no writer of equal emi-

These is, perhaps, no writer of equal eminence who has so clearly shown the character and principles of his genius from the very beginning of his career. "Peg Woffington," his earliest work, is at once an epitome and adumbration of all he has done. Mr. Reade's repertoire is limited. He has one brilliant, splendid woman, full of noble instincts, of passion and generosity, and pride and humbleness, who is his deptate, and whom he can not too often reproduce: light, and whom he can not too often reproduce; and he has another simple, tender, wise, femi-nine creature who is the rival, the conqueror, the defender, the only being who fully comprehends the first; and between these two he has a fancy for placing a very weak, sometimes contemptible, man. This is but a small circle, yet it is wide man. It is not a since circle, yet it work enough to give occasion for many exquisite con-trasts and telling scenes. Such a limitation is no doubt a weakness in point of art; but we doubt much whether it is not an additional charm doubt much whether it is not an additional charm to the ordinary reader, who arrives but slowly at a perception of character, and requires to have it impressed upon him by many repetitions. The favorite conceptions of our novelist—his Mrs. Woffington, his Christie Johnstone, his Kate, Woffington, his Christie Johnstone, his Kate, are all more or less repetitions, with changes of costume and accessories, of one idea. It is the very ideal of womankind, according to what Mr. Mill would call the imperfect and deprayed conditions which are all that has been permitted it since the beginning of the world; a being full of power, and brilliancy, and daring, and intuitive perception—full, indeed, of what we can describe only as genius, in distinction from the more man-ageable and practical talents of ordinary life ready to jump at the truth, however concealed; but, at the same time, not above the deceptions of society, or those benevolent tricks which a fer tile imagination suggests for the management and well-being of others; a creature equal to any emergency, rising with high, nervous valur to any danger; able to brace herself for every to any tianger; able to brace herself for every necessary exertion, and to do whateoever may be demanded with sufficient energy from her hands. Something of Rosalind, semething of Imogen, is in this fine conception—yet it is original, and has never been set forth in the same fullness by any other. That Mr. Dickens never dreamed of such a being, nor even the broader intelligence of Thackersy, nor the more courtly and more di-versified genius of Lord Lytton, it is unnecessarof Inexersy, nor me more county and more county and more un-versified genius of Lord Lytton, it is unnecessa-ry to say. Mr. Reade has made this woman; he has clothed her, not in weakness, as has been the wont of romancists, but in beautiful power and strength, the fullness of health and vigor, bodily and mental. He has set her forth not as a passive, but an active being, able to do almost any thing she puts her hand to, and encumbered by no miserable timidity or self-consciousness, though white and splendid with natural modesmgh white and spendin who a certain grace;
Whatever she touches takes a certain grace; her comings and her goings impress on all minds; she is the centre of the picture wherever she appears. And then how fine is the can do and what she can not! She can labor with a man's energy and boldness; she can take fortune at the tide; she can save lives and win hearts. But she can not sway some one weak, selfish soul about her, can not make it noble like herself, nor take away from it the faithful affections of which it is unworthy. Every thing else she can do, but this she can not. Her faithfulness is proof against her own clear sight and discrimination. Such is Peg Woffington, the actress; such is Christie Johnstone, the fishwoman; and such is Kate Gaunt. Each is perfectly true to her surroundings and to her age. There is, so to speak, no resemblance between them; their costume is varied with all the skill of consum mate art; they think as becomes their different stations and periods, without the slightest confusion of identity; and yet they are one. Per-haps—such a thing is possible—had the author concentrated his powers on one production of his favorite character, something more effective still might have been the result. But we should be very reluctant to be put to it which of the tric Not Christie, the pride of we would part with. Newhaven; and not the brave, sweet, gay, infi-nitely gifted actress. If one were to be sacri-ficed, Kate, we think, would have the least hold

on our bearts. And yet how noble is Kate in her virtues and her errors, her ! . Adness, her fears,

her miserable mistakes, and suffering! The woman walks through the book, with her grand stature and stately grace, winning us, enchanting us, offending us, like a real creature. The reader feels disposed to pause, and warn, and remonstrate, and bid her look well what she is about. Harm will come of it! we call out to her unconsciously; and she knows it—half hears us—yet is swept on. What a woman! If there were many like her, how poor would all Mr. Mill's pleas for equality sound (as, Heaven knows, without that they sound poor enough)! Equal! to the good-natured lout by her side, whom she condescends to love! One might as well speak of equality between the lion and the ass, or between the pole-star and a smoky lantern. This is the thing of all others which Mr. Heade has done heat; and we know not one of his contempovaries, and few of his predecessors, who have given such an idea to the world.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Farmers Hyacusymus arrived in this port on the 18th of October on the steamer Persite. He sailed October 2. The passage was made in eight days and stateen hours—the shortest transsilentic trip on record. In our editorial columns last weak we gave a history of the conflict between Father Hyacustic and his Superior. This conflict seems to have been continued for several years. Even in 1882 he was restricted by instructions from his superiors, against which, however, he sometimes robelled. During that year, in a discourse delivered by him in the Church of St. Miniv., at Lyons, there was a notable instance of this.—I his sermon Father Hyacinthe confined himself at fir.—entirely within the hand.—I the instructions given him by his superiors. The commencement of his discourse was cold and unimpassioned, and falled to sardes any enthusiasm in his andience. Suddenly, however, he followed his own inspiration, and intered an eloquent apostrophe on the want of brotherly love in the present assembly and in the Church, and on the universal solidalness which prevailed in its place. This latter portion of his discourse caused no little surprise, and was the subject of much comment. In a second sermon he announced quite plainty a perfectuce for monity over dogma. "Thave wandered over the world," he said, "and have every where found only germs of intelligence, and atoms of understanding. I have entered the cioister, and have there only met with abortive saints." The Archbishop of Lyons, Cardinal Bonald, heard this sermon perached, and was highly of fended at it. In the first burst of his indignation he sent for Father Hyacinthe, and forbade him to preach in any church of his diocese. The urgent representations of the highest society in Lyons induced him to withdraw this prohibition. He again sent for Father Hyacinthe, and in a neith and uncommonly forbearing manner put before him the heart he would do to the Church if he went on with his violent attacks upon it. Pather Hyacinthe could not resist this friendly address, and promi

to keep this promise any longer.

Before his departure for this country Father Hyacinthe gave stitings to Miss Vinnie Ream for a medallion.

Who has a desire to understand what first-class Chinese music is like? The editor of a San Francisco paper has attended a Chinese iteratre for the purpose of ascertaining, and thus enlightens the public: "Imagine yourself in a botter manufactory when four bundred men are putting in rivets, a maximum four bundred men are putting in rivets, a maximum thin-shop next door on one eide, and a forty-etamp quarts mill upon the other, with a drunken charivast party with six hundred instruments in front, four thousand earinged cats on the roof, and a faint idea will be conveyed of the performance of a first-class Chinese band of music."

In Cambridge, Massachusetts, fifty families propose to try co-operative housekeeping, on a capital of ten thousand dollars. Calinary, laundry, and sewing departments will be organized, and the achieve gives fair promise of being successful. It is said Professor Blot will have general charge of the kitchen.

will have general charge of the kitchen.

In Hartford, Connection, another plan is suggested to make housekeeping cares lighter. It is proposed to erect a building about 100 feet long by 50 deep, having a basement, four full stories, and an attle. On each story there would be six complete suits of rooms, with apartments conveniently and instefully planned. In the basement would be a kitchen and restaurant; and the apartments being rented to families, they can take their meals in the restaurant or have them sent to their rooms. The owner of the building should have general supervision of every thing, and provide all things at reasonable cost. Thus every family would have its home, and yet escape many of the caree of the next quarter of a century various systems will be devised, by which many of the annoyances now incident to housekeeping will be removed, and yet the keese be preserved.

Vishnu, a god of the Hindoos, has very much startled his worshipers of late, by whirling past them at night on a calestial wheel, with as a fash of lightning. Those who are so irreverent as not to believe in Vishnu, however, declare that this celestial wheel is the property of an English gentleman who is ambitious to be the first velocipede rider under an Asiatic sun; but finding the heat oppressive by day, exercises upon his bloycle at night, illuminating his path by a lanters.

We are interested in the fate of the poor wretch who fell a victim to the belle who went this last summer to the White Sulphur Springs under a vow to accept the man who made her the hundredth offer of marriage. She kept her resolution, so the story goes. But who was the man? What was his name? And hasn't be wished before this time that he was one of the ninety-and-nine?

Presence of mind prevented a Searful accident on the Fort Wayne Ballroad, near Jeckson, Michigan, a short time age. On Sunday a train was sent out from the dipit for some special porpose, and it rushed fall speed round a curve to a bridge six hundred feet long. Instantly the engineer reversed the engine, for he saw a man with his with and two children on the narrow portion of the bridge, where it is just wide enough for a train to pass, about makeup of its beneft. Catching up the children is his arms, the man told his wife to run toward the end of the bridge, until the train should reach her, and then jump into the water. She did as directed, and when she felt the hot betuch of the from monster she jumped from the bridge, fortunately

alighting in not more than two fact of water, and the train peased her in safety. The father could not run with the little ones, but he coolly and stendily, in the face of the approaching train, lowered himself with them to a brace beneath the bed timbers, and there held them that within a few feet of the water, while the train came thundering over them. Near the centre of the bridge the exertions of the engineer and brakeman effected the stoppage of the train, and their assistance was rendered to extricate the frightened family from their yet very perileus position.

The Hippodrome in Paria, which was recently destroyed by fire, was an immense building of pine wood, which contained seats for spectators, but the ring had no covering but the sky. The conflagration was terrific, and illumined all Paria, literally turning night into day. The Hippodrome itself was not an expensive structure, but many other buildings in the vicinity were consumed.

Our readers may not be sware that in Jamaica Nature hereoif supplies us with marking-ink. The large round seeds of the avocade, or slitgstor pear (Person Ovstissiva)—whence its name I have never been able to discover—contain a great quantity of tamain, and cloth stretched over one, and picked through with a pin, becomes marked as effectually as with marking-ink. The pear itself is one of the greatest felicacies of the West Indies, and is eaten cliber as a wegetable or a fruit; in the former case with pepper and salt, and in the latter with sherry and sugar. In its character of a vegetable it is an admirable substitute for fresh butter.

The London Atheneus says: "Lord Byren's complete works for M. are selling at book-stalls like herrings in a plentiful season. Another consequence of the scandal which has introduced the subject of incest to the attention of young persons is a forthcoming cheap edition of the Countase Guiccioli's "Recollections of the Poet." It will be a six-shilling volume. The lady's recollections of her late eccentric hashend, M. de Boissy, would not be a bad book. He was a frank man, and used to introduce his wife as 'La Marquise De Boissy ma femme, accleme maltresse de Byron."

Archbishop Manning, of England, recently delivered a discourse at Keneington, is which he said that modern civilization was a state of society "founded upon divorce, secular education, infinite divisions and contradictions in matters of religion, and the absolute reamchation of the superme authority of the Christian Church." He thus interprets the Pope's attilande, as refusing to reconcile himself to Liberalism, progress, and modern civilization: "No. I will not, and I can not. Your progress means divorce: I maintain Christian marriage. Your progress means secular education: I maintain that education is intrinsically and necessarily Christian. You maintain that it is a good thing that men should think as they like, talk as they like, preach as they like, and propagate what errors they please. I say that it is sowing error broadcast over the world. You say I have no authority over the Christian world, that I am not the vicur of the Good Shepherd, that I am not the supresse interpreter of the Christian Faith. I am all these. You sak me to abdicate, to renounce my supresse authority. You tell me I ought to embonit to the civil power, that I am the subject of the King of Italy, and from him I am to receive instructions as to the way I should exercise the civil power. I say I am liberated from all civil subjection, that my Lord made me the subject of so one on earth, king or otherwise; that he lills right I am sovereign. I acknowledge no civil superior, I am the sole and in the supreme of the peasant that tills the field and the prices that sits on the throne—of the household that lives in the shade of privacy and the legislature that makes laws for hingdoms—I am the sole last 8a-poems Jodge of what he right and wrong." Would it not be as fair to say that Romanism is founded upon divorce."

Mr. Gladetone, the British Premier, has shown great boldness and liberality in his educational and ecclesisational appointments. He has recently premoted the Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., to the bishoptic of Exciter. Dr. Temple has been head-master of Rugby for ten years, and was one of the written of the "Banys and Reviews." He not long since appointed Mr. Seeley, the author of "Ecce Home," to the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. Both these appointments have provoked censure. Lord Shaftesbury styles "Ecce Home" "the most mischlevous book that was ever ventiled from the Jaws of bell." Professor Seeley is distinguished by high character and great ability. He is an emiscent classic, a man of wide culture, a thinker of considerable power, a student of history in the loftiest sense of the word, and a writer who can express his meaning with force and vividness.

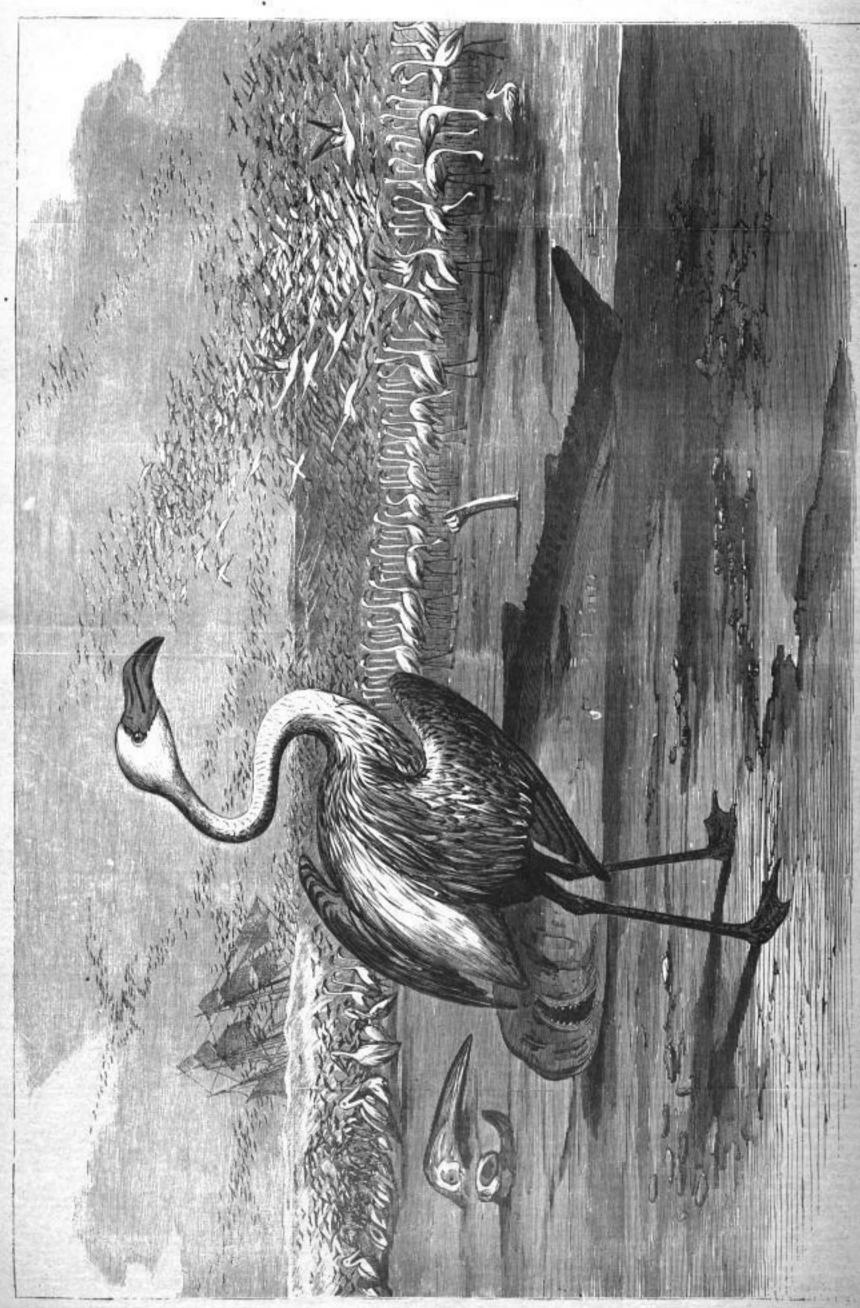
Captain C. F. Hall's lecture at Steinway Hall, in this city, on the evening of October 13, was a success. The ball was filled nearly to its utmost capacity. These accents of Arctic discoveries appear to be of very great interest to the public.

There are three "Homes for Disabled Veterans" which have been established in different parts of the country since the close of the civil war. One is located at Angusts, Maine: one at Dayton, Ohio; and one, which has very recently been dedicated, at Milwankee, Wisconsin. The find of these institutions consists of military fines and forfeitures of deserters, unclaimed pay and pensions; and it now amounts to nearly ten million dollars. These asylums are not beepitals, nor alms-houses, but Acress, where disabled soldiers may receive subsistence, care, and suitable instruction; where employment is provided, for which proper compensation is given; and where every thing possible will be done for the comfort of these who have heavely defended our country's rights.

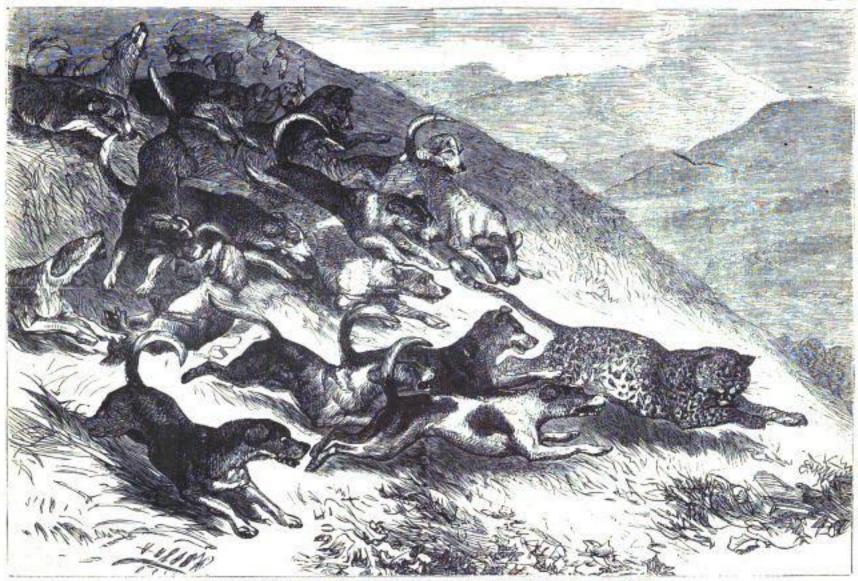
bravely defended our country's rights.

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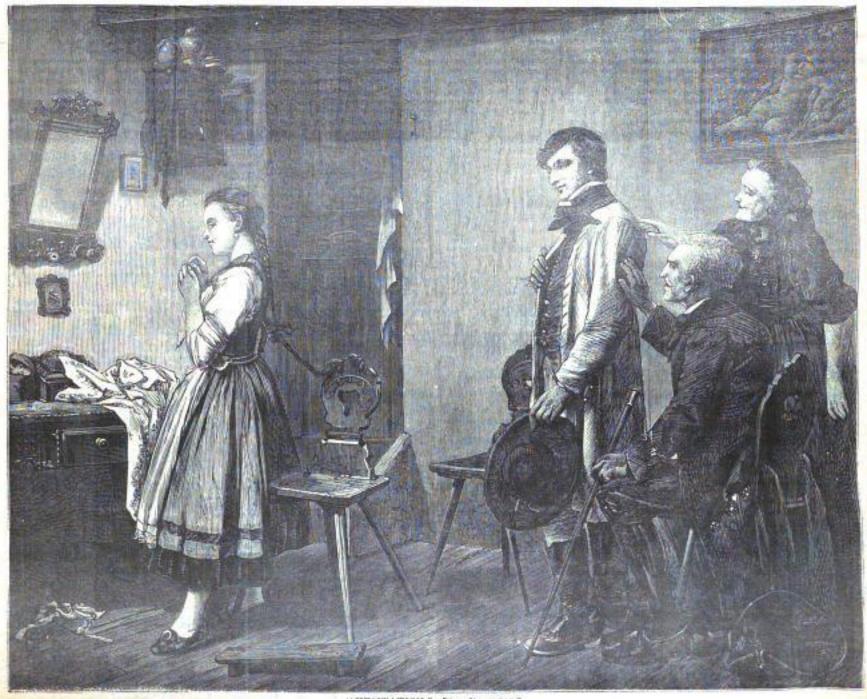
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FLAMINGOES, PELICANS, AND DUIKERS, AT SANDWICH HARBOR, SOUTH AFRICA, -[SEE PAGE 715.]



A LEOPARD HUNT WITH, FOX-HOUNDS IN SOUTHERN INDIA .- [SEE PAGE 715.]



"HESITATION."-[SEE PAGE 715.]

THE COLOSSEUM.

Wirmour gazing with one's own eyes on the mighty fabric it is impossible to comprehend its vastness or its grandear as a ruin. On the spot where it was reared by Titus and Vespasian, on their return from the conquest of Jerusalem, a their return from the conquest of Jerusalem, a lake formerly existed, the work of the infamous Nero. Twelve thousand Jewish prisoners of war, brought to Bome to give éclat to a triumph of imperial dignity, in the year A.D. 72, goaded to labor by the whip, laid the foundation of the Colosseam. They worked many years at their task, till Vespacian died. Their descendants, the poor, crushed, despised Jewa, may be seen in the Ghetto by any traveler who has the curiosity to examine that quarter of the city. Titus dedicated the edifice in the year 80, and the imanguration lasted one hundred days. has the curiosity to examine that quarter or so-city. Titus dedicated the edifice in the year 80, and the inauguration lasted one hundred days. Fifty wild beasts were daily killed, and no less than five thousand were shughtered in combats in the areas. It was four stories high, oral, with-out a roof, and would sest comfortably 87,000, besides giving standing-room for witnessing the spectacles for 22,000 more. An awning pro-tected the audience from sunshine and rain. Palaces of amazing size, public and private edi-fices, and structures without number, have been both out of brick taken from its walls for sevbuilt out of brick taken from its walls for several hundred years, and yet the remaining mass is one of the wonders of the world. Happily all further depredations have been interdicted, and some attempts made to repair the weakest parts, so that the Colosseum may perhaps remain in-tact, ruin as it is, one or two thousand years

QUARRELING.

THE tendency to let any dispute drift into a quarrel is very much a matter of habit; but it is a habit which may be greatly modified, if not wholly cured. We should teach ourselves, to begin with, that moderation in language and temper is evidence, not of weakness of charac-ter, but of the reverse. While a dispute is yet in embryo, moderation and self-control may remove it; but when it passes that stage-when it developed into a quarrel—then all hope of setting the matter to rights is at an end. The prudent man will now simply withdraw himself from the affair, instead of needlewly embittering himself in a useless struggle. Of course, it requires some discretion to know when the dispute has reached the point of being irremediable; and has reached the point of being irremediable; and it is at this point that it should be thrown up. Considerations of false pride should not be allowed to interfere. No matter how just your cause is, there is nothing to be gained by declaiming against the injustice of an obdurate opponent, who sees only right on his side. A man ought to study the history and development of former quarrels in which he has been engaged, in order to see how resultless they were, and what an enormous waste of time and temper they involved. He will see the misunderstanding grow more definite, until it reaches that ing grow more definite, until it reaches that stage at which it is impossible to remove it without the most heroic abnegation on one side or He will perceive that neither side is the other. He will perceive that neither side is willing to take the lead in coming to an arrangement. The cause of dispute becomes, by argument, bigger. Each disputant is now more confirmed in his notions. By-and-by, they are not so asxious to prove themselves in the right as to punish each other for being quarrelsome and causing annoyance. The original ground of quarrel is lost sight of in this sense of mutual interest. They are annex with such other because jury. They are angry with each other because each has quarreled, and the quarrel is continued out of revenge. How does it end? Time, the great pacifier, smooths down their wrath; but look at all they have suffered and lost in the in-terim! It is fortunate, indeed, if one or other perceives the obvious lesson, and resolves theuceperceives the corrious season, forth to abandon any dispute which reaches the irretrievable and merely recriminatory stage.

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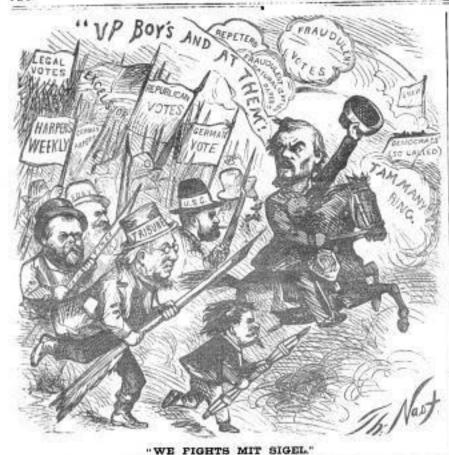
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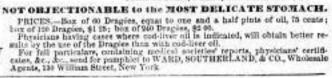
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citizens of Brooklyn
that the first monament
erected in their Park is
one dedicated to the
memory of the Saviour
of his Country.
The statue is nine feet

The statue is uine feet in height, and is mounted upon a massive pedestal of granite. Mr.
Lixcotx is represented as pointing to the Constinution of the United
States, which be holds in his left hand. His
head is uncovered, and a cloak thrown back
from the breast hangs
gracefully over his
shoulders. This statue
is the result of dollar
subscriptions; it was
executed by the sculptor Mr. H. K. BROWN.

A large number of citizens were present. Within the inclosure about the statue were officers of the army and officers of the army and navy, and just outside the Twensy-third regi-ment formed a glitter-ing line along the slope, Mr. A. Low, the presiding officer, deliv-ered a brief but eloquent address. Then the statue was unveiled. Mr. J. P. Wallace, in behalf of the War Fund Committee, formally presented the statue to the Park J. S. T. STRANAHAN PRplied in behalf of the Commissioners. He said that three sites had been chosen for statues, and that he trusted the two yet unoccupied would be filled by stat-ERROues of Warmington and Jackson. The oration of the day—an eloquent and impressive one— was delivered by Rev. Dr. Stohas, of Brook-Letters were read President GRANT Governor Hopp-MAN.

THE SECRET OF THE AURORA.

May of science have long felt that a strange secret lay hidden in the brilliant folds of the amrors. The magic arch, with its pointed streamers, shifting silently but swiftly across the heavens, palsating mysteriously as though illaminated by the fitfully changing glow of some concealed furnace, and rendered surpassingly beautiful by the brilliancy of its colors, had always had strange

iancy of its colors, had always had strange charms for men of thoughtful mind. And gradually a series of laborious researches had revealed the laws which associate this beautiful apparition with disturbances affecting the economy of our whole earth, and not indisturity connected with the habitudes of the solar system itself. But recently a discovery has been made which is even more remarkable

than any which had before rewarded the labors of physicists—a discovery at once instructive and perplexing, revealing a bond of union between the aurors and a phenomenon hitherto thought to be quite different in character, but leaving us still to learn what the exact nature of that bond of union may be.

tion brilliant displays of the auromi streamers had been witnessed in both hemispheres on the night following the solar disturbance. This circumstance teaches us the true character of the aurom as strikingly as any which astronomers and physicists had patiently been gathering toger'ier during the past half century. We learn

mystle influence which rouses into activity the phenomena we term magnetic. Over the whole realm which it rules the central orb sends forth the strange electric impulses. When our skies are illuminated by the magic streamers, we may be sure that those of Venus and of Mars, of Jupiter and of Saturn, may, even the skies of those

unseen orbs which travel far out in space beyond the paths of Uranus and Neptone, are lit up with auroral displays. When once it has been shown that we one our auroens to solar action, we recognize the cosmical character of the display, and that, in a sense, the terrestrial magnetism on which it depends is a bond of uffinity between our earth and its sister orbs.

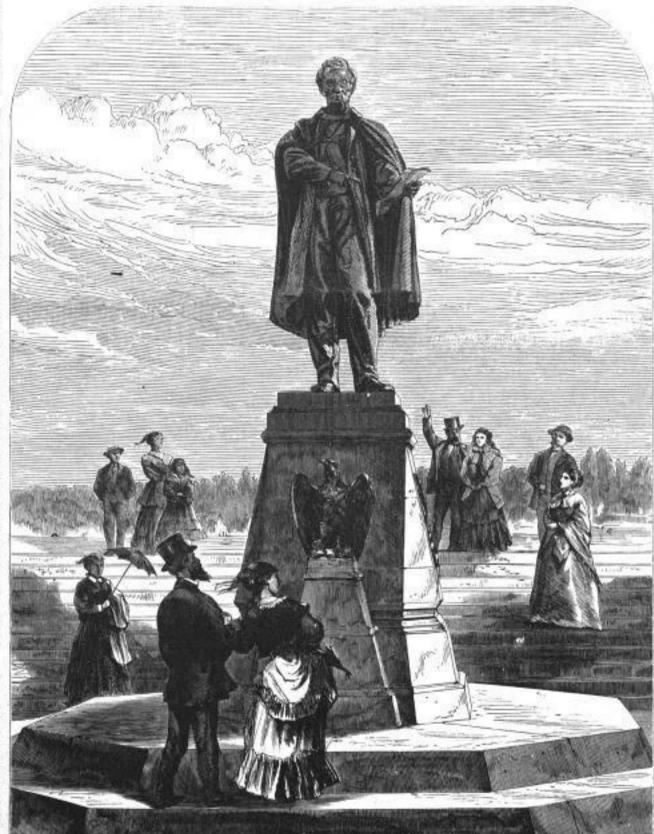
But while we were thus taught the true significance of the aurora, we were left in doubt as to the way in which the solur action areased the electric luminosity in the upper regions of our air. We could not even tell at what elevation the light was suspended above our earth. The most eminent physicists differed in their views as to the possibility of learning where the imagic streamers really wave when we see them most distinctly. While Arago had held that to attempt to measure the height of a minbow, Sir John Herschel considered that precisely the same laws of measurement might be applied to the aurora as to any object raised high above the earth.

One point, however, was well determined. The auroral lights are undoubtedly to be ascribed to electric action taking place at a very considerable height, where the air is very rare indeed. It become, therefore, a question whether any thing could be learned by amalyzing the auroral light as to the condition of that particular part of our atmosphere in which the electric action takes place.

Spectroscopic analysis, that strunge and powerful mode of research which has revealed so many unlooked-for facts, was accordingly applied to the light of a brilliant aurora. The result was rather surprising. Instead of a rainbow-colored streak of light, such as would have appeared if the aurora were due to the existence of particles excited to luminosity by electric action, a single line of colored light appeared. This indicated that the light is due to the incandescence of some gas through which electric discharges in upper air take place.

In upper air taxe place.

But this was not the circumstance which attracted surprise. Rather, this was to have been looked for. It was the position of the line which astonished our physicists. If the gas had been one which chemists are acquainted with, the bright line would have occupied the position proper to that gas, and would at



THE LINCOLN MONUMENT IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK,-(Subtrume by Stanlby Fox.)

We had occasion recently to point out that a sudden disturbance in the sun, in 1859, had been presently followed by intense magnetic action, the whole electric system of the earth quivering, so to speak, under the influence of the solar forces educed by the disturbance. And we mentioned that among the signs of this magnetic acat once that a relation subsists between the aurora, terrestrial magnetism, and the central luminary of our scheme.

And even if we were to pause here, we should have learned enough to indicate the significance and importance of the aurora. Our earth, we may be sure, is not the only recipient of that

once have indicated its nature. But there is no known element whose spectrum has a bright line where this one appeared. The observation has been repeated over and over again, by Ang-ström, by Otto Strave, and recently by Mr. Plum-mer, slways with the same result—we can not tell what the substance may be to whose incan-descence or luminosity the aurora owes its brill-

But now a most remarkable discovery has been effected. Angstrom has found that the myste-rious line of the auroral spectrum exists in the spectrum of another object which had been thought to be wholly different in character. Ever its discovery by Cassini, the sodiaral light has been an object of interest to astronomers. Gradually a theory had been formed respecting it, which had been sanctioned by the authority of such men as Humboldt and Sir John Herschel. It was held that this appearance is due to the light reflected from a multitude of minute control of the state o mical bodies traveling around the sun within the

orbit of our earth.

This theory had never been tested by sportroscopic analysis. Indeed, the zodiacal light shines so faintly that it was hardly hoped that its spectrum could be rendered visible. But it was confidently anticipated that if the zodiacal light ever were thus analyzed, its spectrum would be that which the theory required; that is, a very faint reproduction of the common solar spectrum.

Now, at length, we hear from Augström that the spectrum of the zodiscal light has been ob-I, and instead of being, as had been expected, a faint rainbow-colored streak, it presents but a single line. That line is the same that we see in the spectrum of the aurora! In other words, the light of the zodincal glean and that of the auroral streamers are due to the same sort of electric discharge taking place in the same

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1869.

TO In November will be commenced " MAN AND WIFE," a new Serial Story, effendidly H-lustrated, by Wilkin Collins (Author of "The Woman in White," " No Name," " Armadale," and "The Moonstone"). New Subscribers will be supplied with Hanven's WEERLY from the commencement of the Story to the end of 1870 for

AFTER THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

NOW that the New York election is over, there is a singular colm in the political world. Until the last week of the canvass there was very little excitement in the State; and it was remarkable, as Mr. GREELEY observed in one of his speeches, that, while the chief Republican orators confined themselves to a fair discussion of the great principles upon which the party is planted, the Democratic speakers were evidently at a loss to know how to arge their claim to public confidence.
Indeed, it was a Indicrous situation for them.

They wanted to denounce corruption, and the gentlemen chosen for the work were the masters of the Tammany Ring, assisted by Mr. Fax-NANDO WOOD. It was an edifying spectacle, that of the Mayor, the District Attorney, and the Corporation Attorney launching invectives against extravagence and demanding purity in policies. Or it was necessary to found the claim to confidence upon the character of the candidates; and thereupon the supporters of Judge M'COSS and of Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED WERE amaged that there were some Republican condidates whose reputation was clouded. Indeed the World, which could not enough soold the Republican journals last spring for not protesting against the appointment of General Stektan by the President, was enriously silent about those whom it had proviously stigmarized by name as corruptionists of the Ring and unthers of shameless and canning frauds. That putking relols be wenting to complete the comedy of the Democratic causes, Mr. FERNANDO Wood, the gentleman who formerly wept that he was not able to send rifles to Mr. Romany Toomes, to be used against Union citizens, arrived from Europe just in time to weep afresh over the melancholy fact that the President's brother-in-law was implicated in the late gold scondal.

The effort to make any single State issue prominent fulled. It was strenuously declared that the Republican ticket was framed to suit both the friends and the foes of lager beer. But, as a fact, the torket exactly represented the position of the party upon the subject. The party does not make it an issue. It embraces prohibitionists like Mr. GREALEY and non-probibitionists like General Siere, and leals closest agree, with both of those gentlemen, that it is not a subject to be dealt with by the party. So, also, Mr. GREEZEN is in favor of sciling the counts as the true policy for the State, and on anompt was made to exche hostility to him open this ground, as if the Comparelfor could dispuse of the canals at his pleasure. There was, however, really very little spirit in the convey, as the registration showed; nor is there likely to be any great political interest or excitement until the morting of Congress and the first message of President Grass.

There will be certain topics of especial in-

portance for his consideration in that paper. Of these the Cuban question and the Ale question are perhaps the chief. The formal work of reconstruction will have been substantinlly closed. The general financial policy will be expounded by the Secretary of the Treasury. But we shall have some foreshadowing of the probable course of the Government toward Cube : and such is the quiet good sense of the Administration that it will probably amount to a declaration, that, when circumstances or " acron plished facts" authorize the recognition of belligerency or independence, they will be recognized, and not before. And so firm is the confidence of the party and the country in the sagacity and probity of the Administration, that Congress is not very likely to urge any other policy. If General Banus, during his European vacation, has carefully informed himself of the situation at home, or returns in time to ascertain it, he will go to Washington, conscious that the public sentiment of the country, wishing well to any people honestly fighting for independence, does not demand that the United States take an active part in the Cuban revolution. As for the English question, it is most probable that the tone of the President's message will imply that the little Alabama bill must be settled.

Of course it was during these first few months of the new Administration, under the pressure of the great reaction that inevitably followed the great triumph of last year, that the Democratic party hoped to prore at the autumn polls that the country was utterly discontented with the President and his general policy. This ex-pectation has been wholly buffed. The Re-publican line is unbroken. The elections have shown that the people, who last year expressed their faith in General Grant and the principles he represents, trust him with undiminished confidence. The Democracy have lost the buttle which is often apt to seal the fortune of the day. They must reflect in time, that, if they hope to persuade the people of this country to give them power again, they must not attempt to do it by parading the Tammeny Ring and Mr. FERRARno Wond to denounce corruption, nor by electing Judge M'Cusse to the judicial bench. They were beaten in 1868 because they were seen to be the same old party, with the same old spirit and the same old leaders. As long as this is evident they will continue to be beaten.

THE FENIAN AMNESTY.

As we write, Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to the Town Council of Dublin has not reached us; and we must, therefore, wait for a full exposition of his reasons for refusing the Fenian amnesty. At this distance, and with our information, it would seem that the Government of Great Britain has done unwisely; and Mr. GRAY'S assertion, that Mr. GLADSTONE'S personal wish was for an amnesty, will be readily believed. The London Times, in defending the Government, says that rebellion was for meety regarded in England as a transcendent crime, and that it is now considered more fraught with ruinous consequences to the country than ordinary crimes. Might it not fairly be asked, then, whether a Government, so pe colisely sensitive to the enormity of rebellion, onght not to be a little less hasty in the recognition of the belligerent rights of rebellion against a friendly nation, and rebellion for the worst of purposes?

It is not, however, surprising that, remem bering 1715 and '45, and the endless Irish insurrection, the British tradition should be a horror of rebellion. But statesmanship deals with facts and principles; and is it not very dealerful whether the riggers that have always followed the suppression of rebellions by England either did or could tend to provent them so surely as a more merriful policy? People in England may, as the Times says, choose to consider reheltion the greatest of crimes. But erime in the moral sense it will never be felt to be, unless its ends are base or its means intentionally erucl. No English trader of the Times, who is not a more Sir Roger de Coverley or Squire Western, and who is familiar with the long tragedy of Ireland, will ever regard the rising of any part of the population as criminal in the same sense as the Partix murder. Hopeless and stepod and fotal it roxy he, but not wirked and dastordly.

New dealing with ignorant or deluded tonatics, if the English choose to take that view, who venture their lives in hope of an Irish republic, what should the Government do? If aggravated, individual, and promeditated excelty in any rose is proved, the laws would probebly naturally be left to their course with general assent. But if there be a general spirit of disaffection in Iroland-nee ill-founded, as every Englishman knows-and if the country has, rightly or wroughy, come to consider England its latter enemy, when a ministry is raised to power upon the ery of justice to Ireland, and begins by an act of justier which every Irishmon can appreciates if that get were insuediately followed by one of mercy, would it not be truly said in Incland that at lost there was a Government which Ire! and ought to trust; and, vast as Irish ignorance and hote of England

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be strengthened by such a course as nothing else could strengthen them?

Certainly we, who have subdued a more ap-palling rebellion than England ever encountered, yet who have not executed nor imprisoned a rebel, have the right to wonder whether England does not feel strong enough to be magnanimous, or is not sagacious enough to know the policy of clemency.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIA-TION.

Tuz late meeting of the American Social Science Association in the city of New York was very significant as well as interesting. The audiences, indeed, were not very large, but the reports of the proceedings in the newspapers were ample and accurate; and the essays were by gentlemen most of whom were especially connectent to treat the topics selected, and treatod them with a care and ability which made the papers of permanent value. There is a great deal of special study and research upon subjects embraced by the plan of the Association for which there is no method of expression so admirable as that furnished by these meetings. The papers, if originally published in pumphlets, magazines, or volumes, would be very likely to be neglected. They are generally too grave and compact, and sometimes even statistical, to be acceptable as Lyceum lectures; and the invaluable result of investigation in the most important directions might long appeal in vain for public attention, if it were not for the platform of the Social Science Association. It invites special students to prepare carefully the substance of their research and thought, and offers them an andience which any man might be proud to address, and a full report under circumstances sure to arrest public attention and affect public cyanion.

The President of the Association, Mr. Sam-UKL ELEOT, of Boston, in his most admirable opening address, described the simple structure of the society. Its object is social science, hecause it devotes itself to promoting the well-be-ing of society by a careful study of facts and intelligent application of principles. It would give an impulse to public action, founded not in emotion only but in knowledge, and would as carefully consider the means as the end. Indeed. the Association would draw to a focus for the common benefit those scattered rays of light and beat which, concentrated, become the greatest force of civilization.

The organization of the Association is very simple. There are a President, Secretary, and Tressurer, and four Department Committees of Education, Finance, Health, and Jurisprudence. The chairmen of these committees and the officurs first-named compose the Executive Committee, which has charge of the general or mechanical management, the places and details of meetings, publications, etc. But the Department Committees are the important element of the organization. They are composed of ex--of persons who have devoted themselves to the special study of subjects embraced in the department, and every question proposed to the Association is referred to the proper committee to decide if it be a subject for the Association usefully to enter upon. There are also two local committees, one in New York, and one in Albany; and there will soon be one in Philodelphia, and another in New Haven. These serve as centres of action. The expenses of the Association are very small, for there is but one salaried officer. Besides public meetings for the purpose of hearing carefully prepared papers, the Association has issued a volume containing those read at the Albany meeting last winter, and it proposes to publish certain manuals of an immediate practical value, such as a resume of the lortures and course of study at the University of Berlin, to help students in this country, and again a manual for immigrants, full of the information they most need, to be put into their hands before leaving Europe. In a word, the Association is an organization to utilize, for the common good, private and indi-

vidual thought and experience.

Its work is well begun. The character of persons interested, and of the proceedings thus for, promises an influence as profound as the scope of action is wide and wise, sociation blows no trumpers and grinds no axes. It moves modestly and noiselessly; and it ap-peals to the sincerest sympathy and the heartiest support of all who believe that human progress, if inspired by faith in God and love to man, is to be secured by a careful investigation of all moral and material laws.

THE MISSISSIPPI TRAGEDY.

THE recent steambout disaster upon the Misissippi was so appulling that there seems nothing to be said. The pitiful story is read with horses, there is a rague exclamation of helpless indignation, a ferling that there is nothing to be dene, and a hope in the reader's mind that he may not be the victim of the next tragedy, and that is the end of it. Of course, there is a stern demand for investigation, and possibly a jury denounces culpable carelessness and holds somebody responsible. But in a country where

culpable carelessness murders scores of victims every year we have yet to hear of any punish-ment whatever. If a railroad train is thrown from a precipice, and suspicion points to the negligence or ignorance of the engineer or of any other responsible officer of the train, he may quietly withdraw from observation until wrath subsides; but whoever heard of an adequate penalty inflicted?

It is not possible to avoid all accidents, but it is possible to do something to prevent them. The want of more stringent laws in regard to responsibility and care upon the part of steamboat and railroad companies has a twofold source: the good-natured indifference or reluctance of the American to insist upon his individual rights, and a feeling that the do-nothing policy is demanded by enlightened political economy. Regard for his individual rights of a certain kind, indeed, the American does not lack; but he certainly asserts his public rights of personal salety and convenience much less strenuously than those who have not his political liberty. The first thing that he may just-ly demand of every company that undertakes to transport him is proper provision for care of life and limb. But upon how many steamers, large and small, by which he travels does he see such provision made? Where is the hose, the supply of water-filled buckets, the life proservers, in case of extremity? He is not to be put off by being told that they are somewhere, for to be serviceable they must be in full sight, When the alarm of fire is given, for instance, half of the panie would be saved if every passenger saw at the same moment the means of escape and safety. But how many passengers who do not see the conveniences which may at any moment be needed ever mention the want of them? In a manner they condone in advance the negligence which may cost them their lives. It is not agreeable, indeed, and it is inconvenient to take the trouble to make complaints. Moreover, a man is sure to be derided as an old Betty who does it. Very well, We must all elect. If it is worse to be called an old Betty than to risk the burning or drowning of his children, a man will probably save himself from that dreadful imputation by saying and doing nothing.

As for the laws regulating the transportation of passengers, they belong to the public order, and, like all laws, are to be founded upon ex-perience. When, for instance, it is a public conviction that the managers of railways and steamboats are so anxious to make money that they will not be admonished of the relation between safety and profit, it is time for the publie to act. There is no reason why the public should consent to be burned and mangled, in the hope that at some time stupid people will learn or heartless people wince. Let the law do what it can to secure what private interest and duty will not secure. The law protects the citizen against the thief who willfully steals, let it also guard him from the manager who carelessly kills,

But there is a still more radical remedythat upon which all hope of particular improvement and of wise laws ultimately reses, and that is a higher standard of public morality. While success is popularly accepted as the only criterion of conduct, and even of character, we merely teach those to whom we intrust our lives to care only for dividends. A railroad company can afford to use poor rails, for instance, and cheap material of every kind, and to economize in proper care, if it has to pay only a certain amount of damages yearly for slaughtering and maiming passengers. If we insist upon bringing every thing to that standard our popils will better our instructions. Here was a steamer upon the Mississippi piled with hay, and the passengers smoking and playing cands by candle-light. A spark dropped, a candle tipped over, and the boat is presently in flames. There was time to throw canvas or torpanlin over the fire, to empty backets of water, to escape to the shore, a hundred yards off, with boats or life-preservers, had there been these conveniences, and an organized erew well managed. But, upon the whole, it is doubtful if the company loses enough to produce the slightest change in the method of management. The remedy for these nuspeakable tragedies is in our own hands. It is the public, not the companies, that are really responsible.

THE WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

THE 'Woman Question" continues to present itself in many different aspects. Thus, within the last month, there has been a Massachusetts Working Women's Convention in Boston; a Woman's Parliament in New York; a call for a Convention to found a National Woman's Suffrage Association, and a Convention in Hartford of what is popularly called the Womau's Rights party. At the latter, which was very fully attended, the usual argument for the enfranchisement of women was powerfully pre-sented by Mr. BERCHER. The Woman's Parliament which met in New York was, however, very anxious not to be confounded with the party which In. BERGHER represents. The organizing Committee have published a statement of their purposes. "The proposed object of this organization," they say, "is the associa-tion of women among themselves for the development of their own economical, educational, and moral interests, and by this means to accomplish woman's work in woman's way. It disclaims all connection with the Woman's

Rights party."

We have a sincere respect for the ladies who are engaged in this movement, and a sincere sympathy with their hopes and aims; but we must say that they seem to misunderstand their own position. They disclaim all connection with the Woman's Rights party, but they propose to do woman's work in won, an's way. Now this is exactly what the Woman's Rights party propose to do. They insist, and most justly, that as man's way is every honorable way for which nature has given him intelligence and desire, so woman's way is precisely the same. They declare—and we do not believe that the most resolute member of the Woman's Parlisment would care to dispute it—that as man's way could not possibly be known if women alone should be allowed to define it, but can be ascer-tained only by perfect freedom of choice, so woman's way can not be known from the interpretation of men only, but only by the same liberty of choice. If, indeed, the ladies of the Executive Committee assert that they are women, and that they know what is woman's way, we certainly shall not contradict them; but merely remind them that whatever our individual opinions may be, they are not final like natural laws; and that it is an immutable law that the proper sphere of human activity is determ-ined only by free choice.

The Committee add that the Parliament pro-

mittee add that the Parliament prooses to make a profound study of the evils of society, with the view of curing or ameliorating them; and that when it lacks means or authority to act, it will appeal to the governing power sty to set, it will appeal to the governing power already in existence. This is always the privilege of a disfranchised class. The peasants & France, under the old regime, might ask the existing governing power 10 relieve them. But the question for a Parliament of American Women to answer is, Why, being members of the political society, with no less vital interest in its welfare than men, with an equal intelligence its welfare than men, with an equal intelligence and espacity with men, and with the knowledge that no existing governing power is ever fully just to those who have no share of its authority-why, under such circumstances, they propose to acquiesce in a usurpation of the govning power by a class in the commonwealth? really wish to affect the evils of society in which their own sex so deeply shares, why not insist upon their equal voice in the regulation of society? Why should any citizen of this ecuntry be content to be the political sup-pliant instead of the political equal of another?

English women confided in "the good judgment and kind feeling" of the existing governing class to regulate that most vital subject to women—the divorce laws. But does the Ex-ecutive Committee of the Woman's Parliament doubt that if the English laws regulating marriage had been made by both parties to marriage, they would have been wiser and more human than they were and are? Lord BROUGHAN denounced them as a shame to civilization; and it seems late to remind any body of intelligent American women that the legislation of a class is always partial and selfish. The purposes of the Woman's Parliament are unquestionably excellent. But a more excellent purpose is the equal liberty of every member of society. With that gained all other reforms are made easier. When, therefore, the Parliament takes pains to senarate itself from that movement, it labors to nate the sympathy of those who would naturally be its best friends. It hopes to escape the odium of the "Woman's Rights party," but it can not do it. Those who condemn that party will condemn this in a less degree. In the eyes of such critics the offense lies in a woman's not confining herself to the "domes-tic sphere;" and the presiding officer of an ex-scutive committee of a Woman's Parliament is only less repugnant to the sentiment which that committee would propitiate than the President of a "Woman's Rights" Convention.

A GLANCE AT THE FINANCES.

Sours of the features of our financial condition just now are worthy of particular attention. Although our imports continue to exceed our exports, gold, the medium to pay the balance against no, has steadily fallen. On the 1st of November it was quoted at 128, which is the lowest quotation since the spring of 1866, when it fell to 125. The present fall in price is sup-posed by many to indicate a return toward spetie payments. Is this idea correct?

While we write the Treasury Department is engaged in paying off the November interest, amounting to about twenty-five and a half millons in gold, on a portion of the Five-Twenty bonds; but although the coupons, to a large ex tent, are held here on foreign account, instructions were given in many cases to reinvest the proceeds in the same class of securities. If the interest paid to foreign agents had gone abroad, gold would have increased in firmness; but as the reinvestment called for more bonds it gave some firmness to them. The London and New York markets, influenced by telegraphic an-

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nonncements, instantaneously sympathized with each other.

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Mr. Bourwell's management in purchasing over sixty millions of the public debt mainly to go into the Sinking Fund, and in anticipating the November interest, has improved the credit of the Government in foreign countries, and no doubt induced these reinvestments, which are favored not only by the languid condition of trade in England and on the Continent-whereby capital is liberated-but also to some extent by political uneasiness in England and France, and by the constant stream of valuable immi-gration to this country. The feature is noticed by capitalists abroad with increasing interest.

It is undoubtedly desirable that our creditas we have in view a four or four and a half per cent, investment in lieu of our bonds at five and six per cent,—shall stand high in Europe, although it will not be possible to make such a change until our present securities advance to nsiderable premium in gold; but the question ought to be maturely considered whether the transfer of our bonds from American to European enpitalists, to be held abroad as a permanent debt, is done with advantage to this ountry.

The amount of our public debt now held in Europe is variously estimated at from seven hundred to one thousand millions of dollars, and the floating debt represented in what are called "options" in Wall Street, and in other forms of indebtedness, is supposed to be nearly a hundred millions. Bonds and stock of corporations and others are also held extensively in Europe; and it is thought that over one hundred millions in gold must annually be paid by us-over and above what is brought in by im migrants-to meet interest, dividends, and balances due abroad.

The major part of this foreign indebtedne has arisen since the creation of our public debt; and, although it is common to say that we have received full value for it, it must be admitted that a very large portion of it has arisen from the extravagance of portions of the United

The manufacturing industry of Europe, since the explosion in England in 1866, has been largely in excess of the demands of trade, and much of the surplus produced by foreign menufacturers has been sent to us. Part of it has been consigned to commission-houses for sale in our markets, and as the lesses upon these consignments have probably exceeded the profits, to this extent the foreigner is the loser

Our importations for the year ending June 30, 1869, amount to \$437,026,541, valued in gold, which stood at an average premium of, say, 35. In this import there was \$19,654,776 gold. Our exports for the same time amount to \$413,869,182, which included \$42,915,966 in gold. The belance is in currency. But \$300,561,284 of our imports and \$276,975,602 of our exports were brought or shipped in for-eign bottoms. A charge of from twenty to thirty millions of dollars for freight on imports arises from this source. Our re-exports were valued at \$25,130,167 in gold. By adding the premium of 35 per cent, to the imports, and making allowance for the fact that a portion of our exports and all of our re-exports are in gold, it will be seen that a heavy balance against us arises upon the trade for the year ending June The improved credit of the United So, 1880. The improved create of the United States in Europe unquestionably enables us to go on in this dangerous policy, by which they become holders of a permanent debt upon this country, and we the rapid consumers of their surplus of goods. The more we improve our credit abroad the larger are our imports. The fall in gold has taken place notwithstanding that our paper circulation remains undiminish-ed, and that we continue to be imprudent in our purchases from foreign countries.

It will be borne in mind that Congress repealed the act which authorized contraction of the currency in a way to indicate very decisive objections to that policy. Although Mr. Bour-well has lately purchased a small amount of the three per cent. certificates, it is probable that nience of some bank this was done for the conve that was at the time pinched for currency, and ns lool contraction as long as the tone of Congress on that head remains unchanged. Indeed, as the January interest amounts to over thirty millions of dollars, and the balance in his hands is being diminished, it is scarcely to be supposed that the Treasury can exert any unusual upon financial affairs between this and the opening of the next session. But although we have just commenced to send forward our splendid erop of cotton, and although the demand for breadstuffs will be large, it will appear, from the statement of what we have annually to pay to the other side, amounting perhaps to nearly a hundred and twenty millions, even if the imports and exports balance themselves, that the fall in gold is owing to temporary causes, and that our large purchases in Europe, due to the improved credit of our bonds, remove us further and further from specie payments.

In parts of Lancashire a further reduction of five per cent, on the wages of cotton operatives has been made. There is no present apprehen-sion that the balances on English account in-

vested in Wall Street for the moment in "op-tions" will be collected, or that bonds will be sent back from England, inasmuch as trade in England and on the Continent is not sufficiently active to induce a recall of surplus capital. These circumstances favor still larger imports, and it may be additional investments in our bonds, although the rates of interest in Germany and Holland have improved. The fall in gold has also been encouraged by the con-siderable demand upon this market for currency to go to the West, and particularly to the South. But as our large shipments, which for the year ending June 30, 1869, amounted in cotton to the value of \$162,633,052 and in breadstoffs and provisions to the value of about \$85,000,000, were, with our other exports, overbalanced by our extravagance, there would seem to be good reason for the apprehension that our folly this year will not be less conspicuous than it was To all we commend strict economy as the only safeguard to meet the contingency, which may come suddenly, when the foreigner will ask us to settle.

NOTES.

Ms. Environs, whose admirable large photographs of "Sheridan's Ride" and "The Decisive Moment" (FARRAGUT at Mobile Bay) we warmly praised a few months since, has now re-produced them, at 58 East Eighteenth Street, in "Taking the Reins," a drawing of General Grant seated with Mr. Ronner Bonner in his wagon and driving "Dexter." Mr. Bonner test-ifies that it is the most natural representation of a horse in action that he has ever seen. The fidelity, spirit, and interest of all these works, and their cheapness, should make them prominent among the desirable holiday gifts.

A store is echoing through the press, which is said to have been first told by Mr. VERTLANCE at Albany, who stated that Dr. Liebers had told at Albany, who stated that Dr. Lixburn had told him that he happened to go into some German quarter in the city of New York, where German is exclusively spoken, and found that he could not make himself understood in pure High-Ger-man by those who were used to the corrupt lingo of the quarter. The story has occasioned some severe criticism of the Doctor, who, however, it appears, is guildloss of any such remark, which probably Mr. Varilance has merely attribated to the wrong resear. Yet sundoubtedly. Dr to the wrong person. Yet, undoubtedly, Dr. Lezare would be willing to be held as authority for the general remark that both in Germany as well as in this country a man, knowing High-German only, can not readily understand those Germans who speak one of the strougest dialects; but the latter, without exception, understand the

Almost all the books that the people in Germany read — the catechism, the sermons they hear—are in High-German. There are many familiar incidents of this ignorance of the patois such as that of a high officer in a charitable so-ciety who was unable upon important subjects to understand certain Alsatian widows who had claims upon the society. Dr. Likner himself doubtless found that when he was a student making pedestrian journeys in Germany he was always understood by those whom he frequently could not understand when they were talking among themselves, especially in Mecklenberg, Baden, and Suabia. Every German is familiar with such facts.

Victor M. Rica, who died recently after a short librors, was for some years Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State. His interest in the school system was most sincers, and his efforts were constant to elevate it. He had cer-tain reforms at heart, some of which he effected, and his knowledge upon the general subject was and his knowledge upon the general subject was very large. His last report upon leaving office two years ago was a survey of the present con-dition of the school systems in Europe, and is a valuable document full of information not readily accessible elsewhere. Mr. Rroz was not a high ly educated man; but his office demanded an organizing and administrative faculty, rather than scholarship, with a profound interest in the than scholarship, with a profound interest in the general subject, and these he had. His faith in common school education as the bulwark of popu-lar liberty was inextinguishable. The actual freedom of all the public schools of the State is very greatly due to his exertions, and no man rejoiced more sincerely at the article of the new Mr. Rice was a natural politician—a man of humans sympathies and cordial manner, who will be kindly remembered by those who knew

FRANCE is evidently uneasy. Louis Napo-LEON seems unwilling to prove beyond doubt his own fidelity to the new system that he has proposed, or is it impossible for the author of the cosp of star to escape suspicion in the public mind? The disposition to concede great suggetty to Lowis Narolnox is constantly aroused by his proposi-tions, and as surely chilled by his performance. His late proposition was substantially constitutional government; at least, if it were not that it was nothing. It was so understood, but at the beginning he hesitates. It was said of the famous President of one of our colleges that he insisted it should cease to be a mere school; he was tired of being a pedagogue. So the whole system was changed; but the good Doctor for-got to change himself, and remained a school-Louis Naros non changes many things —but he does not change himself, and that makes all the other changes abortive. He makes no masterly movements. One of his journels sug-

gested, probably by "Inspiration," that the country should be called to vote upon the succession of the Prince Imperial. It would be an extraordinary step, and of course illegical. But his own position being illegical, the Emperor might prolong his empire for many years by such a measure. Yet undoubtedly be has not the sugacity, nor the nerve, to adopt it. If he should die to-morrow disorder would be almost sure to follow.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Decrease the first six months of President Grant's administration the receipts from internal revenue were \$50,000,000 more than those for the corresponding portion of the year 1985.

The President has appointed George H. Butler, of New York, son of the late A. J. Butler, and nephew of General Butler, to be Consul-General for British India, to reside at Calcutta.

The Boston Treas estimates that the Labor Beform party will poil 19,435 voics in Massachasetts.

A terrible accident occurred on the Massachasetts.

A terrible accident occurred to the Massachasetts.

A terrible accident occurred to the Massachasetts.

A terrible accident occurred on the Massachasetts of the shore, where she was grounded on a sand-har and burned to the way found to the shore, where she was grounded on a sand-har and burned to the was upprovided with oars. A proper quantity of life-preservers would have prevented the conormons leve of life. The first originated from the careless handling or a candle by gamblers.

Papers were read before the Becial Science Association, in this city, on the afternoon and evening of October 31, by Prederick Kapp, on Inamigration; by Professor Pruncts Bacon, of 14s College, on Vacchastion; by Charles F. Adams, Jun., on Prantdential Elections; by George W. Cartis, on the Referm of the Civil Bervice; and by James A. Garfield, on the Census of 1870.

tion: by Charles F. Adems, Jun., on Presidential Elections: by George W. Curtis, on the Reform of the Civil Bervice; and by James A. Garfield, on the Census of ISTO.

The Message of Governor Campbell to the first legislative assembly of Wyoming contains some interesting fasts about this new Territory. The net creating the Territorial government was passed July 35, 1866. The slection for the First Assembly and a delegate to Congress was held on the 2d of September last. There have been three raids by the Shour Indians within the Territory during the pre. est year, in which eleven white men have been killed. Wyoming Territory contains 97,000 square miles. Little is said about its a, ricultural advantages, and a lack of rain and of trees is mentioned. Stock rabeing is very promising. The mitting resources are incalcable. Coal takes the place of wood as a fuel. The gold discoveries have been very encouraging that far, Curicosty enough, all criminals of the Territory are now transported to Detroit. Michigan, for imprisonment under contract, An entire code of laws is to be adopted by this Assembly.

The Minimal Istalligener and Express, by Washington, has become the property of Bensier Sprages, of Rhede Island.

Miss ids Lewis, the Newport heroise, is said to be about to establish a rowing school for ladies.

On October 26 there was a grant streple-chase at Jerous Fark. It was won by D. Mithight how howe "Oysterman, Jan."

"American Girl" won the large pures at the Benevales Park Meeting at Troy, October 29, heating "Lacy" and "George Wilkes" in three straight heats. Time, 2.8, 2.8, 2.84, 2.84.

It is estimated by Superviser Presbury, of Virginia, that the revenue from tobacco is that State this year will be \$3,000,000 more than the income from the same source last year.

The Presbyterian Syned of Virginia met at Eichmend October 21, at the o'clock v.s. From this the occurrence of a violent earthquake in some distant part of the Pacific Ocean may be inferred, of which new will doubtless reach here before long. The ea

fathers.

Brigham Young has enspended Mr. Stenhouse, the editor of the Soil Leke Triegraph, and all the editors and proprietors of the Una Magarine.

The preliminary report of the Department of Agriculture on the state of the crops makes the startling decisration that the actual reduction in value the past season alone, from the "alternate drowning and scorching" of farm crops, has been not less than \$200,000,000!

In California there are \$900 Calmamen out of employment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Panis underwest the dreaded Mila of October without any difficulty. There was no rising of the "reda,"
nor any soup d'état. Marshal Banaine had been pet
at the head of the Imperial Guard, and had been opet
at the head of the Imperial Guard, and had been opet
at the head of the Imperial Guard, and had been opet
at the head of the Imperial Guard, and had been opet
at the head of the Imperial Guard.
The Spanish Cortas appears to be divided upon the
choice of a king. The Imac of Genos and the Duke
of Montpensier are the most prominent candidates.
At last accounts the former had the larger number
of woten. The merchants had sent in a petition in
behalt of Montpensier. The Duke of Montpensier is
in his forty-dirth year. He is the 5th and youngest
son of the late King Louis Philippe of Praces, and
inshand of the only sister of leabells, are Queen of
Spain. The Duke of Genoa is nephew of the King
of Indy, being the son of Victor Rannon's brother
Ferdinand. The Duke, who was born in Pebruary,
1854, is in his statesach year. His tender age, moring a regency nece

perchand. In the latteenth year. Ha tender age, rendering a regency necessary, is a circumstance in his favor.

The decree of the Spanish Cortes, establishing unrestricted therty of religion in the colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico, was promolgated in Cuba October 16, and has gone lists effect as he law of the land. The document is exceedingly liberal in its tarna. It deciares that Spain can not remain removed from the general morement of Burope and the world, and adde that this consideration is the more powerful for the Antilies because they like near a continent where liberty of religion is recognized by law. One clause of the decree provides that no person shall be prevented from holding office under the Government by reason of his religions belief.

The First Scotch Presbyterian church, St. Andrew's, is Montreal, was destroyed by fire on the night of October 21. It was one of the threst editions in Canada.

The Marquis of Sallabury succeeds the late Earl of Derby as Chancellor of Orford University.

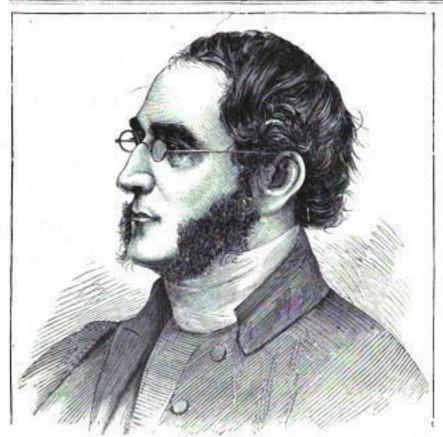
John Conducton, the Latin Professor at Orford, died October 24, aged 44 years.

The discoverer and estitor, Anstin Henry Layard, has been appointed Minister to Spain from England.

Jonne Brecome is the fair Levies of Dieppe. She has caved the lives of fifteen sealors, and wears free medials and the cross of the Legion of Boson.

It is exid that a bost of the Protestor philauthrepiet, George Peabody, is to be placed in the Valican.

M. De Lessepe, the originator and engineer of the Bost Canal, is to be united to a young lady twenty-two years of age shortly after the hasquestion of his work. The grocen is start-four; but 14 in heavy-water of the Bost Canal, is to be united to a young lady twenty-two years of age shortly after the hasquestion of his work.



THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

DR. CUMMING.

THE Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E., minister of the Scotch Church in Crown Court, Covent Garden, London, the eminently popular preacher and author of numerous works on di-vinity of a controversial character and expository preacher and author of numerous works on divinity of a controversial character and expository
of prophecy, was born in Aberdeenshire, of a
Highland family, on November 10, 1810. Dr.
Cumero came to London in 1833, since which
time he has been preaching to a very large congregation, including the leading Scotch families
in London. On the platform he is distinguished
for his decided and untiring opposition to the esrors of the Papacy. Dr. Cumero had the distinction of preaching before her Majesty at Balmoral, and the sermon was afterward published
under the title of "Salvation." His publications are too numerous to be separately mentioned in this place. Among the most popular
are "Apocalyptic Sketches, Lectures on the
Book of Revelation," "Daily Life," "Voices of
the Night," "Voices of the Day," etc. More
recently, Dr. Cumero published "The Great
Tribulation," a volume of upward of 500 pages,
treating of the prophetic descriptions of the coming of Christ and end of the world, which has
had a sale of upward of 13,000; and a companion volume, published in 1861, called "Redemption Draweth Nigh," has already exceeded 7000.
He has since published "The Destiny of Nations," or the fature of Europe as delineated in
the Bible. Dr. Cumero belongs to the Established Church of Scotland, and opposed alike to
the principle and policy of those who felt it their

duty to secode in 1843, and form a separate com-munion in that part of the island.

The latest phase in Dr. Cumerno's career is his correspondence with Dr. Mannino and (through the latter) with the Pope in reference to the Œcumenical Council and the claim Dr. Cum-MING made to be heard there in vindication of his opinions as a Protestant. As is already known, the answer returned by his Holiness was to the effect that Dr. Cumming would be welcome at the forthcoming council, but that he must appear there, if at all, in the character of a penitent and a convert. Of course, the Rev. Doctor declines these conditions; and consequently is little likely to make his appearance at Rome.

THE OLD NORTH DUTCH CHURCH.

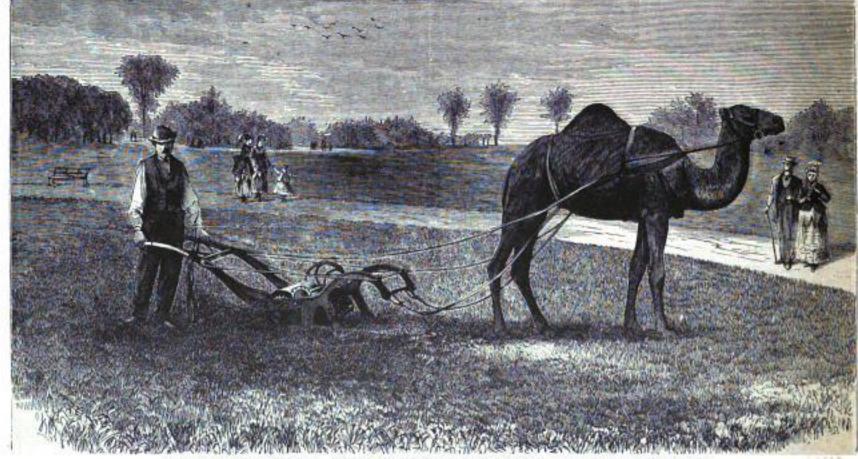
ONE of the saddest of the results of the de-One of the saddest of the results of the destructive fire in Fulton Street, this city, on the morning of October 27, was the destruction of the steeple of the Old North Dutch Church, at the corner of Fulton and William streets. This steeple was one of the few relics of the early history of New York city. Nearly all the old landmarks contemporaneous with it have been obligated. marks contemporaneous with it have been oblit-erated. A reporter in one of our morning jour-nals thus commemorates the departed steeple; "What has it seen? Some communicative bird would say, perhaps, this: 'That the steeple was built when Peter Stuyverant came, under or-ders from the States General, to be the Governor of their province of New Netherlands; that in those



BURNING OF THE STEEPLE OF THE OLD NORTH DUTCH CHURCH, NEW YORK.

stirring days Holland had just been acknowledged as an independent nation; that war with England was going on, and that Van Tnour, the plucky Dutch admiral, was blustering around the British coast, carrying a broom at his mast-head, with which he proposed to sweep the Channel; that he had several fierce fights with BLAKE, the English admiral, and in the last one he was killed, the English triumphed, and peace followed; that the old steeple knew this, and knew PETER STUTYERANT, the wooden-legged Governor, who resigned by treaty the sword the British-

ers could not take, and retired in lofty indigna-tion to his splendid farm, where he growled out the remainder of a useless life in cursing the fate that had Anglicized his good Dutch city. When hard-headed Payer was gathered to his fathers the steeple was left entirely alone. It saw the gradual demoralization of its adopted city by the intrusion of barbarians from England and Scot-land and Ireland, and—worse than all—from Yankee land; it saw the fugitive Huguenot and his colder brother, the Puritan, pass under its shadow on their weary way to or from witch-



burning New Haven; it saw the undisciplined troops of Wassetsorron flying across the island from the wild hills of Brooklyn; it saw that same Wassetsorron, seven years after, ride down the Old Bowerie more like a demi-god than a man; it was the bonfires that proclaimed peace and independence, the fire-works that hailed the inauguration of the man whom Providence left childless that his country might call him father."

In the old church there have been daily noon prayer-meetings since September 23, 1857. These meetings are still continued; even while the fire-engines were working—amidst the dripping of water and the bustle of a crowd of curious spectators—a prayer-meeting was held on the noon of the 27th.

The North Dutch Church was built by the Consisteey of the Reformed Dutch Church, since familiarly known as the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church—a religious organization coeval with the first colonial settlement by the Hollanders, in the first part of the seventeenth century. The corner-stone of the North Church was laid in 1767—the same year that the old Brick Presbyterian Church was opened. The expense of the edifice, when opened in 1769, was estimated at £12,000. The first regular paster was the Rev. Dr. Jours H. Levingerox. During the occupation of this city by the British in the Revolutionary War the North Church was used as a hospital, and for storage. A new and beautiful pulpit, which had just been placed in the

church, was carried away by the British, and placed in an English country church. The church was reopened in 1784. Dr. Livingeron resigned his pasteral charge in 1810.

In 1856 there were in the ministry of the Collegiste Dutch Reformed Church in this city Drs. Josin Knox, Wm. C. Brownler, Thomas Dr. Witt, Thomas E. Vermilte, and Talbot W. Chambers.

Among the collegiste churches in the lower

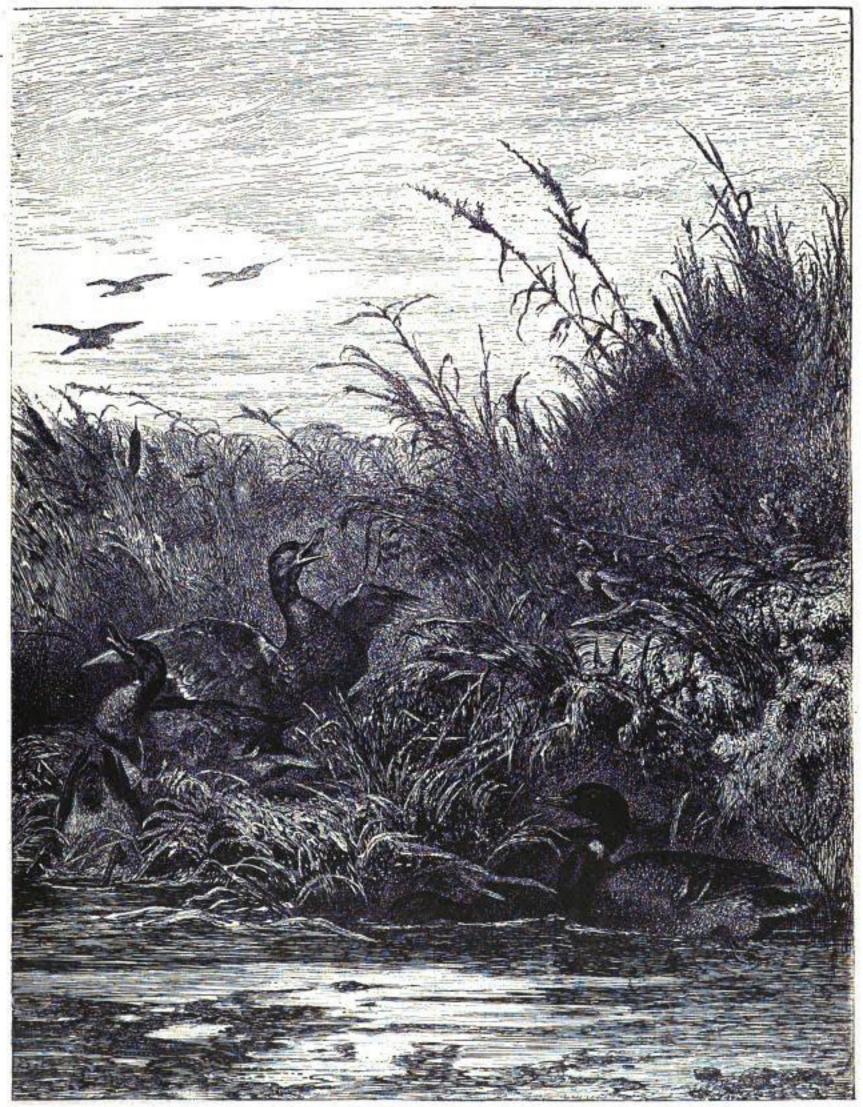
CHAMBERS.

Among the collegiate churches in the lower part of the city, the Old North Church has maintained its original site for the longest period. A large warehouse many years ago took the place of the Old South Church; and in 1843 the Old Middle Church was transformed into the City Post-office.

CANVAS-BACK DUCK ON CHESAPEAKE BAY.

ON CHESAPEAKE BAY.

We have in this country as many as thirty different varieties of duck. The season for hunting this game is at its height in November and December. To the sportsman the shores of Chesapeake Bay afford peculiar facilities for duck-shooting. Our illustration on this page shows a number of ducks feeding on the wild celery plant in the vicinity of this bay. The shores and inlets of Chesapeake Bay have been portioned off in sections, and either bought or leased by numerous Ducking Clubs, for the more convenient parsuit of their favorite sport. The canvas-back duck is probably the best known



CANVAS-BACK DUCK ON CHESAPEAKE BAY.

of our water-fowl. Early in October it begins to arrive from its northern breeding-grounds, and soon swarms in flocks of countless thousands all soon swarms in flocks of countless thousands all along the coast. The Delaware and Sunque-hannah rivers, Long Island Sound, and Chesa-peake Bay seem to be the favorite resorts of this delicions fowl; and although they are annually alanghtered by means of all the devices which human ingenuity can suggest, the above-named places, during the entire season, are fairly alive

ith them. The presence of this game in such numbers in these waters may be accounted for by the fact that the favorite food of the wild duck—the rethat the favorite food of the wild duck—the va-keneria, or wild colery—grows abundantly in these localities. The usual manner of obtaining the food is by diving, and as the root is the only part of the plant that is devoured, a large flock will leave abundant relics of its prowess in the gastronomic line behind it. The blades of the celery, according to Wilson, are often found strewn over the entire surface of the water, or blown into wind-rows, reminding one of a new-moun field.

The almost constant companion of the canvasback is the fine, though somewhat mischievous, duck known as the American widgeou—Ansa ericus. - as thorough a rascal as was ever discreta. — as thorough a rased as was ever created; a perfect parasite in the true sense of that term — living almost entirely off of the ex-ertions of others. Like the canvas-back, the widgeon is extremely fond of the roots of the va-fameria, but, being no diver, does not possess the means of obtaining them, except by the exercise of its strategic powers. It is extremely amusing to watch the manipulations of the thief; quietly adding itself near to a selected victim it rations. edging itself near to a selected victim, it patiently waits until that unwaspecting creature disappears in quest of its food. A violent commotion now goes on under the water; it is the struggle of the duck with the plant; finally the luckless canvas-back emerges, blinded, momentarily, by the water; the widgeon "gibbles" quickly forward, snatches the morsel, and is off ere the dupe has got the water out of its eyes. These interrupted dreams of gastronomic bliss are the causes of much contention between the two parties; but, leaving this minor point of difference out of view, they are very good friends.

Another, but a far more congenial companion edging itself near to a selected victim, it patient

Another, but a far more congenial companion than the last, is the "red head," a duck very nearly allied to the pochard of England. Fortunately for our friend the canvas-back, this bird tunasely for our friend the canvas-back, this tird is an excellent diver, and consequently is not obliged to resort to the harmless little eccentricities of the widgeon. It is the inferior of its congener, both in excellence of flesh, game spirit, and stateliness of appearance. This bird is not unfrequently paimed off on unsuspecting gentry from the "rural destricts" as the tose fide canvas-back; and these deluded creatures will protest that it is worth a "hull load of spreeng chicken," devouring it with great gusto, occasionally varying the performance by amackings of the lips and rolling of the eyes.

The enormous prices which are offered for canvas-back birds are becoming the cause of their rapid extermination.

The unprincipled, and we may say cowardly, manner in which the canvas-backs are usually obtained is certainly, to say the least, shameful.

manner in which the canvas-backs are usually obtained is certainly, to say the least, shameful. No true sportsman will descend to or countenance the wholesale systems of murder to which these delightful birds, and all of our water-fewl with them, are subjected; nay, we will go further and say that no true sportsman will descend to the use of decoys, and by so doing degrade himself to the level of the pot-hunter.

The game should always be allowed a chance for life; it should be shot in a scientific and sportsmanike manner, though, we presume, it is of little difference to it in which manner it loses its life; but the point is, that but few men can handle water-fewl in a scientific (so to speak) manner, and by this means the destruction is stopped. ner, and by this means the destruction is stopped. Decoys, blinds, disguises, and ambushes should become an abomination in the eyes of our sport-

There are many stratagems practiced, by mean of which the gunner is brought within range of his gunner. A method much practiced on the Delaware, during the winter months, comes under the head of that class of operations technically designated as "disguises." It consists of decking out the boat with white substances so as to reasonable it to a large sake of ice. The history resemble is to a large cake of ice. The birds will allow this to float very near to them; at least, close enough to allow the workers of this singular craft to spread death and devastation

Another and very common method of approach-Another and very common method of approaching, as practiced on Chesopeake Bay, is that of sailing on the ducks. A light, strong sail-boat is procured, in which the gunner places himself, and allows the boat, seemingly without consciousness of doing so, to drift out upon a flock. He can usually approach within fifteen or twenty words, which is near encerth for his purpose.

yards, which is near enough for his purpose.

The decoy method, which is well known, is the poorest excuse of any of these. There is no skill required in the manipulation of the images. An infant could kill enough with them in one day to last a week.

It is customary among the sportsmen of Ches-

apeake Bay to provide themselves with trained dogs, which, by grotesque actions, decoy the birds within range of the hunter, who is hidden in the bushes. Some glaring object, as a red handkerchief, is fastened around the body of the canine, and he is then placed in full view of a flock. They notice the strange, and, to them, unaccountable antics of the dog, and their curiosity overcomes them. They draw timidly near to the place of death, and the souls of a large proportion of their number his to the "happy feeding-grounds," which, no doubt, seconding to their traditions, is stocked with the eplieneria roots, and is free from all interlopers, such as the widgeon.

THE FAITHLESS FAIR. A LOVE BALLAD.

Ou! Francis was a nice young man, He was his parents' joy; And pleasant 'twas to see how they Did Anater on their b(*)oy.

Now he was born in troublous times, When kings could ne'er agree; There was no friendship on the land, Though French ships on the sea.

His little cars soon beard about War's terrors and alarms; He early joined the infant-ry— A little child-in-arms!

IV. He soon grew up, his chin grew down, When, grievous to relate, He found he had no property,

About this time his parents died, And Francis made his moan; They gave him nothing when they left, Though be was bill a-lose!

Now Francis loved a pretty maid, And Sarah was her name; And in her tinder beart this spork Had kindled up a flame.

Now Sarah saw he looked distressed-His face was drear and blank-And so she said, "Oh, tell me all; My Francis, pray be frank!

viii. Oh, Sarah, all my money's gone, "Tis that which me dejects; And certain men, without a cause, Have seized on my effects !

"A sailor's life were death to me, Salt beef alone to est: And so I'll join the army, lest I'm taken to the Flort?

"And don't be jealous, though I swid For Susan, as you know; She cruelly bade me "go a-long!" And that was dong a-go.

"There's William, once your suitor, love, And others, say you will To Love's accounts are give a check, And never meet a Bill!"

"Ob, Francis, listen ere you 'list, One favor don't refuse: Don't think of Susan, for, you know, A Frank's worth twenty Sous!"

Well, then, they tried a change of hair,
He pressed a golden curl,
She subbed, and whispered low, "Good-by!"
And he exclaimed, "Good girl!"

XIV. He took leave of his grandmother, And wiped away each tear,
And said, "Don't grieve, dear gransy,
I shall be a green-dier!"

When Francis left her for the wars, Of suitors she'd a score,
And sighing youths throughd Sarah's doors,
All coming to a-dore.

XVL.

And William sued; his parts of speech ble ought to have declined, But thought she shouldn't mind the change, And so she changed her mind!

XVII.

And at the alter, faithless maid, She aftered all her vows, And gave her hand, with all her heart, To William, as his spouse.

She may not be this man's?"
A hollow voice said, "I forbid
The blessing and the beas!

"Oh, Sarah, Sarah, you did vow You true to me would stick; Though I was dead your conduct false like stung me to the quick!

"The Frenchmen's bullets pierced me through, A dozen in the fight;

I juzzled them, and so they made A riddle of me quite!

XXI.

"And afterward they buried me All undermeath the sod; My spirit koneward recesed as soon As it could room abroad.

"Oh, grievous fault! I find you're false; Now listen to me, both: Your troth you'd plight, you'll find you're in A pretty plight, in troth! XXIII.

"Henceforth your ghost, like mine, shall walk, And roam around at night; No longer sprightly, you shall be A melancholy sprite."

EXIV.

He said no more, all looked around, But nobody was there, And on the alter-steps they stood,

All terrified, they gazed around, And tried in vain, meanwhile, To bring the fickle Sarah to, All with sed volatile!!

Alsa, alsa! 'twas all in vain; The Doctor shook his head, And said the erring Sarah was As any herring dead.

And after, in the cold church-yard, They laid her in the ground; Her tomb, lest idle folks should scoff, With reclings fenced around.

And still they say that she is seen, Each night throughout the year, A-walking in the spirit, though She's lying in the bier!!

MORAL A little moral you may glean From all that you have heard: Mene'er your now you give away, Mind-alware nere rous wond!

OTTILIA'S PILGRIMAGE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTRY.

OTTILIA WESTFELDT was a Swedish girl who might, indeed, have been fairly taken as a femi-nine symbol of Sweden and the fair-haired North. I think if an artist were to seek for a type and emblem of Swedish womanhood he could hardly find a purer and more charming representative of it than this handsome girl. She had smooth golden hair, not of the tawny tow which has golden hair, not of the tawny tow which has grown to be so great a favorite just now; but so smooth and yellow that it really looked like dead gold-leaf on each side of her white forehead. Her face had a clear, decided outline, with features regular, but somewhat large; and her eyes were deeply blue, a genuine and unmistakable blue. One finds it hard to think of a Madouna in a northern climate; but if there could be such a thing conceivable, Outlin might have passed as a fair embodiment of a Scandinavian Madouna. She lived in Stockholm with her father, and had now no mother, brother, or sister. Her father had married very young, and was still so far removed from any appearance of age, and was so constant a companion of his daughter, that people said he might have passed for her elder brother; and he was always pleased to hear this said, and rather proud of it.

Ottilia's father had one or two marked peculiarities. He was, for one thing, an ardent repub-lican. Not that he had any objection to the gov-ernment of Sweden or to the descendant of Bernadotte—Oscar the First—who sat on the throne during the early manhood and prime of Christian Westfeldt; or to Charles the Fifteenth, who sucwestness; or to Charles use research and im-positioned votary of republicanism. Being a vo-tary of republicanism he was naturally a devoted admirer of the United States. At all times and admirer of the United States. At all times and in every civilized country, since the days when Washington, Lafayette, and Koscinsko fought side by side, there can be found a group, or groups, or masses of thinking men, to whom the republic of America has always shone like the pole-star of freedom. For there are two distinct classes of republicans in monarchical, and more especially in despotic, countries. The one class have always been captivated by the glitand more especially in despects, countries. The one class have always been captivated by the glitter, the lyrical spiendor, the lofty, vague aspirations, the majestic, unsubstantial pageant of haman brotherhood, which belong to what I may call, for want of a better phrase, French republicanism. The other have always found their ideal in the simple acid, unsurestanding always licanism. The other have always found their ideal in the simple, solid, unpretending, almost prosaic truth and reality of the American repub-lic. I wonder if all Americans are aware of the fact that in every European state, however small, there are, and for generations always have been, men bound together, often unconsciously, in the bonds of a brotherhood almost like that of freemasoury - the brotherhood of devotion to the

American republic. Christian Westfeldt was one of these, and his daughter Ottilia imbibed all his sentiments, and reproduced them with even a more passionate and romantic tinge around them. Moreover, her father and herself were intimate friends of the good and true Fredrika Bremer, that sym-bol in literature and life of the simple benefibol in literature and life of the simple, bench-cent womanhood of the North; and Ottilia, rought up almost at the feet of Miss Bremer had learned from her to love many places and people in America as if/she had seen and known them.

Ottilis led a singularly calm and happy life up to her eighteenth year. Indeed existence seem-ed to lie before her smooth and calm as a quiet inland lake. Her father's modest means sufficed to keep them becomingly in the unpretentious, intelligent, cultured, social circle to which they belonged. She was soon to be married to one whom she dearly loved—a gallant, brave young Swede, who had been educated in one of the military academies, and was to have been an officer of engineers, but had given up a military

career at the express desire of Ottilia and her

career at the express desire of Ottilis and her father, and was now becoming a successful man in railway and other engineering of a civil kind. Nothing whatever occurred which even threatened a danger to the happiness of those tranquil lovers until the early part of the year 1861.

Do you remember that fine passage in one of Macanlay's essays in which he illustrates the wide-spread, almost universal discord and slaughter caused by the reckless ambition of Frederick the Great, and declares that red men on the shores of Ontario, who had never heard of Frederick's name, scalped and tortured each other because of his quarrel? Not quite so remarkable, yet still remarkable, is the fact that the political ambition of Jefferson Davis and his colleagues shattered in a moment the whole carthly scheme of a happy, tranquil little group living in a picturesque suburb of the capital of Sweden.

The excession was bland out and Ostilia and

Sweden.

The secession war blazed out, and Ottilia and her father saw their long-cherished idol apparently about to be bruken. They felt the news as they might have felt a Russian or French invasion of Sweden. It was an evening of early spring that Eric Swenson, the lover, stood with Ottilia and Westreldt in a room as yet only lighted by the moon and the glittering stars, and spoke of the treasceable conspiracy against the American Union; and there was one thought, yet unspoken, in the breast of all. Yet a few, a very few months, and Ottilia and Eric were to be married. Eric looked at her—was about to speak out his thoughts, then hesitated and shrank from it. Their eyes met. Then it was Ottilia who spoke:

from it. Their eyes met. Then it was Ottilia who spoke:

"Can we do nothing, any of us," she said, impetuously, "for the great republic?"

"I can do something," cried Eric, "Until you spoke I hardly dared to offer—"

"I can do something," the elder man broke in. "I have honored and loved the republic all my life. Thank Heaven I am not too old or too weak to fight in her cause to-day. She has given a home to many of our Scandinaviana. It is right we should all try to do something for her. Ottilia, you shall many Eric at once; he will

right we should all try to do something for her. Ottilia, you shall marry Eric at once; he will take care of you; and I will go out to America and fight for the Union."

"Never!" cried Eric. "I will go. You must stay and take care of Ottilia. I could do some good there. I could turn my training as a military engineer to some account, for the first time. I will do something worth doing, and make Ottilia proud of me."

tilia proud of me."
"You foolish boy, don't you think Ottilia
would rather have you with her than in dan-

Let us ask ber. Let Ottilia decida!"

"Let us ask ber. Let Ottilia decide."

"Agreed, my boy. Ottilia shall decide."

"Oh no, dear father; no, dear Erie. Don't ask me to decide! Oh, I wish I had not spoken! I am afraid now, of what I have done! How could I possibly part with either of you? How could I bear to see our happiness broken up? It is a great cause. I wish I could give myself up to it; but how could I give up my father and my Eric?"

Indeed. Ottilia's sudden horst of chivalrie en-

Indeed, Ottilia's sudden burst of chivalric en-

Indeed, Ottilia's sudden burst of chivalric energy had for the moment almost collapsed. She dreaded the thought of parting, really parting, from her father or her lover; and her eyes were filled with tears and her limbs trembled.

But the father and the lover persevered. One or other would go; and each urged more and more vehemently his own claims. Both combined in pressing a decision upon Ottilia.

"Come, Ottilia, iny child," said her father at last, in an urgent and decisive tone, "we expect a little firmness and a little sacrifice from you. Don't ask us both to draw back from a good cause to which we feel in our hearts that one at least ought to be dedicated. This is the true cause of all free men, and all men who wish to be free every where ever the world. Truly America could well do without us. But that is not the question; our duty is not the less clear. She could probably have done without Rochambean and even Lafayette. One of us must go—decide, Ottilia—and remember Eric is to be your husband."

"Yes decide, Ottilia!" extend the accomment

"Yes, decide, Ottilia!" cried the young man; "and remember that my rival in this dispute is your father."

Ottilia's heart beat fiercely and her eyes grew dim, and for a moment she could not see or speak. But, if she must choose, her decision was clear. She made one or two efforts to speak and failed; then at last collected all her strength and sense, and said:
"Father, dear father, you must not go. Eric,
my own love, I send you."

ic sprang forward and caught her in his For the effort had overtaxed her, and she Arms. was falling in a faint.

Before a week was out Eric had sailed from Bromen. A brave little handful of sturdy young Swedes went with him, all eager to offer their strong arms to the service of human freedom and of the American Union. Eric, who had been many times in England on engineering projects, and spoke English fluently, occupied himself a and space Engine Intentry, occupied insiser a good deal during the voyage in teaching his com-patriots a little of the language. He hoped by his and their exertious among Swedes in Ameri-ca to raise a distinct Swedish regiment, which should make its mark on the battle-fields of the republic.

republic.

He was to have written to Ottilia ever so often; and he did write many letters full of love and high spirits and hope. Then there came a long blank. She expected, poor girl, every day to find the papers full of some wonderful exploit performed by her young here; but the stories of lattles brought no record of his deeds or his name. The last letter she received from him was written on the eve of the great fight at Antietam. Ottilia and her father followed on the map every movement of the war. She knew more of its scenes and its progress than many a New York girl did. Indeed, her whole soul was

So the days, and weeks, and months were on, and Ottilia never heard of her lover. She and her father hardly dared to speak the doubts and fears that tortured them. Westfeldt wrote to fears that tortured them. Westfoldt wrote to the Swedish consul in New York, who made careful inquiries, but could find no trace of Eric's movements or even of his existence after Autic-He had served in the German regiment, and his name was returned with those of the The only serap of comfort was, that missing. The only scrap of comfort was, that the list of the killed or the wounded had no name

"I ought to have gone," said Westfeldt to himself very sailly one day, "I ought not to have left it to her decision"—he was gazing at the pale face of his daughter—"I ought not to have allowed him to go. She would have got over the loss of me, and been happy with her husband. Him she can never forget, Her life is

ruined from its very spring-time.
He thought for a few moments, and then he went over to his daughter, and took her hand in

his.
"Otsilia, my child, let us go in search of

A flush of light that seemed almost joyous came in her deep blue eyes. She pressed her father's hand rapturously, and cried, "Oh, father, dear father, let us go!" Let us leave this place at once. We shall find him—I know we shall."

Their preparations were not very trouble and they hoped to leave Stockholm on their love pilgrimage in a few days. But Fate sharply in-terposed, and dealt them both a heavy, sudden

Westfeldt, who had always seemed in noble health, was seized with convulsive spasms one day, and appeared to be stricken with something like paralysis. His condition apparently bat-fied the doctors, and he became steadily worse and worse. The very morning of the day when and worse. The very morning of the day when he and his daughter were to have left Stockholm for their voyage he suddenly called her over to him, clutched her hand, murmored convulsively, "Oh, Ottilla, my daughter! O God, watch over her!" and then sank back—and Ottilla was

alone in the world. Her grief, his burial, her utter prostration when the excitament of fresh agony was over, kept her long in Stockholm. Then her friends sept ner long in Specialism. Then her friends endeavored to retain her with them, and dissuade her from carrying out alone the enterprise she had resolved on with her father. The American war was by this time obviously drawing to a close. Even the London Tisses was beginning to be less confident about the utter failure of Grant and the dissatrous retreat of Sherr One of the young Sweder who had sailed and served with Eric actually came back to Stock-holm wounded and wasted; and he reported that Eric had long been given up by such of his compatriots as still survived. There seemed little use, indeed, in Ottilia's quest; yet go to Amer-ica and seek for her lost lover she would. At last, to escape the advice and the importunity of ber friends, she literally broke away from Stockhelm; fied, without giving any one notice, or say-ing a word of farewell, to Bremen; and thence sailed away across the Atlantic, more lonely and less hopeful than the wife of Cameralzumar, in the "Arabian Nights," when she starts on her beave,

sad pilgrimage, to find the husband who had so mysteriously disappeared from her side. When Ottilis arrived in New York the war was all over, and President Lincoln lay dead. What was this poor, solitary Swedish girl, who spoke but little English, to do in this strange, vast city—in this almost limitless land—where she had come to find an obscure young man who had dropped out of the sight of the living world years ago? She took an odd, girlish, romantic course. She sought out an American poet and scholar whom Frederika Bremer had known well, and flung herself down before him, and told him her story. He listened with interest, com-passion, admiration; he offered her a shelter with his family; and he threw all his energy and influence into the effort to find her lover, Some trace of Eric was found at last. He had beyond doubt been taken prisoner, and confined in the fearful Libby Prison. He had even been there until a comparatively recent period. But whether his wasted bones filled one of the numberless nameless graves of the prison; whether he was among the living skele deemed from bondage; whether he was one of a few men who had succeeded, under extraordinary difficulties, in making their impossible now to know. Ottilia's new friend and protector did all he could to get further ti-dings, but in vain. The trail of the missing lover lost, utterly lest, amidst the smoke and dust and blood of the war's last convaisions.

"Stay with us; let this be your home—live with my wife and daughters, and be one of our family," said Octilia's friend to her in tender, paternal tones one evening when all hope seemed to have gone of the restoration of her lover. The poet and his wife, and the young Swedish The poet and his wife, and the young Swedish girl, stood together outside the porch of a beantiful country house, and on a lawn which aloped gently to the banks of a noble river.

"Oh, you are generous and kind—who ever was so generous?"

"Nay! as an American I owe you much. You sacrificed all for our cause; do we not owe you at least a home?"

"But, dear friends. I can also be a last a home?"

"But, dear friends, I can not stay. that I ought to go back to where my father is buried, and where my Eric, if he be alive—and

oh, I still believe he is alive—will surely one day come to seek for me." "But you have written home—you have told your friends—they know where you are?"

"Alse! no. I have written to nobody; I

1

have not had the heart to say any thing. I have been absorbed only in the one thought. I fear I spoil your happy home with my sadness and my anxiety.

"You shall not go back," said the poet's wife, throwing her arm affectionately round the girl's waist. "You can have no very close and dear friends in Stockholm, or you must have written to them; and we have, therefore, the first claim on you. Come, now, don't say any more. You shall be my daughter. I will never give you up to any one but Eric; for, dear Ottilia, I, too, believe you will see Eric once more.

Ottilia threw herself into her friend's arms and sobbed; but felt, for the first time since her fadeath, a gleam of returning brightness

While she was thus clasped in the protecting embrace of her friend, the poet, who stood look-ing on with moistened eyes, was approached by a servant, who brought a message for him. The poet loved to be free frum interruption at home, and was always making stern and futile yows that he would see nobody; he was always being importuned by strangers or beggars, whom the fame of his poetry or the fame of his benevo-lence attracted; he was always sending people hastily away unseen, and then sending the serv-ant after them to call them back. "One may," "One may, he used to say, "be visited by an angel some day in the disguise of a beggar or an antograph-hunter; and it would be a dreadful mistake to send the heavenly messenger away unseen." So this time he winced a little, frowned, grambled a little, shrugged his shoulders, and, finally, told the servant he would see the unknown and nameless intruder.

Ottilia and the poet's wife did not observe his going—only saw after a while that he was gone. Presently he came back, looking strangely ex-

cited:

"My dear," he said to his wife, "the angels love sent a visitor at last." And he drew her away and whispered something to her—whereon she started and almost broke into a scream, and

glanced involuntarily at Ottilia.

The husband and wife walked up and down a turn or two on the lawn, and talked in low tones.

turn or two on the lawn, and talked in low tones. Then they approached Ottilia.

"Dear Ottilia," said the poet, in a grave, sweet voice, "you have borne much sorrow and anxiety and disappointment nobly. Is your spirit strong and brave enough to sear with tidings of joy?"

Ottilia clasped her hands, and a wild cry broke from her live.

from her lips:

"Oh, my dear friend, tell me, tell at once!
Have you news of Eric? Is Eric living?"

"Eric is living. Eric is here!"

Ottills made a sudden movement as if she would rash to meet her lover, then her knees trembled, her strength gave way, and she faint-ed. When she recovered her consciousness Eric, rown, worn of face, and bearded, held her in

his arms. And so her long quest and her long sorrow were over, and her lover lived and had found her again. His story was easily told. He had languished through a long imprisonment in Richmond, where he never had a chance of writing to her or sending her a message. Just toward the close of the war he had contrived to escape, and made his war first leaves a little like. and made his way, after immense difficulties, to the North, whence he sailed for Europe in a slow, old, lumbering vessel, which gave him a passage cheaply. Having got nearly half way scross the Atlantic they were driven back to New Brunswick, and thence he sailed again, and at last reached Stockholm only to find that Ottilia had long left it to seek him in the United States. No one in Stockholm knew any thing of her whereabouts. He raised what money he could and returned to New York. The very first day of his arrival he heard some vague story about a Swedish girl living under the shelter of the ventral heart and the story about a second story about a second story about a second story and story and story are second story. erable poet and scholar's roof, and he lost no time in seeking the poet in his country home. He could hardly put his question into coherent words when, half distracted with the conflicting tortures of hope and doubt, he stood in the poet's

There is nothing more to be said, except that Ottilia and Eric are married, and are settled in the United States; that the poet and his family hold them always in the warmest and closest friendship; and that there is far more of truth in this little story than its readers perhaps would at first be inclined to suppose.

SEA-SICKNESS. Tury immediate cause of sea sicky

due amount of blood in the nervous centres down the back. This being true, the malady will be avoided by preventing such a condition; and when it exists it will be cured by lessening the amount of blood in those centres. In doing cither the one or the other, the vertebral and sympathetic nervous systems must be included in the remedial measure, for both are concerned in the production of the disorder. To cure sen-sick-ness, then, if these opinious are correct, nothing more is necessary than to reduce the temperature of the nerve-centres. This, according to Dr. Chapman, an English physician, is best done by the application of ice in an India rubber bag along the spine. The remedy may appear a des-perate one; and in some states of atmospheric temperature the thought of such an application will have a chilling influence upon the expectant traveler; but, instead of its having a cold, depressing, uncomfortable effect upon the patient, it is really a pleasant, agreeable application, giving quickly a sensation of warmth where most needed, and acting with a seething influence upon the disturbed system. To prove this, compare the condition of a traveler who has accepted the remedy with that of the man who has not. The sick passenger sits helpless, retching and vomit-

ing on a winter's day, with the spray dashing over him-cold, faint, depressed and ready to die. The man with a column of ice on his back moves from place to place with a healthy brain and stomach, suffering no more inconvenience than is brought about by the difficulty of sup-porting his centre of gravity. The comfort or discomfort felt by a traveler in the use of ice as a preventive to sea-sickness is more in the mode application than in the nature of the specific. If the India rabber ice-bag be kept in the centre of the back, and in contact with the spine, without extending far on either side from the spinal column, the lag is worn without inconvenience. It is not even necessary, in all cases, to wear it next the skin. A far more important considera-tion is the application of it when employed as a remedy in other nervous disorders, that the required effect may be obtained in the greatest de-gree, and with the least loss of time.

CURIOUS MECHANISM OF THE THYSANURA.

Ar a late meeting of the British Association Sir J. Lubbock read a paper on the singular anatomy of the thysauura, an insect of extreme delicacy of organization, which has an apparatus for locomotion totally unlike any other known to entomologists. They have six legs, but no wings. The tail is provided with two long appendages which are bent forward under the body, forming a spring, by means of which the creature is em-bled to leap with such force as to go twelve inches at each jump. The power is not in the action of muscles or muscular fibres, but actually in a bent elastic spring. Minute muscles draw it for-ward and under an actual latch, where it is confined like the spring of a gun-lock, until, by the will of the insect, the spring throws the little be-ing rapidly forward, foot after foot, in pursuit of game or to escape from enemies.

A spring constructed and acting on a different principle, but equally surprising when anatomic-ally studied, exists in the mechanism of a kanga-roo's tail. As the animal rises up on its long hind-legs, the tail is a powerful instrument for throwing the body onward with a bound. When put to their speed they vault with surprising en-ergy, so that they can outran a swift horse. Every principle known in the domain of the ic arts is merely a humble imitation of what nature has always exhibited in animal structures.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following curiously-mixed poetical effusion was written by an inmate of the Lorsalic Asylum at Utics, and in certainly a peculiar specimes:
Gayly the tiger tened his guitar,
Seconding the magpie with feathers and tar;
Seconding the magpie with feathers and tar;
Second to the second at her, accept he alghed:

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, will be my bride?"
the first the elophant sadly had pixed,
Ate but an ox, and then wowed she hadn't dired;
Carried up a photograph close to her heart,
Wrapped up in lobsters, bank-noise, and plum tart.
At midnight the rivals met in the whale,
And fought by the light of the grasshopper's tail;
The elephant stood on his trunk to take breath,
And the tiger on costly hugged him to death.
Then with a cabbage-scale beldy he wrote.
"Come, love, and tread on the tail of my cost;
See thy own crocedile a-whistling for thee."
See thy own crocedile a-whistling for thee."

A Frenchman for twenty years loved a lady, and never missed passing his evenings at her house. Sie became a widow. "I wish you joy." cried his friend; "you may now marry the woman you have so long adored." "Alsa!" said the poet Frenchman, professoridly dejected, "and where should I spend my evenings?"

Once upon a time, before the negro had acquired any other than a
pecuniary value, an old
colored divine, who was
noiding forth to an andiance of his own race
on the watchful care
and goodness of the Almighty, and endeavoring to impress upon his
bearen the value of a
Christian darkey in the
syss of Heaven, illustrated the point thus;
"My Bedrea, though
you can bey seven aparrows for a furthing, de
Almighty hab a book to
put down whar ebery
one of dem falls. Now
if de Almighty take so
much care ob de sparif de Almighty take so much care ob de sper-row dat costs only one-seventh ob a farthing, war you s'pose he do fur you, a thousand-dollar nigger?"

A woman from the rural districts brught some mounting goods at a store a few days are, saying her bushend waselfk and tould not live more than a week, and adding: "I thought I had better be gettin the funeralizing and make 'em my, cause it's a real bother to get 'em made when there's deed folks in the house, an' I hate to berrow."

A baptism was to be solemnized in our block-acting fleet off North Carotina in 1848, and notice was to be given to the facet by signal. The book contained no symbols for "baptism," and the order was signalized thus: "There will be religious diving on shore at 1 r.w."

KNOW YOU! Know you the hour when Fhorbus sicals From where Aurora binshing lise, And mounts the heaven on glowing wheele, And gilds the gray of dawning ektes?

Know you the time when the birds begin. To cared to the rising sun— When from the woods their jounnd din Proclaims the reign of night is done?

Know you the moment when the dew Kahakas in allrey sighs from blooms Whereon il slops the whole night through, Till Phubus the rapt earth flumes?

Know you the moment, time, and hour Of daybreak? Well, you do, mayhap. Well, that's the time I feel a power Of pleasure in "that other may."

A little boy had his first pecket-knife, and for several days used it blimself, and extended the privilege of the occasional use of his treasure to his little playmates. One evening he was kneeding at his nother-kasee, saying his customary prayer, which he closed in these words: "And please, Ood, give little distribute blinds and a knife of his own, so he won't want to borrow mise all the time."

An old lady, recently, in some court before which she was brought as a witness, when asked to take off her bounes, obstitutely refused to do so, saying, "There is no law to compel a woman to take off her bounes." "Oh!" impredently replied one of the judges, "you know the law, do you; perhaps you would like to come up and sit here, and teach us?" "No, I thank you, Sir," said the woman, tartly; "there are old women enough there now."

A coeler-monger, meeting one of his own frateristy the other day, whose peny might be considered as a specimen of an equine skeleton, remonstrated with the aware, and asked him if he ever fed him. "Ever feel him i Come, now, that's a good 'on," was the reply: "be's got a bushed and a half of cats home now, only he sin't got time to eat 'on."

A new arrival at Sweetwater, Wyoming, was waited upon by a gentleman as soon as he had registered his name at the hotel, with the offer of the position of deputy-sheriff. On inquiring why he was so much favored, he learned that the last incumbent was shot the night before, and his producessor on the day preceding. "How long does a deputy-sheriff live in three parts?" "Oh, about twenty-four hours." The stranger declined the appointment.

"Is Mrs. Blinking at bome?" asked Mr. Saunders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door.
"Yes, I blinve she is, Sir," "In she engaged?" "Ah, is it engaged, you say? Faix as I can't tell you, Sir; hat she kissed Mr. Thorent hat evening as if she had never seen the like av him, and it's engaged I bliave they are, Sir."

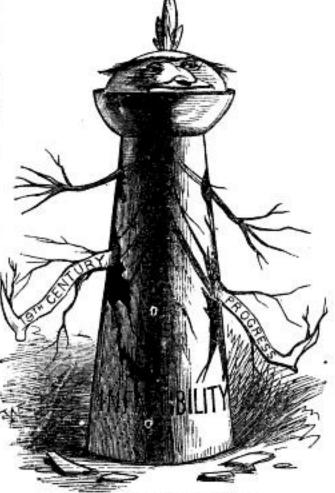
A young lady was slighting from an omnibus, when a ribbon foli from her bonnet to the floor of the stage. "You have left your how behind," remarked a lady

passenger.
"No, I haven't; he's gone a dahing," innocently ex-claimed the dames.

What shoes should a man wear while at sea?—Navy-galters (maxigators), of occurse.

An old lady, who had not been religiously instructed, attended a Methodist "meeting" in the West, After hearing the minister describe the sufferings of our Seviour in the meet pathetic manners she was professed as a second of the second of

As Profesor H——was taking a walk one day in the besuifful, plettresque environs of Edinburgh, be met one of those beings annully termed ficels, and the profesor accounted him thus: "Bow long can a person live without brains?" "Odd, I dinns week ken, Sir; bull teratrining his head) "how long have ye fived yersel", Sir i"



A HYACINTHE BURSTING ITS CONFINES.

Digitized by



AN INVALID GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER-SCENE ON BOARD A SOUTHERN-BOUND STEAMER FROM NEW YORK.-[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEFFARD.]



"RUINED."-DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.-[SER PAGE 732.]

THE SONG OF THE MILL.

WHEN summer airs are fresh and sweet, And clover blossoms new, And hirds rejoice, and young lambs bleat, And skies are clear and blue: How merrily the mill goes round, How merrily goes the mill, As the hopper clacks with a cheery sound, And echoes o'er the hill!

When age sits shivering by the fire, And wintry wolds are white, And youth doth chill his warm desire, And frosty north-winds bite: Still merrily the mill goes round, And merrily goes the mill, As the hopper clacks with a cheery sound, When all the world is still.

We know no strife that plagues the great, No care that kills the small; We live above the reach of fate, And the efore fear no fall: So merrily the mill goes round, So merrily goes the mill, As the hopper clacks with a cheery sound, And rings across the hill.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

En Ofbe Books.-Book ##.

CHAPTER IV. ZILLAN'S STORY.

THE widow's reflections as she thought over her interview with Mr. Frost were bitter enough, Her situation was that of one who, in endeav-oring to reach a wished-for goal, has chosen the speciously green path over a morass, rather than the tedious, stony way, which, although painful, would have been safe. Now the treacherous bog quaked beneath her faltering feet. But it was vain to look back. She must proceed. To go forward with a step at once firm and light was, she felt, her only chance of safety. And it was

Years ago, when Ziliah Lockwood was a young woman and a newly-married wife, Sidney Frost had—through the knowledge of certain passages in her life which he had gained accidentally come to have a socret power and influence over

He had need his knowledge at first to protect her against the persecutions of a rufflen, and in so doing he had acted disinterestedly. Afterward he was tempted by circumstances

to avail himself of the power he held over Zillah Lockwood in order to help himself forward in

The case stood thus:

Robert Lockwood and Sidney Frost were ear-ly and intimate friends. When the former marry and internate frience. When the former mar-ried Miss Zillah Fenton—a governess in the fam-ily of a rich merchant, named Blythe, who liked pictures, and sought the society of the painters of pictures—Frost had still been cordially wel-

of pictures—Frost had shift been covering wer-comed at his friend's house.

Miss Fenton was an orphan, without a rela-tion in the world. Her early life had been pass-ed in Paris; and Mrs. Blythe said she had reason to believe that her father, Captain Fenton, had been a needy adventurer of disreputable charac-ter. But against the young lady no one had a

word to say.

At first the young couple were entirely happy. To the day of his death Robert Lockwood adored his wife. He believed in her with the most absolute trust. He admired her talents. He was

guided by her advice.

But when, within a few months of their marriage; Zillah became melancholy, nervous, and silent, Robert was painfully puzzled to account

for the change in her. She declared herself to be quite well; but her husband insisted on her seeing ductor after doc-for, in the bope of discovering some cure for the unaccountable depression of spirits under which

she was suffering.
It was all in vain, however. Hobert was in despair; and seriously contemplated sacrificing his connection and daily-rising reputation as an artist, in order to take his wife abroad for total change of air and scene.

A mere chance, connected with his profes-

sional business, gave Sidney Frost a clew to the cause of the mysterious malady under which his friend's wife was pining. The clew was furnished by a few words dropped by a man of very vile character, a professional black-leg, who had come to London for a time to escape the too vigilant attention of the Parisian police, and from whose clutches Mr. Frost was endeavoring to extricate a foolish young scape-grace, the son of one of his

His professional and natural scuteness enabled Sidney to make a shrewd guess at the real state of the case. He surprised Ziliah one day, when her husband was absent at his studio, into a confession that she knew this man. And after a little gentle cross-examination, the trembling woman burst into tears and revealed the whole

Zillah's motherless youth had been passed in l'aria, in the home of a father for whom it was impossible for her to feel either affection or respect. His associates were either men of his own character, or young scions of rich or nolde houses, who frequented Fenton's shabby, tawdry little salon for the purpose of enjoying the ex-

citement of high play.

Amidst such surroundings Zillah grew to be sixtoen; little more than a child in years, but a woman in one sad and sordid phase of world's lore. Her notions of right and wrong were sole-ly derived from her own untutored instincts. These were, in the main, good and pure. But she was ignorant, uncared for, motherless—and she fell.

Coarse appeals to vanity or greed would have been-powerless on Zillah. But the poor child was unable to resist the impulses of an undisciplined heart. She scarcely eve it behooved her to resist them. She scarcely even conceived that

She believed the passionate protestations of love—protestations not wholly insincere when uttered—of a noble gentleman whom she looked up to as the ideal of every thing splendid and

The story was trite. Its denouement was trite also, save in one particular. This one exceptional particular was the unexpected and ab-surdly unreasonable despair of Zillah when she perceived that her god was an idol of clay—that he had ceased to love her; and when he informed her, with a good deal of well-bred dexterity, that be was about to make a mariage de conve-nance at the argent solicitation of his noble family, he was quite amased at the girl's violence. He was willing to behave handsomely. But when Zillah started away in horror from his offers of mosey, like one who suddenly sees the flat, cruel head of a snake rear itself from a flower he has been caressing, M. Is Vicconte was re-ally shocked. In what Fool's Paradise had the girl been living, to give berself such mock-heroic sirs? The daughter of le vieux Fenten! Que diable! His lordship began to look on himself as a victim, and to pity himself a good deal; which state of mind had the desirable effect of quenching the pity for Aer, which the girl's pale, passionate face and streaming eyes had aroused

passionate face and streaming eyes nad aroused to a quite uncomfortable degree.

Then came a second blow. Captain Fenton was willing to receive his daughter back again, but on conditions against which the girl's whole nature rose up in revolt. He had discovered that his daughter was attractive. Why should that his daughter was attractive. Why should she not assist him in that devil's recruiting service, which he still carried on zealously, but with very fluctuating success?

very fluctuating success?

In brief, to return to her father's home would be to plunge into a black gulf of shame. Zillah told herself that she was desperate; that she cared not what became of her; but from her father and her father's associates she shrank with a shuddering, invincible repulsion.

Then Then The state of the shrank with the shuddering invincible repulsion.

Then the extraordinary reserve force of cour-age and endurance with which nature had endowed the girl made itself felt. She was eighteen years old, alone in Paris, and almost penniless. But she struggled like a strong swimmer buffet-ing the waves. She thought that she wished to die; that the waters should close over her wretched head, and let her be at rest. But her youthful, vigorous limbs struck out, as it were, invol-

Then one watching on the shore stretched out -not a hand, not a warm, comforting human clasp, but—a staff to her aid. A dry, hard stick held to her, and she clusped it. It was

was held to her, and she clusped it. It was something to cling to. A woman who knew her history engaged Zillah to attend on her chikhren, and to teach them English.

For five years the poor girl was a drudge whose physical fatigues and privations were the lightest and least regarded part of her sufferings. But she pursued her solitary way inflexibly. In teaching she learned. She worked with amazing industry to making herself for a heter remission. industry to qualify herself for a better position; and she succeeded. Her blameless life and unwearying activity had softened even her mistress's lry heart toward her; and when Mess Fenton left her employment this woman gave her such recommendations as procured for her a situation

From that time her worldly prospects seemed clear and tranquil.

After a year or two she had known Robert

ckwood, and the world was changed for her.
"I loved him so!" said Zillah, sobbing, to Sid-"I had thought I should never love any human being more, and that men were all faise, sensual, and selfish. But he came to me taise, sensual, and sellish. But he came to me like God's sunshine after the long, black winter. I felt young again, I who had deemed myselfold at five-and-twenty. I ought to have told him all my miserable story. I had many a struggle with my conscience about it. But—but—Robert honored me so highly. He had such an exalted ideal of what a woman ought to be. I was a coward. I dored not risk losing him. I had been so unhappy, so unhappy! but a woman can understand what I had suffered. And here was a glimpse of Paradise. Was I to speak the word which might bur me out for-ever, back into the desolate cold to die? I could not do it. I thought 'when we are married, when he has learned to believe in my great love for him, and to trust me as his faithful wife, I will kneel down and hide my face on his knees, and tell him.' But as I learned to know him better, I found what a fatal mistake I had made in delaying my confession. You know Robert. He says that he could never again trust any one who had once deceived him. The first time he said so a knife went into my heart. Oh, if I had but told him at first, he might have pitied, and forgiven, and loved me! for, God knows, I was more sinned against than sinning. I was but sixteen. Think of it! Sixteen years old! Well, this concealment bore bitter fruit. My father has been dead three years; but recently one of his old associates, the man you have been speaking of, came to London, found me out, and came to me for assistance; being always, as all his kind are, either flush of money or a beggar.

My horror at sight of him; my dread lest Rob-ert, who was at the studio, should return and find him, showed him, I suppose, what hold he had upon me. From soliciting alms, he came to demanding money like a highwayman. I gave him what I could. Since then he has persecuted me, until life is almost uncedurable. I see Rob-ert's anxiety; I am tormented for him. But I dure not tell the truth. This wretch threatens me, if I do not comply with his demands, that he will tell my proud English husband all the be will tell my proud English busband all the history of my youth. You, who know something of the man, can conjecture in what a hideous light he would put the facts he has to relate. If Robert were to spurn me and despise me, I If Robert were to spure me and despise me, I should die. Oh, I am afraid! It is so borrible to be afraid!"

Sidney listened sympathetically. He was (as bothey instead sympathetically. He was (as' is not uncommon) better than his creed, which was already a somewhat cynical one. He soothed and encouraged Mrs. Leckwood; prom-ised to rid ber of the scoundrel forever; and adroitly said a word or two to the effect that she had better not trouble her husband with so an

noying and contemptible a matter.
"I know Robert very well," said he; "and I am sure he would not rest until he had thrashed our French friend soundly. Now a kicking more or less in his life would not matter to him at all. It would put Robert in the wrong too, and dis-trees you. I undertake to punish the miscreans much more effectually."

How he managed to get rid of her termentor Zillah never certainly knew; but the man dropped

out of her life never to reappear in it. Sidney Frost was actuated chiefly by motives of kindness toward the Lockwoods. this woman's past might have been, she made his friend a good wife. Robert idolized her. He was happy in his unfaltering faith in her. But he would not have been able to be happy had his faith once been shaken. That was the nature of the man. Frost would serve both husband and wife, and would keep his own counsel.

and wife, and would keep his own counsel.

Added to all these considerations, there was another incentive influencing his conduct: the professional sest, namely, with which he contemplated bulking a rascal's schemes—a zest quite as far removed from any consideration of abstract right and wrong as the eagerness of a fox-bunter is removed from moral indignation against the chiefith recognition of the district right and wrong as the eagerness of a fox-bunter is removed from moral indignation against the thievish propensities of the fox.

The two years that ensued were the happiest

Zillah had ever known or was fated to know. She was the joyful mother of a son. Her husband's fame and fortune rose day by day. Sid-ney Frost never reminded her of the secret they shared between them by word or look. had grown almost to regard the days of her misery and degradation as something nureal, like the remembrance of a bad dream.

But a change was at hand. Robert Lockwood fell ill. His was not a rap Robert Lockwood fell ill. His was not a rapid, alarming disorder, but a slow wasting away, as it seemed. A short time before his health began to fail be had yielded to the urgent solicitation of his friend Sidney Frost, and had confided to the latter a large sum of money—the savings of his life—to be invested in certain speculations which Sidney guaranteed to be highly flourishing; and, as has been previously stated, Sidney, in accepting the trust, honestly meant to falfill it with a single-minded view to his friend's advantage. advantage.

a came temptation; a combination of temptatious. He needed a large sum to com-plete the amount necessary for the purchase of a share in a flourishing legal business. On his ob-taining the share depended his marriage with a woman whom he passionately loved. He used the greater portion of Lockwood's money for this purpose. He described the transaction to him-self thus: "Robert shall find this a better investment than any I proposed to him. The business is as safe as the Bank of England. With an infusion of skill and energy such as I can bring to it, wealth, great wealth, is absolutely certain. I former Robert's money at handsomer interest

than he could easily obtain in any other way !"

All the while he was desperately ashamed and troubled in his immost heart.

Zillah had been told by her husband of his having confided his money to Frost. She had almost as undoubting faith in their friend as Rob-ert had. But she asked, "You have a formal

acknowledgment for the money, of course? "He wrote me some kind of receipt, or I O U. I don't think it is what you call a "formal ac-knowledgment," little wife. But from Sidney it

"You will keep it carefully, dear Robert?"

Oh yes; of course "Because you know if Mr. Frost were to-to

Zillah's quick intelligence discovered that something was wrong with Sidney after be had undertaken her husband's trust. He kept away from their house more than had been his wont. He was going to be married. He had obtained his long-coveted partnership. A suspicion of the truth darted into her mind. She endeavored to take him off his guard by adroit questions. But her woman's cunning was no match for Sidney

He confronted the matter boldly and with outward coolness, although he inwardly writhed with mortification to be abased before this woman who had been so humbly grateful at his feet, He told Zillah how he had applied her husband's

money.

"It is not exactly the investment I had pro-posed, but it will be, in the end, a far better one than any other for you all. I have not mentioned my change of plan to Robert. He is not well enough to be bothered about business. He is the best-hearted, dearest fellow in the world, but you know that it is sometimes necessary to hoodwink him for his own good."

At the word the hot blood rushed to Zillah's

face, and her temples throbbed painfully. She understood perfectly the kind of bargain that was being made. She reflected that her first deception was now bearing its legitimate fruit.

She was helpless. She carefully locked Mr. Frost's informal receipt into her writing-desk,

and submitted in silence.
"When Robert gets better," she said to her-

"When Robert gets better," she said to ner-self, "I will summon resolution to tell him ev-ery thing. I will!"

But Robert never got better; and within a few mouths he was laid in his grave.

CHAPTER V.

A MORNING CALL

Mr. Frost drove home to Bayswater after siness hours, on the day on which Mrs. Lockwood had visited him, very weary in body and

sick at beart.

Mrs. Frost had the most stylish of tiny broughams, drawn by a pawing steed, whose ac-tion gave one the idea that it had been taught to dance on hot iron, like a bear.

Mr. Frost used a street cab when he drove at all. Very often he returned home on foot. On this special afternoon he was thoroughly tired. He had been into the City, into offices wherein his partner would have been much amazed to see him, and on business of which that partner had

not the faintest suspicion.

As the cab jingled and rattled along the busy streets toward Bayswater, Mr. Frost leaned his head back against the fromy cushion and closed his eyes. But he could not deaden his hot brain. That was alive, and feveriably active. He ground his teeth when he thought of Zillah Lockwood. And yet he pitied her.

"If I could coin my blood into guiness she should have her own," said be, mentally. But if Mr. Frost could have coined his blood

into guineas—in one sense he did coin flesh, and blood, and health, and life into lucre—it is probable that still Mrs. Lockwood would not have had her own; for Mrs. Frost had an insatiable

had her own; for Mrs. Frost had an insatisble appetite for guineas, and would have received any amount of them with the greedy immobility of a gaping-mouthed Indian idol. She was an idol that had cost her husband dear, and yet he still worshiped her—worshiped her and did not respect her! Like the poor sav-age of the south, who alternately rails at, and grovels before, his tawdry Madonna.

Georgina Frost was a magnificently beautiful woman. Her face and figure were noble and majestic. She was graceful, elequent, dignified. "Mrs. Frost looks every inch a duchesa," some one said, admiringly. But Mrs. Frost had once

stood for ten minutes side by side with a real duchess at a picture show, and after that she told her hushand, with a superb, languid smile, that she should decline to be likened to a duchess any

A little, skinny, painted, flaxen-haired creature in a short gown, and with the most atrecious bonnet that ever was perched on a human head," said Mrs. Frost, disdainfully. "I am not at all like a duchess, if she is a fair specimen of the

But nevertheless Mrs. Frost was pleased to be likened to a duchess.

Mr. Frost did not reach his home until a few simutes before seven. Seven o'clock was his dinner hour.

"Dinner ready?" he asked of the man who opened the door to him. "Whenever you please, Sir. Shall I tell the

Where is your mistress?"

"My mistrees is dressing, Sir. She had an early dinner at three o'clock."

Mr. Frost walked into the dining-room, bidding the man send up his dinner directly. He threw himself into a chair, and sat still, with a gloomy face. The complex lines in his forehead were twisted and knotted tightly together. He had got half-way through his solitary re-past, eating little, but drinking a good deal, in a

feverish way, when the door opened, and his wife came into the room.

She was in full evening costume. A rich silk dress, of the brownish-golden hue of ripe wheat, enhanced the clear puleness of her skin. The dress was simple and ample, as became the majestic figure of its wearer. Its only ornament was a trimming of white lace round the sheres and becom; but this lace was antique, and of the costliest. In her dark wavy hair she had placed a branch of crimson pomegranate flow-ers, and on one marble white arm she wore a broad thick band of gold with a me opal set in the midst of it.
"Ah, you are there, Sidney!" she said, not

looking at him though, but walking straight ward a large mirror over the mantle-piece. stood there, with her back to her busband, con-templating her own image very calmly.

ed his eyes and stealthily looked at her in the glass. "Where are you going?" he asked, surlily.

"You told me nothing about going out this evening.

"Oh yes, I did; but I might as well have omitted it. You never remember. I am going to the opera. Patti sings the 'Sounambula,' and the Maxwells made me promise not to fail

Mr. Frost sat looking at his beautiful wife with a strange expression of mingled discon-test and admiration.

Suddenly his face changed. he said, sharply. She obeyed leisurely.

"Let me look. Is it possible? Yes; you have—you have—taken that bracelet, despite all I said to you!"

"I told you when the man showed it to me that I must have it. It is the finest single opal

Mr. Frost dashed his hand down on the table | with an cath. "By Heaven, it is too bad!" he cried. "It is incredible! Georgina, I wonder, upon my soul I do, that you can have the heart

epen my soul I do, that you can have the heart to go on in this way!"

Mrs. Prost looked down at him with a slow Jano-like turst of the threat.

"Don't be silly, Sidney. What is the use of your getting into peassons? Nothing would go either with this dress or my black velvet but opals. And this matches the exercings so well."

"And how, pray, do you imagine I am to pay for this jewel? Mrs. Frost shrugged her shoulders.

"How should I know? How you are to pay for it is your business, not mine! When you married me I suppose you were aware of the responsibilities you were undertaking! Oh, is the carriage there? Tell him to drive first to Lady Maxwell's, Edward. And—ask my maid for the ermine clock to put into the carriage in for the ermine closk to put into the carriage in

case I should want it coming home."

He walked angrily up and down the room after she was gone; breaking out now and again into half-uttered sentences and ejaculations.

"I will not stand it; I will not. Heavens ad earth! To think of her coolly taking that opal, whose fellow it would be difficult to find in London, as though it were a glass head! She cares no more for me than for the stone pavement she sets her dainty foot on! I am a money-That's all ! But it shall come to end. I can not live so, I will not, Why should I grind my very soal out for a woman with no vestige of heart or feeling? I'll send her to live in the country. I'll sell bor wandrobe by section. Milliom wouldn't suffice for her extravagance. I have told her that I don't know which way to turn for money—and people think me a rich man! Well they may when they see me a rich man! my wife decked out in finery worth a king's ran-som. Good Henvens, that opal! To-morrow I will make the revoler take it back. She shall not keep it. It is too monstrous.

The next day Mrs. Frost, who occasionally made small concessions that cost her nothing, when it became apparent that she had rouse her husband's indignation too far, offered to drive with him to Bedford Square and call on

Mrs. Lovegrove.

drove along eastward - Mrs. Frost hat they drive along aggressia — Mrs. Frost looking very levely in a meeting toilet, for the perfection of whose freshness and simplicity the had paid more to a fashionable milliner than Mrs. Loregrove had ever expended on her finest gown—Mr. Frost I ctured his wife as to the necessity of comporting herself with civility toward

I'm sure I don't know how to conciliate Mrs. Lovegrove, "said the fair Georgina. "Unless, perhaps, by rigging myself out from top to toe in Tottenham Court Road, and arriving at her door in the dirtiest backney can to be found! I really would have borrowed Davis's bornes and shawl to come in, if I had thought of it: only, to be sure. Davis is always three months never the sure, Davis is always three months

shion than the Lovegrove women!' Davis was Mrs. Frost's cook.

Mr. Frost went into his office, saying that he would open his letters and go up to pay his respects to Mrs. Lovegrove by-and-by. His wife was ushered into the drawing-room, and waited while her card was carried to the mistress of the

Mrs. Lovegrove's drawing-room was hot. The was a large fire in the grate. There was a stuffy fragrance in the room from two enormous jars of pot-pourri which stood one on each side of a gilt cabinet. On the cabinet were ranged what Mrs. Lovegrove called her nick-nacks: namely, a huge dish of wax fruit under a glass cover; some Dresden figures; a Chinese puzzle; a Swiss chalet in card-board; two or three cups of eggrian ware, representing a Spanish lady clothed entirely in lace flounces, and with a feet about the same length as her nose; and a blue satish how marked with white head;

worked with white beads.

The furniture was drab, with red satin stripe The furniture was drab, with red satin stripes in it. The curtains were the same. The curpet was also drab, with splotchy cabbage-roses strewn over it. On the mantle-piece stood a French clock, flanked on either side by a cut-glass lustre whose pendent prisms jingled and shook whenever a foot crossed the floor. There was a grand pinne in the room, dark and shining. There was also a barp, muffled up in brown holland. On the round cantre-table, covered by a red vel-On the round centre-table, covered by a red vel-ves cloth, were disposed with geometrical accu-racy several books. The middle of the table was rupied by a silver card-basket full of visiting-ds, on the top of which was conspicuously displayed a large ticket, setting forth that General Sir Thomas Dobbs and Lady Dobbs requested the honor of Mrs. and the Misses Lovegrove's com-

pany at a ball, bearing date two months back.

Mrs. Frost waited. The house was very still. Mrs. Frost waited. The house was ver She peeped into one book after the other. tograph albums. A third was a little well postograph and May verses in celebration of the mouth of May, which the Pussyire writer looked on exclusively from an occlesiastical point of view, and styled the "Mouth of Mary." There

was likewise a Peerage, bound in red and go Mrs. Frost waited. She had enscored her-self in a comfortable corner of the couch. It Mrs. Frost waited. was hot, and the end of it was that Mrs. Prost fell into a doze, and woke with a sensation of being looked at.

Mrs. Lovegrove stood opposite to her. Mrs. Lovegrove had a pale, smooth fa

Company of the second

a, smooth face, with pale, smooth, and very high forehead, features were not uncomely. Her eyes must have been pretty in youth; well-shaped, and of a soft dove-gray. Her teeth were still sound and white. They projected a little, and her upper lip was too long for beauty. It gave one the idea, when her mouth was closed, of being I

stretched too tightly, in the effort to cover the

long, prominent teeth.

Mrs. Lovegrove was lean and flat-chested.

She were a lead-colored merino gown, and a small cap with lead-colored satio ribbons. She affected drubs, and browns, and leaden or iron grays in her own attire. She said they were

How do you do, Mrs. Frost? I am so shocked to have kept you waiting. Your visits are such unexpected and rure favors that if I could have come instantly I would."

Mrs. Lovegrove spoke in a very low voice, and with pedantic distinctness.

"I almost fell asleep, I think," said Mrs. Frost, with much nonchalance. "You were—excuse me—snoring," replied

Mrs. Lovegrove, in her gentlest and most dis-

Mrs. Frost did not at all like to be sold that she had been snoring. But as this is an accu-sation against which we are all helpless, seeing that in the nature of things we can not be con scious whether we have smored or not, she did not attempt to rebut it.

not attempt to rebut it.
"Don't you think you keep your room rath-ar-stuffy?" she said, wrinkling up her hand-

Stuffy? If I apprehend your meaning, I think act. You see, you live in one of those new lath-and-plaster houses that really are barereather-proof. No doubt you find a pensating advantage in doing so. But I confess that for myself I prefer a solid, well-built, old-fashioned mansion. How is Mr. Frost?"

"Quise well, I believe. He said he was com

ing to wait upon you by-and by."

"Is be quite well? Now is he? I am rejoiced to hear it. Mr. Lovegrove has been
thinking him looking rather fagged of late. We live in high-pressure times. The friction on a railway, for instance, is so much more tremendous than the friction on an old mail-coach road. And yet it may be doubted— Is any thing the matter?"

"No: I-I-only want to sneeps. How very sungent the stuff in those jars is! You don't at souff in it, do you?"
"Souff! My dear Mrs. Frost—!"

"I feel as though I had some grains of snuff

up my soes."

"My pot-pourri is prepared after a recipe that

was always used down at our family place."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Frost, languidly. "I daru say it is very nice when one gets a little—sea-

sound to it."

Then Mrs. Lovegrove led the conversation into her own ground. She discoursed of ritualism, of stoles, tapers, and censers. After these subjects came the British aristocracy, collectively and individually. Thence, she aild easily to the immense number of invitations her girls had received this season. Finally, reserving her bonne bouche to the last, she spoke of their dear young friend, Miss Desmond, Lady Tallis-Gale's mice, and hereaff connected with some of our most on-

reelf connected with some of our m

cient families.

"I am no leveler," said Mrs. Lovegrove, in a kind of self-denying way (as who should say, "If I did but choose it, I could lay existing institutions as flat as a bowling-green!"). "No. I approve and reverence the distinctions of rank berth. You may tell me that those are in-

born prejudices—"
"Not at all," drawled Mrs. Frost, checking,

"Not at all," drawing Mrs. Freet, enecang, but not concealing, a yawn,
"Well, I will not deny that there may be some tinge of early prejudice. But when we lived at our family place pape always impressed on us to pay the same respect to those few persons who were above us in rank as we exacted from who were above us in rank as we exacted from our inferiors. Pape was a stanch Tory of the old school. But he had no arrogant pride of birth. He used to say— Ah, here is Mr. Frost. How do you do, Mr. Frost? We were speaking—or, at least, I was speaking, for I do not think your wife knows her—of our dear Miss Desmond. You can not think how the girls have taken to her. She is not here half as much as we could wish, though. For her attendance on Lady Tallis is most unremitting. But we feel toward her as a daughter. As to But we feel toward her as a daughter. As to my son Augustas—! Well, do you know, I scarcely know how to describe the impression the sweet girl has made on Augustus!"

Mr. Frost smiled very graciously, and seemed much interested.

"We are going to have—I won't call it a par-ty—a little social gathering, to which we have persuaded Miss Desmond to come, on the Feast of Saint Werewelf—that is," added Mrs. Love-grove, with a melancholy smile, "near Saturday, I days are you are not familiar with the mist." lare say you are not

days? I don't know any thing about Saint Werewulf," said Mrs. Frost.

wulf," said Mrs.-Frost.

"We shall have music, and endeavor to be innocestly gay: none the less gay for having attended a matin service in honor of the saint. Our religion is not gloomy and mirth-fortidding. If you and Mrs. Frost would join us we should be unaffectedly glad."

Mrs. Frost had opened her mouth to decline

Mrs. Frost had opened her mouth to decline the invitation, but her husband interposed. You are extremely good, Mrs. Lovegrove, id. "We will come with pleasure."

"Why in the world did you say yes to that oppressive woman's invitation, Sidney?" asked his wife, as he was handing her into the carhis wife, as he was handing her into the car-riage. "I sha'n't go. She really is too much. If you had heard the stuff she was talking about her family place! And she devoured me with her fishy eves. If I had not had the conscious-ness of being thoroughly well dressed she would

have given me a nervous fever."
"Well, that consciousness must support you on Saturday next. For we must go. And-listen, Georgy-make yourself pleasant to Miss Desmond." HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Av the present time American silk fabrics are co peting successfully with goods imported from Euro-pean countries. American manufacturers are as eppeace consides. American manufacturers are as enterprising and ingenious as those of any other country, the multer p-tree will thrive in any temperate
climate, and experiments perce that the silk-word
can be reared successfully in many of the States.
Hence, silk cultivation and silk manufacture promise
to be most important temoches of American industry.
The climate of California is particularly favorable to
the culture of silk, and the business is now in a highly
prosperous condition. In France and Italy the silkworm has been affected by a fatal disease which has
interfered seriously with rearing them; but on the Pacific coast the aggs are sound and the worms healthy.
At the last Paris Exposition the finest occome anhibited were from California of the second anhibited were from California. Orders have been sent
from Except to California silk growers for all the eggs
they can produce for years to come, so perfectly estifactory have been the samples aiready sent. Yet, as
soon as there are exough manufactories established in
this country there will be less temptation to expert
them.

Not long sen it was stated that an American rear

Not long ago it was stated that an American man-nfacturer made a lot of ribbons, and purchased a right to use an importer's label—such things, unfortunate-ly, are frequent in trads. One half of the ribbon be ly, are frequent in trade. One half of the ribbon he inbeled as of a foreign make, the other half as of American. In the anction-room the goods under foreign labels brought 17 per cent, more than the other half? Nevertheless sewing-elik, triumlings, and ribbons of home manufacture have almost driven foreign importations in these goods from the market: and the weaving of broad silks has become a specialty, to which many manufacturers are devoting their carnest attention. According to statements made in a recent address at the American Institute Pair, the greatest silk centre in this country is Paterson, New Jersey, sidiness at the American Estitute Fair, the greatest cilk centre is this country is Paterson, New Jersey, where there are now sixteen factories, remning IR, 600 aphiddes, preparing silk threads—that is, throwing silk, mostly for waving. The hands employed are 3500; the wages paid per annum, \$000,000; the capital invested, \$6,000,000. In Pallisdelphia there are twenty factories, employing 400 men and 1500 girls and women, whose wages amount annually to \$000,000. In the city of New York there are 5000 to 8000 hands ompleyed in making trimmings, weaving ribbons and dress goods, the invested capital being \$5,800,000. Besides these there are factories in Youkers, Hobokes, Scheharie, and other places in New York State; at Hartford, Manchester, Manafield, Willimantic, in Connecticut; at Northampton, Florence, Williamburg, Cantos, in Massachnetts, as well as in other places. Thousands of yards of gros grain silks are manufactured every week of excellent quality, some of which can scarcely be distinguished from the best imported articles. re in this country is Paterson, New Jersey, orted articles.

An excellent thing is it for young ladies to use their influence against tobacco but it is well to be sure that it is tobacco, and not something more valuable, that one is opposing. A young lady in a certain town in this State refused to marry her sweet-heart unless is stopped thewing tobacco. He agreed, and the wedding came off in due season. Returning from the bridal tear in the cars, the other day, he pulled out a roll of semesting from his pocket. She thought it was tobacco, clutched it, and threw it out of the window. Alse! It was a roll of money, \$2200 in all, and it has not here recovered. and it has not been recovered.

Seechi, the Roman astronomer, thicks he has tected water in the neighborhood of the spots on t enn : and M. Japasen writes from India to the Paris am; and M. Jansson writes from India to the Paris Academy to say that he has detected aqueous vapor in some stellar atmospheres; that is to say, be has found certain says of light weating in certain stars, and the missing beams are just those which he knows water intercepts. The stars which arhibit this peculiarity are the red tlery-looking lights.

this peculiarity are the red dery-looking lights.

The marriage of the eldest daughter of Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, made quite a stir recently among the quiet people of Philadelphia. Many notable guests were present, among whom were President and Mrs. Grant. The church was filled with the chosen witnesses of the ceremony, and the adjacent streets decestly througed with those who longed to see all that was visible outside. The bride, though elegantly, was mosteristically dressed in white corded sife, the skirt perfectly plain, and terminating in an elaborate train. The waist was made high in the neck, with ellik buttons to the threat, and trimmed with point lace. The The wast was made high in the neck, with silk but-tons to the threat, and trimmed with point hac. The steeres were long and plain. Her rich brown hair was braided and secured with wreaths of erange blossoms, with an elegant tulle well depending. She also wore a brantiful set of posris. The bridensids were white bries, with high occasges. Mrs. Grant were an ele-gant blue silk, also made high in the neck—from which facts we are happy to infer that an appro-priate style of cocage is to be fashionable this sea-son. The array of processes enhibited at the recordion m. The array of presents exhibited at the reception as magnificent. Colonel James R. Weaver was the fortunate bridgeroom; and the newly-married couple have sailed in the Pereirs, as route for Italy.

A Ettle girl or five years old was exhibited as an "infant predigy" not long ago in a large music-hall in England. It was asserted that she was acquainted with several languages, could represent three hundred characters, and repeat an indefinite number of post-ical quotations. The poor victim was forced through her performances to the admiration of a num ce of intelligent Britone, who, probably, never thought to what cruelty they were thus accessory. Similar exhibitions have been made in this country. The forcing system to which many children, not "prodigies," are sarrificed, is a great and growing orth. To cram tender intellects with knowledge for To cram tender intellects with knowledge for w at examinations, for the sake of competition and for pride's sake, is both folly and wickedness.

An English journal states that after the death of Byron, at Mesoloughi, in 1972, his body was em-halmed and sent to England, but the heart was begged and obtained by the Greeks, who inclosed it in a sit-ver case. Four years later, after the protracted slegg-of Mesoloughi, a sallying party, carrying the relic with them, out a way with great sacrifice of life through the

A trip around the world can now be made in eighty A rep arceles the west can own so made a edge, though little pleasure could be experienced in such a heaty tour. A year is certainly little time enough to devote in such a journay. It is recommended that the traveler plan to be in Central and Bouthern China in November, India in December and January, Egypt in February, and Pulestine and Sysin.

In March and April, which will bring him to Europe, to travel northward up the Dambe, or to Greece and Italy, with advancing seasons. By a diligent study of routes, the trip can be made with ease and comfort, and enough seen to give one comprehensive ideas of the other side of the globs. A low estimate of the probable amount required for fares, recknosed at gold rates, is \$100. Throughout the whole journey them are only a bundred and furty miles (the distance between Allabahed and Bunbary) in which steam can not be used in assisting the transport; not a railway is being rapidly constructed which will soon join bases piaces, and then, truly, steam will have put a girdle in March and April, which will bring him to Europe and then, truly, steam will have put a girdle

The "Aurilave" is a povel invention recently patened, and will prove a useful addition to the toilet. Its object is to cleanse the ear pleasantly and safely, with-out the use of the hard instruments hitherto employed for that purpose. It is especially adapted to the nursery, and is said to be beneficial in agral affections.

A clergyman's daughter has recently obtained the royal license to publish a weekly newspaper in Nortellia, Sweden. Her name is Miss Frederika Hallin. The Swedish editmus "can not only write her article, but set it up and work it off; and is, in fact, the practical directross of these operations. She learned printing from a certain Miss Soderquist, who is now in ing from a certain Mass Boderquist, who is now in business as a printer in Stockholm, under her married natso of Fran Flodia." Miss Stderquist once edited and published a brace of papers in Arboga. Remov-ing to Stockholm, Miss is set up a large printing-office, the present first Flodia, every man of which was a we-man. In addition to these offices there are two others in Sweden carried on exclusively by famaics Hadiksvel and one in Christianscad.

Armand de Beaupré-whose real name la Gipon, Armand de Beaupré—whose real name le Gipcu, only this was not emphonious enough for his purposes—is a French journalist of singular ability and reputation. He had, when younger, no special fondness for literature, but he was fond of spending money, and he wrote to fill his pocket. One day an article he had written was accepted by a promisent journal. It was an article on the Deluge, and it so much astonished the editor that he printed it out of curiodity to see what the public would say. The public were see what the public would say. The public were snazed, and woudered what it meant; whereupen the oditor sent for Glpon and asked him whether he was in the habit of looking at every thing else from the same curious aspect as the Delings. Gipon an-swered that to the best of his belief the views he took of the Delines were those which he took of most. took of the Deinge were those which he took of most other things in life, and he produced an article on the art of government. The editor took powersion of this decument, which was even more astenishing this decining, which was even shore ascensing than the paper on the Deluga, and from that day young Gipon, with his name revised and edited as Armand de Beaupet, took runk in Paris as "un original." When Armand de Beaupet is at a loss for a subject be tolis his readers how he amuses himself of an evening, where he lives, who are his friends, and the like. Burnetimes he arrives at the office of and the like. Sometimes he arrives at the office of the paper in a state of excitement verging on fary. He has been overcharged by a cabman, dunned by his tallon, or misditted by his shoemaker. Down he sits with his eye faming, and writes an article in three columns, which is intended to strike horror into the sout of the offender. The editor node ap-resident at the article. Facture he would exist. min the sout of the offender. The editor node ap-provingly at the article. Perhaps he would rather have had something see, but he knows his French public, and is quite aware that an article directed against a bestmaker, and recounting the trials of a journalist, will always please them better than a paper on the differential calculus or the international wometany commission.

Sixton bundred and thirty-five soldiers have been admitted to the Royal Victoria Hospital within the last six years as undit for duty from disease of the heart. It is tobwed that this prevalence of heart disease is caused by the fashion of accordance, and that it is incurable. A new system of according soldiers would prevent this secrifice of Ilfa.

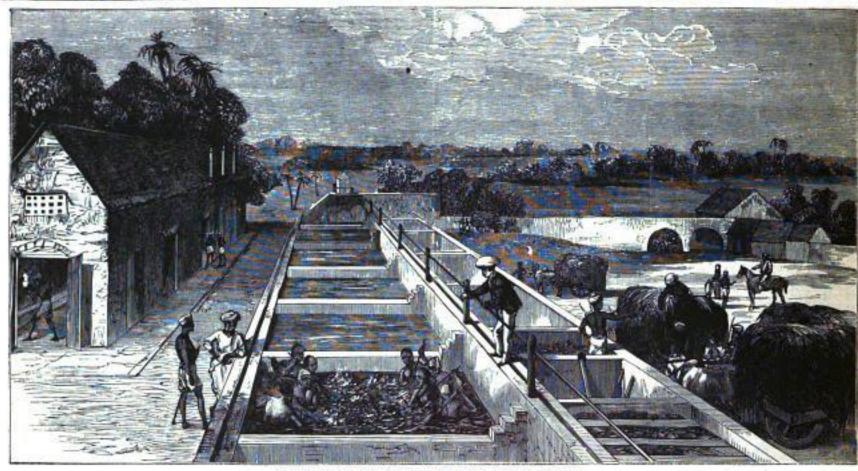
Lovers of coffee will not thank a French physiciogist for discovering—as he believes—that the coffeige of coffee is twice as poisonous as the fheire of tea. These, he states, will only produce spasms and para-justs. Well, gradually most bvery thing we sat or drink will be discovered to be more or less poisonous, ous, and then it will only be a choice between evils.

Sir Sannel Baker, the well-known Egyptian ex-piorer, writes from Egypt that his fotilla of steam-ers and boats is making way up the Nile, bound for Khartoum; that he has eight bundred camels waiting to carry the iron steamers sent out from En-gland across the Treort to their destination, where the well is not steamers and the property of the second of the secon they will be put injether and employed in the naviga-tion of the Albert Nyanza and other lakes; and that his own route will be from Sees to Sonakim, thence with camels to Berber on the Nile, and so up the river to the rendezvous at Khartoum. Trading in some places, territying in others, and exploring wherever it can, this will be a noteworthy expedition, full of promise for the Hoyal Geographical Society, if not for the Panha of Record. not for the Pashs of Egypt.

Some of the latest applications of electricity Some of the latest approximate or escentialy are worth budgeting, at instances of our resoliness to ride a willing horse to death. We shall have likeral-ly, if not logically, ridden electricity to death when we apply it to destroy life; and the suggestion of this manufacture has results been made, both accinet man and beast. Instead of the barbarous system of banging offenders, a humane philosopher proposes that we should give them an electrical shock, powerful enough to kill without pain. There is no denying the fitness of this system for a scientific nation. But if the law will not take beense life by lightning, it might compet cattle slaying thereby; a battery and coil would be far more effective, and far less creek tools than the pole-ax or the sticking-knife. The angler would con-sider his occupation gots if he had to the with an electric line and a torpos-producing balt; yet the whaler has a notion that he can catch his monetons upon an analogous plan. From experiments upon lesser fish, it is anticipated that a whole would be supprised by such a shock as could be given from a moderate battery carried in a boat, with the sid of harpoon with double points connected to the battery by conducting wires. The harpon, upon striking the schole would exceed to the chartery by conducting wires. The har-the whale, would complete a cirpoints, and electrify the fish to __por point, thus exa-dering his capture easy : at least, so the inventor says.

A disaffected wife has j: cloped from Seratoga. She left the following specie for her bushead's con-solution, which is indeed a fiterary model, to say the least: "My dearest yes have not carried as much money as you ought to said when I ask you for it you always say you also got any Good by dearest for this time."





INDIGO MANUFACTURE IN TIRHOOT, LOWER BENGAL.

INDIGO CULTURE IN BENGAL.

NDIGO CULTURE IN BENGAL.

Duarso the last three years the planters in the districts of Tirhoot and Chumparun have experienced much inconsenience, and often great loss, as well as trouble, from the disaffection of the "ryots," or native peasantry. There are frequent disputes about the terms of the agreements made between these people and the capitalists who advance the money for the sowing of indigo. This question in Bengal is almost as difficult as the land-tenure question in Ireland. The manufacture of indigo, or mahai, as it is called in the vurnacular, commences about the first week in July, when the indigo is cut and carted into the factory. It is then steeped in wats from twelve to sixteen hours, the time which is calculated to be sufficient to extract the virtueis calculated to be sufficient to extract the virtue of the plant. The water in which the plant has been steeped is next let off into a lower or "beat-ing vat," where it is left to settle. The vat is now beaten off by eight or ten men, as shown in the illustration. The process of "beating off"

(by which the grain is separated from the water) having been completed, the vat is left a sufficient time for the grain to sink to the bottom, when the water is gradually drawn off. The indigo settled at the bottom of the vat is transported to the "boiling-house," whence it is poured on to what is called the "table," where it is well strained; it is carried thence and placed in pressure of about the fortunes. All notices having strained; it is carried thence and placed in press-es of about six feet square. All moisture having been extracted, the indigo is cut into square cakes and placed on shelves to dry, and at the end of the season it is packed and sent down to Calcutta for sale. The life of a resident indigo planter or manager is full of toil and anxiety; and he is frequently obliged to appeal to the magistrates to enforce the ryots' contracts.

SMOKERS ON THE HIMALAYAS.

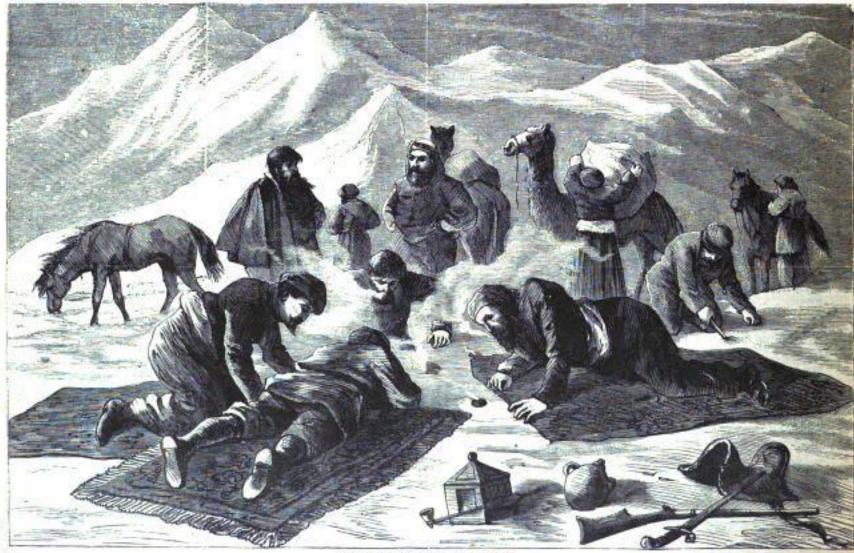
Various are the instruments that have been devised for smoking tobacco; some of them plain, others expensive and elaborate. But perhaps

the most novel and curious method of enjoying the narcotic plant is that illustrated in our en-graving on this page. This method is in vogue among travelers on the high table-land of Thibet and in the Himself of the high table-land of Thibet among travelers on the high table-land of Thibet and in the Himalaya Mountains. M. R. vox Schlaghtweit, the famous German traveler, gives the following description: "The inhabitants of the lower plains, when traveling in the mountains, have a peculiar mode of smoking. They can not indulge in this kind of luxury in their own hourse, but have to postpone it till they come to the regions where a solid and compact glacier may be found. Then they proceed to dig or cut a hole three-fourths of an inch deep in the solid block, and at a distance of a few inches dig or cut a hole three-fourths of an meh deep in the solid block, and at a distance of a few incloss other holes one inch deep around, so that the largest hole is in the centre, and connect these by introducing a piece of iron wire underneath the ice, forming in this way so many funnels communicating with the hole in the centre. This is filled with tobacco and covered with ignited coals, and the smokers, lying down on blankets to keep off the cold, adapt the'r mouths to the

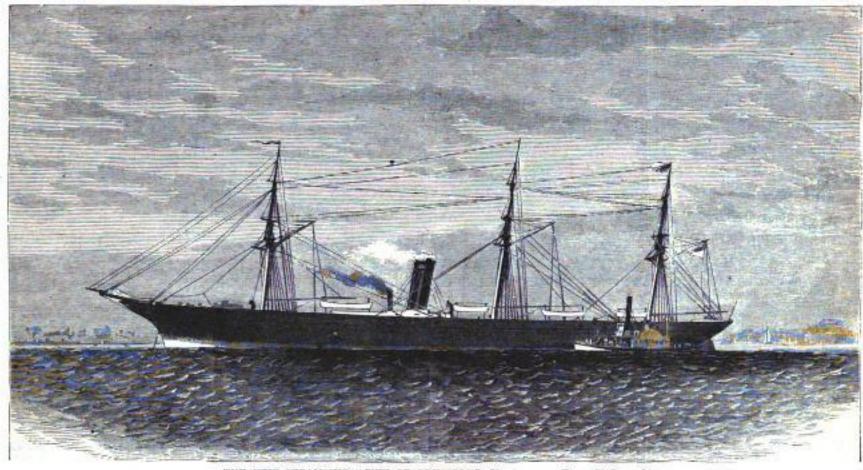
various holes. In a short time they send forth enormous clouds of smoke, which, arriving ice cold, is charged with all the narcotic substance of the plant. The solidity of the glacier is such that only very little is melted, just enough to farmish a certain amount of humidity to the burning tobacco." M. Schlaghywest assures us that all other modes of smoking are not worth mentioning in comparison with this, and that no instrument of any kind, invented to refine and enjoy the tobacco-smoke, can supply the place of the primitive but ingenious method adopted by the Penjab and Thibet natives.

"RUINED!"

THE drawing by Mr. C. G. BURH, from which our illustration on page 729 has been engraved, is a very pathetic illustration of the effect of extravagance or of speculation. How many such scenes as our artist has depicted were enacted just after the recent bursting of Wall Street bub-



SMOKERS ON THE HIMALAYAS.



THE NEW STEAMSHIP "CITY OF BRUSSELS."-[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

bles! It is reported that the terrible disappoint-ment experienced by daring gold brokers on the 24th of September has driven five or six of them to the insane asylum; but how many who were not made mail were driven to despair! How many, with their families, were utterly and irre-trievably "ruined!"

THE "CITY OF BRUSSELS," JAMES KENNEDY, COMMANDER.

Tura magnificent new iron steamship belo to the Inman line. It is truly said of her that "she beats the Cunarders," if we take her last trip as a test of her powers. She arrived in this port on the morning of October 23, her voyage across the Atlantic having occupied eight days

and twelve hours, including three stoppages, caused by disarrangement of machinery.

The City of Brussels was built on the Clyde, in Scotland. Her length is 405 feet; length of keel, 375 feet; beam, 40‡ feet; and depth of hold, 28 feet. Her engines are of 600 horsepower, and her registered tonnage is 3000. She can comfortably provide for nearly one thousand passengers.

passengers.

This steamship is fitted up in superb style. Her cabin is of oak, elaborately finished, and inlaid with gold; the seats are cushioned with plush, and the floor is carpeted with the finest of Brussels. The ladies cabin is finished and furnished in a style even more superb. She makes 15 knots with case, and 164 with fair steaming. For five consecutive days she made from 340 to 358 miles without sail.

GUEBRES WORSHIPING THE SUN.

GUEBRES WORSHIPING THE SUN.

Our illustration on this page recalls one of the earliest forms of nature-worship—one, however, which is still maintained among the Cuebres of Persia and the Parsees of India. The term Guebre was applied by the Mohammedan conquerors of Persia to the disciples of ZOROASTER in that country. The Guebres now number about 100,000, dwelling chiefly in the city of Yead and the province of Korman. They are ignorant but industrious, and they bear a high character for virtue in comparison with other Persians. The persecutions which they suffered after the Mohammedan conquest drove a large number of them into India, where they are known as Parsees. The latter are very much respected by Europeans, are the richest and most influential

of citizens in Bombay, and form about 115,000 of the population of Bombay and Colabba Islands. They do not worship idols, but revere the sun (and fire, as its symbol) as an emblem of the glory of the one Supreme Deity. They often build their temples over subterranean fires, one of their holiest spots being at Bakoo, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, where for ages, without interruption, flames have issued from calcareous rocks. The Parsees place their dead upon a latticed frame-work on the top of lofty towers. The birds of the air devour the coepses, and the bones fall understeath through the grating.

Every form of polytheism had its origin in nature-worship. Thus the ancient Norsemen identified the storm with Odin, the thunder with Thor, and flame with Loki. In ancient Gaul and Britsin pillars were raised to the sun.



GUEBRES PAYING HOMAGE TO THE SETTING SUN.

BENEFACTIONS.

Tun benefactor always retains some affection for the person whom he has benefited. No extent of ingratitude succeeds in utterly effacing

this kindly feeling on the part of the benefactor.

Now, no doubt, a Swift or a Rochefoucauld would, in his cynical way, give a very unpleasant reading of this patent fact. But, in reality, it is a beautiful arrangement of Nature, or, as it is a beautiful arrangement of Nature, or, as we ought to say, of Providence. The benefic-tor, just in proportion as he has done his work lovingly, has his "exceeding great reward" in an increase of lovingness; for there can not be a doubt that it is a far happier, and, if we may say so, a more divine thing, to love than to be loved.

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

L-OUR SIDE.

"War you naughty, ugly, vicious thing!" screamed nurse, "you've pulled the dishes all off the table. What will your mummer say? off the table. What will your nummer say? There—take that! [a shake]; and that!! [a siap]. Now, go away! You are always up to some mixhoef, and not as high as the table yet.

"Susan! what's the matter? Charlie, dear! what have you done? Come to me. There, don't cry; it's all over now. Susan, bow did he do it's the matter?

do it?"
"Yes, more, he did it; he's always up to some mischief; and it isn't my foult the best china is broke and the silver coffee-pot banged in just like a bandbox that has been set on; and the coffee all over the floor, with the salt and suger too. See, mum, what he's done, and I a watchin' of him all the time and never took. my eyes off him, and then the minute my back was turned, up he goes and kitches the table-cloth, and off it comes, and all your nice set with it, and six pieces broke, and all done a pur-pose; and he's always a making of trouble when we don't know what he's about, nor can't goess, for he's as sly as a fox, and I knew he would, for I just took him away from there, and back he scrabbles again as fast as he could go, for he don't know no better, and he copie to be whipped and give him something to cry for, for I've told him not to touch the table a hundred times, and I'm glad of it, and I don't care if he is hort,

"Why, Susan! Susan!" "And I dow't, muen; and he might have been burned to death a minute ago, for I just took the chaling-dish off, and then what would have become of your new carpet? He will have his hand in every thing that's a going, and if there's a state of the cap's and he cap's nothing a going he'll set it a going, and he can't let it alone for the life of him, and he's just like let it alone for the life of him, and he's just like his father, blways trying experiments, and won-dering how things would be if they was a little different from what they is, and trying of it on, and making a muse like his father has in the laboratory, what I don't like to see nor smell of nor any body else, and nothing but mischief comes of it, and I n picking up after him all day long like a chip of the old block as he is; and it's a creat pit, too, for thems as buys the formiture great pity, too, for thems as buys the farmiture and clothes and things, only it's none of my bosiness, and I don't care, only my new dress is all greased with the cream; but never mind me while he's a crying, for he did it right afore

me while he's a crying, for he did it right above my very face and eyes, quick as a flash the minute I told him to come awny."

"There, my dear—Charlie, my dear—hish: don't cry, my boy, any more. Wipe your tears. Let me wipe them, and let me look into your eyes and see how it was."

"Look into his eyes, mam—fiddle-sticks!—look into your coffee-pet and your chima and my deep and your expent. Look into his eyes! He

dress and your carpet. Look into his eyes! He did it a purpose, I know he did. Look the other way, and give him a spanking, say I!"
"Susan, be quiet. You are engry. Go down

Exit Seam, purple with rago.

IL. THEIR SEDE.

"Now, Charlie, look up. You have done me mischief."

So Charlie's eyes looked up, half tearful, half

fanny-impetetive, but sty and sorrageful—and this is what his mother read in them.

Yes, mamma, I did it. But did I do it? I slide's know I could do such things. What a terrible crash! I stood up by the chair, and I walked as straight as I could over to that great high table. I didn't tumble down once. The table was covered with bright things shining in my eyes like stars. I could not see what was on it because it is so high. Once I sat way up on top of a chair, and saw things, and had some of top of a chair, and saw things, and and some of them in my mouth with pape and you. And pape took my finger and wet it in my mouth, and touched it to something, and put my finger in my mouth again, and I ent my finger and it was sweet and good. So I wanted to see something; but my eyes only come up to the edge of the table. I stood on tip-toe, and I took hold of the dress of the table, just as I take hold of you dress when I want my dear mamma to take me up in her arms; but the table didn't take me up. So I pailed, just as I pull on yours when you don't attend; and the dress of the table legan to grow longer, and come off. I thought that was funny, so I pulled again, and it came off some and then I saw the things all began to come toward me and look at me over the edge of the table. They did not fly away as the pig-eons do when we go sear them, but they came right toward me. This is such a queer world. I don't understand it. So I pulled again, and the knives and forks came tumbling down on the floor, just as you showed me how to make my blocks tumble down with a crash. Then Susan

said, "There now-you do that again, if you So I pulled again, and down came the cups and sancers, and then Susan gave a great scream and frightened me, and the dress of the table came all off, and all the smell came out of the coffee-pot, and I sat down backward into the butter-dish.

What makes things do so?

Morel. -To hear both sides is essential to instice. But when children are the culprits we never hear "the other side," unless Sympathy searches for it and interprets it; and even then the half is not told.

12 THE UNLOYED WIFE," a very beveriful lose story, from the pen of Heller Conwin France, has just been commenced in that excellent literary paper, the New York WERRLY.

Ir your hair is coming out or turning gray, do not murmer over a misdortune you can so easily evert. Aver's Harn Vison will remove the cause of your grief by restoring your hair to its natural color, and therewith your good looks and good nature.—(Com.)

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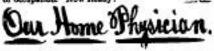
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Vol. XIII.—No. 673.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

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A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

In the subjoined illustration our artist represents a characteristic group of freedmen in the streets of Richmond, engaged in the discussion of the political situation. It is by no means an unfamiliar scene. The colored men, knowing how intimately connected their race has been with the political conflicts of the last twenty years, with the origin of the rebellion, and with the problem of "reconstruction," naturally take a great interest in politics; and in some of the Southern States they hold the balance of power.

It will be seen, by a reference to our picture, that there is a difference of opinion. The woodsawyer, on the left, is doubtless a Conservative; his opponent, the white-washer, is a Republican; while the negro seated on the right is a silent anditor, ready to acquiesce in whichever opinion gains the mastery. The correstness of the argument is shown in the countenances and in the attitude of the disputants and of their listener. The picture, considered simply as a work of art, has merits of a very high order. The action is natural, and each member of the group is given a distinct individuality. The trenfment of the subject is not less happy than its selection.

THANKSGIVING.

Again the night-season of the natural year has come round to us—the time when, her fruits having been gathered up, the earth folds up and puts aside her green garments, and lays down to her winter's rost. At this time, when ripeness passes so quickly into decay, man snatches eagerly to secure for himself so much as he can of Nature's gifts. This work having been accomplished, he has leisure for reflection. He can now look upon the process, by which the dead earth gives us back manifold what we have lent her, as the yearly wonder of God. It is fitting that this should be the season of Thanksgiving. But not only the agriculturist finds this season an occasion of thanksgiving; the merchant and the manufacturer, also, have predied by the abundant harvests of the autumn. These are positive reasons for thanksgiving; but, besides these, we have to remember with gratitude that no great pestilence, no wasting famine, no destructive natural convulsion, no financial panic have visited us.

The illustrations which we publish this week on pages 744 and 745, apropos to this national festival, need no interpretation on our part. That on page 744 is a typical representation of the season and of the occasions for thanksgiving. The engraving on page 745, "Uncle Fam's Thanksgiving," represents the larger and more cosmopolitan features of the occasion.

SEMI-DETACHED WIVES.

A MARRIED man, after a time, appears to forget how much a woman, and especially a woman who is a lady, desires small attentions to the very last. He seems to believe, at any rate, that his wife does not care for them at his hands. Women do not forget the season of courtship; and it would not be too much to say that an ideal marriage should be a constant courtship, or else the romantic theory of marriage falls to the ground altogether. But supposing a man marries a fool, and doesn't discover the fact for some time. Then it is well worth his while to try and improve the fool into a tolerable companion; for even a foolish wife can make herself excessively unpleasant to the wisest and most philosophic of husbands; and in successful cases the women will be grateful for the teaching. The man who wants to win his wife to at least sense (or nonsense) enough

to love him has often all his work before him, even after he has placed the marital ring on her finger. She may then only he a semi-detached wife. We can give no definite recipe for the curative process. Circumstances would demand a constant change of ingredients. The shrew should be tamed, if possible, by soft means; but she should be tamed. The indifferent woman, with her soul occupied only with thoughts of the millinery hung upon her body, should—but we can not advise on these points, and, besides, it is more than probable that the beliance of incompatibility inclines to the side of the husband. Women should not be difficult to win when once wed, although, stronge to say, it has happened to many a woman to live and bear children to a man without a stronger feeling for him than one of duty or of gratifude, perhaps, for social consequence. For the men who like their wives semi-detached there is nothing to be said; there is no accounting for tastes, and it is possible at least to conceive a gentleman of cool disposition resenting the familiarities of a wife as a claim for privileges not contemplated by him when entering upon the married state. They ran a risk if their wives are young, as there is some to be a revolt sooner or later.



A POLITICAL DISCUSSION.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOIL

Anany through crisping fields she comes, The Spirit of the Soit, To bring to labur's peaceful homes The fruits of trust and toll.

A mystery of earth and air, Cool morns and socoday heat, With sunlight in her golden hair, And dust upon her feet.

She stands beside the threshold stone: His brow the father lifts; He knows her by his faith alone, The children, by her gifts.

"I bring the roots," she says, "whose length Of downward thrust was stayed By no cold clay's unbroken strength Below the reach of spads.

"They hold my life in every pore, My health in ring and grain, A ferror from earth's central core, A coolness from the rain.

"I bring the vineyard's purple gift From lightesed trellis bars, The orchard's, whose bowed branches lift Their free hands to the stars.

"My blood has passed to clustered lobe In drops of living wine; The perfuse of each dusky globe The orchard bears is mine.

"I called the healing sun to lean Above the mildew's death; The wind that drew their flavors keen Was wakened by my breath.

"I bring the yellow core unspeared, The bean with purple eye, The barley with its mighty beard, The amber wheat and ryc.

Were routed from the land:

I heard the plowman's nuffed. The sower's whispering hand.

"My strength, born of primeral rock, Is given to ear and leaf: I am the fullness of the shock, The ripeness of the sheaf.

"I bring the not whose guarded oil is sweet in crooked cell; There comes a night-time of the soil

se day-time it shall tell. "I bring the rest of field and lea!
That watch and wait no more;
The caim of heaven's ethereal sea.

"I bring the glory of the woods, The softness of the sun, The tender smethyst that foods A world whose work is done—

"A sense that now the earth and air Withdraw the asking palm— The sweet faidilment of a prayer, The answer of a pealm."

She dropped her treasures on the floor, Her peace within his breast, And from the thankful toiler's door Passed to her winter rest.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS.

THE result of the late election in New York anggests the question, what does Demoerntic success in this State mean?

It means, in the first place, an arbitrary discrimination against the equal political rights of the cirizens of the Staze. The question was sub-mitted whether the property qualification should be removed from a class of voters which, as a class, is in no way inferior in industry, intelligence, and good conduct to any other, and by Democratic votes the property qualification was continued. No one, however, was surprised that those votes were cast against equal rights; for as the Democratic policy ten years ago was the most stolid submission to the dictation of the slavery interest, so now it is a stupid effort to retain as much as possible of the taint which test system has left upon our national character and professions. Every great measure looking to the extension of freedom and fair play in this ountry has been stabbornly resisted by the Democratic party. Every encroachment made upon the equal rights of innocent citizens has been the work of the Democratic party. In our history it will be known as the party of slavery: the party to which the ignorant and the prejudiced were sympathetically drawn, and which, under the name of Democracy, endeavored to obstruct liberty.

The Democratic success in this State means, in the second place, the maintenance of the power of a ring, of which the Governor, by his proclomation upon the frauds and his signing the Erie Directors bill, is shown to be the instrument, and which places upon the bench of the Superior Court Mr. Jons H. M'Coss. judicial bench is the last resort under the laws in a free government. What the character of American courts, what the fame of American judges would be, if the party which selects Mr. McCexx for one of the chief honors and responsibilities of the judiciary could place Mr. Jons H. M'Crass upon all the benches of all

contemplating the official career of that magistrate. If the judiciary of the city of New York is an honor to the State and a glory to the country-if it is not a by-word and a derision-if it is not understood that the bench is a market, that rich men may have what judgments they will, and the worst miscreants escape by the connivance of the judges-if its ermine spotted even with suspicion, and its decisions every where profoundly respected, it is because of the men whom the Tammany Ring place upon the bench. Every vote cast for the Democratic party was cast for the power which has made the present renown of the New York city

The Democratic success in this State means, in the third place, if it should be complete, and the Legislature in both branches should be of that party, the overthrow of the best parts of the present municipal government. The Metropolitan Police system is bitterly opposed by the Democrats. All the Commissions have been rigorously denounced by them, and they have sought power to restore the city, as they claim, to its own control. That is to say, the party following its policy and pledges will place in the hands of the Tammany Hing the control of all the great interests of the city—its po-lice, its health, its Fire Department, its Croton Board, its Central Park. It may be presumed that a power which makes such judges as we

see will make a corresponding police.

Whether the order, the health, the personal safety, the security of property will be better cared for by the Tammany authorities, the ex-perience and reflection of sober men will declare. How long an election in the city will be possible which will not be morally invalid by the knowledge of a vast system of frand, so long as those authorities have unchecked control, may be inferred from what the most unscrupulous Democratic paper in the country says of certain Tammany leaders: "He saw," says the editor, speaking of himself, "by what shameless and cunning frauds such corruption-ists of the Ring as William M. Twend and OAKET HALL out down below its level the rightful vote of the electors of HORATIO SET-MOUR." A Democratic success means the ascendency of such persons in the political con-trol of the State. Those who desire it, there-fore, did wisely in co-operating with them at

The Democratic success means, in the fourth place, a change in the Registry law, or the total abolition of a registry, in order that frauds at the polls may be facilitated and the State securely held, with the hope of deciding the next Presidential election in the city of New York. No honest voter can object to a registry, be-cause he is vitally interested in the inviolability of the ballot-box. The more severely scrutinized the list of lawful voters, the more secure is the country. The Democratic party, always hostile to all methods for maintaining the purity of the ballot, will break down every barrier, and those who helped them at the polls may congratulate themselves upon the result,

These are some of the consequences of the continued Democratic success in the State of New York, and, although not new, they may be profitably studied by the country,

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

THERE is one subject which should be very carefully considered by the Board of Education in this city, and that is compulsory edu-cation. Since the report of the Rev. JAMES FRANKE, who was sent out by the British Government to examine our school system, the schools of this city have so high a reputation among those in both countries who are interested in the extension of education that the word of the Board which controls the schools will be very influential. If the compulsory system is necessary any where in the country, it is here in the city of New York; and, therefore, if action is to be taken any where, it will noturally begin here. The subject was considered in the late Constitutional Convention, and was understood to have been quite fully discussed in the Committee upon Education. But it seemed to be the general sentiment that the time had not then arrived for action, and although Mr. OFFICE, who made many very valuable propositions, and who introduced the admirable article upon bribery, which was incorporated in the new Constitution, moved the subject in the Convention, he had little support. The argument for compulsory education is perhaps no-where more carefully considered than in a report of M. Dunuy, the French minister of public instruction, in 1863, which contains an admirable survey of the European school sys-tems. Mr. Rick, the late Superintendent in this State, embodied many of the facts collected by M. Dunur in the report to which we allude elsewhere. As a matter of fact it is found that in countries where school attendance is compulsory, as especially in Prussia, the compulsion is in name only; nor would the repeal of the law now seriously affect the schools, so deeply rooted has the law made the habit of universal attendance. So elsewhere, as in Baden, although attendance is con-ulsory, fines are very infrequent. In Würteming every child must the courts in the land, may be rendily seen by attend school until the | c of fourteen. The

first and second time a boy plays truent be is punished himself; the third time his parents pay the penalty. Every army recruit is exam-ined, and the percent d, and the parents are responsible if their son can not write. The consequence is, that in Würtemberg there is not a peasant, or a kitchen-maid, or a bar-maid who can not read, write, and cipher well. In the United States, to-day, there is probably a seventh of the whole population who can do neither.

The argument for compulsory education in this country is that of the police. The tax for public schools is justified by the necessity of general intelligence to the general order of so-ciety. We are taxed lightly for schools that we may not be heavily taxed for prisons; and as the tax is laid for the welfare of the community, and not of the individual, the community may properly take care that the tax be made effective for its purpose. As to the expediency of enforcing an undoubted right of this kind, it would seem to be tolerably clear that, if it be expedient to provide schools at all, it is equally expedient to take care that they are not pro-vided in vain. But it is the universal testimony of those who are best informed upon the et that the advantages of our free public school system are by no means what they ought

to be, nor what they can readily be made to be.
At the late Educational Conference in Birmingham, in England, the expression of opinion was unanimous upon two points: first, that a system should be established to secure the education of every child in the kingdom; and, second, that every child shall be compelled to be educated. The word education was used to denote what we know as common school instruction. The Conference, therefore, agreed upon what may be called the common-sense view of the subject; and we trust that the New York Board will seriously enter upon the question whether it is not its duty to take active and sufficient measures to secure the great purpose for which the people pay the school-tax.

SARMIENTO AND LOPEZ.

GENERAL M'MARON, our late Minister to Paragnay, is understood to have given a very rosy view of the Dictator Lorez and of his "Republic;" and as the General was alleged to have stated that the atrocities of the allied army were incomparably greater than those of Lorkz, the Secretary of the Argentine Legation in Washington has protested against the "gratuitous calumny, covered, as it is, by anony-mous publication." But the witness whose testimony concerning Lorez and Paragray is as pointed as his knowledge is ample and his judgment accurate, is Mr. SARMIENTO, now the President of the Argentine Republic. We recently spoke of this gentleman as the most prominent and hopeful figure in South America. His long residence in this country, his vital sympathy with popular government, and his careful and extensive study of its working in the United States, entitle him to speak upon this subject with an authority which, of course, General M'Marion would not claim for him-

In June, 1868, while the war in Paraguay was still dragging along, and when Mr. SAR-MIRINTO was the Argentine Minister to the United States, he wrote of Paraguay and Lo-PEZ; and what he said is confirmed by the most intelligent of the foreign residents upon the Plate River with whom we have conversed. Mr. SARMIENTO SAYS that Paraguay is neither a republic, nor a monarchy, nor a tyranny, in the sense of power asurped from another. The present Lorez received the government of the country from his father by a will; his father had taken possession of it after the death of FRANCIA, who had himself usurped it when the Jusuits were expelled.
"Paraguay," says Mr. Sarmiesto, "is a plantation with a million of Indians instead of negroes, who consider themselves the property of the Loruz family, and fight for them be cause these chiefs fight against the white men whom they hate, and of whose character and civilized practices they know only what this LOPEZ family has allowed to enter the pre-So absolute is this authority that Captain Page mentions that even when the country was at peace the inhabitants of Assumption shut themselves in their houses at eleven o'clock in the day, at the command of Lorez, that the North Americans might not be able to speak with any native. The Englishmen who were in the service of Lorez at Humaita were brought by him to defend the fortress in case of ill luck in the war of conquest which he was about to undertake, he having already seized the province of Matogrosso from Beazil and that of Corrientes from the Argentine Republic. The British Government sent a Commission to free the Englishmen whom he held, and Lorez refused to deliver them. One of them, who has served a long time in the country, has just published in London a history of the war, in which the character of Lorez is drawn in a very different manner from that which is attributed to Gen-

The Argentine Republic is allied with Brazil and Uruguay to defend itself against the con- | of the city, and Democratic candidate for Gov-

quest of Lorez. For having abolished slavery fifty years before we did, and being the seat of the most promising political and industrial activity in South America, that republic naturally recoils from subjection by a tyranny compared with which the most brutal known among the European races would be a blessing. "The triumph of Lorez," says Mr. SARMIESTO, nearly two years ago, "means the extension to Uruguay and the Argentine Republic of the Guariui Indian despotism, under a master who is dictator, pope, supreme judge, and lord of life and property." That these words truly describe Loruz no one who has investigated the subject doubts. Yet there are many lib-eral papers in the United States which really seem to think that there is no choice between the parties in the Paraguayan war, and that an empire is trying to crush a republic. Samuare the good and evil genius of the La Plata region; and there can be no question to which of them the hopes and sympathics of the United States naturally belong.

THE GREAT PERIL.

WHEN the honest voters any where are satisfied that the ballots deposited in the box and the subsequent count do not correspond with the honest vote, the system of popular elections and the public peace are in peril. There is no practical difference between a few men at Tammany Hall imposing their will upon the public by fraud and a man at the Tuileries imposing his will by force. Nor is there any intelligent and reflecting Democratic voter in the State of New York who does not know that his party leaders are responsible for the bulk of the notorious electoral frauds, and that every time he votes at their bidding he is supporting a policy which must end in the total corruption of the government or in revolution.

That there are dishonest men in the Repub lican party, that there is cheating upon the Republican side, we do not doubt. But that is no reason for honest men of the other party to deny against all knowledge and testimony that the great frauds are practiced by Democratic the great frauds are practiced by Democratic leaders for the advantage of the Democratic party. Nor can any intelligent man excuse his indifference to the subject by saying that both parties are equally guilty. For the man who does not know that the policy and pleas of the Democratic party commend themselves to the most ignorant and worthless part of the recognition is not aware of one of the most characteristics. population, is not aware of one of the most obvious and significant facts in our polities. He may go into any part of the country upon an election day and he will be sure to find that nine-tenths of the drunken and most degraded part of the population vote the Democratic ticket, and that the more thrifty and intelligent the neighborhood the more positive is the Republican majority.

This is not chance. It has the deepest reaon. Every district and ward in Maryland gives a Democratic majority. The same is probably true of Kentucky. They are the two especially Democratic States. Of course in e war their bearts were with the rebellion. Are they in any chief point of civilized and progressive political communities superior to the great States of the Northwest? parties in this country are not equally worthless. Will any body pretend to designate a spot in which the Republicans have the same unqualified control that the Democrats have in the city of New York, where they are or can be justly accused of frands so enormous as those which are matters of universal notoricity upon the part of the Democratic leaders in this

During the twelve years, from 1856 to 1867 inclusive, the average annual number of naturalizations here was 9207. The yearly average of immigration from and including 1847 to 1860-a period of thirteen years-was 197,435; while for the four years, from 1800 to 1863 inclusive, the yearly average had fallen off nearly one-half. None who arrived later could be naturalised in 1868. But in that year three courts in the city-the Common Pleas, the Supreme, and the Superior - admitted a naturalization of 33,318-nearly four times the average of former years. And if to this be added the missing blanks, which, as every man practically familiar with the details of last year's election knows, were used wherever they could be, the total naturalization for the city of New York for 1868 was 60,386. Of the admitted certificates issued more than eightytwo per cent, were issued by two courts, the Superior and the Supreme. In the Supreme Court Judge George G. Bannann was the only magistrate who naturalized. In the Superior Court a gentleman who examined 18,000 of the certificates testified that about eight-ninths were signed by Joses H. M'Cuss.

These were the facts. They were known at the time; but their extent was subsequently proved. The fraudulent papers were every where. They were sent by mail to those who-had not applied, although the law requires the personal appearance of the applicant. And it was in the mide: of this universal knowledge that John T. Rossman, the Democratic Marrier



ernor, on the day before the election, issued a Proclamation bitterly denouncing the charges of fraud as gross and unfounded, and asserting that they were made to cover the fraudulent schemes of the Republicans. There was not an intelligent man in the city or its neighborhood who did not know that Mr. HOFFMAN'S statement was untrue. The frauds were known, and it was known that they had been perpe-trated by Democratic agents. If proof were wanting after that collected by the Congressional Committee of Investigation, it is sup-plied by the volunteer evidence of the editor of the chief Democratic paper in the city, who has since described by name the present Mayor of the city, Mr. Hall, and one of the State Senators from the city, Mr. Twamp, as "cor-ruptionists," and denounced their "shameless and cunning frauds."

It is already beginning to be understood that appeal to the opinion of the people. It is sim-ply registering the edicts of a few Democratic leaders, who stuff the ballet have an election in the State of New York is not an sders, who stuff the ballot-boxes. Is it not, then, nearly time for those who support the Democratic party because they do not like cer-tain Republican men and measures, to ask themselves whether a party under whose auspices an honest, expression of the popular will becomes impossible is not necessarily and swiftly subverting the government?

EFFECT OF SELLING GOLD AND BUYING BONDS.

Ir appears that the public debt had been reduced from March 1, 1869, to November 1 about \$64,332,070 65. This sum is mainly made up of purchases of bonds and their accrued interest. Notice has been given by the Treasury that \$11,000,000 of gold shall be sold, and \$10,000,000 of bonds purchased for November, The interesting financial question of the day is, What effect is produced upon the industry of the United States by selling gold and purchasing bonds?

Ever since the breaking down of the attempted gold corner, the power of the Treasury, in the absence of any European demand for balances, has become omnipotent. Owing to those large Treasury purchases of bonds the credit of the United States has been so raised that bonds are still purchased in foreign markets, and, owing to frequent sales of Treasury gold since the corner was broken, gold has steadily fallen. Speculators fear to become Bulls in gold, insemuch as the movement on the longto-be-remembered Friday against their machinations was sudden and effectual, and they fear a repetition of Treasury sales made on the instant, and without previous notice. With \$116,994,711 69 of gold in the Treasury—this was the amount on the 1st of Novembercombination could be formed in now crippled Wall Street to meet the vast power of the De-partment. Every sale of bonds in Europe side directly in putting down gold, inasmnch as the German brokers here, who make most of the sales—using the telegraph cable for the purpose -become instantaneous sellers of gold in our market to an equal extent. The great houses which do this business watch the respective markets for our bonds, which are ordinarily kept within 1, and frequently within 1/2 per cent, of each other, and when there is a chance of profit sell or buy bonds according to circumes. To facilitate transactions the foreign branch or agency is kept constantly supplied with bonds, which can instantly be delivered to the foreign purchaser. The payment for them abroad, or by the cable transfer of funds here, permits an immediate sale of such gold in our market. On the 4th of November gold was sold at 1264 on one of these transactions by a German house here, and profit ensued. These combined causes, the sale by the Treasury and by such bankers, tended to depress gold on the 4th of November, although it had been an-nounced in Wall Street that the Bank of Eugland on that day had raised its rate of interest from 2₉ to 3 per cent.—a circumstance that would cedinarily affect our market by raising the gold rate.

The price of the great staples which country exports, as well as that of imported produce held here for sale, is affected gener-ally in the proportion in which gold falls in our market. So far as concerns breadstuffs and cotton purchased here by foreign agents for ex-port, they are paid for in gold. The object of the seller is to obtain as much currency for his gold or for the exchange, which the transaction ermits him to draw, as possible ; and the lower the rate of gold, the smaller the return in currency. Our breadstuffs are now depressed, inch as the fall in gold, say from 185 or 140 to 1264, reduces the quantity of currency re-

ceived in the same proportion.

If the fall in gold were due to an equivalent improvement in the currency of the United States, no complaint could justly be made, as it would in that case be permanent; but it is apparent, as the currency remains undiminished in its volume of about seven hundred millions of dollars, that the sole foundation for the fall is due to the combined influences referred to;

hat the will have to be to

timately be ruled in great part by the amount of paper in circulation, there is no difficulty in deciding that the Treasury Department, which is now effectually controlling the market in that direction, must witness a reaction as soon as its influence is withdrawn, or in spite of that influence whenever the condition of finances abroad calls for balances held in this country. The industrial interests of the United States

are suffering severely from the fall in gold. These great interests need permanency in its price, which, measured by our paper circulation, must be considerably above the present market rate. The present condition of affairs in this respect is wholly favorable to the foreign purchaser of our great staples, and of correspond-ing disadvantage to the producing interest of the United States. It is undoubtedly true that many persons in the United States are benefited by low prices of our commodities—such, for instance, as laboring men and those who live on salaries; but the producers of wheat are not receiving remonerative prices, and hence it is held back in the States which

most largely engage in this industry.

The price of wheat is not remonerative, because the expenses of its production are paid in depreciated currency, bearing the relation to gold of, say, 140 to 100, and it is now sold on a basis of 127 to 100, in a currency which opporearly has appreciated according to the propor-tionate difference. Wheat at Dubuque, the cutlet of a fine region, is now quoted at from 63 to 36 cents per bushel, according to quality. The product this year will not exceed 15 bush-els per acre. After deducting the seed sown, the cost of plowing, sowing, reaping, living, hauling to market, risk of collection, and, be-yond all, the loss from the rapid exhaustion of wheat-producing qualities in the soil, and the price is not sufficient.

The interests of the producers of the coun are best promoted by a permanent rate for gold. The fact that the paper currency is a fixed quan-tity, and that the amount of gold in the Tress-ury and in circulation varies but little, are favorable to a nearly uniform price; and were it not for the shamelessness of a few gamblers in Wall Street, who hold in equal contempt publie sentiment and public interests, and the efforts of the Treasury Department, neither the excessive rise which deprayed gamblers occasioned, nor the almost equally excessive fall which the Treasury occasioned, would have hap-pened. A mean somewhere between these exsees will ultimately be reached and maintained until the gamblers renew their machinery of mischief and plunder.

It must be evident that the condition of our industries, subjected as they are to the control of the gambiers who can unite the largest num-ber of bank officers and public officials in their schemes, is wholly unsafe; and that true policy requires the most effective measures for placing our affairs on more solid ground.

Although the reduction of the public debt from an amount a fraction over twenty-five hundred and twenty-five millions to an amount a fraction under twenty-four hundred and sixty-two millions is regarded with favor as indicating both the power and integrity of the people, yet it can not escape attention that the duties received from excessive imports—the latter occasioned by the sale of our bonds in Europe—constitute a large part of the means for this payment, a resource which imprudence The opportunity to use this exceptional contribution to the Treasury to withdraw from circulation a part of our war currency— continued on a war basis in peace—was denied to Mr. Bourwell by means of an act of Congrees, passed in the interests of those who de-mand a vitiated and deprayed financial system.

But our object was not so much to show that Mr. BOUTWELL has deemed himself driven to the adoption of a system which postpones a return to specie payments, as to present the effect of reducing the price of gold below the level that it justly bears to our paper issues. The policy subjects the productions we export to the control of the foreigner at low prices, while at the same time the producer in this country is exposed to high prices in their crea-tion. The policy, now that gold is reduced to money in a corresponding proportion. This alone will prevent those violent vicinstitudes which, to business men, produce constant confusion and distraction.

KING PRIM.

THE Republican movement in Spain is supessed, and the leaders are either executed or in exile. General Para declares himself a monarchist. He might also, and probably as truly, have declared himself a monarch, for such he seems really to be. The army is devoted to him, and although SERRANO is regent, the reality of power is with Pers. This result makes him the most conspicuous of all recent revolutionary chiefs. A success so sudden and so vast as the peaceable overthrow of a great government and the supreme exaltation of a soldier has not been lately seen. The Cortes, purged of the Republican element, has resumed its sessions, and the caucuses are vigorously balloting for a king.

The paralysis which fell upon the movement months since arose in great part undoubtedly from the uncertainty of the extent and force of the Republican sentiment. The brav-est, the most powerful, and the most eloquent speaches in the Cortes had been those of Cas-TRALAR. They were essentially Republican, and it was difficult to measure the enthusiasm which they excited. On the other hand, the monarchical party could not agree upon a king, even had they wished to; and there was evidently a chaos of intrigue. Nobody seemed to command the situation. Parm had apparently failed. Had there been one man to speak with a power which could be recognized by all, the later troubles would have been avoided. no man had proved that power. The hot weather and the general doubt and inaction led the Cortes to adjourn. It was inevitable that the Republicans, who are always the hold and aggressive party, would attempt to obtain control of affairs; and in putting them down, and in announcing distinctly his political faith. PRIM, in whom the Cortes now sees the chief of the army, has become the recognized master of affairs, and the deliberations of the Cortes will now undoubtedly have some definite result. It is fair to presume that a king will be elected,

and remor now loudly declares who he will be, It is plain enough who he ought to be. Let Parm be king. He is identified with the revolution : he has proved his power; he understands Spain and the Spaniards; he is as good a man for the purpose as has been proposed; and inasmuch as no one can be made king whom he does not approve, he will be the power behind the throne. d might, therefore, as well be upon it. The glamour of royalty is gone. For a dozen years past the ablest monarch in Europe has been the nephew of the Corsican lieutenant of artillery. Pare's blood is as blue as Narotnow Bona-PARTE'S; and now that royalty is every where in danger from the general impotence of its representatives, why should not its original principle be summoned to justify the throne— and the regal crown be conceded to him who can wield the regal power? When the Cortes declares for a monarchy, it means a permanent executive. If it summons the Duke of Montpensier, or an Italian prince, or any wandering Don in Europe to the throne, it must know that it can not summon with him the royal tra-dition, the royal prestige, the royal sentiment, and can no more feel loyal to him than England could have been loyal to Prince ALERRY. It may respect him and trust him and fear him, but it may equally respect and trust a chief who is not of royal descent. What it wants is a king without royalty; and to satisfy that want a royal scion is not essential. Parm apparently being king, why not call him so, if you are anxious to call somebody by that title?

Nothing certainly is gained by the present

situation. The only excuse for a regent was that the preference of the nation for a king should be consulted, or possibly that the strength of the republican sentiment should be proved. But the manifestation of republican sentiment having been peremptorily suppressed and the monarchy assured, there should be no delay in selecting the monarch. But all the royal candidates have been long known, and none are satisfactory. None of them has excited the least enthusiasm in Spain, or has had more than an interested party. If Spain must have a monarchy, let her make a king to correspond. Viva King Paum!

NOTES.

Mn. Cunraw, who has been speaking in Russia and Bohemia, in the languages of those countries, is not ex-Governor Currys, the present United States Minister to Russia, but Mr. Januariah Currys, of Michigan, a graduate of Harvard, and late Secretary of Legation in Russia with Mr. Cassus M. Cear. Mr. Currys's knowledge of languages is very remarkable. When the Russian fleet was at New York, during the war, he made the acquaintance of the officers, and talked with them fluently in their own tongue, although he had never been out of this country. We believe it was at the instance of those officers that Mr. Currir went to Rus-sia, where his skill and facility as a linguist, with his more all hilling and seed absented as the state. his general ability and good character, promoted him to his responsible post—a precedent which we should be heartily glad to see constantly fol-

THE death of Mr. GROGGE PEARODY has oc-casioned every where the most friendly remarks upon his wise disposition of riches. He had the good sense to be his own executor, and his good deeds will be always memorable. The universal seclamation with which his gifts were received showed perhaps an immense surprise that a rich man should be willing to part with his money; but it also shows the general feeling that to part with money in such ways is to put it to its no-blest use. Mr. Pranont chose wisely for him-self and happily for his fellow-men, and his name will be always kindly renoembered.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN goyly informs the people of the State that knowledge suddenly acquired is seldom profitable, but he is willing to tell us one thing, and that is that the success of Mr. Swen-ray, Mr. Tween, Mr. Haas, and their associates secures the utmost purity in our politics. The Legislature of these sentlemen, the Governor

says, will contain no Democrats who can be bought, and the same kind guardians are going to take care of the interests of the many and not of the few. This is truly delightful. The whole to take care of the interests of the many and not of the few. This is truly delightful. The whole Democratic line advances, and the Governor gives the inspiring cry, "Tweam and purity! Hall and principle! Sweamer and self sacrifica!" The gay Governor is enables of the excellent Wackfurd Squeers. "Here, boys:" cried that chief executive of Dotheboys Hall, smo king his lips over the bluest of watered milk, "Here's richness!"

WE are not surprised to learn that the Rev. W. H. MILBURN has mot with the most gratify-W. R. MILBURN has mot with the most grantying success in his recent lectures at Steinway
Hall, in this city. The subjects of his lectures
on the evenings of the 2d and 5th instants were,
"A Blind Man's Experience in Search of his
Sight," and "What a Blind Man saw in Peris."
At the first of these lectures Governor Hoppman
presided. We understand that Mr. MILBURN is prepared to repeat these lectures through the country during the present season.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Resources were held on the 2d in New York, New Jersey, Massachnects, Maryland, Illinois, Wisconsin, and filmoscota. The Democratic majority in New York city was reduced by about 18,000 from hast year's vote. Greekey, in this city, ran ahead of Sigel by 1899 votes. John R. Bedy was elected Judge of Supreme Court, and John H. R'Cham, John J. Freedman, and James C. Spenow for Judges of Superior Court. Martin Kaibbetsch was elected Mayor of Brocklyn. Netson's majority for Secretary of State to about 17,000. The Senate contains 17 Democrats and 18 Republicans; the Assembly 66 Democrats and 18 Republicans, Governor Claffic was re-elected in Massachnect's. Chamberlain, the Labor Reform candidate, pulled nearly 18,000 votes.

Governor Fairchild's majority (Republican) in Wisconian is about 10,000. The Senate will custain 20 Republicans and 18 Democrata, and the Republican majority in the Assembly will be about 10. Governor Austin's majority (Republican) in Minnessons is about 2000.

In New Jersey the Senate stands 18 Democrate to 9 Republicans, and the House 18 Democrate to 97 Republicans.

Illinois carries the Constitutional Convention for the Republicans.

In Maryland there was a light vote, and the Democrate carried aware thin.

In Maryland there was a light vote, and the Demo-trate carried every thing.

General Belkmap took the bath of office preparatory to extering upon his duties as Secretary of War, No-yeonor 1.

to entering upon his duties as Secretary of War, November 1.

The diminution of the public debt during October was \$1,863,800.

The Licking County Indirmary, as insane saylum in Ohio, was destroyed by fire October it, and ten of the inmases were iteraced to death, the same ten of the inmases were iteraced to death, the same ten of the inmases were iteraced to death, the same ten of the inmases were iteraced to death, the same ten of the inmases were iteraced to death, the same ten of the inmases were iteraced to death, the same ten of the inmases with great-enthusiasen.

The Rev. Fallip Schaff, D. N., was sent out by the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, last epring, to the several Branches of the Affance in Europe, to consult with them respecting a General Conference of all the Branches to be held in this country. He has recently returned; and at a public meeting, held on the 6th in the Reference Church corner of Twenty-simb Street and Frish Avence in this city, he made a report, which indicates that he was received with cothesiasm in Britain, France, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland; and that large deputations of the most emisent divines and Christias philanthropias will come in the autumn of Britt to the Conference in Key York.

The Rechester Thesire was destroyed by the one

York.

The Rochester Theatre was destroyed by fire on the morning of November 4.

Bear-Admiral Charles Stewart, of the "Ironaides" Constitution figure fame, died at Bordentown, New Jersey, on the 6th, aged 16 years.

Hon. Bewardy Johnson and wife will celebrate their guiden wedding at their residence in Bahimore on Tuesday, the 16th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Tax Hallan Government, following the example of the Spanish, has declared that if will recover the right to reject declares of the Cicumental Council reported to the laws of the country and the spirit of the age.

Quite heavy carthqueite chocks were experienced on the svening of November 1 throughout Germany, and particularly in Dermandit, Wisehaden, Mayenes, and Frankfort.

The Streets Carthy has been in next recommended.

on the svening of November 1 throughout Germany, and particularly in Darmstadt, Wisebaden, Mayence, and Frankfort.

The Spanish Cabinet has been in part reconstructed. Marios has been appointed Foreign Becretary, and Fyguerola Minister of Financa. The Spanish Cories have again adjourned without choosing a king. The division in this matter has affected the cabuset. Admiral Toputs has resigned. It is thought that the government will endeavor to fill the vacant seals in the Cories with deputies favorable to the elevation of the Buke of Genos to the throne.

The correspondent of the London Fost writes as follows from Rome concerning the especied action of the Council: "The dogmatic definition of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary will encounter no obstacle. The Pope correction into a dogma of the necessity of the temporal power is not considered possible by its most ardest champions. The foundation of this fogma. The erection into a dogma of the necessity of the temporal power is not considered possible by its most ardest champions. The foundation and the preservation of that power do not affect the elements of a dogma, and belief in its necessity is not seen processes, John to coly of high importance."

The Emperor of Austria arrived in Athens November 4, on a visit to the King of Greece.

As we got to press thicking of the death of King Vioter Emanuel of Italy are bourly expected.

The Archbishop of Paris has leased a pastoral letter on the Geomenical Council. It melestains that the French Concordat is opposed to any decision of the specialtion of the infallibility of the Pope without discussion.

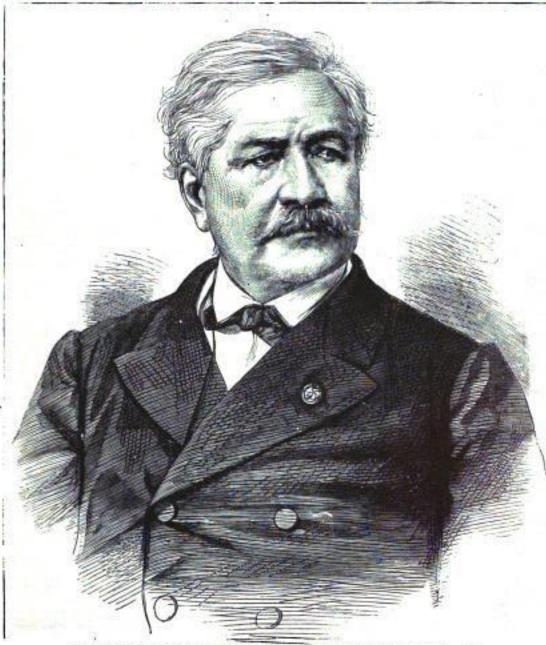
Georal Jordan, Adjutant-General of the Cuban army, writes to a frieed in this country, October 19:

the question of the infallibility of the Pope without discussion.

General Jordan, Adjutant-General of the Cuban army, writes to a friend in this country, October 19:

"While we have no absolute need of foreign soldiers of any kind to carry this straggle to succeeded fruition, we do need supplies. As near as I am able to calculate we have \$6,000 and who have arms, and I state in perfect sincerity that we could use immediately 15,000 stand of arms, and with that comber in our hands could end this war in ninety days. We have not wasted our armice nor materials in stacking large cities—sea-ports I mean; because, even though we took them, it would be at a secrifice of his of our trained soldiers, with a perfect knowledge that we could not hold them, for the reason that we have no retiliery to defend them against the Spanish navy. Protein Frincips and all interfect towns we have so clavely besteged that they are really of no avail to cur enemy entry the usame of bolding them. We occasionally are benefited by it, for in their stiempts to send them supplies we often capture their trains."

Prom St. Petersburg we learn that on the Tist of August, at eight minutes past three in the afternoon, a very alarming shock of carthquake was felt in and around Schemacha, in the Cancasta, which destroyed not only the greater part of the houses in the town, but also those of the village of Sundi.



M. PERDINAND DE LESSEPS, CHIEF PROMOTER OF THE SUEZ CANAL.-(SEE PAGE 148.)

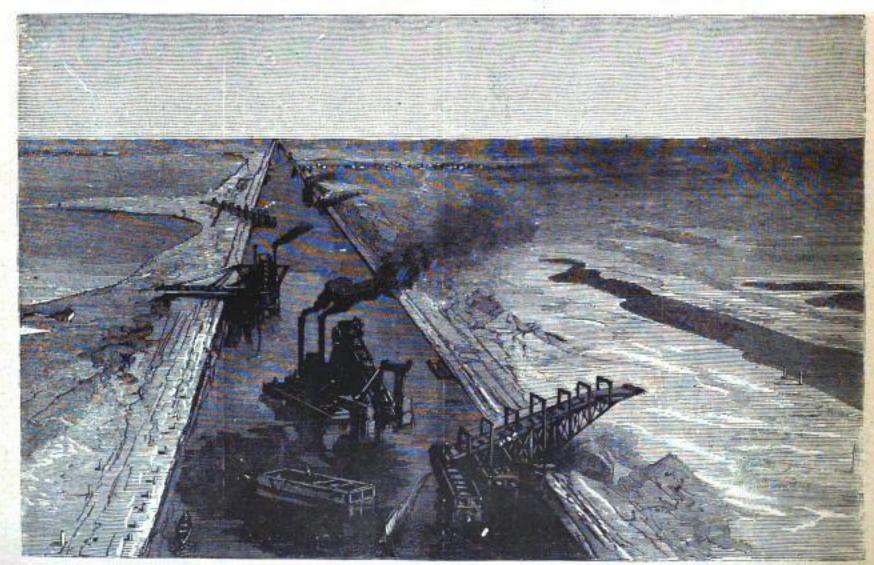
HON. FREDERICK F. LOW.

PRESEDENT GRANT, on the 28th of September, appointed FREDERICK F. Low, ex-Governor of said that the President, after deciding that the

MAP OF THE SUEZ CANAL - (See Page 748.)

new minister ought to be appointed from California, showed to General sheeted from these the General selected Mr. Low as the best candidate for the position. It was cartainly a wise selection.

Mr. Low was in 1863 elected Governor of California by a majority of over 20,000 against ex-Governor Jours G. Downer, the Democratic candidate. He has always been identified with



THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ MARITIME CANAL, NEAR KANTARA .- [See Page 748.]



[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Hanners & Buornegas, is the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman is White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PROLOGUE.-THE IRESE MARRIAGE.

Part the Birst.

THE VILLA AT HAMPSTEAD

L

Os a summer's morning, between thirty and forty years ago, two girls were crying bitterly in the cabin of an East Indian passenger ship, bound outward, from Gravesend to Bombay.

They were both of the same age-eighteen. They had both, from childhood spward, been close and dear friends at the same school. They were now parting for the first time—and parting, it might be, for life.

it might be, for life.

The name of one was Blanche. The name of the other was Anne.

Both were the children of poor parents; both had been pupil-teachers at the school; and both were destined to earn their own broad. Personally speaking, and socially speaking, these were the only points of resemblance between them.

Blanche was passably attractive and passably intelligent, and no more. Anne was rarely bean.

intelligent, and no more. Anne was rurely beau-tiful and rarely endowed. Blanche's parents was to secure, at any sacrifice, the future wellbeing of their child. Anne's purents were heart-less and depraved. Their one idea, in connection with their daughter, was to speculate on her beauty, and to turn her abilities to profitable ac-

The girls were starting in life under widely different conditions. Blanche was going to In-dia, to be governess in the household of a Judge, under care of the Judge's wife. Anne was to wait at home until the first opportunity offered of sending her cheaply to Milan. There, among strangers, she was to be perfected in the actress's and the singer's art; then to return to England, and make the fortune of her family on the lyric

Such were the prospects of the two, as they sat together in the cabin of the Indiaman, locked first in each other's arms, and crying bitterly. The whispered firewell talk exchanged between them—exaggerated and impulsive as girls' talk is apt to be—came honestly, in each case, straight

"Blanche! you may be married in India. Make your husband bring you back to England."

"Anne! you may take a dislike to the stage. Come out to India if you do." "In England or out of England, married or

not married, we will meet, darling—if it's years
hence—with all the old love between us; friends
who help each other, sisters who trust each other, for life! Vow it, Blanche!"

"I vow it, Anne!"

"With all your heart and soul!"

"With all my beart and soul!"

The sails were spread to the wind; and the ship began to move in the water. It was necessary to appeal to the captain's authority before the girls-could be parted. The captain inter-fered gently and firmly. "Come, my dear," he said, putting his arm round Anne; "you won't mind set? I have got a daughter of my own." Anne's head fell on the sailor's shoulder. He author, with his own hands iron the shore best put her, with his own hands, into the shore-boat alongside. In five minutes more the ship had gathered way; the bost was at the landing stage —and the girls had seen the last of each other for many a long year to come.

This was in the summer of eighteen hundred

and thirty-one.

Twenty-four years later—in the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-five—there was a villa

eighteen hundred and fifty-five—there was a villa at Hampstead to be let furnished.

The house was still occupied by the persons who desired to let it. On the evening on which this scene opens a lady and two gentlemen were seased at the dimner-table. The lady had reached the mature age of forty-two. She was still a mrely beautiful woman. Her husband, some years younger than herself, faced her at the table, sitting silent and constrained, and never, even by accident, looking at his wife. The third person was a guest. The husband's name was Vanborough. The guest's name was Kendrew.

It was the end of the dinner, The fruit and wine were on the table. Mr. Vanborough pushed the bottles in silence to Mr. Kendrew. The lady of the house looked round at the serv-int who was waiting, and said, "Tell the children to come in."

The door opened, and a girl twelve years old entered, leading by the hand a younger girl of five. They were both prestilly dressed in white, with sushes of the same shade of light blue. But there was no family resemblance between them. The older girl was frail and delicate, with a pale, sensitive face. The younger was light and florid, with round red cheeks and bright, sancy eyes—

a charming little picture of happiness and health.

Mr. Kendrew looked inquiringly at the youngest of the two girls. "Here is a young lady," he said, "who is a

"Here is a young lady," he said, "who is a total stranger to me."
"If you had not been a total stranger yourself for a whole year pass," answered Mrs. Vanborough, "you would sever have made that confession. This is little Blanche—the only child of the dearest friend I have. When Blanche's mother and I last saw each other we were two poor school-girls beginning the world. My friend

ent to India, and married there late in life. You may have heard of her husband—the famour Indian officer, Sir Thomas Lundie? Yes: 'the rich Sir Thomas, as you call him. Lady Lundie is now on her way back to England, for the first time since she left it-I am afraid to say how many years since. I expected her yesterday; I expect her to-day—she may come at any mo-ment. We exchanged promises to meet, in the ship that took her to India—'rows' we called them in the dear old times. Imagine how changed we shall find each other when we do meet again at last!"

"In the mean time," said Mr. Kendrew, "your friend appears to have sent you her little daugh-ter to represent her? It's a long journey for se

young a traveler."

"A journey ordered by the doctors in India a year since," rejoined Mrs. Vanborough. "They said Blanche's health required English air. Sir Thomas was ill at the time, and his wife couldn't leave him. She had to send the child to Ea-gland, and who should she send her to but me? Look at her now, and say if the English nir hasn't agreed with her! We two mothers, Mr. Kendrew, seem literally to live again in our children.

I have an only child. My friend has an only child. My daughter is little Anne—as I was, My friend's daughter is little Blanche—as alows. And, to crown it all, those two girls have taken the same fancy to each other which se took to each other in the by-gone days at school. One has often heard of hereditary hatred. Is there such a thing as hereditary love as well?"

Before the guest could answer, his attention was claimed by the master of the house. "Kendrew," said Mr. Vanborough, "when you have had enough of domestic sentiment,

suppose you take a glass of wine?"
The words were spoken with mulisquised cor tempt of tone and manner. Mrs. Vanborough's color rose. She waited, and controlled the mo-mestary irrination. When she spoke to her hus-band it was evidently with a wish to soothe and conciliate him.
"I am afraid, my dear, you are not well this

evening?"
"I shall be bester when those children have

done clattering with their knives and forks."

The girls were peeling fruit. The younger one went on. The elder stopped, and looked at her mother. Mrs. Vanborough beckened to Blanche to come to her, and pointed toward the

French window, opening to the floor.
"Would you like to eat your fruit in the garden, Blanche?

"Yes," said Blanche, "if Anne will go with me."

Anne rose at once, and the two girls went away together into the garden, hard in hand. On their departure Mr. Kendrew wisely started a new subject. He referred to the letting of the

"The loss of the garden will be a sad loss to those two young ladies," he said. "It really seems to be a pity that you should be giving up this pretty place."

"Leaving the house is not the worst of the sacrifice," answered Mrs. Vanborough. "If John finds Hampstead too far for him from London, of course we must move. The only hardship that I comelain of is the herdship that I hardship that I complain of is the hardship of having the house to let."

Mr. Vanborough looked across the table, as ungraciously as possible, at his wife.

"What have you to do with it?" he asked.

Mrs. Vanborough tried to clear the conjugul horizon by a smile.

Mrs. Vanborough tried to clear the conjugal horizon by a smile.

"My dear John," she said, gently, "you forget that, while you are at business, I am here all day. I can't help seeing the people who come to look at the house. Such people!" she continued, turning to Mr. Kendrew. "They distrust every thing, from the scraper at the door to the chimneys on the roof. They force their way in at all hours. They ask all sorts of impudent questions—and they show you plainly that they don't mean to believe your answers, before you have time to make them. Some that they don't mean to believe your answers, before you have time to make them. Some wretch of a woman says, 'Do you think the drains are right?'—and suiffs suspiciously, before I can say Yes. Some brute of a man saks, 'Are you quite sure this house is solidly built, ma'am?'—and jumps on the floor, at the full stretch of his legs, without waiting for me to reply. Nobody believes in our gravel soil and our bouth astreet. Nebody wasts any of care impouth astreet. ply. Nobody believes in our gravel soil and our south aspect. Nobody wants any of our im-provements. The moment they hear of John's Artesian well, they look as if they never drank water. And, if they happen to pass my poultry-yard, they instantly lose all appreciation of the merits of a fresh egg!"

My Kendrew laughed. "I have been through

Mr. Kendrew laughed. "I have been through it all in my time," he said. "The people who want to take a bosse are the born enemics of the people who want to let a house. Odd—isn't it, Vanhorough?"

Mr. Vanborough's sullen humor resisted his friend as obstinately as it had resisted his wife,
"I dare say," he answered, "I wasn't listen-

ing."

This time the tone was almost bound. Mrs. Vanborough looked at her husband with uncon-

cealed sarprise and distress.

"John!" she said. "What can be the matter with you? Are you in pain?"

"A man may be anxious and worried, I sup-

pose, without being actually in pain."
"I am sorry to bear you are worried. Is it business?"
"Yes-business."

"Consult Mr. Kendrew.

"I am waiting to consult him." Mrs. Vanborough rose immediately. "Bing, dear," she said, "when you want coffee." As she passed her hushand she stopped and hild her



"IS THAT LADY YOUR WIFE?"

hand tenderly on his forehead, "I wish I could smooth out that frown!" she whispered. Mr. Vanborough impatiently shook his head. Mrs. Vanhorough sighed as she turned to the door. Her husband called to her, before she could leave

Her huseament the room.

*Mind we are not interrupted!"

*I will do my best, John." She looked at Mr. Kendrew, holding the door open for her; and resumed, with an effort, her former lightness of tone. "Bet don't forget our 'born enemants of tone." ness of tone. "But don't surges our "corn ene-mies!" Somebody may come, even at this bour of the evening, who wants to see the house."

The two gentlemen were left alone over their

There was a strong personal contrast be-hem. Mr. Vanborough was tall and dark -a dashing, handsome man; with an energy in his face which all the world saw; with an inbred falseness under it which only a special observer could detect. Mr. Kendrew was short and light —slow and awkward in manner, except when semething happened to rouse him. Looking in Air face, the world saw an ugly and undemonstrative little man. The special observer, penetrating under the surface, found a fine nature beneath, resting on a steady foundation of booor and truth.

Mr. Vanishment content the contents.

Mr. Vanhorough opened the conversation.
"If you ever marry," he said, "don't be such a fool, Kendrow, as I have been. Don't take a

"If I could get such a wife as yours," replied the other, "I would take her from the stage tomorrow. A beautiful woman, a clever woman, a woman of unblemished character, and a wo man who truly loves you. Man alive! what do

you want more?"
"I want a great deal more. I want a woman

"I want a great deal more. I want a woman highly connected and highly bred—a woman who can receive the best society in England, and open her husband's way to a position in the world."

"A position in the world!" cried Mr. Kendrew, "Here is a man whose father has left him half a million of money—with the one condition annexed to it of taking his father's place at the head of one of the greatest mercantile houses in England. And he talks about a position, as if he was a junior clerk in his one affice! What on earth does your ambigue. own uffice! What on earth does your ambi-

ready got?"

Mr. Vanborough finished his glass of wine, and looked his friend steadily in the face.

"My ambition," be said, "sees a l'arliamentary career, with a l'earage at the end of it—and with no obstacle in the way but my estimable

Mr. Kendrew lifted his hand warningly. Mr. Kesserew into his hand wild. "If you're talk in that way," he said. "If you're joking—it's a joke I don't see. If you're in cornest—you force a suspicion on me which I would rather not feel. Let us change the sub-

"No! Let us have it out at once. What do

you suspect?'

"I suspect you are getting tired of your wife."
"Nhe is forty-two, and I am thirty-five; and
I have been married to her for thirteen years.
You know all that—and you only suspect I am
tired of her. Bless your innocence! Have you

any thing more to say?"

"If you force me to it, I take the freedom of an old friend—and I say you are not treating her fairly. It's nearly two years since you broke up your establishment abroad, and came to England on your father's death. With the exception of myself, and one or two other friends of former days, you have presented your wife to nobody. Your new position has smoothed the way for you into the best society. You rever take your wife with you. You go out as if you were a single man. I have reason to know that you are actubelieved to be a single man, among these new acquaintancer of yours, in more than one quarter. Forgive me for speaking my mind beauty—I say what I think. It's unworthy of you to keep your wife buried here, as if you were ashamed of her."

I am ashamed of her."

" Vanborough!" "Wait a little! you are not to have it all your ewn way, my good fellow. What are the facts? Thirteen years ago I fell in love with a handsome public singer, and married her. My father was angry with me; and I had to go and live with her abroad. It didn't matter, abroad. My father forgave me on his death-bod, and I had to bring her home again. It does matter, at home. I find myself, with a great career opening before me, tied to a woman whose relations are (as you well know) the lowest of the low. A without the slightest distinction of mannor, or the slightest aspiration beyond her nors ery and her kitchen, her piano and her books. Is that a wife who can help me to make my place in society?—who can smooth my way, through social obstacles and political obstacle through social obstactes and pointent obstactes, to the House of Lords? By Jupiter! if ever there was a woman to be 'buried' (as you call it), that woman is my wife. And, what's more, if you want the truth, it's because I can't bury her here that I'm going to leave this house. She has got a cursed knack of making acquaintances. She'll have a circle of friends. wherever she goes. She'll have a circle of friends about her if I leave her in this neighborhood much longer. Friends who remember her as the famous opera-singer. Friends who will see her swindling scoundrel of a father (when my back is turned) coming drunk to the door to bor-row money of her! I tell you, my marriage has wrecked my prospects. It's no use talking to me of my wife's virtues. She is a millstone round my neck, with all her virtues If I had not been a horn idint I should have walted, and married a woman who would have been of some use to

me: a women with high connections—
Mr. Kendrew touched his host's arm, and sud-

dealy interrupted him.

"To come to the point," he said-"a woman like Lady Jane Parnell."

Mr. Vanborough started. His eyes fell, for the first time, before the eyes of his friend. "What do you know about Lady Jane?" he

"Nothing. I don't move in Lady Jane's world—but I do go sometimes to the opera. I saw you with her last night in her box; and I heard what was said in the stalls near me. You were openly spoken of as the favored man who was singled out from the rest by Lady Jane. Imagine what would happen if your wife heard that! You are wrong, Vanborough—you are in every way wrong. You alarm, you distress, you disappoint me. I never sought this explanation—bus now it has come, I won't shrink from it. Reconsider your conduct; reconsider what you have said to me—or you count me no longer among your friends. No! I want no further talk about it now. We are both getting hos—we may end in saying what had better have been held would be the have been the reconsider that the best had better have been the said. we may end in saying what had better have been left unsaid. Once more, let us change the subject. You wrote me word that you wanted me here to-day, because you needed my advice on a matter of some importance. What is it?"

Silence followed that question. Mr. Vanborcogh's face betrayed signs of embarrasament. He poured himself out another glass of wine, and drank it at a draught before he replied.

"It's not so easy to tell you what I want," he aid, "after the tone you have taken with me about my wife."

about my wife."

Mr. Kendrew looked surprised.
"Is Mrs. Vanborough concerned in the matter?" he asked.

"Does she know about it?"

"Have you kept the thing a secret out of re-

"Have I any right to advise on it?"

"You have the right of an old friend."
"Then, why not tell me frankly what it is?" There was another moment of emberra-

on Mr. Vanborough's part.

"It will come better," he answered, "from a third person, whom I expect here every minute. He is in possession of all the facts—and he is better able to state them than I am."

"Who is the person?"
"My friend, Delamayn."

"Yes—the jurior partner in the firm of Dela-nayn, Hawke, and Delamayn. Do you know

"I am acquainted with him. His wife's fam-ily were friends of mine before he married. I

"You're rather hard to please to-day! Delamayn is a rising man, is ever there was one yet. A man with a career before him, and with cour-age chough to pursue it. He is going to leave the Firm, and try his lock at the Bar. Every body says he will do great things. What's your

objection to him?"
"I have no objection whatever. We m wan people occasionally whom we dislike with-out knowing why. Without knowing why, I dislike Mr. Delamayn."

"Whatever you do, you must put up with him this evening. He will be here directly." He was there at that moment. The servant opened the door, and announced..." Mr. Dela-

Externally speaking, the rising solicitor, who was going to try his luck at the Bar, looked like a man who was going to succeed. His hard, heirless face, his watchful gray eyes, his thin, resolute lips, asid plainly, in so many words, "I mean to get on in the world; and, if you are in my way, I mean to get on at your expense." Mr. Delamayn was habitually polite to every body—but he had never been known to say one unnecessary word to his dearest friend. every body—but he had never been known to say one unnecessary word to his dearest friend. A man of rare ability; a man of unblemished honor (as the code of the world goes); but not a man to be taken familiarly by the hand. You would never have borrowed money of him—but you would have trusted him with untold gold. Involved in private and personal troubles, you would have besitated at asking him to help you. Involved in public and producible troubles, you would have said. Here is thy man. Sure to push would have said, Here is my man. Sure to push his way—nobody could leok at him and doubt it—sure to push his way.

"Kendrew is an old friend of mine," said Mr. Vanborough, addressing himself to the lawyer.

"Whatever you have to say to me you may say before him. Will you have some wine?"

"No-thank you."
"Have you brought any news?
"Yes."

"Have you got the written opinions of the two barristers?" "No."
"Why not?"

"Because nothing of the sort is necessary. If the facts of the case are correctly stated there is not the slightest doubt about the law."

With that reply Mr. Dolamayn took a writ-ten paper from his pocket, and spread it out on the table before him.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Vanborough.

"The case relating to your marriage."
Mr. Kendrew started, and showed the first tokens of interest in the proceedings which had escaped him yet. Mr. Delamayn looked at him for a moment—and went on. "The case," he resumed, "as originally stat-

ed by you, and taken down in writing by our head-clerk."

Mr. Vanborough's temper began to show it-

"What have we got to do with that now?" he asked. "You have made your inquiries to prove the correctness of my statement-haven't

"Yes."

"And you have found out that I am right?" have found out that you are right-if "I have found out that you are right—if the case is right. I wish to be sure that no mistake has occurred between you and the clerk. This is a very important matter. I am going to take the responsibility of giving an opinion which may be followed by serious consequences; and I mean to assure myself that the coinion is given on a sound basis, first. I have some questions to ask you. Don't be impatient, if you please.

They won't take lone."

They won't take long."
He referred to the manuscript, and put the

first question.
"You were married at Inchmallock, in Irend, Mr. Vanborough, thirteen years since "
"Yes."

"Your wife—then Miss Anne Silvester-Roman Catholic?"

"Her father and mother were Roman Catho

"They were."

"Your father and mother were Protestants? and you were haptised and brought up in the Church of England?"

"Miss Anne Silvester felt, and expressed strong repugnance to marrying you, because you and she belonged to different religious commo-

"She did." "You got over her objection by consenting to become a Roman Catholic, like herself?" "It was the shortest way with her—and it

You were formally received into the Roman Catholic Church?

"I went through the whole ceremony."
"Abroad or at home?"
"Abroad."

"How long was it before the date of your

marriage ?"

"Six weeks before I was married." Referring perpenally to the paper in his hand, Mr. Delamayn was especially careful in compar-ing that last answer with the answer given to

"Quite right," he said, and went on with his

"The priest who married you was one Ambrose Redman—a young man recently appointed to his cierical duties?"

"Did be ask if you were both Roman Catholies?

"Did he ask any thing more?"

"Are you sure he never inquired whether you had both been Catholics for more than one year before you came to him to be married?"

I am certain of it."

"He must have forgotten that part of his duty—or, being only a beginner, he may wall have been ignorant of it altogether. Did neither you nor the lady think of informing him on the point?"

"Neither I nor the lady knew there was any ecosity for informing him." Mr. Delamayn folded up the manuscript, and

put it beck in his pocket.

"Right," he said, "in every particular."

Mr. Vanborough's swarthy complexion slowly turned pale. He cast one furtive glance at Mr.

Kendrew, and turned away again.
"Well," he said to the lawyer, "now for your opinion! What is the law?"

opinion! What is the law?"
"The law," answered Mr. Delamayi, "is beyond all doubt or dispute. Your marriage with Miss Anne Silvester is no marriage at all."
Mr. Kendrew started to his feet.
"What do you mean?" he asked, sternly.

The rising solicator lifted his eyebrows in po-lite surprise. If Mr. Kendrew wanted informa-tion, why should Mr. Kendrew ask for it in that way? "Do you wish me to go into the law of the case?" he inquired.

Mr. Delamayn stated the law, as that law still stands—to the disgrace of the English Legisla-ture, and the English Nation.

"By the Irish Statute of George the Second," be said, "every marriage, colebrated by a Popotestants, or a Papist and any person who has been a Processant within twelve months before the marriage, is declared null and void. And by two other Acts of the same reign such a celebra riage is made a felony on the part of the priest. The clergy in Ireland of other religious denominations have been relieved from this law. But it still remains in force so far as the Roman Catholic priesthood is concerned.

"Is such a state of things possible in the age we live in!" exclaimed Mr. Kendrew. Mr. Delamayn smiled. He had outgrown the

customary illusions as to the age we live in.
"There are other instances in which the Irish marriage-law presents some curious snomalies of its own," he went en. "It is felony, as I have just told you, for a Roman Catholic priest to celebrate a marriage which may be lawfully eciebrated by a parochial clergyman, a Presbyterian minister, and a Non-conformist minister. It is also felony (by another law) on the part of a parochial clergyman to celebrate a marriage that may be lawfully celebrated by a Roman Catholic priest. And it is again felony (by yet another law) for a Presbyterian minister and a Non-conformist minister to celebrate a marriage which may be lawfully celebrated by a clergy-man of the Established Church. An odd state of things. Foreigners might possibly think it a scandalous state of things. In this eventry, we don't appear to mind it. Returning the present case, the results stand thus: M. Vanborough is a single man; Mrs. Vanborough is a single man; Mrs. Vanborough is a single woman; their child is illegitime e, and the priest, Ambrose Redman, is liable to be tried, and punished, as a felon, for marrying them." Non-conformist minister to celebrate a marriage

"An infamous law!" said Mr. Kendrew.
"It is the law," returned Mr. Delamaya, as sufficient answer to him.

Thus far not a word had escaped the master of the house. He sat with his lips fast closed and his eyes riveted on the table, thinking. Mr. Kandrew turned to him, and broke the

"Am I to understand," he asked, "that the advice you wanted from me related to this?"

"You mean to tell me that, foreseeing the present inserview and the result to which it might present inserview and use resear to wants a migra-lead, you felt any doubt as to the course you were bound to take? Am I really to understand that you hesitate to set this dreadful mistake right, and to make the woman who is your wife in the sight of Heaven, your wife in the sight of

"If you choose to put it in that light," said Mr. Vanborough; "if you won't consider—"
"I want a plain answer to my question—'yes,

"Let me speak, will you! A man has a right to explain himself, I suppose?" Mr. Kendrew stopped him by a gesture of dis-

"I won't trouble you to explain yourself," he id. "I prefer to leave the house. You have said. "I prefer to leave the house. You have given me a leason, Sir, which I shall not forget. I find that one man may have known another from the days when they were both boys, and may have seen nothing but the false surface of him in all that time. I am ashamed of having ever been your friend. You are a stranger to me from this moment."

With those words he had a

With those words he left the room.

"That is a curiously hot-beaded man," re-marked Mr. Delamayn. "If you will all, me, I think I'll change my mind. I'll have a glass

of wine."

Mr. Vanborough rose to his feet without replying, and took a turn in the room impatiently. Scoundrel as he was—in intention, if not yes in act—the loss of the oldest friend he had in the orld staggered him-for the moment.

"This is an awkward business, Delamayn," he said. "What would you advise me to do?" Mr. Delamayn shook his head, and sipped his

Mr. Declaracy of the claret.

"I decline to advise you," be answered. "I take no responsibility, beyond the responsibility of stating the law as it stands, in your case."

Mr. Ventorough ast down again at the table, to consider the alternative of asserting or not asserting his freedom from the marriage tie. He had not had much time thus far for turning the matter over in his mind. But for his residence on the Continent the question of the flaw in his marriage might no doubt have been raised long since. As things were, the question had only taken its rise in a chance conversation with Mr.

Delamayn in the summer of that year.

For some minutes the lawyer sat silen For some minutes the lawyer sat silent, slipping his wine, and the husband sat silent, thinking his own thoughts. The first change that came over the scene was produced by the appearance of a servant in the dining-room. Mr. Vanborough looked up at the man with a

den outbreak of anger.
What do you want here?"

"What do you want here?"
The man was a well-bred English servant. In to man was a west-over English severals. In other words, a human machine, doing its duty impenetrably when it was once wound up. He had his words to speak—and he spoke them. "There is a lady at the door, Sir, who wishes to see the house."

"The house is not to be seen at this time of

the evening."

The machine had a message to deliver-

"The lady desired me to present her spologies, Sir. I was to tell you she was much pressed for time. This was the last house on the house finding his way in strange places."

"Hold your tongue—and tell the lady to go to the devil!"

Mr. Delamayn interfered—partly in the inter-ests of his client, partly in the interests of pro-

priety.

"You attach some importance, I think, to leting this house as soon as possible?" he said. Of course I do!"

"Is it wise—on account of a momentary an-noyance—to lose an opportunity of laying your Wise or not, it's an infernal nuisance to be

disturbed by a stranger."
"Just as you please. I don't wish to interfere. I only wish to say-in case you are think-

ing of my convenience as your guest—that it will be no nuisance to see."

The servant impenetrably waited. Mr. Vanborough impatiently gave way.

"Very well. Let ber in. Mind, if she comes here, she's only to look into the room, and go eut again. If she wants to ask questions, she must

go to the agent."

Mr. Delsmayn interfered once more, in the interests, this time, of the lady of the house.
"Might it not be desirable," he suggested,
"to consult Mrs. Vanborough before you quite

Where's your mistress?"

"In the garden, or the paddock, Sir-I am not sure which." "We can't send all over the grounds in search of her. Tell the house-maid—and show the lady

The servant withdrew. Mr. Delamayn helped nself to a second glass of wine. "Excellent claret," he said. "Do you get it

direct from Bordeaux?" There was no answer. Mr. Vanberough had returned to the contemplation of the alternative between freeing himself or not freeing himself from the marriage tie. One of his elbows was on the table; he bit fiercely at his finger-nails. He muttered between his teeth, "What am I to

A sound of rostling silk made itself gently audible in the passage outside. The door opened, and the lady who had come to see the house appeared in the dining-room.

She was tall and elegant; beautifully dressed, in the happiest combination of simplicity and splendor. A light summer veil hung over her face. She lifted it, and made her apologies for disturbing the gentlemen over their wine, with the unaffected case and grace of a highly-bred

"Pray accept my excuses for this intrusion.

I am ashamed to disturb you. One look at the room will be quite enough."

Thus far she had addressed Mr. Delamayn,

who happened to be nearest to her. Looking round the room her eye fell on Mr. Vanborough. She started, with a loud exclamation of aston-ishment. "You!" she said. "Good Heavens!

who would have thought of meeting you here?"
Mr. Vanborough, on his side, stood petrified.
"Lady Jane!" he exclaimed. "Is it possi-

He barely looked at her while she spoke. His eyes wandered guildily toward the window which led into the garden. The situation was a terri-ble one—equally terrible if his wife discovered Lady Jane, or if Lady Jane discovered his wife. For the moment nobody was visible on the lawn There was time, if the chance only offeredthere was time for him to get the visitor out of the house. The visitor, innocent of all knowl-

edge of the truth, gayly offered him her hand.
"I believe in measurerism for the first time, she said. "This is an instance of magneti she said. "This is an instance of magnetic sympathy, Mr. Vanborough. An invalid friend of mine wants a furnished house at Hampstead. I undertake to find one for her, and the day I select to make the discovery is the day you select for dining with a friend. A last house at Hampstead is left on my list—and in that house I meet you. Astonishing!" She turned to Mr. Delamaya. "I presume I am addressing the owner of the house?" Before a word could be said by either of the greatlemen she noticed the garden. of the house?" Before a word could be said by either of the gentlemen she noticed the garden. "What pretty grounds! Do I see a lady in the garden? I hope I have not driven her away." She looked round, and appealed to Mr. Vanborcogh. "Your friend's wife?" she asked, and, on this occasion, waited for a reply.

In Mr. Vanborough's situation what reply was

possible?

Mrs. Vanborough was not only visible—but -in the garden; giving her orders to one of the out-of-door servants with the tone and manner which proclaimed the mistress of the house. Suppose he said, "She is not my friend's wife?" Female curiosity would inevitably put the next question, "Who is she?" Suppose he in-vented as explanation? The explanation would take time, and time would give his wife an op-portunity of discovering Lady Jane. Seeing all these considerations in one breathless moment, Mr. Vanberough took the shortest and the bold-est way out of the difficulty. He answered silen-ly by an affirmative inclination of the head, which dextrously turned Mrs Vanborough into Mrs. Delamayn, without allowing Mr. Delamayn the

opportunity of hearing it. But the lawyer's eye was habitually watchful, and the lawyer saw him.

Mastering in a moment his first natural aston-ishment at the liberty taken with him, Mr. Delamayn drew the inevitable conclusion that there was something wrong, and that there was an attempt (not to be permitted for a moment) to mix him up in it. He advanced, resolute to contradict his client, to his client's own face. ct his client, to his client's own face. The voluble Lady Jane interrupted him before

he could open his lips.

Might I ask one question? Is the aspect h? Of course it is! I ought to see by the that the aspect is south. These, and the sun that the aspect is south. other two are, I suppose, the only rooms on the ground-floor? And is it quiet? Of course it's quiet! A charming house. Far more likely to suit my friend than any I have seen yet. Will you give me the refusal of it till to-morrow?' There she stopped for breath, and gave Mr. Delamayn his first opportunity of speaking to her. "I beg your ladyship's pardon," he began.

Mr. Vanborough—passing close behind him, and whispering as he passed-stopped the law-

yer before he could say a word more.
"For God's sake, don't contradict me! My

wife is coming this way!" At the same moment (still s: Delamayn was the master of the house) Lady Jame returned to the charge.

"You appear to feel some hesitation," she said.

"Do you want a reference?" She smiled satirioally, and summoned her friend to her aid. "Mr. Vanborough!"

Vanborough:

Mr. Vanborough, stealing step by step nearer to the window—intent, come what might of it, on keeping his wife out of the room—neither heeded nor heard her. Lady Jane followed him, and tapped him briskly on the shoulder

with her parasol.

At that moment Mrs. Vanborough appeared on the garden side of the window.

"Am I in the way?" she asked, addressing

her husband, after one steady look at Lady Jane.
"This lady appears to be an old friend of yours."
There was a tone of sarcasm in that allission to
the parasol, which might develop into a tone of

ssy at a moment's notice. Jane was not in the least disconcerted. She had her double privilege of familiarity with the men whom she liked—her privilege as a wo-man of high rank, and her privilege as a young widow. She bowed to Mrs. Vanborough, with all the highly-finished politeness of the order to which she belonged.

"The lady of the house, I presume?" she said, with a gracious smile.

Mrs. Vanborough returned the bow coldly-entered the room first—and then answered,

Lady Jane turned to Mr. Vanborough. "Present me!" she said, submitting resigned-ly to the formalities of the middle classes. Mr. Vanborough obeyed, without looking at his

wife, and without mentioning his wife's name.
"Lady Jane Parnell," he said, passing over "Lady Jane Parnes, he said, passing over the introduction as rapidly as possible. "Let me see you to your carriage," he added, offering his arm. "I will take care that you have the refusal of the house. You may trust it all to

No! Lady Jane was accustomed to leave a favorable impression behind her wherever she went. It was a habit with her to be charming (in widely different ways) to both sexes. The social experience of the upper classes is, in England, an experience of universal welcome. Lady Jane declined to leave until she had thawed the

ing reception of the lady of the house.

"I must repeat my apologies," she said to Mrs. Vanborough, "for coming at this inconvenient time. My intrusion appears to have sadly disturbed the two gentlemen. Mr. Vanborough looks as if he wished me a hundred miles away. And as for your husband—" She stopped and alternated the two of the looks and the looks as if he wished me a hundred miles away. rlanced toward Mr. Delamayn. "Pardon me for speaking in that familiar way. I have not the pleasure of knowing your bushand's name."

of knowing your husband's nam In speechless amazement Mrs. Vanborough's eyes followed the direction of Lady Jane's eyes and rested on the lawyer, personally a total

Mr. Delamayn, resolutely waiting his opporunity to speak, seized it once more-and

"I beg your pardon," he said. "There is some misunderstanding here, for which I am in no way responsible. I am not that lady's hus-

It was Lady Jane's turn to be astonished. She looked at the lawyer. Useless! Mr. Delamayn had set himself right—Mr. Delamayn declined to interfere further. He silently took a chair at the other end of the room. Lady Jane addressed

Mr. Vanberough,
"Whatever the mistake may be," she said,
"was are responsible for it. You certainly told "you are responsible for it. You certainly told me this lady was your friend's wife." "What!!!" cried Mrs. Vanborough—loudly,

sternly, incredulously.

The inbred pride of the great lady began to appear behind the thin outer veil of poliseness at covered it.

"I will speak louder if you wish it," she said. "Mr. Vanborough told me you were that gentle-

Mr. Vamborough whispered flercely to his wife through his clenched touth. "The whole thing is a mistake. Go into the

garden again!"
Mrs. Vanborough's indignation was suspended

for the moment in dread, as she saw the passion and the terror struggling in her husband's face. "How you look at me!" she said. "How you speak to me!"

speak to me!"

He only repeated, "Go into the garden!"

Lady Jane began to perceive, what the lawyer had discovered some minutes perviously—that there was something wrong in the villa at Hampstead. The lady of the house was a lady in an anomalous position of some kind. And as the house, to all appearance, belonged to Mr. Vantoreach's friend Mr. Vanhoreach's friend Mr. Vanhoreach's friend Mr. Vanhoreach's friend Mr. Vanhoreach's friend many contracts. borough's friend, Mr. Vanborough's friend must (in spite of his recent disclaimer) be in some way responsible for it. Arriving, naturally enough, at this erroneous conclusion, Lady Jane's eyes rested for an instant on Mrs. Vanborough with a rested for an instant on Mrs. Vanoorough which finely contemptuous expression of inquiry which would have roused the spirit of the tamest wo-man in existence. The implied insult stung the wife's sensitive nature to the quick. She turned once more to her husband—this time without

flinehing.
"Who is that woman?" she asked.

Lady Jane was equal to the emergency. The manner in which she wrapped herself up in her own virtue, without the slightest pretension on the one hand, and without the slightest compro-

the one hand, and window the angular mise on the other, was a sight to see.

"Mr. Vanborough," she said, "you offered to take me to my carriage just now. I begin to understand that I had better have accepted the offer

at once. Give me your arm."
"Stop!" said Mrs. Vanborough, "your ladyship's looks are looks of contempt; your lady-ship's words can bear but one interpretation. I ship's words can bear but one interpretation. am innocently involved in some vile dece which I don't understand. But this I do know —I won't submit to be insulted in my own house. After what you have just said I forbid my hus-

band to give you his arm. Her husband!

Lady Jane looked at Mr. Vanborough-at Mr. Vanhorough, whom she loved; whom she had honestly believed to be a single man; whom she had suspected, up to that moment, of nothing worse than of trying to screen the frailties of his friend. She dropped her highly-bred tone; she lost her highly-hed manners. The sense of her injury (if this was true), the pang of her jeakousy (if that woman near his wife), stripped the human nature in her bare of all disguises, raised the annual color in her hark and street his sense of the name of the sense of the sens gry color in her cheeks, and struck the angry fire out of her eyes.

"If you can tell the truth, Sir," she said, haughtily, "be so good as to tell it now. Have you been falsely presenting yourself to the world—falsely presenting yourself to me—in the character and with the aspirations of a single man?

Is that lady your wife?"

"Do you hear her? do you see her?" cried
Mrs. Vanborough, appealing to her hushand, in
her turn. She suddenly drew back from him,
shuddering from head to foot. "He hesitates!"

she said to herself, faintly. "Good God! he hes- f

Lady Jane sternly repeated her question.

" Is that lady your wife?"
He roused his scoundrel-courage, and said the fatal word:

Mrs. Vanborough staggered back. She caught at the white curtains of the window to save herself from falling, and tore them. She looked at her husband, with the torn curtain elenched fast in her hand. She asked herself, "Am I mad? or is he?"

Lady Jane drew a deep breath of relief. He was not married! He was only a profligate single man. A profligate single man is shocking—but reclaimable. It is possible to blame him severely, and to insist on his reformation in the uncompromising terms. It is also possible to forgive him, and marry him. Lady Jane took the necessary position under the circumstances with more than the circumstances. with perfect tact. She inflicted reproof in the

"I have made a very painful discovery," she said, gravely, to Mr. Vanborough. "It rests with you to persuade me to forget it! Good-evening!" She accompanied the last words by a farewell look which aroused Mrs. Vanborough to frenzy. She sprang forward and prevented Lady Ja

from leaving the room.
"No!" she said. "You don't go yet!" Mr. Vanborough came forward to interfere. His wife eyed him with a terrible look, and turned from him with a terrible look, and turned from him with a terrible contempt. "That man has lied!" she said. "In justice to myself I insist on proving it!" She struck a beil on a table pear her. The servant came in. "Fetch my writing-desk out of the next room." She waited—with her back turned on her hus-hand with her was a servant came in. band, with her eyes fixed on Lady Jane. s and alone she stood on the wreck of her married life, superior to the husband's treachery, the lawyer's indifference, and her rival's contempt. At that dreadful moment her beauty shows out again with a gleam of its old glory. The grand woman who in the old stage days had held thousands breathless over the mimic woes of the country stage. held thousands breathless over the mimic woes
of the scene, stood there grander than ever, in
her own woe, and held the three people who
looked at her breathless till she spoke again.
The servant came in with the desk. She took
out a paper and handed at to Lady Jane,
"I was a single woman. The sknder to which
I was a single woman. The sknder to which
such women are exposed doubted my marriage."
I contided moralf with the paper in your hand.

I provided myself with the paper in your hand. It speaks for itself. Even the highest society,

deceiving me?" she asked.

Mr. Vanborough looked back into the far corner of the room, in which the lawyer sat, impenetrably waiting for events. "Oblige me by coming here for a moment," he said.

Mr. Delamaya rose and complied with the re-quest. Mr. Vanhorough addressed himself to Lady Jane.

"I beg to refer you to my man of business. He is not interested in deceiving you."

"Am I required simply to speak to the fact?" asked Mr. Delamayn. "I decline to do more." "You are not wanted to do more

Listening intently to that interchange of question and answer, Mrs. Vanborough advanced a step in silence. The high courage that had sused her against outrage clared itself shrank under the sense of something coming which she had not foreseen. A nameless dread throbbed at her heart and crept among the

roots of her hair.

Lady Jane handed the certificate to the lawyer. "In two words, Sir," she said, impatiently, what is this?"

"In two words, madam," answered Mr. Dela-

mayn. "Waste paper."
"He is not married?"

44 He is not married.

After a moment's besitation Lady Jane looked round at Mrs. Vanborough, standing silent at her side—looked, and started back in terror. "Take me away !" she cried, shrinking from the gheatly face that confronted her with the fixed stare of agony in the great, glittering eyes. "
away! That woman will murder me!"

Mr. Vanborough gave her his arm and led her to the door. There was dead silence in the room as he did it. Step by step the wife's eyes fol-lowed them with the same dreadful stare, till the door closed and shut them out. The lawyer, left alone with the discovered and deserted woman put the useless certificate silently on the table. She looked from him to the paper—and dropped, without a cry to warn him, without an effort to

save herself, senseless at his feet. He lifted her from the floor and placed her on the sofa-and waited to see if Mr. Vanborough would come lack. Looking at the beautiful face -still beautiful, even in the swoon-he owned it was hard on her. Yes! in his own impenetrable way, the rising lawyer owned it was hard on her.

But the law justified it. There was no doubt
in this case. The law justified it.

in this case. The law justified it.

The trampling of horses and the grating of wheels sounded outside. Lady Jane's carriage was driving away. Would the husband come back? (See what a thing habit is! Even Mr. Delamayn still mechanically thought of him as

the husband—in the face of the law! in the face of the facts!)

No. The minutes passed. And no sign of

the husband coming back.

It was not wise to make a scandal in the house. It was not desirable (on his own sole responsibil-ity) to let the servents see what had happened. Still, there she lay senseless. The cool evening air came in through the open window and lifted the light ribbons in her lace cap, lifted the little

lock of hair that had broken loose and drooped over her neck. Still, there she lay—the wife who had loved him, the mother of his child—there

He stretched out his hand to ring the bell and

summon help.

At the same moment the quiet of the summer evening was once mor, disturbed. He held his hand suspended over the bell. The noise outside came nearer. It was again the trampling of horses and the grating of wheels. Advancing— rapidly advancing—stopping at the house. Was Lady Jane coming back?

Was the asband coming back?

There was a loud ring at the bell-a quick There was a loud ring at the bell—a quick opening of the house-door—a rustling of a woman's dress in the passage. The door of the room opened, and the woman appeared—alone. Not Lady Jane. A stranger—older, years older, than Lady Jane. A plain woman, perhaps, at other times. A woman almost beautiful, now, with the eager happiness that beamed in her face.

She saw the figure on the sofa. She ran to it with a cry-a cry of recognition and a cry of terror in one. She dropped on her knees—and terror in one. She dropped on her knees—and laid that helpless head on her bosom, and kissed, with a sister's kisses, that cold, white cheek. "Oh, my darling!" she said. "Is it thus we

Yes! After all the years that had peaced since the parting in the cabin of the ship, it was thus the two school-friends met again.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"P'rors, don't?" as the thief said to the constable bon he was about to arrest him.

Lovers' Parvince.—It is the privilege of the lover to be at one and the same time in two situations. When beside his sweet-heart he is also beside him-

A Farey.—A little girl wanted to say that she had a fan, but had forgotion the name; so she described it as "a thing to brush the warm off you with."

LOWRAL TRANSLATION.—A French author has translated a passage from one of Cooper's nevels as follows: "He descended from his horse 'z front of the chitest, and tied him to a large grassh 'ppor." The original reads, "a large locust" (tree).

For Versex.—As a goodols is so frequently the scene of love-making, it may be called a "court-ship!"

THE WHEST STATEMES-Dirrypated once.

Why is a convent like an empty house?—Because it is a nuninhabited place.

Why is a rook with a cold like a preparation of al-rate of allows !-- Because his caws wich.

(K)meer or ran Barn-Seturday night.

Most Lazar. -- If a mermald wore a veil, we sup-oced it would be a " water-' fall f."

A "Propose Cos"-Mohammed's Coffee!

To Marrical, Boyanters.—Do leaves in automo suf-er from "fulling sickness?"

Hz m .- A man with an "open countenance" is al-

Norton.—"But if I put my money in the savings-bank," inquired one son of Erin of another, "when can I draw it out again?" "Och," replied his friend, "sure an' if you put it in to-day you can draw it out again to-morrow, by giving a formight's notice."

Norserse is not Conserve,—A story is told of two Scotemen who traveled together three days in a stage-coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day one of them at length ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. "And who said it wasn't?" was the reply.

A Hrus-Mest.—"What shall I help you to?" in-quired the daughter of a landlady of a modest youth at the dinner-table. "A wife," was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly, and it is said that the kindly offices of a neighboring clergy-man were requisite to reconcile the parties.

Too Ban,—Why is a witty remark like a piece of pork !—Became it's the sort of thing which makes a jeu d'asprit (Jow desperate). (Piease excuse thaipeomortation.)

The place for good pork is said to be "on the

What a difference it makes whether you put Dr. be-fore or after a man's name!

A wars Receiv.—There is nothing like arming one's self against contingencies. Robert Henley, an able barrister, raised to the wool-aark in the early part of the reign of George III., had been in his youth a hard drinker. Shuffling into his place in the Boune of Lords, tortured by the gout, one day he was heard to motter, "Oh dear I if I had known that these legs were one day to carry a Lord Chanceller, I'd have taken better care of them when I was young."

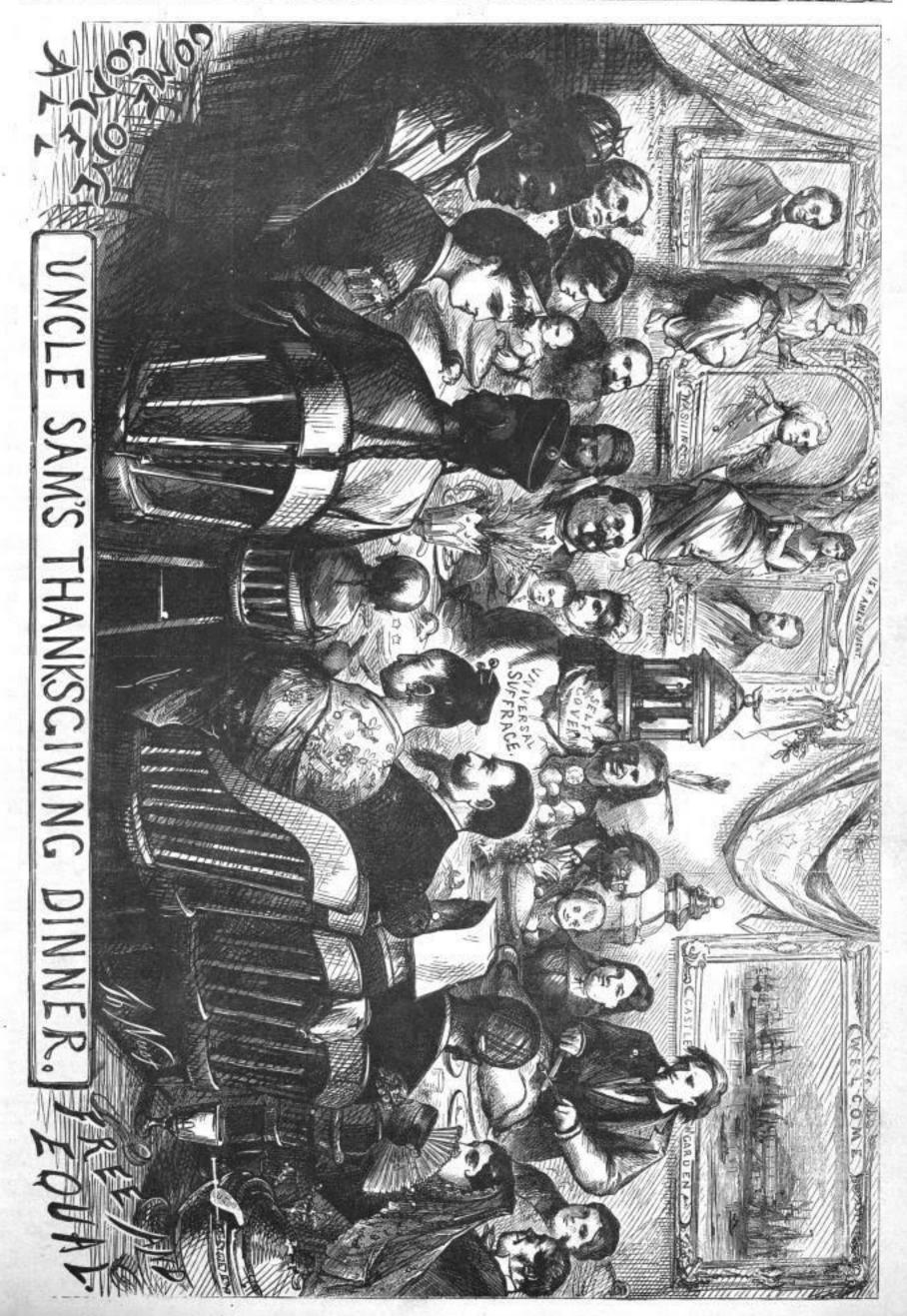
Narouson's Prinow.—"What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column of the Place Vendéme, during her late visit to Paris. "The pillar of Napoleco." she was answered. "Well, I never did!" she exclaimed; "and that's his pillow—he was a great man to not that! But it's more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe. Ah, Isaac, see what it is to be great! How hard his head must have rested on his ironical pillow!"

Mayres Chartes (who has been rending the history of the late war), "Oh, what noble men they were who fought so bravely for the Union in the great rebellion! Why, grandfather, you must have been a young man then. Did you take any part in the war!"

Gamera wash. "Yees—that is—well, no—sot eracily. I didn't dight in any of the battles, but I sang in the great Peace Jubilee."



THANKSGIVING, 1869.—[See First Page.]



IN THE TROPICS.

The blue waves best upon the coral recf,
The palm-trees how their rectuals of green,
Kiesed by the soft southwest wind. Myrinds
Of gold and purple plumaged cricies,
Of scarlet-created, snowy-winged birds,
Dash, dassling meteors of living fire,
Across the forest track.
The time shares

The tiger alceps, The tiger aleeps,
Crafty and cruel-beooding, in his late,
Waiting the veil of night, as Bei labe,
Shanning the bright rays of the glorious sun,
And battening on darkness. Crimeon flowers
Hang from the creepers, where the boa lurks,
Colling her deadly folds, with venomed eye
Fixed on the path beneath. The leopards crouch,
Half wakeful in the jungle: scene so fair,
At every covered flootien thereignes. Death! At every onward footstep threatens—Death? Low the red sun declines; within the brake The stealthy jaguar begins to stir, The stealily jaguar begins to stir,
The jackal sounds the prelude of attack,
To warn our lingering footsteps. Safety now
No longer waits upon the traveler;
But discord, raplue, and a thousand foes,
Ganni-cycl, and crimson-robed, and ravenous
Rise into being 'neath the mask of Night.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In gibe Books.-Book HE.

CHAPTER VI.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE letters from abroad had come to the vicarage. Mr. Levincourt burned them all, and

one of them to any one.

One evening, when Mr. Plew returned from a round of professional visits, his mother put into his hand a large letter covered with foreign post-

"Of course, Nathaniel," said the poor old wo-man, tremblingly watching his face, "I guess who it's from. But you would have nothing to say to her now, my deary, would you?" "Mother!" gasped the little surgeon, clutch-ing at the letter.

ing at the letter.

ing at the letter.

"There, there, Nathaniel, don't be angry with me, love. I have never said a wry word about the girl at home nor abroad; nor I don't want to. But—of course I know you are a grown man" (Mr. Plew was three-and-forty), "and can act for yourself; but you know, Nathaniel, love, I'm the mother that hore you, and in some ways you'll always be a child to me—ay, if you were a hundred! And it goes to my heart to see you hadly treated by them that sin't worthy to—There, my deary, I've done." There, my deary, I've done.

Mr. Plew shut himself up in his little bedroom.

and opened his letter. His face, eager, anxious, all aglow with excito-ment, fell, and the light faded out of it. The bulky packet contained a sealed letter addressed to "Miss Maud Desmond." Within the outer

to "Miss Mand Desmono.

envelope were written these words:

"I rely on you to convey the inclosed into
Mand's hands. I think you will not fail me.

Mr. Plew opened his shabby little writing-

Mr. Fraw opened ass snappy into wrange-desk, took out a sheet of paper, wrapped the letter in it, sealed it, and directed it to Miss Desmond, No. 387 Gower Street, London. Then he pressed the outer envelope to his lips, flushing a hot, painful crimson as he did so, and, finally, he sat down beside the bed, hid his face

the pillow, and cried. The next day Mand received her letter. It

ran as follows:
"I will begin with a warning. I warn you not to waste compassion and wailings and lam-entations upon me. I desire, and need, no pity. entations upon me. I desire, and need, no pity. I have chosen my fare, and the day may come, will come, when you will all acknowledge that I have chosen wisely. I have written to you once before, and twice to pape. Having received no answer, the idea occurred to me that pape had suppressed mine to you. I know the kind of twaddle—contamination, will communications—must hold no parley with—I will not write the trash. It can not apply to we. Believe that.

"It may be, on the other hand, that you have received my letter, and have chosen to make no

received my letter, and have chosen to make no sign. If it be so, so be it. But I give you this chance, by directing the present letter to the care of Mr. Pless. I believe him to be a faithful creature, and I hope that Sir John and myself may one day have it in our power to show him that we think so."

The words "Sir John and myself" made Mand recoil, when she read them, as though she had received a physical blow. The letter

You will, of course, be taught to think all eril of me. I know the pairry, envious malire of a place like Shipley. How I leaths the name of it! And it is, no doubt, true that I caused pape some temporary anxiety. I trust it was brief. I left the letter on my tollet-table, and I conjectured that it could not long remain unseen. The letter, when once read much resident. letter, when once read, ought to have reas-Sir John gave me weighty reasons for not wishing to make our marriage public at once. I was bound to respect his secret. From the fact of papa having preserved an obstinate silence I am led to guess that he is nourishing resentment against me. I shall be sorry if this be so, but can stoop to no more entreaties.

"The knowledge of the position I shall one day hold in the eyes of all the world sustains me

against the idea of passing misconstruction.
"Ser John is all kindness and consideration to me. I am surrounded by all the elegant luxuries that wealth can purchase or watchful affection suggest. I am traveling through exquisite scenery, and drawing near to my mother's native sunny land. I hate affectation of sentimentality, but, in truth, my heart beats faster as I look at the snowy peaks, and think 'beyond there lies Italy!' Direct to me, Poste Restante, Arona, Lago Maggiore. Within a fortnight we shall be there. Your letter must be addressed to Lody

"Your affectionate (if you will lot it be so)

"Mandie, Mandie, tell me how papa is, how you are. Love me, Mandie. V."

The last few words were apparently added hurriedly. They were blurred and almost illegible. But Mand dwelt on them rather than on the rost of the letter. They showed that Veronica's heart was not dead, although her langity spirit disdained sympathy or compassion.

Twice, three, four times did Mand read the letter through her blinding tears before she laid it down on her lap, and fairly thought over its contents.

One conviction stood out clear in her mindeither Veronics was deceived or deceiving.

That she could have no right to the title of "Lady Gale" they in England knew but too well. But was it equally certain that Veronica knew it? Was it not much more probable that Sir John was continuing to deceive her? Might he not even have gone through a false ceremony of marriage? Such things had been!

Mand pondered and pondered. Suddenly she took a resolution. Come what might, she would answer Veronica's letter. It could not be right to leave her in ignorance of the real facts of the case. She would write to Veronica, and would then inclose Veronica's letter to Mr. Levincourt, and tell him what she had done. He might be angry at first, but in his heart he would thank her. He could not really desire to ahandon his only child to shame and misery. If Veronica could only know the truth, she would leave that wicked man. She must!

Mand peeped into the drawing-room before

Mand peeped into the drawing-room before sitting down to her little desk in her own room. Lady Tallis was asleep on the sofa. She al-ways slept regularly after her early dinner, and with equal regularity was always very much sur-prised when she awoke to find that she had "dropped off," as she phrased it. Without allowing herself time to hesitate, Mand wrote a letter companyly and effectionals.

Mand wrote a letter, earnestly and affectionately conjuring the unfortunate girl to return to them, telling ber, with simple directness, that Sir John Tallis Gale had a wife living, and who that wife was; imploring her to disbelieve any specious tale he might tell her, and to wrench herself away from him at any cost. "If you will only believe in the true love of your friends, dear Veronica," she wrote, "and come back to us, you shall never repent it."

Who the friends were whose love Veronica was conjured to believe in was not so clear. Mand secretly feared that Mr. Levincourt would be obdurate for a time. But he could not harden his heart against a repentant child forever. Then she thought of the Sheardowns, and be-lieved that they would be kind and charitable. They might assist Mr. Levincourt to leave Ship-They might assist Mr. Levincourt to leave Ship-ley, and to go elsewhere—to some place in which his daughter's story was not known. Fifty plans passed through Maud's brain, as her pen ran swiftly, eagerly over the paper. She wrote with all the eloquence she could. Would Veronica be willing to return even when she knew the truth? Did she assuredly not know it already? On these questions Mand would not dwell, although they kept presenting themselves importunately to her mind. Her

themselves importunately to ber mind. Her one plain, obvious duty was to tell Vercules the truth. How might not the lost girl one day re-preach them all if they left her in ignorance—if they did not stretch out a hand to re

"I do love you, Veronica," she wrote at the end of her letter. "And so does Uncle Charles. You would not think him hard if you had seen him as I saw him on that dreadful day when we lost you. Oh, come back, come back to us! If you want means, or help, or protection, you shall! Acre then, I swear that you shall! Write to me here. I am with my Aunt Illida. She to me here. I am with my dunt thum, come knows nothing of this letter, nor of yours to me. Do not let false shame or false pride keep you spart from us. Be strong. Oh, look forward a little, dearest Veronica! Is not any thing better than— But I know your heart is good; you will not let your father die without the conyou have given up that you are safe, and that you have given up that wicked tempter so soon as you knew his real character. There is no disgrace in being deceived, and I know, I am sere, he has deceived you. Write to me,

ronica, soon, soon!"
The letter was sealed, directed (not without a ing of conscience at the written lie) to "Lady ale," and dispatched to the post-office, at the same time with a few lines to Mr. Levincourt, inclosing Veronica's letter, begging him to read is, and telling him what she (Mand) had done.

To this latter epistle came an answer within a

"I can not be angry with you, my sweet child," wrote the vicar, "but I am griered that you should have followed this impulse without consulting me. It is my duty, Mand, to guard you from contact with such as that wretched girl has made berself. The hardened audacity git has made berself. The hardened andacity of her letter astounds me. If such things could be, I should believe that that fiend had cast a spell upon her. May God Ahnighty forgive her! I struggle with myself, but I am a broken man. I can not hold up my head here. Blessed are the peace-makers, Maudie. You plead for her with sweet charity. But she has not injured you—she has injured no one as she has injured me. Still, I will not shut my mind against any ray of hope. It way be, as you say, that she ray of hope. It may be, as you say, that she has been deceived. If this be so, and she re-turns humbled and repentant—repentant for all

the evil her treachery and deceit have heaped on see, we must crawl into some obscure corner and hide our shame together. At the best, she is branded and disgraced for life. But, my purehearted Maud, I warn you not to be sanguine. Do not make sure that she will abandon her wicked luxuries, and pomps, and wealth, to live in decent, dull poverty with me. I can send no message to your sunt. My name must be loath-some in her cars. It were better for her and on to forget us altogether."

The tone of this letter was softer than Maud

had dared to hope. Here, at least, he showed no stubborn wrath. It now remained to see what answer her letter to Arona would bring forth.

She waited eagerly, anxiously, fearfully, de-

spondingly; but no answer ever came. Her poor letter had been forwarded from Arona to Milan in accordance with the written instructions of Sir John Gale (he having changed his plans, and gone on to Milan sconer than had been arranged), had been opened by him, read by him, and burned by him in the flame of a taper in his bedroom, until it was browner and

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW PRIENDS.

BEFORE the receipt of the letter from Italy Mand had promised to go to Mrs. Lovegrore's

She wished, after she had got the letter, to withdraw her promise. She was anxious, agi-tased, ill at ease. She dreaded meeting stran-gers. And although the women of Mr. Love-grove's family had been kind and civil to her, they were not people whose society was at all supported to her.

congenial to her. She had hitherto had no experience of town valgarity. The poor peasants at Shipley were rough and ignorant. But that was different from the Cockney gentility which some of the Lovegroves assumed. The young man, Augus-tus, was peculiarly distasteful to her, from an intus, was peculiarly distasteful to her, from an in-stinctive knowledge she had that he admired herself, and would upon the slightest encourage-ment, or, she much feared, without any encour-agement at all, avow as much in plain terms. She had yielded to her sunt's urgings, and had consented to go to Mrs. Lovegrove's party, how-ever. But now she much desired to avoid doing

"My darling pet!" cried Lady Tallie, when Maud hinted this to her. "Now how can ye think of disappointing the poor woman? "Twould be unkind, dear. And I have had that poplin turned, it looks beantiful by candle-light—but sure I wouldn't think of going without you, Mand dear."

"Oh was Anne Hilde! Why not?"

"Oh yes, Aunt Hilda! Why not?"
"Not at all, child. I wouldn't dream of it. If you are not feeling well, or any thing, we'll just stay at home the two of us. And I'll send a little note to Dr. Talbot."

Dear aunt, I am quite well. I do not need

"Dear annt, I am quite went. I uo not noes any doctors."

"Then why in the world, now, wouldn't ye go to Mrs. Lovegrove's? I don't "he to see you moping, a young creature like you. You want rousing a bit. And if you stick at home like an old woman I shall be quite unhappy."

After this Mand could no longer resist. She

could not make her sunt understand that the party at Mrs. Lovegrove's could not by any pos-sitility conduce to the raising of her spirits. "But if I am not feeling gay myself," thought Mand, "I will not be so selfish as to cast a damp on poor Aunt Hilda when she is inclined to be cheerful. It would be cruel to stand in the way of any of her few enjoyments."

So the turned poplin was put on; and Lady Tallis yielded with some reluctance to the mod-

est suggestion of Mrs. Lockwood, who was invit-ed to superintend her ladyship's toilet, that a

bow of tartan ribbon at the throat scarcely harmonized with the pink ribbons in the cap.

"That soft rose-color goes admirably with the
gray poplin, Lady Tallis," said Zillah, quietly.

"But, do you know, I am afraid the tartan bow
will be a little—a little too conspicuous?"

"He you think so?" said my lady, taking it off with much docility, but with evident disap-pointment. "Well, to be sure, you have excel-lent taste. But when I was a girl I always used to be told that tartan went with any thing. I remember dancing in a Caledonian quadrille at Delaney once, the time poor James came of age, and we had—myself and three other girls—white silk dres ses, trimmed with the Hoys

tan, and every body said they looked lovely."

It took some time to get Lady Tallis dressed; It took some time to get Lady Tallis dressed; for the ill fortune that attended her outer attire pursued all her garments. Buttons and strings dropped from her clothing like ripe apples from the tree. She would have riddled her clothes with pins had not Mrs. Lockwood, neat and dextrous, stood by with a needle and thread ready to repair any damage.

"I think a few stitches are better than pins," observed Zillah. "Don't you, my lady?"

"Oh, indeed I do! Much better. But, my dear sout, I am shocked to give ye this trouble. When I think that I had, and ought to have at this moment, attendants of my own to wait on

this moment, attendants of my own to wait on me properly, and that I am now obliged to tres-pass on the kindness of my friends, I assure you I am ready to shed tears. But I won't give way, and spoil my dear Mand's pleasure. Don't ye think I am right in making her go out and en-joy herself?" joy berself?"
Despite the truth of Mand's assertions that she

was ill at ease in spirit, and disinclined to go into the society of strangers, her curiosity and at-tention were aroused by the novelty of all she saw and heard at Mrs. Lovegrove's. This was not like a Shipley tea-drinking with

old Mrs. Plew, or a dinter-party at Mrs. Shear-down's or Lady Alicia Banwick's.

She desired and wished to sit still and unnoticed in a corner, and watch the company. But to her dismay, she found it to be Mrs. Love-

grove's intention to draw her into notice.

That lady, clad in a stiff metallic gray silk gown, drew Maud's arm through her own, and walked with her about the drawing-room, into the small room behind it, and even into the third room, a tiny closet above Mr. Frost's private of-

from, a tray closest above Mr. Frost's private of-fice, where three old gentlemen and one old lady were playing whist at a green table, and glared at the intruders fiercely.

"I wish to make you known to the Dobbees, dearest Miss Desmond," and Mrs. Lovegrove.

"Those are the Misses Dobbe in apple-green. I am so grieved that the General and Lady Dobbe can not be here to-night. They are charming people. I know you would be delighted with them!"

Mand felt inwardly thankful that the charming Dobbses were not present. She had no de-sire to form new acquaintances, and after a time she complained of feeling rather tired, and saked to be allowed to go and sit beside her aunt.

But when she reached Lady Tallis she found Mr. Augustus Lovegrove, Junior, seated close to her ladyship, and talking to her with much vi-

Mr. Angustus Lovegrove was very tall, and was awkward in his guit; and carried his head hanging backward, so that when he wore a hat the hinder part of the brim rested on the collar of his coat; and sometimes sang comic songs to of his coat; and sometimes sang comic songs to his own accompaniment on the piano-forte; and his friends considered him little inferior to Mr. John Parry. They allowed, indeed, that he had not "quite Parry's touch on the piano. But that was only a knack, you know." His mother called him an excellent son, and the Puseyite clergyman of the church be attended pronounced him a model to all young men. His little bedroom at the top of the house was stuck over with paltry colored lithographs of saints and illuminated texts in Latin. It was rumored among paltry colored lithographs of saints and illuminated texts in Latin. It was rumored among his sisters that he possessed a resery which had been blessed by the Pope. He was being brought up to his father's calling, and Mr. Lovegrova, who knew what he was talking about, pronounced that Gusey had a very fair head for business; and that he understood that two and two make four quite as well as most people.

"Here she is!" exclaimed Mr. Augustus, as Mand approached. "We were just talking about you, Miss Desmond—my lady and I."

The intimation was not altogether pleasing to Mand. She bowed with rather stiff politicness and sat down next to her aunt.

and sat down next to her sunt.

and sat down next to her aunt.

"I was just saying to my lady," proceeded
the gallant Augustus, "that their painted hair
has no chance beside yours. They can't get the
shine, you know." And he slightly nodeed his
head in the direction of the Misses Dobbe's apple-green shirts, which were disappearing mu
the second drawing-room.

Mand felt disgusted, and made no reply.

Lady Tallis, however, raised her eyebrows and inquired with much interest, "Do you, now do you think that those young ladies dye their hair?"

"Not the least doubt of it, ma'am. I've known Polly Dobbs ever since I was a small boy. And when she was fifteen her hair was as the Continent last year with orange colored locks. Their mother says it's climate that did it. It's the kind of 'climate' they sell in the

Burlington Arcade at seven-and-six per bottle!"
"Baslly! You don't say so!" cried Lady
Tallis, not more than half understanding him. Tallis, not more than half understanding him.
"Well, I know that you can get the waters—
almost any foreign spa-waters—in stone bottles,
imported. But of course when you talk of climate in bottles you're joking."

At this moment, greatly to Maud's relief, for
she began to find young Lovegrove intolerable,
a duet for harp and piano was commenced; and
there was enferced silence among the company.
The players work Miss Lovegrove and Miss
Lacy Lovegrove. Miss Phobe Lovegrove turned
over the music for her sister at the harp; and

over the music for her sister at the harp; and Miss Dora Lovegrove did the same thing for the planist. The piece was very long and not par-ticularly well executed. But Maud was sorry when it came to a close, for while it continued she could remain quiet and look about her un

Her eyes were attracted in spite of herself to a magnificently beautiful woman sitting in a nonchalantly graceful posture on a sofa on the op-posite side of the room. She looked so different from all the other persons present, and seem-ed to regard them with such calm contempt, that Mand found herself wondering who she could be; how she came there; and above all, why, having come, she should be uncivil enough to allow her face to express boredom so undisguisedly.

No sooner had the duet come to a close than this beautiful lady rose, took the arm of a gen-tleman, and came across the drawing-room to

where Lady Tailis and Mand were sitting.

The lady and gentleman were Mrs. and Mr.
Frost. The latter bowed profoundly to Lady
Tailis, and begged permission to present his wife
to her.

"Most happy !--delighted!" said Lady Tal-lis, holding out her hand. She had seen Mr. Frost in Gower Street very often.

There was no difficulty in making my lady's acquaintance. She began to chat directly with as much familiarity as though the Frosts had been known to her all her life.

Mrs. Frost appraised her ladyship's attire with giance, of whose meaning Lady Tallis was happily unconscious.

Mr. Frost furtively watched Mand, and at . length, during one of the rare pauses in Lady

Tallis's flow of talk, said, hesitatingly, "Your

niece, is it not?"
"Indeed and in truth she is my niece, Mr.

"Indeed and in truth she is my nice, Mr. Frost, and a great blessing and comfort it is to have her with me! Mand, my darling, this is Mrs. Frost. Mr. Frost, Miss Desmond."

Mr. Frost and down beside the young lady and began to talk to her. He perceived at once that she was very different in every respect from her aunt. It was quite impossible to jump into terms of familiarity with Mand Desmond.

"You have here ill. I was accure to harm."

"You have been ill, I was sorry to learn," said Mr. Prost.

"I was a little ill: very slightly. I am quite

well now, thank you."
"Perhaps London does not altogether agree with you. You have been used to a country life, have you not?".
"I have lived nearly always in the country;

but I am very well in London now."
"You are living in the house of a very old friend of mine, Mrs. Lockwood."

'The change in Maud's face from apathy to in-terest when be uttered the name was not lost

upon Mr. Frost,

upon Mr. Frost,

"You are an old friend of Mrs. Lockwood's?"
repeated Maud, smiling,

"A very old friend. I knew her husband
before he was married. I have known Hugh
ever since he was born. He is a right good fel-

"Ob yes." "But his mother is a little disturbed about him at present. He has taken an obstinate fit into his head, and wants to set up as an archi-tect on his own account, instead of remaining longer in Digby and West's offices. Perhaps you have heard?"

you have heard?"
"Yes, I heard something of it from Mrs.
Lockwood; and from my friends, Captain and
Mrs. Sheardown."

"Ab, exactly."
"Captain Sheardown seemed to think that

Mr. Lockwood was justified in his plan."
"I have no doubt that Captain Sheardown is an excellent gentleman.

"He is very good and very sensible."
"No doubt. Still, on this point his opinion is scarcely the most valuable that could be had. I am going to Italy myself in a very short ti You are looking pale. Is the Leat of the room

* No, thank you. Yes—I am rather oppressed by it. You were saying—"
"That I am going to Italy on business which, if carried out successfully, would enable me to throw an excellent thing in Hugh Lockwood's way. It might keep him abroad for a year or two, but that would be no disadvantage; on the contrary, if we can only personale Hugh not to be in a herry to assume responsibilities on his own account—" own account-

"The curriage west be here by this time, Sid-

ney," said Mrs. Frost, rising and touching her husband's shoulder. "Do inquire!" "Not going yet, surely!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovegrove, with stern distinctness. "Not going before partaking of our humble refresh-

"Oh, thank you very much," returned Mrs. rost, "but I really couldn't eat any thing. We Frost, "but I really couldn't eat any summer rushed away from dinner in order to get here Vone hours are so virtu-

It was perhaps strange that Mrs. Lovegrove should feel offended at being told that she kept virtuously early bours. But the fact was that she did so feel.

"I saw," said the hosters, "that you had scraped acquaintance with my friend Lady Tal-lis Gale. I would have presented you to her, but the fact is, she does not particularly care for making acquaintance out of her own set."

"Oh, that talkative olderly lady in the turned gown? Yes; Sidney presented me to her. What an odd person!"

"In her peculiar and painful position," pur-sued Mrs. Lovegrove, loftily, "Mr. Lovegrove does not feel justified in intrading strangers on her acquaintance."

"What's the matter with her? Is she not quite right in her head?" asked Mrs. Frost, slightly touching her own forehead as she spoke. This was too much for Mrs. Lovegrove. She

had felt that she was getting the worst of it throughout; for she was piqued, and Mrs. Frost was genuinely cool and unconcerned.
"I don't understand you, Mrs. Freet," said

Mrs. Lovegrove, "nor can I conjecture why you should wish to—to—insult my friends."

"Oh dear me, I assure you I hadn't the least idea of insulting the poor woman, "rejoined Mrs. Frost, imperturbably. "It would be her mis-fortune, not her fault, you know, after all! But you said something yourself about her peculiar and painful position

Mrs. Lovegrove faced round solemaly. "I did so, Mrs. Frost," she said. "And poor dear Lady Tallis's position is indeed a sad one. husband—a man of enormous wealth, but of so profligate a character that I shudder to breathe his name in the same atmosphere where my daughters are—her husband," continued Mra. Lovegrove, reaching a climax of impressiveness, and lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "has gone off and deserted her?"

"Heally? Very shocking! But," added Mrs. Frost, "do you know, I think not, on the whole, very surprising!"

That night, in the seclusion of their chamber. bushend-a man of enormous wealth, but of so

That night, in the seclusion of their chamber, Mrs. Lovegrove informed her husband that, come what might, she would never, on any con-sideration, invite "that woman"—so she designated Mrs. Frost-inside her doors again.
"Pools, Sarah!" said Mr. Lovegrove, "why

not?"
"Why not, Augustus? I wonder that you can ask! Her insolence and airs are beyond bearing. And did you see her gown?"

"A black gown, wasn't it? It looked very neat. I though

"Very neat! If three guiness a yard paid for that lace it was trimmed with I will under-take to est it. That is all, Augustus!"

But yet that proved to be not quite all. And Mr. Lovegrove had to listen to a long cata-logue of Mrs. Frost's misdameanors until he fell asieen.

Mrs. Freet, on her side, declared that she had been bored to death; that she had never seen been torest to death; that she had never seen any thing like the collection of creatures Mrs. Lovegrove had gathered together; that they had stared at her (Mrs. Frost) as though she were a savage; and, finally, she asked her husband what good had been done by her going there at all, seeing that that abourd woman, Mrs. Lovegrove, had chosen to take offense, and walk away from her in a huff! ber in a huff!

"No good at all, Georgina, certainly, unless you had chosen to behave with civility, when you

knew how I had begged you to do so."

"Really, I was perfectly civil. But Mrs.
Lovegrove tried to quarrel with me because I was not overwhelmed by the honor and glory of being introduced to that ridiculous old Irish-

"Lady Tallie's niece is, at all events, a very

charming creature."
"The golden-haired girl in white? Welly-yes, perhaps; I did not speak to her. Cer-tainly she did look different from the rest of the menagerie. Those apple-green creatures! Ugh! They set one's teeth on edge!" "You must call on Lady Tallis, Georgina. I

want you to invite the girl, and take her into so-

ciety a little."
"I? Thanks! I really can not undertake
to chaperon all your clients' daughters and
nieces and cousins, and Heaven knows who be-

"Lady Tallis Gale is no client of mine."
"Why do you trouble yourself about her,

"Georgy, listen: this is a case in which your woman's tact might belp me, if you would em-ploy it on my behalf. There is some foolish love-making going on between Hugh Lockwood and this Miss Desmond. The girl is different from what I expected. She is very attractive. Now, it is very undesirable that young Lockwood should entangle himself in an engagement just

"Very undesirable for whom?" asked Mrs. Frost, yawning behind her fan. "For—for his mother."

"Really? Well, I should suppose that very trenchant little person with the prominent jaw was able to manage her own business. I am

was able to manage her own business. I am sorry I can not get up any vital uncerest in the case. But you know Mrs. Lockwood is not a dear old friend of wire?"

Mrs. Frost had for a brief time been really a little jealous of Zillah. And alse still affected to be so whenever it suited her, although she felt tolerably certain that whatever were the atrong its of intimacy between her husband and Mrs. Lockwood, there was no echo in it of an old Lockwood, there was no echo in it of an old

Lockwoon, seed love story, seed Mr. "Suppose I tell you, Georgina," said Mr. Frost, suppressing the hot words of anger which rose to his lips, "that it would be undesirable for me that Hugh Lockwood should engage him-

"What in the world can it matter to you, Sid-

ney?"

"There are business complications in the affair " said Mr. Frost, slowly. "But so long as "There are business complications in the af-fair," said Mr. Frost, slowly. "But so long as these young folks are living in the same house and meeting daily, and so long as the young lady is mewed up there without any other so-ciety, it is in the course of nature that she should be disposed to fancy herself in love with Hugh. As to him, I am not surprised. The girl is full of sense and sweetness, and is a thorough gentle-month. But Hugh, such to marry some of woman. But Hugh ought to marry so with a few thousands of her own. Mi mend is very poor. Now, if you would give her some pleasant society, and let her see something e world, there would be less fear of Hugh and her making fools of themselves.

"Why don't you tell all that to Lady What's-her-name?" asked Mrs. Frost, loaning back in the carriage with closed eyes. "She is the prop-

er person to look after her niece."

"I tell it to you because I choose that you shall obey me!" thundered Mr. Frost, furiously. "It is not enough that you drive me half wild by your extravagance; that you have neither common gratitude nor common consideration for your husband; but you thwart me at every turn. You deliberately put yourself in opposi-tion to every plan or wish of mine. You dis-gust by your arrogance the people whom it is my special interest to be on good terms with; and you seek the company of fashionable fools who teach you to squander my money and de-spise my friends. Take care, Georgina! I warn you to take care! There are limits to even my indulgence.

Mr. Frost had uttered the last words in his heat, after the carriage had drawn up at his own door. And the words had been heard by the servant who opened it.

Mrs. Frost was mortified. She even shed a few tears. But her husband's wrath was flam-ing too high to be extinguished by a few tears

'That is all I get," said Mrs. Frost to herself, as her maid was brushing out her hair, "for consenting to go near that odious Bedford Square set at all! I was a fool to consent. I don't believe a word about its being important to Sidney whether Hugh Lockwood marries a princess or a panper. It is merely to carry out some scheme of that artful little creature Mrs. Lockwood. But she shall find that whatever her influence over my husband may be, she can not make us an accomplice in her plots."

HENRY COOPER.

U. S. SENATOR FROM TENNESSER.

Mn. Haway Cooran, elected to the United States Senate by the Tennessee Legislature, Oc-tober 22, is one of a trio of brothers of acknowledged ability, and eminent in the legal profession. Judge Coopen himself is represented to be a man of irrepreachable character, and to have an unblemished reputation as a politician. He was a Union man during the war, if one may be so designated who held a strictly neutral po-sition. His old political affiliation was with the Whig party. He has never been a personal ap-plicant for office, and has never been defeated in any canvass before the people. When the late Senatorial conflict in the Tennessee Legislature reached the point where it was evident that Evasames could not be elected, the latter proposed a concentration upon Judge Coorse. The Nashville Republican Banner regards his election as "the triumph of a truly conservative, pe-cific, national, and progressive public sentiment."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Convenentees have received a warning that their evil deeds, though long concealed, will sarely be brought to light while we have been detectives in the Secret fervice Corps. Counterfeit revenue stamps appeared in the market about two mouths ago, since which time Colonel Whitely, of the Tressury Depart-ment, and his assistants have been questly but effect-nally at work. A week or two are an engager, who ually at work. A week or two ago an engraver, who has hitherto borne an unblemished reputation, and has hitherto borns an unblemished reputation, and has worked for the best firms in the country, was ar-This led to the arrest of others on suspicion : and last week numerous implements for the mann facture of counterfelt stamps and coin were discov ered and seized in a remote house on Staten Island. Buried in the garden the officers discovered a large tin box, which was found to contain 10,500 counterfelt revence stamps, in large sheets, the plates for print-ing, dies, rollers, and every denomination of stamps, from one cent to eighty dollars. In the box was also a die for making three-cent aliver pieces, steel dies for etamping coins, and thes for arithmetical figures; and etamping coins, and does an artificiation figures; and in the lower room of the house was frund a perforating press for punching the boles between the stamps on the printed sheets. The engraving was of exceed-ingly fine workmanship; and it is believed that a large quantity of bogus stamps have been put in cir

Thanksgiving-day way have lost some of the pecul-iar significance which was attached to its observance in olden times, as certain Massachusetts clergymen say; but never let it be abolished, say we. The day is full of tender memories of home and country, and may it be ever must gratefully observed i

A new work, which will probably attract o able attention, is now being prepared by Mr. Darwin. The main conclusions which are drawn in regard to lower animals to his "Origin of Species" will be applied to man in this new book.

plied to man in this new book.

Amberst College has now 850 students. A best crew has been organised by each of the three lower classes.—At Dartmouth there are 418 students, including all departments. This college has now threty-eight one thousand dollar scholarships.—The Hail stand Observatory at Princeton is nearly completed. Ex-President Mileson is writing a history of the college.—The Hamboldt scholarship at Harvard College will realize \$300 from the recent centennial celebration and subscriptions.—The Judd Scientific Hall for Wasseyas University, Middletown, is commenced and will probably be finished within the next year. This will be a memorial edition to a young son of fix.—A who died a few months ago, at the ago of reveive Young as he was be had traveled crimatively, we a fine musician, and convergent with the Greek, Latin. seician, and conversant with the Greek, Latin somewhat in advance of the Sophomore clars, and was looking forward with bright anticipations to co-lege lik.—The term of Barilington has ruled thirty thousand dollars for the University of Vermont; and, in consequence of this liberality, fifty thousand more have been relatived. ave been pledged.

A novel breach of promise case is before the Baden courts, originating in the revenge a rejected lover de-sired to obtain. A lady received a proposition of sired to obtain. A lady received a proposition of marriage by letter from a fashionable physician or Heldelberg, who wished secrecy for the time, as his father opposed the union. A correspondence was carried on, the lady bought her trouseess, and the presumed lover sent presents. At last it was announced that the family opposition was removed, and the betworked went to Heldelberg for introduction and marriage. Then it appeared that the whole thing was a hoar, the letters forged, and the physician cutirely ignorant of the affair.

The reunion of the Old and New School Presbyterians is a great and important event in the history of one of our largest religious denominations. It will be accomplished by a nearly unanimous vote, and the tion will be taken this present week at the meeting at Pittsburg, Pennsylvan

The organ which has just been completed for the new building of the Young Men's Christian Associa-tion has already been privately exhibited to a select few, and highly approved by them. We understand the Association will soon give a grand concert, when the public will have opportunity to indge of the mer-tes of this new instrument. It was built at a cost of t ber thousand dollars, and combines many pe cultar features.

Baron James de Rothschild, who died about a year ago, left behind him a history of the monetary specu-lations and loans he was engaged in during his long residence in Paris, which is now being printed in the

Rev. Dr. Breckinridge never could endure the habit which some students passess of answering questions by asking one themselves. "Where," inquired the by asking one themselves. "Where," inquired the Doctor once of a dull follow, who always managed to gain some time by raising a query of some kind— "where was Solomon's Temple?" "Hem: do you refer to its location, file?" "Yes," growled the Doc-tor in his deepest tones, "I refer to its location, or to any thing class about it that may be embraced under the word "where."

Two hundred and fifty-five specimens of American and foreign art are on exhibition at the National Academy of Design, which was opened to the public last week. The collection is much smaller that it has been in provious years: but it contains enough of insany visits from the lover of art- as well as from the critic.

Pather Hyacinthe is said to have a purpose of ca-tablishing a newspaper in Paris called *Le Christim*, which shall be both political and religious in its char-seter. Such a paper, well conducted, would be a bless-ing to Paris—provided it is not conficuted:

Fanny Fern gives her views about women harbers thus: "There is no man who would not rather be shaved by a woman than to have a great lumbering man pawing about his jugular vein, and poking him to the the to get up when another man's turn came. I don't say how his wife might like it, but I am very sure he would; and as to his wife why—she could have now other man couldn't she?" shave some other man, couldn't she?"

The Board of Health is indefitigable in efforts to ferret out the fithy localities which contain the s of epidemic diseases. It is estimated that there are now no less than 100,000,000 galloos of stagmant wa-ter in lots between Sixty-fifth Street and the Park, which the sewers can not dealn on account of inferior construction and limited capacity.

An English druggist makes an excellent suggestion. in regard to the sale of poisonous substances. He pro-poses that, in addition to the word "poison," the la-bels should have printed on their margins the appropriate antidotes for each class of poisons. A bottle containing a mineral acid, for instance, would have on its label:

If sales by sections, give (related with water) challs, very, or whiting, or calling exceptings.

If similar labels accompanied all deadly drugs that

were dispensed, not a few lives would be save

Among queer associations of recent date, the Fat Man's Association is one of the fungrest. Yet the Man's Association is one of the furnment. Yet the thirteen articles of its Constitution are very sensible. Only two hundred pounders, and those more weighty yet, are allowed the privilege of membership. But if any are so unfortunate as to decrease in weight after admission, the fault is pardoned, and they are not expelled. No drunkards nor incane persons are admitted, nor any who have publicly exhibited then selves for money.

A lady of Rochester, Iowa, while drinking tea five years ago, was incited to laugh by a remark made by her father. She choked so as to cause a stricture of the throst, which has gradually grown worse until for the past three mouths she has been altogether unable to swallow, and was sustained only by finite injected into her stomach. Her death at last was from starva

A most extraordinary story appears in a Ficeroce newspaper, and horrible as it is, and incredible as it seems, it presence a account interest which induces us to give a brief statement of it. In April, 1865, two not named Avidou and Carlines were executed pri-vately, in the prison of Villavica, in Brazil. Dr. Lo-renso y Carmo of Rio Janeiro, well-known by savata for his remarkable works on electricity appuned to physiology, and for his surgical shift, obtained per-mission to profit by this event. In order to experiment, on the power of executacity, his design being, if passel-bia, to unite the head to the neck after decapitation. The heads of the two criminals fell within a few min-utes of each other into the same basket. Immediate-ly a compression was effected on the caretid arteries by a compression was effected on the caretid arteries of one of the heads, so as to stor the hemorrhage. The body and head were then placed in natural post tion upon a bed, and the cells of a powerful electric pile ago, set to the neck. Respiratory movements were soon perceptible, and encode regularly. The head was then fastened to the nody by stitches and special apparatus. At the end of two hours a feeble police was manifest, and in sixty-two hours it was evident, in the astimblyment of every one, that a process poice was manifest, and in sixty-two nours is was a lident, to the azimutchment of every one, that a process of cicarrisation had commenced on the lips of the section. A little later other signs of life manifected themselves, when the director of the prison came for the first time into the experiment room, as then discovered that the head of Carines had then discovered that can be an or Carries har been take.

The that of Aveire, by some mistake, and applied to the body of the latter! Nevertheless, the experiment continued, and when respiratory movements reproduced themselves electricity was suspended. The Doctor and his assistants were frightened at a result so mempeciad, but the learned surgices employed all his skill to continue the work which science had so singularly commenced. By means of an esophagian probe liquid nourishment was introduced into the stomach. At the end of about three months the cicstriction was complete, and motion, though still difficult, became more and more extended. At length, at the end of seven months and a haif. Avelro-Carines was able to rise and walk, feeling only a slight stiff-ness it, the neck, and a feebleness in the limbs! Thus ends this overstrange tale, and the scientific world will look for the sequel.

There is some truth in the ideas of Mrs. Barclay, who is or has been lecturing to ladies in Chautanqua County. Mever she preaches, give up it, sickness, as fever can be cared by a smart run of a mile or so, or a joiling ride in a lumber-wagon. She recommends stirring about vigorously when approaching disease brings on a feeling of languor. Moreover, she holds brings on a feeling of languor. Moreover, she holds to the doctrine that physicians should be paid only while their patients continue healthy; and she speaks with admiration of a certain country where doctors are heavily fixed when they let a man die on their

A boy at Norwich, England, is accused of being his own grandfather! The charge is proved in this wise; There was a widow (Anne) and her danghter-in-law (Jane), and a man (George) and his son (Henry). The widow married the son, and the daughter married the father. The widow was, therefore, mother (in-law) to her husband's father, and, consequently, grandmother to her own husband (Henry). By this husband she had a son (David), to whom she was great-grand-mother. Now, as the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or a great-mole, this hoy (David) was one or the other. He is his own

One of the most annoying things a pusy letter-writer can experience is to find that his postage stamps will not "stick" and, after value ' boring to make them adhere, to be obliged to gum them on, just as if there was no other intention originally than that every one should use his own brish od bettle. There is certainly considerable chance, nowadays, that in the pro-cess of transportation letters will become minus stamps and go to the Dead-Letter Office, through no fault of



DANIEL DEFOES TOMB.

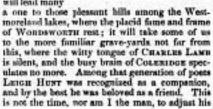
THE LEIGH HUNT MEMORIAL.

WE give on this page a representation of the bust placed upon the monument recently (October 19) erected to the memory of Letter Hunt, the celebrated English poet and essayist, in Ken-sal-Green Cemetery. In the ten years that have passed since the death of Lemm Hunz, which happened about the end of August, 1850, at the age of seventy-five, the affectionate esteem for his character, most warmly felt by those best acquainted with the spirit of his life and writir s, has been cherished as a personal and social faith. The monument cressed over his tomb is a permanent expression of their regard for his virtues as a man and for his merits as one of the most graceful and genial of English authors. There were present on the occasion of the dedi-ention of this monoment the relatives and friends of LEIGH HUNT, and also many well-known literary men. Letters of apology for absence were received from Robert Bhownish, Alfred Tennyson, Charles Dickers, John Bhight, Lord Lyrrow, Earl Russett, and others, who were contributors to the memorial fund. Lord Hougirros presided at the dedication, and de-livered the address. Some years ago be performed a similar office for the monument in the same cemetery over the grave of Tuomas Hoon. The imminble jester, who had so much tender-ness and poetry in his heart, and whose success as a humorist has almost resulted in an injustice to his serious writings, had fewer claims on the general public for posthumous honor thus the varied writer whose lest resting-place has been commemorated by the scalpeure of Mr. JOSETH DURBAN and the elequence of Lord HOUGHTON. Hoop was neither a politicism nor a critic; Littue Henr was both, besides being an original creator in poetry, fiction, and general literature. No doubt the strongest inclination of the latter No doubt the strongest inclination of the latter was not toward politics. He was not a master of the scionific parts of government and national economy, and, if he had had an opportunity, would probably have made as indifferent a minister of state as Anoisov did. But he understood exceedingly well that scutiment of natural justice, of fair consideration, and of abstract reason which lies at the mot of all worthy politics, and which at particular periods requires the emphasis of high principle and the illumination of lambent wit ever more than the dectrines of political science. The early years of the founder of the Examiner were possed in just such an epoch. Both in England and abroad it was a time during which the commonest principles of freedom were denied and outraged. The old military despotisms of continental Europe were military despections of continental Europe were engaged in mortal struggle with a newer military power just as despecte as themselves in act, however revolutionary may have been the fundamental basis on which it rested. In England Toryism was at the very height of its reactionary fervor, and the condition of England was more like that of Austria previous to her recent reforms than that of the old home of temperate liberty. It was an age, therefore, in which the mere demand for freedom, for enlarged powers of popular self-government, for relig-ious toleration, and for pu-rity in the conduct of affairs in the administration of the law, was of greater im-portance than the discussion of elaborate details of politics. In the enforcement of these general principles, now by indignant protest against their violation, now by a quick Voltarian wit (for those who are only acquaint-ed with the writer's later, style have no idea how much pangency there was in his vouthful pen), and at one time by readiness to suffer personally for his champion-ship of the right, Laron Hunt, in association with his brother Joan — whose

honest and intelligent, though less brilliant, services demand a passing recognition—helped for-ward the better time which a later generation has inherited; and when the semetime editor of the Ereminer finally quitted polities, and settled down to the uninterrupted cultivation of literature pure and simple, he did so in the midst of a comparative calm which was all the healthier or the previous storm of battle.

In the course of his address Lord Hougaron

true Mr. HUNT represents the post generaerature, and that I think is all the more reason why we should honor him to-day.— The tomb The which we are about to visit will not stand alone in the association of men of letters. It will becken muny an observer to the marshy shores Greece, where the tomultnous spir-it of Lord Bynox passed away-to the beautiful Roman cemetery where the antumnul flowers are at this moment growing over the young form of KEATS and the stormcast heart of Suggest ; it will lead many



BUST OF LEIGH HUNT ON THE MONUMENT IN KENSAL-

place in that illustrious company, but I will say here and every where that he was a true English poet. Not mere-ly the faculty of imagination, not merely the presence of wit, not merely the great and sedulous accomplishments in our literature-not these alone made him a p these alone made him a poet; be was born one and he died one. There is one sphere of literature in which I think I interactive in which I touth a may say he was absolutely eminent—I mean that of po-etical criticism. In that field I place him before any other man of letters in this coun-

Being regarded as a rabid Republican, Lazon Hust was sentenced to two years' imprisonment; and after he left prison be was fc'lowed for many years by a persist-ent obloquy and injustice which in these times seem absolutely incredible.

After the address, which, owing to the inclemency of the weather, was delivered in a neighboring chapel, the company proceeded to the tomb. The monument was uncovered, Lord HOUGHTON saying: "In the name of the

ers to this monument, and of the friends of Mr. LEIGH HUNT, who remember him and are careful of his fame, I present this monument to his family, to the country, and to posterity."



Ture ancient city burial-place in London known as Bunbill-fields Cometery has been recently con-

> public walk, laid out ornamentally, and planted with trees and flowers. From time immemorial this spot has been used as a cemetery. of the fen beyoud the city wall a tumulus or mound marked traditionally the site of Saxon burial. In the year1549more than a thou-sand cartsand cart-loads of hu-man remains rere removed from the charnel-house of St. Paul's Cathedral and deposited in that spot. In the days of the first STUART, and during the period of the Commonwealth, burial in this ground

was frequently sought after by families who could claim no right songht after by families who could claim no right of interment in the city clurches; and this fact led the Corporation of London, in 1665, to inclose this spot for the use mainly of the Non-conformists. From 1665 to 1882, when the ground was closed, 125,000 bodies were registered as buried there; of these only 5000 tombs are discoverable; but there are vaults lying buried as abundance of the same values by the same control of the same control sed at depths varying from six to twelve feet be-neath the surface. The place boasts no gided



MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEL'S TOTAL

shrines or splendid mansoleums; and yet in this country as well as in England an interest is felt in this humble spot of earth scarcely second to that with which Westminster Abbey itself is regarded. Men lie here whose names are house-hold words in every clime; for we may claim that JOHN BUNYAN, DANIEL DEFOR, and ISAAC Warrs are the property not of any nation, but

Our illustrations of a few of the many interesting monuments in Bunhill-fields ground will speak for themselves with the eloquence of faspeak for themselves with the eloquence of fa-miliar names. They are those of John Bun-yan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress;" Daniel Defor. author of "Robinson Crusoe," and many other popular works; Dr. Isaac Warrs, author of the favorite hymns and psalms of Evangelical Christians; and Mrs. Surannam Wesley, the aged mother of John and Charles

THE SUEZ CANAL.

On page 740 we give a map of the course of the great ship canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, formally opened to travel and commerce on the 17th of this month, with the imposing ceremonies suited to so important an event. While awaiting the full and accurate illustrations which we shall in due time receive, we, in the mean time, lay before our readers a brief description of the canal and the principal

places along its route.

Starting from Port Said (pronounced Say-id), on the Mediterranean, the canal runs southward through Lake Menzaleh, a shallow, marshy body of water, closely resembling our own Dismal Swamp, to the intermediate port of Ismallia, distant from Port Said about seventy-five miles, distant from Port Said about seventy-five miles, thence along the eastern shore of Lake Timsch (the lake of Crocodiles) to the deep cuttings at Toussoum and Serapeum, and thence through the Bitter Lakes into the last deep cutting at Cheloup, debouching about twelve miles further south into the Red Sea at a point about one mile southeast of Suez. The actual distance traversed by the canal is a little over a hondred miles, about sixty miles of which run through miles, about sixty miles of which run through the beds of the lakes Menzalch, Ballah, Timsah, and the Bitter Lakes. Embankments are required on Menzeleh and Ballah, but not upon the others. The average width of the whole canal on the top is three hundred and twenty-eight feet, on a low level, and narrower where deep cuttings have had to be mode. The average width at the bottom is from two hundred to age width at the bottom is from two hundred to two hundred and forty-six feet. There is to be an average elepth of water of twenty-six feet throughout the canal.

The most difficult part of the whole under-



DR. ISAAC WATTS'S TOMB.



JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.

taking was the formation of a port on the Mediterranean. Ten years ago the site of Fort Said was nothing but a low, narrow sand-bank, the resting-place of flamingoes and other water-fowl resting-place of flamingoes and other water-fowl that frequented the surrounding marshes. On this impromising spot, in 1859, M. Lassaurs squatted with an army of Arab workmen and commenced active operations. The first hats enected for the engineers were built on piles. A few months wrought a wonderful change in the appearance of the place. Solid hand was formed by dredging out the harbor and channel, and substantial buildings are restricted the radio channels, and substantial buildings are restricted the made channels. stantial buildings superseded the rude shanties. At the present time over one thousand acres have been redomed from the marshy waters; and Port Said is now a flourishing sea-port—a regular place of call for four lines of steamers, with a commodious harbor, immense work-shops, great stores of material, and a motley population of twelve thousand souls, made up of workmen and adventurers of all nationalities. It has a handsome square named after M. Lassers, comfortable dwelling-houses, and wellampplied stores. The great feature of the place is, of course, the harbor. In order to protect the mouth of the canal from the most constantly deposited in great quantities by the current of the Nile, as well as to defend the shipping from storms, two innueuse piers or becakwaters have been built out into the sea, separated by an in-terval of seven hundred and tifty yards. The western pier is twenty-seven hundred yards in length, the eastern one two thousand yards, and between them lies the harbor. The material used in the construction of those piers is a kind of artificial stone, made on the spot from a com-bination of sand and lime. The lime of which these blocks are made was quarried on the line of the canal, a few miles south of the port, there ground, and then transported to the works It was there mixed with the sand, and subjected to hydraulic pressure in huge wooden moulds. The models were then removed, and the blocks left to harden in the sun. This process required two or three months. When ready for use they weighed about twenty tons space, and were placed in position by means of ingeniously-contrived machines.

The canal leaves Lake Menzaleh at a place called Kantara, on the Desert, and passes over two miles of sand-hills to Lake Ballah, through which it again cuts in the same way for eight miles. Then comes the first deep land-cutting, from Ferdane to Lake Timsah, the deepest of which is near El Guisr, and from sixty to seventy feet. Twenty thousand Fellahs were employed for two years in cutting a channel to the Mediterranean, to float the steam dredges and fill the shallow basin of Timsah, formerly fed by the Nile inundation only. This lake is the central point of the work, and on its shore stands the new town of Ismailia, named after the Viceroy. It is the "inland" port of the canal, councering by fresh-water canal with Zaguzig, fifty miles distant in the interior, and opening a transit for the rich agricultural products of that region. The journey from Port Said to Ismailia occupies about sleven hours; from Ismailia to Suez about sixteen.

about sixteen.

Between Lake Ballah and Suez there are two points (the only ones along the route subject to danger from this source) where extensive precautions have been taken to prevent the drifting sand from filling the bed of the canal, viz., at El Guisr and Serspeum. At the latter point it is preposed to irrigate the banks and plant them with trees, as the most effectual means of protection.

At Sucz, the southern terminus of the canal, the sea-wall is on a smaller scale than that required at Port Said. Before the company commenced operations the town contained a popu-



THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

lation of about three thousand, chiefly Araba. It now numbers over twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is a place of much enterprise and constantly increasing importance. Of the present population more than four thousand are Europeans. The situation of Suez is one of mingled dreariness and beauty. In front of the town lies the sea, its waters of a deeper blue than those of the Mediterranean. On one side tower the lofty mountains of Attaka, on the other rises the majestic head of Mount Sinai: while behind the town stretches the wide expanse of the great desert, without tree, shrub, or blade of grass to break its sad monotony. But what gives Suez its principal value in the eyes of M. Lessurs is its magnificent harbor, in which more than five hundred vessels can find ample accommodation. Should the canal be successful, Suez will undoubtedly become a flourishing and important town.

GEORGE PEABODY.

GEORGE PEABODY, the great philanthropist, whose name has been associated with gifts of more than princely munificence for the benefit of the laboring classes and of educational institutions, died at his residence in Eaton Square, London, at half past eleven o'clock on the night of November 4. His benefications have endeared him to the peoples of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations—England and America.

GEORGE PEABODY was born in Danvers, Mas-

George Pearody was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, February 18, 1795. He had no edneational advantages. At the age of eleven he was a clerk in a grocery-store in his native town. Here he remained three years, when he went to Thesford, Vermoet, to live with his grandfather. At the age of sixteen he went to Newburyport, Massachusetts, where he was employed as a clerk by his brother David. Soon after, his brother's store having been destroy d by fire, George was solicited to go to Georgetown, District of Columbia, by his uncle, Jones Peanoere. The latter, being heavily involved in debt, carried on his business under his nephere's name for two years. In the mean time the war of 1812 had broken out, and now Geonge Peanoere, though still a had exempt from millitary duty, volunteered his services. Among Geonge Peanoon's friends in Georgetown was Elema Reads, who, when the war was over, proposed to enter into partnership with the young man in the drapery business, furnishing the capital limself. The enterprise was a success, and in 1815 the firm removed to Baltimore; some years later branch establishments were opened in New York and Philadelphia. In 1826 Mr. Peanoov, then thirty-one years of age, became the head of the firm.

During the ten years which followed Mr. Paanoby frequently visited England to purchase goods. In 1837 he became a permanent resident of London. In 1843 he retired from his American business, and established a commission agency and banking-house in London. He was already a man of hige wealth, and had performed notoworthy service for the public. His influence had secured a loss to the State of Maryland, and in other ways he had done much to sustain the credit of his native country in England. His business in London became extensive, and he added to the fortune which he owned at the time of his permanent residence in London the sum of from twenty to thirty millions of dollars.

Throughout his life Mr. Phanody was noted for his liberality. In 1831 he assumed the entire expense of aronging and garnishing the American Department in the Crystal Palace. A year later be contributed \$10,000 to pay the expenses of a second voyage by Dr. Kane to the aretic seas in search of hir John Franklin.

The one hundredth anniversary of the corporate existence of Danvers, Massachusetts, oc-

The one hundredth anniversary of the corponate existence of Danvers, Marsachusetts, occurred on the 16th of June, 1852, and that day
was relebrated in a manner befitting the occasion. Among the invitations to attend the festivities was one to George Pearody, who replied, expressing regret that he could not be
present to join in the celebration of this the
centennial of his native town. He, however,
sent the committee a sentiment inclosed in an
envelope, "which was not to be opened until
his name should be called in due course at the
dinner-table." After the dinner had been eatem, and several speeches made, Mr. Pearody's
name was called, the envelope opened, and this
sentiment read: "Education—A debt due from
the present to future generations." In continnation he wrose: "In acknowledgment of the
psyment of that debt by the generation which
preceded me in my native town of Danvers, and
to aid in its prompt future discharge, I give to
the inhabitants of that town the sum of \$20,000
for the promotion of knowledge and morality
among them." To this sum be afterward added largely, the donations altogether exceeding
\$200,000.

In 1857 Mr. Peanony peid a visit to the United States, and one of his first acts was the contribution of \$200,000 for the establishment of an edecational institution in Baltimore. To this he afterward added \$200,000, and in 1866 the donation was increased by \$500,000, and on the 22d of September last he gave \$100,000 more, making a total contribution of \$1,400,000.

making a total contribution of \$1,400,000.

In 1858 Mr. Phancov returned to England, and set about putting into penvical effect a scheme of benevolence which had occupied his mind for several years previous. This was, "under a sense of gratitude" for his success in England, "to make a donation for the benefit



HENRY COOPER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.
Photographed by C. C. Giers, Naseville, Tere.—(See Page 147.)



EX-GOVERNOR PREDERICK P. LOW, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO CHINA. PROTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—(SEE PAGE 201.)

of the poor of London." To this end be consulted his friends C. M. SAMTSON, Sir JAMES EVERSON TENNEST, his partner, J. S. Morcan, and the Right Rev. Bishop M'ILVAINE, of Onio. In a letter dated "London, March 12, 1862," and addressed to Charles Francis. 12, 1862," and addressed to Charles Francis Adams, the United States Minister to England, Lord Stanisty, M.P. (now Eart of Derby), and others, whom he appointed trustees, he wrote, after explaining the motives which actuated him: "My object being to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of this great metropolis, and to promote their comfort and happiness, I take pleasure in apprising you that I have determined to transfer to you the sum of £150,000, which now stands available for this purpose on the books of Messrs. George Prancour & Co., as you will see by the accompanynoor & Co., as you will see by the accompany-ing correspondence." This munificent gift was afterward swelled to the sum of £350,000, or nearly \$2,000,000.

In acknowledgment of this gift Queen Vic-TORPA Wrose a most graceful letter to Mr. Psa-nony, adding to it a portrait of herself. The letter and portrait are both deposited in the Peabody Institute at Danvers.

body Institute at Danvers.

Mr. 'xanouv again visited this country in 1866.
During his stay here he donated \$1,500,000 for a Southern educational fisad, to which, on the occasion of his last visit, he added another million. To Phillips Academy in Andover he gave \$25,600; to the Newburyport Library, \$15,000; to hailding a new church in Georgetown, Massachusetta, \$100,000; to the Essex Institute at Salem, \$140,000; to the library at Theiford, Vermont, \$15000; to the Massachusetts Historical Society \$5000; to the Massachusetts Historical Society \$5000; to the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston, \$20,000; to the Peabody Institute of Archeology at Cambridge, \$150,000; to found a geological branch at Yale Cellege, \$150,000; to the Peabody Institute at Baltimore the additional gift, alinded to above, of \$500,000; to the Maryland Historical Society, \$20,000; to Kenyon College, Ohio, \$25,000; for a library in Georgetown, District of Columbia, \$15,000; making altogether considerably over \$3,500,000, besides an additional gift to the Peabody Institute at Danvers. tute at Danvers.

His relatives were also remembered in this lavish distribution of his wealth, he presenting them with various sums, amounting in the aggregate to \$1,500,000.

On the 30th of September, 1869, Mr. Pra-nony took his departure from this country for London. It was his last voyage; in a few weeks after his arrival in England his carthly career was closed. Mr. Pranont was never married. lways genial and inviting.

THE GRIZZLY. A CALIFORNIA TALE.

Serreso in the luxurious apartments of my noble mansion on Fifth Avenue, I often recall a scene in my life the very thought of which fills me still with terror.

I was not born to riches. I was well educated and extremely poor when I commenced life. At and extremely poor when I commenced life. At that time, just when I was seriously debating whether I should teach school or open a retail grocery store out West, the startling tidings came of the great gold discoveries in California, which set on fire the brain of a world. I yielded to the potent influence of the gold-fever at once, and was one of the very first who went out to the new "El Dorado." I sailed out in a ressel ane new "El Dorado." I sailed out in a vessel which, from the hold to the croilles, was listerally trammed with human beings, and landed on the streets of the embryo city of San Francisco with scarrely a rag on my back.

I hurried off at once to a place just then dis-I hurried off at once to a place just then dis-covered, and whither a large crowd of human beings—the representatives of nearly every na-tion under heaven—had already assembled. Desperane characters they were, to be sure! Convicts recently escaped from prison and bro-ken-down lawyers; ticket-of-leave men from Botany Bay and Norfolk Island, with impover-table discovered, restingly covered over with ished elergymen; retired organ-grinders, with graduates of European universities—all were there. I marvel now at the coolness with which I ventured into the midst of such a crowd

of desperadors. But I myself was a desperado.
I chose, after a long search, a place in a remote canon as the scene of my labors. Here I made my rode but and proceeded to dig. There were neighbors around me. In fact it was diffi-cult to avoid neighbors, oven if it had been desirable. No matter where a man might go, some one would be sure to track him. So I made the best of it, and put up with the presence of others.

Take them all in all my neighbors were about as villainous-looking a set of men as I had ever seen out of jail. One was a negro of enormous proportions, black as a coal, with the expression of an untamable savage in his brutal features. Another was a long, thin, cunning, treacherons miscreant, who (as I afterward learned) had been confined for twelve years in the Sing Sing prison for an atrocious crime. Another was a short, thick-set man, with a heavy beard which almost concealed his features, but added to his ferocious expression. Among all the wild ad-venturers whom I had encountered, none were altogether so repulsive as these. They went re-spectively by the names of "Nigger," "Sing bing," and "Firste."

I tried to get away from the neighborhood of those men, but a fatality seemed to attend my efforts. On three different occasions I removed to new places, and actually, each time, I en-countered these men, who had moved on before me. It looked as though I was actually following them. So I tried to get rid of my aversion, and turned myself to work.

At the last place to which we came there was a very remarkable man who had been living there for some time. He was a Spaniard, was tall and well formed, with a wonderful expression of resolution and daring in his face. sion of resolution and daring in his face. His face was pale, his eyes dark, and his general ap-pearance commanded involuntary respect. He lived in a hut above a cavern on the side of a neighboring hill. This place he had selected for a residence some time previously. He was never seen digging any where in particular, and it was generally surmised that he had some mys-terious diggings in the immediate neighborhood of his every

I dug on patiently for some months, and gained barely enough to supply myself with the neces-saries of life. I began to be very greatly dis-couraged. One evening I sat moodily near the place where I had been working. I had lost all hope. For three days I had gained absolutely

hope, nothing, "Buenos dies, Señor,"
Looking up I saw the Spanlard. I bowed and

"You have a very deep hole there," he said.
"I should think so," I replied.
"Are you encouraged, Senor? Pardon me, but you look disheartened, I think."

"I have reason to be. I have gained nothing. I must leave this place." The Spaniard's eye lightened up. "No, Sefor,

"Do not?-why should I waste my time lon-

"One must be patient, Sefor."
"Yes, but patience has its limits."
The Spaniard gave me a look of the deepest

easing. "Sefior," he said, "if you are wise you will

wait and work yet longer.

I looked inquiringly at him, but he turned away, and before I could speak had gone. As I looked up I saw close beside me the trio before-mentioned. They had eridently overheard our short conversation. They were exchanging glances. I turned away and began to whistle. In a few moments I was at my work again and they had gone.

I had a arrely given more than a dozen blows with my pick before I heard a load cry. I rec-ognized the Spaniard's voice. It was in the di-rection of his hut. To seize my two revolvers, and to bound forward in the direction in which I heard the voice, was but the work of a moment.

There stood the Spaniard with the three men around him. He held a keen knife in his hand and stood at bay. They were all armed with

"Help, Settor 1" shouted the Spaniard.
"Back, you infernal fool!" cried "Sing Sing," waving me off.

waving me off.

"You murderous villains!" I exclaimed, leveling both revolvers. "If you don't make tracks
double quick you'll never leave this place alive!"

The men fell back cowed completely by my
terrible revolvers. The Spaniard smiled sarcastically, bowed to me, turned away, and disappeared among the trees. The men walked off
secowling and muttering. I, too, turned away.

scowling and muttering. I, too, turned away.

A week passed. I worked on. At last the hour came. Great Heavens! can I ever forget hour came.

hour came. Great Heavens! can I ever forget that time—the moment when the hopes of years, the longings of a lifetime lay fulfilled before me! It was sunset. The clouds were all affame. The river rolled gloriously by. The trees tossed up their branches in the evening wind as though bidding the day farewell; from the forest came a burst of melody.

There I stood, a rough, ragged miner, in the bottom of a deep, wet, muddy hole. There I stood with thrills of rapture shooting through me. All my soul entranced, all my gaze riveted on one glittering mass at my feet.

I was master of wealth untold!

After the first burst of joy a revulsion came.

I had found my treasure, but how could I recure
it? How could I carry it away mesoen? Where
should I take it? Or, if I did not carry it away,
where should I hide it?

These thoughts flashed with the rapidity of

These thoughts flashed with the rapidity of light through my mind. I stood now overcome with perplexity.

I heard a movement above me. Looking up suddenly I thought I saw a dusky figure giide almong the trees. "Is that Nigger?" I thought. It was a lonely place. There were the trio and the Spaniard—no other neighbors were near. The first were dangerous, the latter helpless. My strength lay in myself. My resolution was soon formed. I would bury as much of my treasure as I could carry in my tent, cover up the hole, and watch all night.

and watch all night.

It was ten o'clock before I had buried all that I wanted in my but, and covered up my hole to my estisfaction. The intense excitement of the my smissaction. The intense excitement of the occasion already begin to have its effects. I fancied I heard footsteps. A moment after I reached forth to get my revolvers, which, in my hurry and agitation, I had left in my tent some

The weapons were gone.

A cold sweat burst out upon me. I rushed back to the hole, hoping to find them there. A tall figure stood there. He had my pistols in his hands, displaying them with a triumphant ges-ture to two others.

It was "Nigger," with "Sing Sing" and "Pi-

"I am lost!" I groaned. "To stay here is death, to go back to my hut is destruction. I am unarmed. These men would think no more of killing me than of crushing a fly." These

oughts came and passed in a moment.

Where should I go?

I could only think of the Spaniard. Without giving another moment's thought I turned and fiel. My movements were seen. I was discovand. With a lead and savings shout they rain after me. Six bullets whistled past my bead,

but fortunately none touched me. If ever fear lent wings it was at that moment. I bounded along the path and down the hill and up on the other side toward where the Spaniard lived.

I heard them call on me to stop,
"Never mind," cried another voice, which I
recognized as that of "Pirate;" "we'll get them
both together this time!"

On, on I ran. The clatter of footsteps was

With the frenzy of desperation, I rattled at the Spaniard's door. My pursuers were close upon

Let me in! Save me!" I shouted. Hurried footsteps sounded within. The bars rattled. I heard a heavy sound, I was pulled violently inside, the door was banged to and se-cured just as the eager blows of my pursuers fell upon it.

"Just in time!" he murmured, breathlessly.

"Up stairs, quick!"
He beld a lantern in his hand. By its light I saw a rude ladder which ascended to an opening above. I clambered op as I was directed. The Spaniard came up after me.

"All right," said he, as he gave me a mean-

ing glance.

The men below had dealt some tremendous blows at the door, which yet held on, however. I heard them eagerly shouting to one another. They said not a word to us. "No quarter" was

their motto.

A few minutes of silence elapsed. They had gone off. They soon returned, however. I heard their heavy steps.

"This 'Il fix 'em," said one.

A moment after a terrific blow, as if dealt by

some hugo beam, struck the door. The hinges yielded. But in a moment a tremendous growl sounded out and drowned every other sound. It was a wild, deep, terrific roar. My blood ran cold within me. I had beard the sound before,

but never so near. Then there arese to heaven shriek after shriek, and piteous calls for mercy. The only answer was the terrific roar which had first sounded, and sounds as of breaking, crushing bones. In a few minutes all was still. The Spaniard descended. He was not gone long.

"It's all over!" he said, returning.

I descended. There on the floor lay the man-I descended. There on the floor lay the man-gled bodies of the three wretches, and in the cor-ner was the gigantic form of the largest grizaly

I left the but and never saw the Spaniard guin. In a few weeks I had my gold all safe in San Francisco, and was preparing to return to

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

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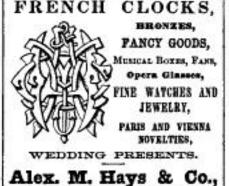
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THE REISSUE OF BRARIE JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIII.—No. 674.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1930, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Cours of the United States, for the Southern District of New York,

CHARLES A. DANA.

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA WAS born in Hinsdale, New Hampshire, August 8, 1819. He is one of the old New England stock of Danas. His father failed in business. The son attended the district school two winters, when, at the age

of eleven, he went to Buffalo, and entered his uncle's dry-goods store. Here all his leisure moments were given to sendy An inveterate reader, he stored his mind with knowledge of every kind. In 1837 the failure of his uncle threw him upon his oars. For two years young Dana was engaged in settling up the business of the establishment. Within that time he pre-pared himself for college, and finally entered Har-vard University at the age of twenty. He had age of twenty. He had a great predilection for the classics, and became unusually proficient in the Greek, Latin, and Ger-man languages. Close application to his studies seriously affected his eye-sight, and on this account he left the college, in 1841, without regular graduation. Harvard graduation. Harvard subsequently gave him his degree, and his name appears upon the catalogne among the list of graduates.

On leaving college Mr. Dana joined the Brook Farm community. This was one of the first socialist experiments in this country. While there Mr. Dawa become acquainted with MARGA-RET FULLER, GROEGE RIPLET, A. BRONSON RIPLEY, A. BRONSON ALCOTT, NATHANKEL HAWTHORNE, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, ORES-TES A. BRONSON, THO-REAU, THEODORE PAR-KEE, and others. The farm was situated near West Roxbury, Mussa-chusetts. Mr. Dawa had charge of its fruit department sevyears. time he eral During this time he partly edited a small newspa-per called the Harbinger. In 1846 the com-munity was dissolved. Mr. DANA, then twenty seven years of age, sought imployment in Boston, He accepted an offer from Exizen Wargar, then proprietor and editor of the Chrosotype. Mr. DANA wrote editorial articles for that journal, and made him. self generally useful, for a salary of five dollars per week. He came to New York in February, 1847, and succeeded GRORGE G. FOSTER as city editor of the Tribuna. He was at first paid \$10 per week; in the fall this amount was increased to \$14. At once he took an advanced position as a journalist. On the breaking out

of the French Berolu-tion in 1848 Mr. DANA

tion in 1848 Mr. Dana
went to Europe. He
was absent nine months. During that time he
visited the principal cities on the Continent, at
an expense of less than \$600. He carned, by
his correspondence, enough to pay all his expenses and support his family. On his return
he was made Mr. GREELET's principal assistant,
at a salary of \$20 per week. In two years this

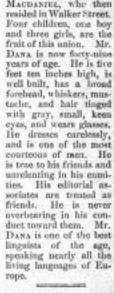
stipend was increased to \$35, and in 1856 he was paid \$2500 per year. This was equal to Mr. Greekley's salary, and was the largest re-ceived by Mr. Dana while employed on the Tribune. In 1856 Mr. Dana compiled his "Household Book of English Poetry," and in 1858 he and Groscor Riplay began their labors

American newspapers. Soon after leaving the Mr. Dana was appointed by Edwin M. Stanton, then Secretary of War, one of the committee to settle the accounts of the Quartermaster's Department at Cairo. His associates were Gronos S. Boutwell, of Massachusetta, and Judge Logan, of Illinois. The investigation

ture the Southern strong-hold silenced the enemies of General Grant, and prevented the General's removal from his command. On Mr. Dana's return to Washington he was appointed Assistant Secretary of War, with a salary of \$8000 a year. He held this office until the close of the Rebellion. In 1865 he went to Chirago, and became editor of the Republication of the Republication of the Republication of the Republication of the sold out his interest at a profit of \$10,000, and returned to New York. It was reasinly through

It was mainly through his personal insern-mentality and influence that the Sun Association was formed. Mr. Dasa took sole charge of the Sue on January 1, 1868. Since that time the Sau has taken a leading po-sition among the jour-nals of the country. Its daily circulation exceeds 75,000 copies. In April, 1869, Mr. Dana was of fered the Appraisership of the port of New York. He declined it. Two weeks afterward he was arrested, at the suit of Jour Resseat Young, of the Tribuse, for libel, damages being hid at \$100,000. The suit has never been brought to trial.

In 1846 Mr. DANA married Miss Errick Macdaritt, who then resided in Walker Street. Four children, one boy and three girls, are the fruit of this union. Mr. Dana is now forty-ulses years of age. He is five feet ten inches high, is well built, has a broad forehead, whickers, mus-tache, and hair tinged with gray aroull been with gray, small, keen eyes, and wears glasses, is true to his friends and unrelenting in his emit-ties. His editorial as-sociates are trented as friends. He is never overhearing in his con-duct toward them. Mr. Dana is one of the best houseless of the best living languages of Eu-



THE "IRON AGE,"

A CONGRESSIONAL Consurrer has recently been consulting with our ship-builders in relation to the decay of a tende once extended and pref-itable, and always hon-The forts, as orable. reported, seem as bad as had been expected, and it is even hinted that, unless some decided change is made in our policy, not only may American ship-building be considered a thing of the past, but the time is not far away when it may be impossible to find an American ship in which to cross the

This question will soon

are happy in being able to give one item in aid of its elecidation—one, too, which shows that affairs are not in quite so had a way as has been

supposed.

The bark Iron Age, of which we present a representation on page 756, has attracted the attention of a large number of our merchants



CHARLES A. DANA .- (PROTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.)

upon the "New American Encyclopædia." Mr. Dana was associated with Mr. Gazman on the Tribune until April 1, 1862, when he resigned his position and left the office. It is simply just to say that under his management the Tribuss became a recognized political power, and acquired an influence until then unknown among

involved millions of dollars. His labors at Cairo finished, Mr. Dana was appointed a commissioner to examine the affairs of the Pay Department in the Valley of the Mississippi. He went through Grant's Vicksburg campaign in the winter and spring of 1863. His reports to the War Department after the first failure to cap-

"Three better

during the past two or three weeks, while she lay at Coenties Slip, loading for Galveston. She was built by Hannan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Delaware, for Messra. TUPPER & BEAT-TIR, of this city. She is the first large iron sailing vessel constructed in this country; and, as the owners state, cost about as little as the average of their Clyde estimates for a similar vessel. Exof their Clyde estimates for a similar vesses. Fix-perience has shown that iron vessels far exceed wooden ones in beoyancy, in strength, in carry-ing capacity, and in durability, and therefore in cheapons; and the materials at our disposal for their construction are so good that builders esti-mate American plate for the purpose equal to English plate of an eighth of an inch greater whichever.

The Iron Age is handsomely modeled, 155 feet in length, 31 feet 9 inches beam, 7 feet between decks, 18 feet 6 inches in depth of hold, and her register is 680 tons. She is provided with REED'S patent screw steering apparatus, RITCHIE'S spirit compass, Anala's Liverpool double-acting pump, Thorrman anchors, and wire standing-rigging; and she is rated first-class by the American and

French Lloyds.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

PROSPECTS.

A LTHOUGH political parties nominally grow out of particular issues, they also represent tendencies of human nature; and in the history of all free governments this fact is constantly evident. Mon, for instance, are naturally conservative, or incredulous and timid; or they are naturally progressive, inclined to believe that the new is the true, and that not to go forward is to go backward. Here we have the germs of the Tory party and the Op-position: the party that would hold fast and the party that would cut loose. The strife, indeed, often degenerates into a mere battle of the ins and the outs, but the traditional principles and tendencies remain. Therefore it is a great error to suppose that, in our political situation, when the Fifteenth Amendment is adopted, parties will be wholly reconstructed upon new issues. The history of each party, its traditions, the character of its leaders and of its supporters, will always be vital elements in any augury of its prospects.

There is a loud cry upon the Democratic party from some of its organs not to race with dead horses, and even Mr. VALLANDIGHAM exhorts it to cut loose from all settled issues and obsolete questions. But this cry has been heard ever since the war ended, and where has that party dismounted from a dead horse or confessed any question to be obsolete? If any question might be considered finally settled it was that the colored citizens must be made politically equal. But almost without exception every Democratic convention of the autumn declared against that equality, and the Dem-ocratic party of New York voted against it. While this was the action of the party, its leaders were unchanged. It nominated General ROSECRANS in Ohio, but his letter declining the summous showed that he was not in accord with the party because he was not politically hide-bound, and it took its natural candidate, Mr. PENDLETON. In Pennsylvania the hope of sloughing off dend issues and leaders by nominating General HANCOCK was baffled, and Mr. PACKER, an original Copperhead, was selected. In Massachusetts alone, where there was no hope of success, a man of newer ideas was put forward in Mr. Joux Quincy Anans. In New York the same old leaders, with the same old cries, marshaled the old forces and directed the old assent upon equal rights and the defenses against legislative and electoral

The party remains the same, raises the old eries and follows the old lenders, because it is composed of substantially the same elements. It is not the intelligent and well-meaning Democrars who control the party policy. It is the ignorance and prejudice which are beneath them. The waves tors the boot-it is not the boat that governs the waves. There is not a Democratic leader in America for a generation who has dured to say "equal rights." How many of them who do not pander to the Roman Catholie element of the party? What Democratic chief in the State of New York would venture to insist that Roman priests shall keep their hands off the public school system? When it is asked why the Democratic party does not throw over the old i-sucs and the old lenders, the answer is that the one task that Hercules could not perform was to east off the fatal robe. To strip off the robe was to kill himself,

The strength of the Republican party lies in the great mass of Antelligent, thrifty, patriotic cirinens. The strength of the Democratic party lies in the multitude of ignorant citizens. The Democratic policy for a generation has been the necessary result of that fact. It was an ignominious and cruel poliev. But while this is still the feet, and until the party demands another kind of policy, what greater folly than to expect a frank acceptance of new issues and a preference of new men? Suppose the Legislature in this State restores

phrase is, what then? The work will begin | with the abolition of the Police Commission and the Registry law. Will that course dimin-ish fraud and force at the polls? Will it incise good citizens to vote? Is it conceivable that any of the great objects of government will be more certainly secured? Is it not evident that an election in the city will then be a mere fraud without even the pretense of a check? And is that the celebrated "self-government"

And why should a party composed . such elements as we have described renoun : old issues and old leaders when it has just merceded by clinging to the 17. They are greeable to the party. When the Fifteenth Annoulment is adopted, therefore, there will remain two political organizations, and they will is judged according to their career and tendency. The Democratic party has not now, and will not have then, any great foundful policy, nor any record of more capable and honest administration of affairs upo. hich to appeal to the country. The Republic will have the satisfactory administration of General GRANT, the steady reduction of the debt, the popular confidence always inspired by a chief and Cabinet who are not technically politicians, and the consciousness of the support of the better sentiment of the country. These are positive, not negative, advantages. Democratic declamation does not There is no Republican disaffection, nor will there be any until the Democratic party takes a position which neither its character, precedents, nor managers show to be probable or possible.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

On the 8th of December the Great Council of the Roman Catholic Church will assemble at St. Peter's in Rome, amidst all the pomp with which that Church invests its chief events. It was supposed for some time that the summons of the Pope would be disregarded. But now all doubt is removed. Bishops, abbots, generals of monastic orders, and other ecclesiastics have received and obeyed the call of their Holy Father; and from all lands they are moving in large numbers toward the capital of their faith,

But the Council will not be an Œcumenical Council in the proper sense of that term. Œc-umenical, from the Greek word signifying the inhabited or civilized world, is synonymous with universal or general. Originally an Œcumenical Council was neither more nor less than a Parliament of the Roman Empire, which was identical with the civilized world. In this sense the word is still used as applied to the Bishop of Constantinople, who is styled the "Œcumenical Patriarch." In the early Christian centuries the whole ecclesiastical organization of the Church was based on the secular system of the Empire. Each of the first seven General Councils was called by the Roman Emperor, and at each of them he was present personally or by deputy; nor at any one of them did he fail, directly or indirectly, to influence the discussions. Constanting was more than President at the first General Council-that o Nice; and IRENE and her son Constantine presided at the seventh. This was the last Couneil regarded as Œcumenical by the Greek Church; for by this time the Empire had be-gun to crumble to pieces, and an Œcumenical or General Council of the Church was found to be impossible. The Pope, however, did his best to occupy the seat left vacant by the Emperor; but from this date (787) the Greek Church stood aloof. The establishment of the Second Roman Empire under CHARLEMAGNE completed and made permanent the religious and secular separation of the East from the

According to the Roman Catnolle Church twelve Councils, all of them General, have been held since the Second Council of Nice; but at none of these was the Greek or Eastern Church represented, and by that Church the decisions of those Councils have been disregarded. Attempts have frequently been made to reunite the Churches of the East and West; at, mainly in consequence of the pretens of Rome, all such attempts have signally failed. The last Council called General was that of Trent-a Council which was called for the purpose of making an end of Protestantism. sat for eighteen years, but apparently failed to necomplish its end. Indeed it was even less Œcumenical than any of its eleven immediate prederessors, and for the very obvious reason that the Churches of the East and the Churches of the Reformation were all of them unrepre-

The present Pope, Pros THE NEXTH, not unmindful of the past and not unwilling to give a Catholic or Œeumenical authority to his objects and aims, issued invitations to the "Bishops of the Eastern Rite," to "Protestants and other non-Catholics." But the Bishops of the Eastern Rite have not only positively refused to recognize the Council, but have expressed themsolves indignantly upon the terms of the invita-While the Protestant Churches, mainly through the persistene of Dr. Cumming, a Scottish divine in Lone or, have learned that the city of New York to its own control, as the | the invitation was not a invitation, but only a

permission to return and penitently seek admision within the fold of Mother Church, The forthcoming Council will not, therefore, be Œcumenical in any true sense. It will not represent the Churches of the East, which have many millions of adherents. The Patriarchs of Alexandria, which is a more ancient See than that of Rome-of Constantinople, which for many centuries was a more important See than that of Rome-and of Armenia, with their numerous suffragans, will all be conspicuous by their absence. The Churches of the Reforma-tion—the Protestants of England, Scotland, and Ireland, of France and Switzerland, of the Netherlands, of North Germany, of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, of the United States of America, or Canada, of Australia—will all be unrepresented. Besides these, the Church in Russia will be absent, which, although a branch of the Greek Church, has an organization of its own. This immense empire, with its six ty millions of inhabitants, will not have a single representative in the Council,

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE pronounced an Œcumenical Council a chimera; and the forthcoming Council, despite its pretension, will be the best proof of DE MAISTRE'S foresight. In a word, the Œcumenical Council of 1869 will be a Council only of the Roman Catholic Church, and a purely Ecclesiastical Council. For, unlike all previous Councils of the kind, it will be absolutely unsupported by the civil authorities of any kingdom, empire, or republic. It will be no more representative of the Christian world than a Methodist Conference, an Episcopal Convention, a Lutheran Council. or a Presbyterian General Assembly. It will be, as we have already said, only a Roman Catholic Council; and, considering the diversity of sentiment which prevails regarding it among the adherents of Rome, it will but very imperfectly represent even the Roman Catholic

The Council will sit in St. Peter's Church, a part of which has been especially fitted as a council hall. The walls will be adorned with portraits of distinguished churchmen. The floor is to be covered by a costly carpet, the gift of a king. Galleries have been erected for the accommodation of reporters, of official theologians, of embassadors, persons of rank, and members o royal families, who may seek admission. With such exceptions the Council will be strictly private. The Pope will preside in person or by his legate. The discussions, if there be any discussions, will be conducted in bad Latin. No report of the proceedings will reach the outside world; for the reporters will report only to the Council itself. The pageant of the opening day will no doubt be magnificent, and the strangers who have come from far to see the spectacle are little likely to be far to see the speciacio and day, however, disappointed. With the first day, however, the sensation will begin and end. first day the real work of the Council will begin; and thoughtful men all over the world will intently watch the progress of this latest Papel experiment, whose failure would be a serious blow to the pretensions of Rome.

PERVERSION OF THE PUBLIC MONEY.

THE expression of public opinion in this State upon the proposition to give the public money to sectarian schools was last year so emphatic that the Legislature did not dare to de it directly. But in the City Tax levy there was a clause inserted, directing that a certain sum should be taken from the city revenues and given to such schools, Mr. NATHANIEL JARVIS, Jun., was selected by the Board of Education to make the distribution, and after a careful investigation be has made a report to the Comptroller, in accordance with the provisions of the act. Nor is there any complaint that his part of the duty has not been fairly and intelligently done. The result is, that \$214,987 have been taken from the city money and given to fifty-three sectarian schools. Of this sum twenty-five Roman Catholic schools receive \$153,880, and twenty-eight Protestant chools receive \$61,107.

The people of New York are taxed to suport public schools in which all the children in the State may be educated. If the school necommodation is insufficient, it is the duty of the Legislature to provide for the difficulty by an increase of the tax. The words of the clause authorizing the sectarian distribution imply that the provision is made for children whom the public schools can not receive. But eareful investigation shows that proper care would even now make room for all children, while it is notorious that this grant of money for special sectarian schools is part of the plan of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics to break down the system of public schools in the State. If the priests of the Church of Rome had control of the free schools of New York we should not have heard of insufficient accommodation, nor would there have been a special grant.

The hostility of the Roman clergy to public schools which they do not control is founded in the claim of their Church to an absolute domination of the life of every individual member, They assert that the important education is religious, and that their tenets are Christianity. A school, therefore, which does not teach religion 1 , in their view, atheistic. There must, then, be religious instruction in the schools; but il . only true religion is Romanism. The Roman clergy also object to the Protestant version of the Bible, which is read without comment as an opening exercise in the public schools. They insist, therefore, that the Bible shall be excluded as offensive to their faith; and should they succeed in excluding it, they would strengthen their plea that the education in the public schools is irreligious, because there would be then neither religious form nor religious book used in them.

This is a contest which the people of New York should settle at the beginning. Ample provision should be made for the instruction of all the children in the State in what are understood as the common branches of secular education. Every child should then be required to attend school, under proper penalties either upon his guardians or upon himself. Parents who preferred to educate their children at private schools would, of course, do so. Technical and sectarian religious instruction in the publie schools should be forbidden, for there is already abundant provision for such instruction according to religious preferences of every kind, Moreover, in a community which taxes Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants impartially for the support of schools, it is plainly just that the chief religious book of neither should be used in the school exercises, since it can only excite unnecessary ill feeling. But the attempt to divert the money paid by all the people for the secular education of all the children to the support of any Jewish, or Roman Catholic, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Unitarian, or Episcopal school should be stremuously resisted as an assault upon the state itself.

It is a cardinal principle in this country that the state, as such, favors no form of religious faith whatever. The state, as such, has no re-ligion. The State of New York, by its fundamental law, is an association for protecting the absolute liberty of every citizen in the enjoyment of his religious faith, whatever it may be, as well as in all other rights. The majority, therefore, whether it be Presbyterian, or Quaker, or Roman Catholic, or Jewish, or Anahaptist, has no right to compel the minority to sup-port sectarian schools. But under the clause in the tax levy there is such compulsion. Here, for instance, are the Hebrew Free School No. I, and the New York Protestant Episcopal Publie School, and the Immaculate Conception School. These are all strictly sectarian schools, and the people who have already paid one tax to educate their pupils in the public schools, by this clause are taxed again to educate the same pupils under a particular religious influence. It is the beginning of the destruction of the public school system, and, although a sop is thrown to certain Protestant sects, it is the work of the spirit which is most hostile to that system, and which will not relax any effort, open or hidden, for its subversion. Nothing can defeat this purpose of the Roman Catholic ecclesiasticism but the utmost vigilance. The Democratic party will yield in this direction whatever Roman Catholic influence may require, And it is a curious fact that, while in Austria the system of public education has been taken by the state from the priests, in New York it is apparently getting to be doubtful whether the priests can not destroy the State system.

JOHN JONES.

It is nobody's business that the stockholders of a railroad company pay honors to their president. Banks, insurance companies, associations of all kinds, very properly cause por-traits and busts of their distinguished or beloved officers to be made at their expense and pleasure. But if a savings-bank, having ordered a portrait of its president, should invite the President of the United States and all other distinguished persons to attend the ceremony of hanging it upon the wall of the directors' room, and should solicit the interest of the public by profuse advertisements, it would be very churlish in the public not, at least, to ask the question who is this gentleman, and why is there such a tremendous blowing of trampets because his associates have hung up his por-

When the statue of GROEGE PEADOUT by William Story was lately unvailed in Lon-don, every body felt that there was great propriety in thus visibly commemorating, in the heart of the business of London, a merchant who had given vast soms of money for the benefit of others. If a bust of Mr. PETER COOPER. or of Mr. Ezba Cornell, or of Mr. MATTHEW VASSAR should appear in the Central Park, it would be instantly perceived that they were the memorials of great public benefactors. Memorial statues are grateful witnesses of a sense of public obligation to individual men, except when a king builds his own statue at the expense of his people, or the directors of a hospital or other institution pernetuate their chief in bronze or marble. That a man has remarkable sagacity, which enables him to amass a huge fortune, and even to become one of the richest men is

the world, is of no public importance, nor can the fact be supposed to excite any especial general admiration or gratitude. But a man devotes his powers and his resources, whether money or time or talents, to the relief and improvement of his fellow-men, takes his place with HOWARD OF FRANKLIN OF JENNER.

The youth of a country should stand before the statues of their fathers, not to admire certain qualities which are given by nature, but to contemplate the purposes to which those qualities were directed. A boy, looking at the portrait of John Howard, may feel that he has not the opportunity nor the gifts to do precisely what Howard did, but he will feel that, in his sphere and according to his powers, he also can carry a heart of sympathy and relieve human suffer ing wherever he goes. But the same boy, look-ing at a statue of John Jones, for example, and being told that he was the richest man in the world and made all his own money, will probably answer, "What's John Jones to me, or what am I to John Jones?" There are plenty of John Joneses who have made more or less money, and who have not been especially stingy. But certainly John Jones, who is worth a hundred millions of dollars and gives fifty thousand dollars to a charity, does not so well deserve a statue as a sailor who has starvation wages and gives part of them to an orphan asylum. If, indeed, the stockholders of John Jones's factory choose to build a statue to him; it is their privilege. But why should they take a speakng-trumpet upon the occasion, and arrest every body's attention, and talk about "worthy morals and proper lessons?"

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTIES.

In the speech of Mr. Gransrows in London, at the Lord Mayor's inauguration, the signifi-cant confession is made that, "Whatever the tendencies of modern civilization—whatever its triumphs," "they have not had, nor are they likely to have in our day or in our children's, the effect of lightening the responsibilities of the Government,

That difficulties thicken about the English is very apparent. They consist of terrorism in Ireland; a supposed dangerous increase of power in the uneducated classes; a growing inferiori-ty in the industries which command universal competition; the inability to produce food with in a hundred millions sterling in value of the quantity annually consumed; and the steady growth of panperism. Political and economical troubles arise together to perplex those who have the largest interest in maintaining order.

Ever since the supply of food in England be came critical, contests have existed between capital and labor of an intense character. The pertinacity hitherto evinced by trades unions was due to the number of laborers standing on the verge of pauperism, and who, as more and more food was needed to be imported, were thrust into that hopeless condition. The laborers of the Continent, quieted by cheaper food and happier circumstances, are strangers to the combinations which in England have lowered the skill, impaired the morals, and diminished the effectiveness of their manufacturing industry, as compared with that of France, Belgium, and Germany. The superiority of the latter in many respects over the English, added to other causes, is, however, having its effects. At Bol-ton, in Lancashire, the laborers a few days ago treated the demand for a reduction of five per cent, on the wages paid in cotton factories with a respect wholly unknown. In various other departments of industry strikes have been settled by workmen on a basis which concedes the inability of the capitalist to continue high wages in the face of the competition to which labor is now exposed. This change in tone comes late, but it is yet possible to create a joint interest between classes hitherto opposed which may so improve the habits and industry of the operative as to make English competition with the world on the basis of free-trade harmless to the kingdom. Complete harmony is now essential

The slow recovery in England from the finan-cial explosion which, in 1866, followed the wildly speculative creation of companies on the cy of a limited liability, and and unwelcome termination of the war in the United States, is attributed by many to the high price of raw cotton; but the English grain crops of 1867 and 1868 having been bad, the large population, deprived of much of their were only small consumers of manufactured products. The diminished consumption of cotton goods in 1867 in England was equivalent to 50,000,000 pounds weight. manufacturing nations in Europe had to pay for raw cotton on the same or worse terms than the English—they were supplied with it largely through England—but whatever suffering they encountered from the high price of that staple was not attributed to a cause applicable equally to all nations except India and the United States, which were both growers and manufacturers of cotton. Portions of the English manufacturers clamor for protection instead of free-trade, and for encouraging the growth of cotton in expensive India, as the remedies for unprofitable labor. But protection would concede inferiority and prevent recuperation; and I young women, and a class of twenty-five at-

Charles to the Contract of the

the effort to elevate this culture in India will be fruitless against the superior climate and lands of the cotton-growing region in the South, and against the education and skill of Southern planters, who can raise enough of this staple at low prices-which must soon prevail-to supply the world.

When the true causes of English stagnation are fully understood and admitted, a powerful effort will be made, through harmonious relations on the part of capital and labor, to recover the lost ground, even although reciprocity in the policy of other nations may not be allowed. The ground assumed by the English of ability to compete with all others, which for years was successfully maintained, can not be abandoned without continued and hopeless dis-

It is supposed that a million of laboring men in England, with their families, counting say four millions more, might be converted into agricultural laborers, if the land now approprinted to the parks of the aristocracy were opened to cultivation. As the struggle now going on involves the life or death of those who do not emigrate, it would seem that these parks must be applied to cultivation under a system of laws which no longer encourage landed accumulation. This change will un-doubtedly help the industry of England, but at the expense of the governing classes, which by gross neglect of high duties, and by a dedi-cation of their lives to frivolities and dissipation, have weakened, if not forfeited, their reditary claims. The increasing power of the uneducated classes has been invited by rulers whose prestige and strength have been volun-

The gravest difficulty which now disturbs the nation is the Irish question—not free, in the view of many, of complication with the United States. The large immigration into the United States of Irishmen loaded with hostility to England, and their connection with the Democratic party, create the fear that, if the Democracy should succeed in the elections, the Government here might be urged into at least a very unfriendly policy toward England. But spart from this complication the question in its domestic shape threatens the peace of the kingdom. Sympathy with Ireland, on the nd of supposed or actual cruelty practiced by landlords, has moved those laboring classes which have lately been invested with the ballot; and terrorism makes its beadway without much obstruction from the Government. Landlords are driven away, and the tenant is likely to become master of the field in scorn of English ascendency.

The difficulty is much deeper than is admit-

ted. The difference in religion is at the bottom of it-a contest which Rome will not allow to be composed except on the basis of a complete triumph. The question is part of the wider one which seeks the conquest of nations, and the universal prevalence of Roman Catholicism. The human mind fails to measure the extent of this conflict, which has been active since the Reformation, involving a struggle every where for empire. England may gain peace for a time by conceding independence to Ireland, but only for a time, as she must ulti-mately share in the universal struggle.

In looking at the present aspect of things, it would seem that Providence is furnishing the world with additional proof that but little true happiness and repose may be found, at least en just conditions are neglected. Spain and Cuba are convulsed with revolution. France is disturbed with fear of such an event in case of Napoleon's death. Some of the South American republics are in arms. China full, insists on overflow upon others, and England for the first time abandons her colonial policy, fearing that its continuance may ambroil ber with other powers. The United States affords evidence, in many portions of it, that our republican system is afflicted with such deep corruption as to produce the apprehensions which draw from the English premier his guarded but ominous admissions. The times call for wisdom, virtue, and prudence there and here, or wide-spread confusion may follow. England must summon all of her resolution to overcome s which threaten ber industry and her government.

YOUNG MEDICAL GENTLEMEN.

In the golden age of the Republic, Captain and his mob silenced Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT, in the Broadway Tabernacle, because of her indecent and incendiary declaration of the equal right of innocent Americans to personal liberty. But Captain Evenus and his mob, although characteristic defenders of the tru-Democratic faith and heroic champions of public decency, failed to save the great Goliath for whom they fought. The gentle words of Mrs. MOTT were more powerful than all the oaths and shillalahs of the Empire Club, and, like the smooth stones from the brook, siew the huge giant of the Captain's idolatry.

It is a lesson which the young gentlemen of the Philadelphia Medical School might pender with advantage. The authorities recently opened the clinical lectures at the hospital to tended. They were modest, intelligent, and sincerely interested in the study of a profession which, in many branches and under many cir-cumstances, it is most desirable that women should practice, and of course should practice with every advantage and with the best possible preparation. In the lecture hall, with the twenty-five young women, sat three or four hundred other young persons, sarcastically called young gentlemen. These last indulged their wit and humor before the beginning of the lecture by shouting, "Hat! hat!" to two or three of the managers of the hospital who were Quakers. After the lecture began, they were quiet. But the lecture was followed by a case of practical surgery, the treatment of a young man with a broken thigh. In the midst of the operation the young gentlemen burst into roars of mock applanse, stamping, clapping, hissing, and jeering, all directed at the twentyfive young women, who sat calmly, intent upon their duty. But lest the manifest desertion of their proper sphere by the young women had not been sufficiently demonstrated by the young gentlemen, the latter, when the ladies came out, erowded them from the footwalk into the cartway across the hospital grounds.

Like the conduct of Captain Ryspans and his mob, this of the Philadelphia young gentle-men was brave and manly. But, we fear, that also, like the former, it will fail of its purpose. If there are young women-and we assure these young gentlemen that there are a great many who are anxious to accomplish them medical and surgical science and practice, they know that the most disgusting obstacle they will encounter is not the nature of the study, but the conduct of the young gentlemen, their fellow-students. Are those young gentlemen not able to see that such conduct as theirs of the other day, instead of persuading modest women that women should not pursue such studies, only deepens the resolve of every selfrespecting woman that she will do all that she can by sympathy for her sisters who are inclined to these studies, were it only to save herself in delicate and critical moments from the possible presence and professional treatment other sex?

GENERAL JORDAN UPON CUBA.

GENERAL JORDAN, Adjutant-General of the Army of Cuba, gives in a recent letter some information as to the actual situation of the country as he views it. He says that the Cuban cause has no absolute need of foreign sol-diers of any kind. The Caban army numbers 26,800 men who have arms; and it is followed by 40,000 liberated slaves armed with the machetas—a weapon half hatchet and half meataxe. The pressing want is arms and clothes. If the Cubans had 75,000 stands of arms, he is very sure they could end the war in ninety days. They have not attacked the large cities and ports because, having no artillery, they could not hold them. Meanwhile there are 30,000 Cuban ladies "living an aboriginal life," half naked upon the hill-sides, suffering inde-scribebly, and absolutely requiring clothes and shelter.

This statement from the camp of the revolutionary army is certainly not encouraging for the Cuban cause. General JORDAN does not say that the revolutionary leaders have money to buy arms and clothing; but for the latter he appeals to the sympathy of "the American ladies." What, then, must be considered the prospects of the revolution? The difficulty has thus far been that no great and decisive battles were fought; and no such positive advantages gained as would justify action upon the part of foreign Governments. But it now appears that no such battle can be fought for want of arms. A new junta, or what may be called a foreign committee of the war, has been named in this country; and it is declared to be their intention to appeal to Congress to recognize Cuban independence, upon the ground that Spain has not yet subdued the revolution; that the Cubans have sacrificed every thing; that they were friendly to the United States Government during the rebellion, and have been for a long time identified in feeling upon the subject of slavery Such claims, if authentic, certainly comnand sympathy; but they are not grounds upon which to recognize Cuban independence. General JORDAN's letter does not describe a situation which justifies the assertion that Cuba has earned the recognition of her independence in the manner which reason and national comity demand.

NOTES.

Among the notable papers in Harper's Monthly for December is an article upon Œcumenical Councils, which is not only timely, but is of very great historical interest and value. It is by far the most complete and learned paper upon the subject yet published in this country, nor does the in the least oppress the style, which is lucid and picturesque.

AMOS KENDALL, who lately died in Washington, was noted for two things: for his influence upon General Jacusson as chief of the kitchen exhinet; and for virtually authorizing the rob-

bery of the mails when he was Postmaster-Gen-eral. In 1835 certain and description In 1835 certain anti-slavery "mail matter" arrived in Charleston. A meeting of slave-bolders and their friends was called, which the clergy attended in a body. The meeting resolved that the mail matter should be burned; and the bags were rifled and the contents destroyed. Mr. Anos KENDALL was Postmaster-General: and when the subject was submitted to him by the Postmaster in Charleston Mr. KENDALL replied that he had no legal authority to exclu newspapers from the mail, nor to prohibit their delivery—but "I am not prepared to direct you to forward or deliver the papers of which you speak......I can not sanction, and will not con-demn, the step you have taken." Mr. KENDALL belonged to the worst class of public servants this country has known.

Two Administration has made no better ap-Assistant Treasurer in New York. In character, ability, and experience of affairs, no public man in the State is his superior; and his appointment is a subject of general congratulation.

A summe of "historical, personal, and critic-A Exams of "historical, personal, and critical epistles" has just begun in the Troy Doily Times by A. Hunker. The landshle object of this excellent person is "to write up the sad history of Reform in my country before it becomes utterly fixed in the popular mind as worthy and honorable." It certainly is in great danger of being so fixed very rapidly; and no time, therefore, was to be lost in unfixing it. Mr. Hunker has not begun too soon; and he addresses himself with great spirit to his task. addresses himself with great spirit to addresses himself with great spirit to his task, trusting that as "the great and good Mr. Nasby" has hitherto saved Kentacky from the horrors of progress, he may do something to stay them in New York. He evidently believes that there is a sunbeam in the encumber, if he can only get

Tun most ancient and respectable barriers fall before new ideas. The Austrian universities have always as sternly refused to admit Jews as profeesors as the American colleges to admit women as pupils. But now a Jew has been made Pro-fessor of Ophthalmic Surgery in the University of Innabruck; while in this country Miss Many Hower has been appointed Professor of Hortin appointed Profe culture in the Kansas Agricultural College; and the St. Louis Law School in Missouri has proved that it has wider doors than the Columbia College Law School in New York, by admitting to the Junior class two young women, one from St. Louis and the other from Brooklyn. The managers of the school say that they are unwilling that any respectable person who wishes to study law, and who honorably complies with the con-ditions required, should be deprived on account of sex of the advantages of the Law Department. Such a decision may send to destroy the foundations of society, but it certainly seems to be very sensible. Is Portia so very unwomanly a figure?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Tus Presbyterian Assemblies at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, dissolved November 13. The union of the Cid and New School parties was the occasion of great enthusiasm. The first united Assembly will be held in May, 1970, at Philadelphia.

The President has appointed Charles J. Folger, of Geneva, New York, to be Assistant United States Treasurer in New York, in the place of General Butterfield.

Treasurer in New York, in the place of General Betterfield.

On November 16 a retirond secident occurred, resulting in great less of life, in California, near San Leandro. A train on the Western Facific Railroad bound eastward collided with the Ahmeda Ferry train in a fog. From ten to fifteen persons were killed, and from thirty to forty wounded.

At Des Moines, lows, on the 18th, there was a collision between a relight train and the eastern bound Pacific Railroad passenger train. A Pullman palace car and two other passenger cars were demolished, and from fifteen to twenty persons injured.

The large frame building known as the Republican Wigwam, at Chicage, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 18th.

Anos Kendall, the veteran politicism, died in Washington, November 18, the largety-first year. He was one of the delegates to the Chicago Democratic Convention which nontinated General McClellan for President.

Major-General Wool died at Troy, November 10, in his eightieth year. Hon. Robert J. Walker died at his residence, in Washington, November 11, aged sixty-eight.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Tax Bishop of London on the 14th delivered a fa-peral sermen on the late George Peabody, at West-minster Abbey. The Bishop said no unlittled com-moner ever drew around his grave so large a con-course of discourse around his grave so large a concourse of sincers mourners as George Peaboly. The reason was that through a long life be had labored for others, especially for the poor. Simple in his labored its, unambitions of rank or power, he found his enjoyment in beneficence. It was his business to gather wealth, and his joy to give it away. His name would be the heritage of two great nations, and would form another strand of the cord binding England and America.

America.
George Peabody, just before his death, made an additional donation of £180,000 to the Peabody Fund in aid of the London poor.

A monster demonstration in honor of Henri Rochefort was made in the streets of Paris on the night of November 19.

November 18.

The Italian Cabinet approves of the choice of the Duke of Genos for the Spanish throne.

Admirst Topets has been elected Vice-President of the Spanish Cortex.

It is said that more than 600 Americans stiend the

It is said that more than 600 Americans attend the German universities.

The entire Hussian army is to be provided with breech-loaders.

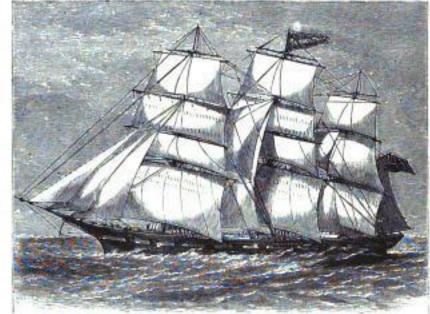
Latin will be the language of the Œcamenical Council, and a uniform pronunciation is to be fixed, in order that the assembly, owing to the diversity of accents, need not degenerate into a second Tower of Babel.

The Bishop of Orleans, France, declares that be will abide by the decisions of the Œcampajical Council, whatever they may be. The letter of the Archieshop of Parls, issued Movember 7, opposing the adoption of Parls, issued Movember 7, opposing the adoption of Papal behalibility by the Council without discussion, is reported to have been instigated by Kapoleon.

THE SCHOOL-SHIP "MERCURY."

It is only quite recently that practical philan-thropists have directed their attention to the homeless boys of our large cities. It was known that our craminal classes were fed from these "Arabs" of the street; but beyond the punish-ment of those detected in guilt socking was done—no effort was made in a practicable and sensible way, looking toward the prescrition of crime or the rescue of infortunate youth. Lately, however, simething has been accomplished in this direction by the Children's Aid Refuge. This plan lacked in one important respect. Factors from the Refuge the hour in most case. caping from the Refuge, the boys in most cases went back to the street, and, under the influence of the old temptations, resumed their former evil contres.

We think it was in Boston that the idea first originated of training neglected boys for seamen. A school-ship was instituted for this purpose in Beston; and our Commissioners of Public Charities have adopted a similar idea in this city, and the boys from Blackwell's and Hart's islands have been drafted into the school-ship Mercwy. This ship, of which we give an illustration on this page, arrived off the Battery November 1. She was formerly a Harro packet, a noble vessel, 200 feet in length, 40 feet beam, and 21 feet in depth, and about 1600 tons register. Her dimensions between decks are 7½ feet. Her ac-commodations and fitting up in cabins, store-rooms, etc., are perfection. She has been arcommodations and fitting up in catens, store-rooms, etc., are perfection. She has been ar-ranged for 300 boys, though at present there are only 114 on board; but there are 100 at Hart's Island engerly waiting for the necessary uniforms to come on board. These, as well as every thing possible, are made at the various institutions; and therefore the delay is altogether unavoidable. The yards are so heavy that, to fill all the sta-tions, in man of war sayle, it absolutely requiretions in man of war style, it absolutely requires



THE SCHOOL-SHIP "MERCURY."-[SECTORED BY THEO. R. DAVE.]

each watch goes to school, and the other half goes on deck, loosing and reefing sails, learning sea-manship, exercising with the two brass six-pounders they have on board, and making all kinds of sensit to noon, when there is a spell for dinner and recreation until one. At that

genuine Bowery style. After this they learn to box the compass. Then comes the rice roce box the compass. Then comes the rice rece recitation of the Lord's Prayer, then five min-utes' silent prayer, and then hammocks are piped down, and in a few moments the embryo tars are in the soundest of slumbers.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN FRANCE.

It has been charged, by the Roman Catholics, against Protestantism that the freedom of thought and conscience which the latter has neurished has been the cause of modern infidelity. Not

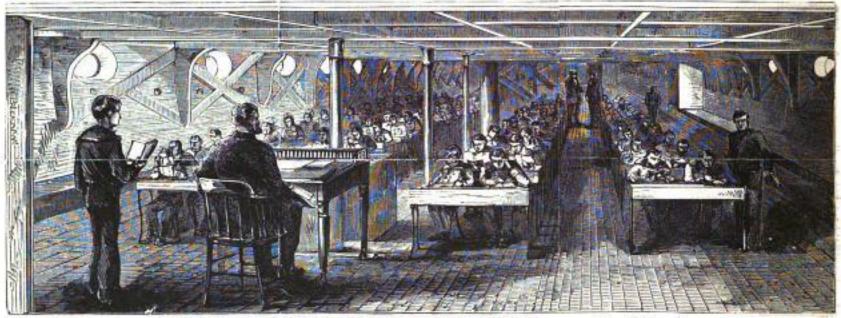
has been the cause of modern infidelity. Not only is this charge without foundation as against. Protestantism, but it may with justice be hurled back against those who make it.

In Protestant England and America both political and religious liberty have found their boldesst champions, and have been developed to their largest growth, and under the most healthful conditions. On the other hand, in Roman Catholic Spain, France, and Italy civil freedom has been choked by the atmosphere; it has breathed by gaspe; its life has been perpetuated through a series of violent revolutions, and it has never gained a permanent triumph. Freedom of thought in these countries has been developed under the same morbid conditions. As their under the same morbid conditions. As their political revolutionists have always substituted anarchy for despotism, so their scientists and philosophers have almost invariably sought ref-

philosophers lave almost invariably sought ref-uge from priesteraft in infidelity.

The present condition of France in these re-spects is very plainly shown in the attitude of M. Raspail, the editor of the Réveil, and one of the redical deputies of the Corps Legislatif. His opinions, as taken from his own lips, are pub-lished in the New York Herald. We will give a brief extract from this correspondence, show-ing the religious condition of France, and the peculiar views to which men of thought, dis-gusted with the corraption of the Romish Church, gusted with the corruption of the Romish Church,

"Religion," says M. Raspail, "must be based on morality—on our conscience. It must be at the hottom of the heart, or nosshere. We know nothing in regard to who or what is God. Rather than adopt all the niniseries (stuff) put for-



SCHOOL BETWEEN DECKS ON THE SCHOOL-SHIP "MERCURY."-[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

three handred boys, and these there will not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining. Having formerly been a packet, every thing about the Mercey is in gallant, handsome style. All the woodwork is nearly painted; there is a profession of brasswork, which is pointed, and which the boys haven in remarkable reast. keep in remarkable near-

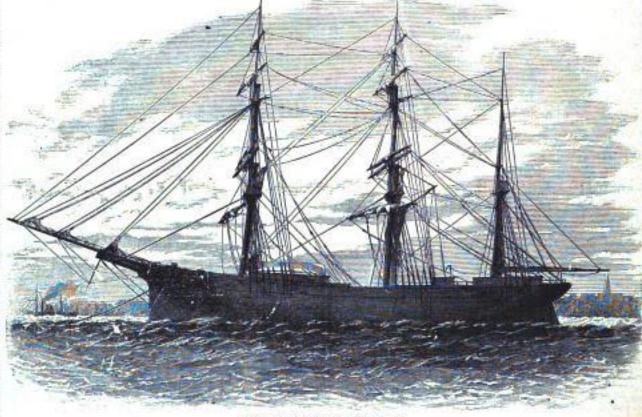
nees, and like a mirror. Chief among the offi-cers is a gentleman whose bravery and humanity in the saving of human life have been gratefully ec-knowledged by the Queen of England, accompanied with a valuable gold watch, and by the King of Prassin, who presented him with a superb chro-nometer. He has also been the recipient, from various societies, of two gold and three silver medals. He was in command of the vessel when she was purchased by the city of New York by the city of New York, for her present purpose, and says, pichsamily, that it seems he was bought with the ship.

The boys are generous-ly provided for in every thing touching their com-feet. They are divided into starboard and port watches, in naval style, and are well and warmly election in naval uniforms, having round their blue cap a ribbon with Mercary in golden letters. They rise at half past five (at five A.M. in som-mor), store away their hummocks and wash the docks, claim the brasswork, and make things ship-shape, until half past seven, when they have breakfast. Then half of

Admiral Poarza has informed General Bow-es, one of the Commissioners of Public Charlties, that he is highly in favor of the institution, and believes it will prove a valuable nursery for our naval forces. The Admiral proposes shortly to make a cruise with the Mercury.

ward by the Jesuits, let us rather believe the beneficent Being to exist in nature. Who knows if we are not correctes parts of the divinity? Now, religion in France is a mockery, and worse—the instrument of tyranny and the source of degradation. Our people are corrupted by its agencies. The noblemen do not spend their nights with their wives, but stay with actresses and level women. In their eyes the title of father, husband, wife is as nothing. The wives, ou their side, amuse themselves by go-

wives, on their side, amuse themselves by going to the churche, where they would never go if it was not for the
priests. Ther go there, at the same time, to show off their is a robes and toller is to a day theatre. oe, at Compiègne, how the highest ladies, is the midst of holding
their fashionable tea-parties and solvées, give renties and solrées, give rendexvous with 'little pieces of paper,' and then go and come from their walks, perfectly unconcerned—a mere pas-time. It is an odious disgrace that our Franco of to-day should be filled with so many convents, which are real houses of infamy and degradation for humanity. Here we have, inhabiting these numerous religious es-tablishments, a vast army of over 100,000 persons, who are all the time engaged in disseminating influny and in corrupting women—the wives and daughters of the people. Now these persons should be removed from such a state,"



THE "THON AGE."-(See First Page.)

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MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonatone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PROLOGUE.-THE IRISH MARRIAGE. Part the Second. THE MARCH OF TIME



ADVANCING from time past to time present, the Prologue leaves the date last attained (the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-five), and travels on through an interval of twelve years relie who lived, who died, who prospered, and who failed among the persons concerned in the tragedy at the Hampstead villa—and, this done, leaves the reader at the opening of Thu Story, in the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty

The record begins with a marriage-the marriage of Mr. Vanborough and Ludy Jane Parcell, In three months from the monomble day when his solicitor had informed him that he was a free man, Mr. Vanhorough possessed the wife he de-sired, to grace the head of his tuble and to push his fortunes in the world—the Legislature of Great Britain being the humble servant of his treachery, and the respectable accomplice of his

He entered Parliament. He gave (thanks to his wife) six of the grandest dinners, and two of the most crowded balls of the season. He made the most crowded balls of the season. He made a successful first speech in the House of Commons. He endowed a church in a poor neighborhood. He wrote an article which attracted attention in a quarterly review. He discovered, descounced, and remedied a crying abuse in the administration of a public charity. He received (thanks once more to his wife) a member of the Boyal family among the visitors at his country house in the automators. house in the autumn rocess. These were his tri-umphs, and this his rate of progress on the way to the peerage, during the first year of his life as the husband of Lady Jane.

There was but one more favor that Fortune could confer on her spoiled child—and Fortune bestowed it. There was a spot on Mr. Vanborough's past life as long as the woman lived whom he hall discounce and described. At the end of the first year Death took her—and the spot was rabbed out. rubbed out.

She had met the merciless injury inflicted on her with a mre patience, with an admirable cour-age. It is due to Mr. Vanborough to admit that he broke her heart, with the strictest attention to propriety. He offered (through his lawyer) a handsome provision for her and for her child. It was rejected, without an instant's hesitation. She repudiated his money—she repudiated his name. By the name which she had borne in her name. By the name which she had made il-maiden days—the name which she had made il-Instrious in her Art were known to all who cared to inquire after them when they had sunk in the world.

There was no false pride in the resolute attitude which she thus assumed after her husband had forsaken her. Mrs. Silvester (as she was had forsaken her. Mrs. Silvester (as she was now called) gratefully accepted for herself, and for Miss Silvester, the assistance of the dear old friend who had found her again in her affliction, and who remained faithful to her to the end. They lived with Lady Lundie until the mother strong enough to carry out the plan of life th she had arranged for the future, and to earn her bread us a teacher of singing. To all appearance she milied, and became herself again, in a few mouths' time. She was making her To all way; she was winning sympathy, confidence, and respect every where—when she sank sadden-ly at the opening of her new life. Nobody could account for it. The doctors themselves were dirided in opinion. Scientifically speaking, there was no reason why she should die. It was a mere figure of speech—in no degree satisfactory to any reasonable mind—to say, as Lady Lundie

said, that she had got her death-blow on the day when her husband deserted her. The one thing certain was the fact—account for it as you might, In spite of science (which meant little), in spite of her own courage (which meant much), the

woman dropped at her post and died.
In the latter part of her illness her mind gave
way. The friend of her old school-days, sitting at the bedside, heard ber talking as if she though herself back again in the cabin of the ship. The poor soul found the tone, almost the look, that had been lost for so many years—the tone of the past time when the two girls had gone their dif-ferent ways in the world. She said, "we will meet, darling, with all the old love between us," lust as she had said almost a lifetime since. Before the end her mind rallied. She surprised the doctor and the nurse by begging them gently to leave the room. When they had gone she looked at Lady Lundie, and woke, as it seemed,

to consciousness from a dream.
"Blanche," she said, "you will take care of

my child?"
"She shall be my child, Anne, when you are

The dying woman paused, and thought for a lietle. A sudden trembling seized her. "Keep it a secret!" she said. "I am afraid for my child."

"I am afraid? After what I have promised you?"
She solomnly repeated the words, "I am afraid for my child,"
"Why?"

"My Anne is my second self-isn't she?"

"She is as fond of your child as I was of you?"

Yes. "She is not called by her father's name-she

is called by mine. She is Anne Silvester as I was. Blanche! Will she evol like Me!"

The question was put with the laboring brenth, with the beavy accents which tell that death is near. It chilled the living woman who beard it

to the marrow of her bones.
"Don't think that?" she cried, horror-struck.

"For God's sake, don't think that:"
The wikiness began to appear again in Anne Silvester's eyes. She made feeliy impatient signs with her hands. Lady Lundie bent over her, and heard her whisper, "Lift me up." She lay in her friend's arms; she looked up in

her friend's face; she went back wildly to her fear for her child.

fear for her child.

"Don't being her up like Me! She must be a governess—she must get her beend. Don't let her net! don't let her sing! don't let her go on the stage!" She stopped—her voice suddenly recovered its sweetness of tone—she smiled faintly—she said the old girlish words once more, in the old girlish way, "Vow it, Blanche!" Lady Lundie kissed her, and answered, as she had answered when they verted in the shin. "I vow it, see the she way they are the sine of the shin." I way it. swered when they parted in the ship, "I vow it,

The bend sank, never to be lifted more. The The best sank, never to be lifted more. The last look of life flickered in the filmy eyes and went out. For a moment afterward her lips moved. Lady Lundie put her ear close to them, and beard the dreadful question reiterated, in the same dreadful words: "She is Anne Silvester—as I was. Will she end like Met"

Five years passed—and the lives of the three men who had sat at the disner-table in the Hampstend villa began, in their altered aspects,

Mr. Kendrew; Mr. Delamayu; Mr. Vanbor-ough. Let the order in which they are here named be the order in which their lives are reviewed, as seen once more after a lapse of five

How the busband's friend marked his sense of the husband's treachery has been told already. How he felt the death of the deserted wife is still left to tell. Report, which sees the immost hearts of men, and delights in turning them outward to the public view, had always declared that Mr. Kendrew's life and its secret, and that the secret was a hopeless passion for the beautiful woman who had married his friend. Not a hint ever dropped to any living soul, not a word ever spoken to the woman herself, could be produced in proof of the assertion while the woman lived. When she died Report started up again more confidently than ever, and appealed to the man's

own conduct as proof against the man himself.

He attended the funeral—though he was no relation. He took a few blades of grass from the turf with which they covered her grave—when he thought that nobody was looking at him. He disappeared from his club. He traveled. He came heat. He admitted that he was eled. He came back. He admitted that he was weary of England. He applied for, and obtained, an appointment in one of the colonies. To what ion did all thi Was it not plain! his usual course of life had lost its attraction for him, when the object of his infatnation had ceased to exist? It might have been so-guesses less likely have been made at the truth, and have hit the mark. It is, at any rate, certain that he left England, never to return again. Another man lost, Report said. Add to that, a man in ten thousand—and, for once, Report might claim to

Mr. Delamaya comes next. The rising solicitor was struck off the roll, at his own request—and entered himself as a stu-dent at one of the Inns of Court. For three dent at one of the linis of Court. For three years nothing was known of him but that he was reading hard and keeping his terms. He was called to the Bar. His late partners in the firm knew they could trust him, and put husiness into his hands. In two years he made himself a position in Court. At the end of the two years he made himself a position out of Court. He peared as "Junior" in "a famous case, which the honor of a great family, and the title to a great estate were concerned. His "Senior"

fell ill on the eye of the trial. He conducted the case for the defendant and won it. The defend-ant said, "What can I do for you?" Mr. De-lamayn answered, "Put me into Parliament." Being a landed gentleman, the defendant had only to issue the necessary orders—and behold, Mr. Delamayu was in Parliament!

In the House of Commons the new member

In the House of Commons the new member and Mr. Vanborough met again.

They sat on the same bench, and sided with the issue party. Mr. Delamayn noticed that Mr. Vanborough was looking old and worn and gray. He put a few questions to a well-informed person. The well-informed person shook his head. Mr. Vanborough was rich; Mr. Vanborough was well-connected (through his wife). borough was well-connected (through his wife); Mr. Vanborough was a sound man in every of the word; but—nobody liked him. He had done very well the first year, and there it had ended. He was undeniably clever, but he produced a disagreeable impression in the House, He gave splendid entertainments, but he wasn't popular in society. His party respected him, but when they had any thing to give they passed him over. He had a temper of his own, if the truth must be tobi; and with nothing against him-on the contrary, with every thing in his favor-be didn't make friends. A source man. At home and abroad, a soured man,

VIL

Five years more passed, dating from the day when the deserted wife was laid in her grave. It was now the year eighteen hundred and sixty-

On a certain day in that year two special items of news appeared in the papers—the news of an elevation to the perrage, and the news of

Getting on well at the Bar, Mr. Delamaya got on better still in Parliament. He became one of the prominent men in the House. Spoke of the prominent men in the House. Spoke clearly, aensitive, and modestly, and was never too long. Held the House, where men of higher abilities "bored" it. The chiefs of his party said openly, "We must do something for Delamoyn." The opportunity offered, and the chiefs kept their word. Their Solicitor-General was advanced a step, and they put Delemaya in his place. There was an outery on the part of the older members of the Bar. The Ministry an-swered, "We want a man who is listened to in the House, and we have got him." The papers supported the new nomination. A great debate supported the new nomination. A great detent came off, and the new Solicinos-General justified the Ministry and the papers. His enemies said, derisively, "He will be Lord Chancellor in a year or two!" His friends made genial jokes in his domestic circle, which pointed to the same conclusion. They warned his two sons, Julius and Geoffrey (then at college), to be careful what acquaintances they made, as they might find themselves the sons of a lord at a moment's no-

tice. It really began to look like something of the sect. Always rising, Mr. Delamayn reservext to be Attorney-General. About the same time—so true it is that "nothing succeeds like success"—a children relative died and left him a fortune. In the summer of 'sixty-six a Chief Judgeship fell vaca. t. The Ministry had made a previous appointment which had been universally unpopular. They saw their way to supplying the place of their Attorney-General, and they offered the judicial appointment to Mr. Delamayn. He preferred remaining in the House ismayn. He preserved remaining in the House of Commons, and refused to accept it. The Ministry declined to take No for an answer. They whispered confidentially, "Will you take it with a peerage?" Mr. Delamayn consulted his wife, and took it with a peerage. The Lon-don Greette announced him to the world as Passes Holchester of Helderters. Baron Holchester of Holchester. And the friends of the family rubbed their hands and said, "What did we tell you? Here are our two young friends, Julius and Geoffrey, the sous of a lord!"

And where was Mr. Vanborough all this time?

And where was Mr. Vanborough all this time? Exactly where we left him five years since. He was as rich, or richer, than ever. He was as well-connected as ever. He was as ambitious as ever. But there it ended. He stood still in the House; he stood still in society; nobody liked him; he made no friends. It was all the old story over again, with this difference, that the soured man was sourer; the gray bond, grayer; and the irritable temper more unendur-able than ever. His wife had her rooms in the house and he had his, and the confidential servants took care that they pever met on the stales. They had no children. They only saw each other at their grand disners and bolls. People are at their table, and danced on their flow, and compared noces afterward, and said bow dull it Step by step the man who had once been Mr. Vanborough's lawyer rose, till the peerage received him, and be could rise no longer; while Mr. Vanborough, on the lower round of the ladder, looked up, and noted it, with no more chance (rich as he was and well-connected as he was) of climbing to the House of Lords than your chance

The man's career was ended; and on the day when the nomination of the new peer was an-

when the nomination of the new peer was an-nounced, the man caded with it.

He hid the newspaper aside without making any remark, and went out. His carriage set him down, where the green fields still remain, on the northwest of London, near the foot-path which leads to Hampstend. He walked alone to the villa where he had once lived with the woman whom he had so craelly wronged. New houses had risen round it, part of the old garden had been sold and built on. After a moment's hositation he went to the rate and rang the helf. hesitation he went to the gate and rung the bell. He gave the servant his card. The servant's master know the name as the name of a man



"WILL SHE END LIKE MEY

of great wealth, and of a Member of Parliament.

of great wealth, and of a Member of Parliament. He asked politicly to what fortunate circumstance he owed the honor of that visit. Mr. Vanborough answered, briefly and simply, "I once lived here; I have associations with the place with which it is not necessary for me to trouble you. Will you excuse what must seem to you a very strange request? I should like to see the dining-room again, if there is no objection, and if I am disturbing nobody."

The "strange requests" of rich men are of the nature of "privileged communications," for this excellent reason, that they are sure not to be requests for money. Mr. Vanborough was shown into the dining-room. The master of the house, secretly wondering, watched him.

He walked straight to a certain spot on the carpet, not far from the window that led into the garden, and nearly opposite the door. On that spot he stood silently, with his head on his breast—thinking. Was it there he had seen her for the last time, on the day when he left the room forever? Yes; it was there. After a minute or so he roused himself, but in a dreamy, sheent manner. He said it was a protty place, and expressed his thanks, and looked back before the door closed, and then went his way again. His carriage picked him up where it had set him down. He drove to the residence of the new Lord Holchester, and left a card for him. Then he went home. Arrived at his house, his secretary reminded him that he had an appointment in ten minutes' time. He thanked the secretary in the same dreamy, absent manner in which he had thanked the owner of the villa, and went in ten minutes' time. He thanked the secretary in the same dreamy, absent manner in which he had thanked the owner of the villa, and went into his dressing room. The person with whom he had made the appointment came, and the secretary sent the valet up stairs to knock at the door. There was no answer. On trying the lock it proved to be turned inside. They broke open the door, and saw him lying on the sofa. They went close to look—and found him dead by his own hand.

VIII

VIII.

Drawing fast to its close, the Prologue reverts to the two girls—and tells, in a few words, how the years passed with Aone and Blanche.

Lady Lundie more than redeemed the solemn pledge that she had given to her friend. Preserved from every temptation which might lure her into a longing to fullow her mother's career; trained for a teacher's life, with all the arts and all the advantages that money could procure, Anne's first and only easays as a governess were made, under Lady Lundie's own roof, on Lady Lundie's own child. The difference in the ages of the girls—sown years—the roof, on Lady Lundie's own child. The difference in the ages of the girls—seven years—the love between them, which seemed, as time went on, to grow with their growth, favored the trial of the experiment. In the double relation of teacher and friend to little Blanche, the girl-hood of Anne Silvester the younger passed safely, happily, unoventfully, in the modest sanctuary of home. Who could imagine a contrast more complete than the contrast between her early life and her mother's? Who could see any thing but a death-hed delusion in the terrible question which had tortured the mother's last moments: "Will she end like Me?"

But two events of importance occurred in the

But two events of importance occurred in the guiet family circle during the lapse of years which is now under review. In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight the household was enlivened by the arrival of Sir Thomas Lundie. In eighteen hundred and sixty-five the household was broken up by the return of Sir Thomas to India, accome

Lady Lundie's bealth had been failing for so

Lady Lundie's bealth had been failing for some time previously. The medical men, consulted on the case, agreed that a sea-voyage was the one change needful to restore their patient's wasted strength—exactly at the time, as it happened, when Sir Thomas was due again in India. For his wife's sake, he agreed to defer his return, by taking the sea-voyage with her. The one difficulty to get over was the difficulty of leaving Blanche and Anne behind in England.

Appealed to on this point, the doctors had declared that at Blanche's critical time of life they could not sanction her going to India with her mother. At the same time, near and dear relatives came forward, who were ready and anxious to give Blanche and her governess a home—Sir Thomas, on his side, engaging to bring his wife back in a year and a half, or, at most, in two years' time. Assailed in all directions, Lady Lundie's natural unwillingness to leave the girls vears' time. Assailed in all directions, Landy Lundie's natural unwillingness to leave the girls was overruled. She consented to the parting— with a mind secretly depressed, and secretly doubtful of the future.

At the last moment she drew Anne Silvester on one side, out of hearing of the rest. Anne

Blanche a girl of lifteen.

"My dear," she said, simply, "I must tell you what I can not tell Sir Thomas, and what I am nfraid to tell Blanche. I am going away, with a mind that misgives me. I am persuaded I shall not live to return to England; and, when I am dead. I believe my husband will marry again. Years ago your mother was uneasy, on her death-bed, about your future. I am un-easy, now, about Blanche's future. I promised my dear dead friend that you should be like my own child to me-and it quieted her mind. Quiet wy a ind, Anne, before I go. Whatever happens in year, to come-promise me to be always, what you are now, a sister to Blanche."

She held out her hand for the last time. With a full heart Ann. Silvester kissed it, and gave the

In two mouths from that time one of the forehodings which had weighed on Lady Lundie's mind was fulfilled. She died on the voyage,

and was buried at sea.

In a year more the second misgiving was con-Sir Thomas Lundie married again. He brought his second wife to England toward the

brought his second wife to England toward the close of eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

Time, in the new household, promised to pass as quietly as in the old. Sir Thomas remembered and respected the trust which his first wife had placed in Anne. The second Lady Landie, wisely guiding her conduct in this matter by the conduct of her husband, left things as she found them in the new house. At the opening of eighteen hundred and sixty-seven the relations between Anne and Blanche were relations of sixtyles. lations between Anne and Blanche were rela-tions of sisterly sympathy and sisterly love. The prospect in the future was as fair as a prospect

could be.

At this date, of the persons concerned in the tragedy of twelve years since at the Hampstead villa, three were dead; and one was self-exiled in a foreign land. There now remained living Anne and Blanche, who had been children at the time; and the rising solicitor who had discovered the flaw in the Irish marriage—once Mr. Delamayn: now Lord Holchester.

The Storp.

FIRST SCENE.-THE SUMMER-HOUSE. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE OWLA. In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight there lived, in a certain county of North Britain, two venerable White Owls. The Owls inhabited a decayed and deserted

The Owis innatited a decayed and deserted summer-house. The summer-house stood in grounds attached to a country seat in Perth-shire, known by the name of Windygates. The situation of Windygates had been skill-fully chosen in that part of the county where the fertile lowlands first begin to merge into the

the fertile lowlands first begin to merge into the mountain region beyond. The mansion-house was intelligently laid out, and luxuriously furnished. The stables offered a model for ventilation and space; and the gardens and grounds were fit for a prince.

Possessed of these advantages, at starting, Windygates, nevertheless, went the road to ruin in due course of time. The curse of litigation fell on house and lands. For more than ten years an interminable lawsuit colled itself closer and closer round the place, sequestering it from human habitation, and even from human approach. The mansion was closed. The garpreach. The mansion was closed. The gar-den became a wilderness of weeds. The summer-house was choked up by creeping plants and the appearance of the creepers was followed by the appearance of the birds of night. For years the Owls lived undisturbed on the

property which they had acquired by the old-est of all existing rights—the right of taking. Throughout the day they sat peaceful and sol-emn, with closed eyes, in the cool darkness shed round them by the ivy. With the twilight they roused themselves softly to the business of life. In sage and silent companionship of two, they went flying, noiseless, along the quiet lases in search of a meal. At one time they would beat a field like a setter dog, and drop down in an ina non mee a sener dog, and drop down in an in-stant on a mouse unaware of them. At another time—moving spectral over the black surface of the water—they would try the lake for a change, and catch a perch as they had caught the mouse. Their catholic digestions were equally tolerant of a rat or an insect. And there were moments, proud moments, in their lives, when they were clever enough to snatch a small bird at roost off his perch. On those occasions the sense of su-periority which the large bird feels every where over the small, warmed their cool blood, and set them screeching cheerfully in the stillness of the

night.

50, for years, the Owls slept their happy sleep
their comfortable meel when by day, and found their comfortable meal when darkness fell. They had come, with the creeg-ers, into possession of the summer-house. Con-sequently, the creepers were a part of the consti-tation of the summer-house. And consequently tution of the summer-house. And consequently the Owls were the guardians of the Constitution.

the Owls were the guardians of the Constitution. There are some human owls who reason as they did, and who are, in this respect—as also in respect of snatching smaller birds off their roosts—wonderfully like them.

The constitution of the summer-house had lasted until the spring of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, when the unballowed footsteps of innovation passed that way; and the venerable privileges of the Owls were assailed, for the first time, from the world conside.

Two featherless beings assessed volunted as

Two featherless beings appeared, uninvited, at the door of the summer-house, surveyed the constitutional creepers, and said, "These must come down"—looked around at the horrid light of noonday, and said, "That must come in" vent away, thereupon, and were heard. distance, agreeing together, "To-morrow it shall

And the Owls said, "Have we honored the summer-house by occupying it all these years— and is the horrid light of noonday to be let in on us at last? My lords and gentlemen, the Constitution is destroyed!"

They passed a resolution to that effect, as is

the manner of their kind. And then they shut their eyes again, and felt that they had done their

duty.

The same night, on their way to the fields they observed with dismay a light in one of the windows of the house. What did the light mean?

It meant, in the first place, that the lawsuit was over at last. It meant, in the second place, that the owner of Windygates, wanting money, had decided on letting the property. It means, in the third place, that the property had found a tenant, and was to be renorated immediately out of doors and in. The Owls shrieked as they flapped along the lanes in the darkness. And that night they struck at a mouse-and missed

The next morning, the Owls-fast asleep in

charge of the Constitution—were roused by voices of featherless beings all round them. They opened their eyes, under protest, and saw in-struments of destruction attacking the creepers. Now in one direction, and now in another, those instruments let in on the summer-house the horrid light of day. But the Owls were equal to the occasion. They ruffled their feathers, and cried, "No surrender!" The featherless beings plied their work cheerfully, and answered, "Reform!" The creaters were turn down this way. plied their work cheerfully, and answered, "Reform!" The creepers were torn down this way and that. The horrid daylight poured in brighter and brighter. The Owis had berely time to pass a new resolution, namely, "That we do stand by the Constitution," when a ray of the outer smilight flashed into their eyes, and sent them flying headlong to the nearest shade. There they sat winking, while the summer-house was cleared of the rank growth that had choked it up, while the rotten wood-work was renewed, while all the murky place was purified with air and light. And when the world saw it, and said, "Now we shall do!" the Owis shut their eyes in pour remembrance of the darkness, and answered, "My lords and gentlemen, the Constitution is destroyed!" tion is destroyed!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND. THE QUESTS.

Wiso was responsible for the reform of the

The new tenant at Windygates was responsi-

And who was the new tenant?

In the spring of eighteen hundred and sixtyeight the summer-house had been the dismal dwelling-place of a pair of owls. In the autumn of the same year the summer-house was the live-ly gathering-place of a crowd of ladies and gen-tlemen, assembled at a lawn party—the guests of the tenant who had taken Windygates.

The scene—at the opening of the party—was as pleasant to look at as light and beauty and

ovement could make it. Inside the summer-bouse the butterfly-bright-Inside the summer-house the butterfly-bright-ness of the women in their summer dresses shome radiant out of the gloom shed round it by the dreary modern clothing of the men. Outside the summer-house, seen through three arched openings, the cool green prospect of a lawn led away, in the distance, to flower-beds and shrub-beries, and, farther still, disclosed, through a break in the trees, a grand stone house which closed the view, with a fountain in front of it playing in the sun.

playing in the sun.

They were half of them laughing, they were all of them talking—the comfortable hum of the voices was at its loudest; the cheery pealing of the laughter was scaring to its highest notes the laughter was searing to its highest notes— when one dominant voice, rising clear and shrill above all the rest, called imperatively for silence. The moment after, a young lady stepped into the vacant space in front of the sammer-house, and surveyed the throng of guests as a general in command surveys a regiment under review. She was young, she was not the least embarrassed by her recomment restition. She was decread in

she was fair. She was not the least embarrassed by her prominent position. She was dressed in the height of the fastion. A hat, like a cheese-plate, was tilted over her forehead. A balloon of light brown hair soared, fully inflated, from the crown of her head. A cataract of heads poured over her bosom. A pair of oock-chafers in enamel (frightfully like the living originals) hung at her ears. Her scanty skirts shone splen-did with the blue of heaven. Her ankles twin-kled in strined stockings. Her ahoes were of did with the blue of heaven. Her ankles twin-kled in striped stockings. Her shoes were of the sort called "Watteau." And her heels were of the height at which men shudder, and ask themselves (in contemplating an otherwise lov-able woman), "Can this charming person straight-

en her knees?"

The young lady thus presenting herself to the general view was Miss Blanche Lundie—once the little resy Blanche whom the Prologue has introduced to the reader. Age, at the present time, eighteen. Position, excellent. Money, certain. Temper, quick. Disposition, variable, In a word, a child of the modern time—with the merits of the age we live in, and the failings of the age we live in—and a substance of sincerity

the age we live in—and a substance of sincerity and truth and feeling underlying it all.

"Now then, good people," cried Miss Blanche, "silence, if you please! We are going to choose sides at croquet. Business, business, business!" Upon this, a second lady among the company assumed a position of prominence, and answered the young person who had just spoken with a look of mild reproof, and in a tone of benevolent

The second lady was tall, and solid, and fire, and thirty. She presented to the general observation a cruel aquiline nose, an obstinate straight chin, magnificent dark hair and eyes, a serene splendor of fawn-colored apperel, and a lazy grace of movement which was attractive at first sight, but inexpressibly monotonous and wearise on a longer acquaintance. Lundie the Second, now the widow (after four mouths only of married life) of Sir Thomas Lundie, deceased. In other words, the step-mother of Blanche, and the enviable person who had taken the house and lands of Windygates.

"My dear," and Land Landie, "words have

"My dear," said Lady Lundie, Do you call Croquet, 'businese'?'

"You don't call it pleasure, surely?" said a gravely ironical voice in the back-ground of the

The ranks of the visitors parted before the last speaker, and disclosed to view, in the midst of that modern assembly, a gentleman of the bygone time.

The manner of this gentleman was distinguished by a pliant grace and courtesy unknown to the present generation. The attire of this

gentleman was composed of a m-uy-folded white cravat, a close-buttoned blue dress-coat, and nankeen trowsers with gaiters to match, ridicu-lous to the present generation. The talk of this ous to the present generation.

entiemsh ran in an easy flow—revealing an inependent habit of mind, and exhibiting a careependent habit of mind, and exhibiting a careependent habit of mind. pentleman gentleman ran in an easy flow—revealing an independent habit of mind, and exhibiting a carefully-polished capacity for satirical retort—dreadof and disliked by the present generation. Personally, he was little and wiry and slim—with a
bright white head, and sparkling black eyes, and
a wry twist of humor curling sharply at the cerners of his lips. At his lower extremities, he
exhibited the deformity which is popularly known
as "a club-floa." But he carried his lameness,
as he carried his years, gayly. He was socially
celebrated for his ivory cane, with a sunfi-box
artfully let into the knob at the top—and he was
socially dreaded for a hatred of modern institutions, which expressed itself in season and out
of season, and which always showed the same
fatal knack of hitting smartly on the weakest
place. Such was Sir Patrick Landie; brother
of the late baronet, Sir Thomas; and inheritor,
at Sir Thomas's death, of the title and estates.

Miss Blanche—taking no notice of her seepmother's reproof, or of her uncle's commentary
on it—pointed to a table on which croquet mallets and balls were laid ready, and recalled the
attention of the company to the matter in hand.

"I head one side, ladies and gentlemen," she
resumed. "And Lady Landie heads the other.
We choose our players turn and turn about.
Mamma has the advantage of me in years. So

We choose our players turn and turn about, Mamma has the seventage of me in years. So mamma chooses first,"

wamma chooses first."

With a look at her step-daughter—which, being interpreted, meant, "I would send you back to the nursery, miss, if I could!"—Lady Lundie turned, and ran her eye over her guests. She had evidently made up her mind, beforehand, what player to pick out first.

"I choose Miss Silvester," she said—with a special emphasis laid on the name.

At that there was another parting among the crowd. To us (who know her), it was Anne who now appeared. Strangers, who saw her for the first time, saw a lady in the prime of her life—a lady plainly dressed in uncertained white—who advanced slowly, and confronted the mistress of the house.

A certain proportion—and not a small one—

A certain proportion—and not a small one— of the men at the lawn-party had been brought or me men at the nave-party had been brought there by friends who were privileged to introduce them. The moment she appeared every one of those men suddenly became interested in the lady who had been chosen first.

who had been chosen first.

"That's a very charming woman," whispered one of the strangers at the house to one of the friends of the bouse. "Who is she?"

The friend whispered back:

"Miss Lundie's governess—that's all."

The moment during which the question was put and answered was also the moment which brought Lady Lundie and Miss Silvester face to foce, in the presence of the comment.

trought Lany Linds and hass currents not to face, in the presence of the company.

The stranger as the house looked at the two women, and whispered again.

"Something wrong between the lady and the governess," he said.

The friend looked also, and answered, in one

emphatic word: "Evidently!" There are certain women whose influence There are certain women whose influence over men is an unfathomable mystery to observers of their own sex. The governess was one of those women. She had inherited the charm, but not the beauty, of her unhappy mother. Judge her by the standard set up in the illustrated gift-books and the print-shop windows—and the sentence must have inevitably followed, the has not a single good feature in her face.

"She has not a single good feature in her face."
There was nothing individually remarkable about
Miss Silvester, seen in a state of repose. She Miss Silvester, seen in a state of repose. She was of the average height. She was as well made as most women. In hair and complexion, she was neither light nor dark, but provokingly neutral, just between the two. Worse even than this, there were positive defects in her face, which it was impossible to deny. A nervous contraction at one corner of her mouth drew up the lips out of the symmetrically right line, when they record. A nervous more refer in the see they moved. A nervous uncertainty in the eye on the same side narrowly escaped presenting on the same store narrowly escaped presenting the deformity of a "cast." And yet, with these indisputable drawbacks, here was one of those women—the formidable few—who have the hearts of men and the peace of families at their mercy. She moved—and there was some subtle charm, Sir, in the movement, that made you look back, and suspend your conversation with your friend, and watch her silently while she walks She sat by you and talked to you—and behold, a sensitive-something passed into that little twist at the corner of the m outh, and into that nerv ous uncertainty in the soft gray eye, which turned defect into beauty—which enchained your senses —which made your nerves thrill if she touched you by secident, and set your heart beating if you looked at the same book with her, and felt her breath on your face. All this, let it be well understood, only happened if you were a man. If you saw her with the eyes of a woman, the results were of quite another kind. In that case, you merely turned to your nearest female friend, and said, with unaffected pity for the other sex, "What can the men see in her!"

The eyes of the lady of the house and the eyes of the governess met, with marked distrust on either side. Few people could have failed to see, what the stranger and the friend had noticed

allike—that there was something smoothering under the surface here. Miss Silvester spoke first. "Thank you, Lady Lundie," she said. "I would rather not play." Lady Lundie assumed an extreme surprise

which passed the limits of good-breeding.
"Oh, indeed?" she rejoined, sharply. "Considering that we are all here for the purpose of playing, that seems rather remarkable. Is any thing wrong, Miss Silvester?"

A finsh appeared on the delicate poleness of Miss Silvester's face. But she did her duty as a woman and a governess. She submitted, and so preserved appearances, for that time.

"Nothing is the matter," she answered. "I am not track well this morning. But I will also

am not very well this morning. But I will play if you wish it."
"I do wish it," answered Lady Lundie.

Miss Silvester turned aside toward one of the entrances into the summer-house. She waited for events, looking out over the lawn, with a visible inner disturbance, marked over the bosom by the rise and fall of her white dress.

It was Blanche's turn to select the next player. In some preliminary uncertainty as to her choice, she looked about among the guests, and caught the eye of a gentleman in the front ranks. He stood side by side with Sir Patrick—a striking representative of the school that is among us—as Sir Patrick was a striking representative of the school that has passed away.

The modern gentleman was young and florid, tall and strong. The parting of his curly Saxon locks began in the centre of his forehead, traveled over the top of his head, and ended, rightly-cen-tral, at the raddy mape of his neck. His features were as perfectly regular and as perfectly unintel-ligent as human features can be. His expression preserved an immovable composure wonderful to behold. The muscles of his browny arms showed through the sleeves of his light summer coat. He was deep in the chest, thin in the fanks, firm on the legs—in two words, a magnificent human animal, wrought up to the highest pitch of physical development, from head to foot. This was Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn—commonly called "the honorable; and meriting that distinction in more ways than one. He was honorable, in the first place, as being the son (second son) of that once-rising solicitor, who was now Lord Holchester. He was honorable, in the second piace, as hav-ing won the highest popular distinction which the educational system of modern England can be-stow—he had pulled the stroke-oar in a Universseem—ne man pailed the service-our in a University boat-race. Add to this, that nobody had ever seen him read any thing but a newspaper, and that nobody had ever known him to be backward in settling a bet—and the picture of this distinm setting a bet—and the picture of this distin-guished young Englishman will be, for the pres-cut, complete.

Blanche's eye naturally rested on him.
Blanche's voice naturally picked him out as the first player on her side.

"I choose Mr. Delemann." the art's

"I choose Mr. Delamayn," she sai

As the name passed her lips the flush on Miss Silvester's face died away, and a deadly paleness took its place. She made a movement to leave the summer-house-checked herself abruptlyand laid one hand on the back of a rustic sent at her side. A gentleman behind her, looking at the hand, saw it clench itself so suddenly and so fiercely that the glove on it split. The gentle-man made a mental memorandum, and registered Miss Silvester in his private books as

Meanwhile Mr. Delamsyn, by a strange coin-cidence, took exactly the same course which Miss Silvester had taken before him. He, too, at-

surveisor has a taken before him. He, too as-tempted to withdraw from the coming game.

"Thanks very much," he said. "Could you additionally honor me by choosing somebody else? It's not in my line."

Fifty years ago such an answer as this, ad-dressed to a lady, would have been considered inexcussibly impertinent. The social code of the inexcussibly impertinent. The social code of the present time halled it as something frankly amus-ing. The company laughed. Blanche lost ber

"Can't we interest you in any thing but severe muscular exertion, Mr. Delamayn?" she asked, sharply. "Must you always be pulling in a sharply. If you boat-race, or flying over a high jump? If you had a mind, you would want to relax it. You have get muscles instead. Why not relax them?"

The shafts of Miss Lundie's bitter wit glided off Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn like water off a duck's

back.

"Just as you please," he said, with stolid good-humor.

"Den't be offended. I came here with ladies—and they wouldn't let me smoke. I miss my smoke. I thought I'd slip away a bit and have it. All right! I'll play."

"Oh! smoke by all means!" retorted Blanche.

44 I shall choose somebody clse. I won't have you!

The honorable young gentleman looked un-affectedly relieved. The petulant young lady turned her back on him, and surveyed the guests at the other extremity of the summer-

Who shall I choose?" she said to herself. A dark young man—with a face berned gipey-brown by the sun; with something in his look and manner suggestive of a roving life, and per-haps of a familiar acquaintance with the sen—adced shyly, and said, in a whisper:

Blanche's face broke prettily into a charming smile. Judging from appearances, the dark young man had a place in her estimation peculiarly his own.

"You!" she said, coquettishly. "You are going to leave us in an hour's time!" He ventured a step nearer. "I am coming

going to leave us in an hour's time!"

He ventured a step nearer. "I am coming back," he gleaded, "the day after to-morrow."

"You play very badly!"

"I might improve—if you would teach me."

"Might you? Then I will teach you!" Shumed, bright and row, to ber step-mother. "choose Mr. Arnold Brinkworth," she said.

Here, again, there appeared to be something in a name unknown to celebrity, which nevertheless produced its effect—not, this time, on Miss Silvester, but on Sir Patrick. He looked at Mr. Brinkworth with a sudden interest and curiceity. If the lady of the house had not claimed his attention at the moment he would evidently have

spoken to the dark young man.

But it was Lady Lundie's turn to choose a

Manager Tree

second player on her side. Her brother-in-law was a person of some importance; and she had her own motives for ingratiating herself with the bead of the family. She surprised the whole com-pany by choosing Sir Patrick.
"Mamma!" cried Blanche. "What can you

be thinking of? Sir Patrick won't play. Croquet wasn't discovered in his time.

Sir Patrick never allowed "his time" to be made the subject of disparaging remarks by the younger generation without paying the younger

generation back in its own coin.
"In my time, my dear," he said to his nicce,
"people were expected to bring some agreeable
quality with them to social meetings of this sort. In your time you have dispensed with all that. Here," remarked the old gentleman, taking up quet mallet from the table near him, one of the qualifications for success in modern society. And here, he added, taking up a ball, is another. Very good. Live and learn. I'll play! I'll play!"

Lady Lundie (born impervious to all sense of

irony) smiled graciously.
"I knew Sir Patrick would play," she said,

Sir Patrick bowed with satirical politenes "Lady Lundie," he answered, "you read me like a book." To the astonishment of all persons present under forty he emphasized th words by laying his hand on his heart, and quoting poetry. "I may say with Dryden, added the gallant old gentleman:

"'Old as I am, for indice' love unfit, The power of beauty I remember yet."

Lady Lundie looked unaffectedly shocked.

Delamayn went a step farther. He inter-Mr. Delamayn went a step farther. He inter-fered on the spot—with the air of a man who feels himself imperatively called upon to perform blic duty.

"Dryden never said that," he remarked, "I'll answer for it."

Sir Patrick wheeled round with the help of his lvory cane, and looked Mr. Delamayn hard "Do you know Dryden, Sir, better than I do?" be asked.

he asked.

The Honorable Geoffrey answered, modestly,
"I should say I did. I have rowed three races
with him, and we trained together."

Sir Patrick looked round him with a sour smile

"Then let me tell you, Sir," he said, "that you trained with a man who died nearly two hundred years ago."

Mr. Delamayn appealed, in genuine bewilder-

sur. Leasman appeased, in genuine bewilder-ment, to the company generally:

"What does this old gentleman mean?" he asked. "I am speaking of Tom Dryden, of Corpus. Every body in the University knows him."

"I am speaking," echoed Sir Patrick, "of John Dryden the Poet. Apparently, every body in the University does not know him?"

Mr. Delamayn answered, with a cordial earn estness very pleasant to see :

estness very pressant to see:

"Give you my word of honor, I never heard
of him before in my life! Don't be angry, Sir.
I'm not offended with you." He smiled, and
took out his brier-wood pipe. "Got a light?"
he asked, in the friendliest possible manner.
Sir Patrick answered, with a total absence of

"I don't smoke, Sir." Mr. Delamayn looked at him, without taking the slightest offense: You don't smoke!" he repeated. "I won-

der how you get through your spare time?"

Sir Patrick closed the conversation:

"Sir," he said, with a low bow, "you may

While this little skirmish was proceeding Lady Lundie and her step-daughter had organized the game; and the company, players and spectators, Patrick stopped his niece on her way out, with the dark young man in close attendance on her. "Leave Mr. Brinkworth with me," he said. "I want to speak to him."

Blanche issued her orders immediately. Mr. Brinkworth was sentenced to stay with Sir Petrick until she wanted him for the game. Mr. Brinkworth wondered, and obeyed.

During the exercise of this act of authority a circumstance occurred at the other end of the amer-house. Taking advantage of the confusion caused by the general movement to the lawn, Miss Silvester suddenly placed herself close to Mr. Delamayn.

in lar Detamayn,
"In ten minetes," she whispered, "the sum-mer-house will be empty. Meet me here."

The Honorable Geoffrey started, and looked furtively at the visitors about him.

"Do you think it's safe?" he whispered back. The governess's sensitive lips trembled, with fear or with anger, it was hard to say which.
"I insist on it!" she answered, and left him.

Mr. Delamaya knitted his handsome eyebrows as he looked after her, and then left the summer-house in his turn. The rose-garden at the back of the building was solitary for the mo-ment. He took out his pipe and hid himself among the roses. The smoke came from his mouth in hot and hasty puffs. He was usually the gentlest of masters—to his pipe. When he harried that confidential servant, it was a sure sign of disturbance in the inner man,

PARAGUAY.

Thu so-called republic of Paraguay is in reality a despotism, ruled by a tyrant who has no parallel in modern times but Ali Pasha; and the allies have addressed themselves to his destruc-tion with a seal and effect which are very likely to bring about the extermination of his subjects

When this man's rule began, Paragusy was a

rtile country; the old Jesuit settlement called the Missiones, in particular, was a rich and beau-tiful province, celebrated for its productiveness, Comfortable homesteads and innumerable hords Comfortable homesteads and innumerable herds of cattle were to be seen there, but now it is a desolute wilderness, without an inhabitant; and in the other parts of the country, where population still exists, the people are in the extremity of want and misery. The rivers of Paragnay present the flat and desolute appearance peculiar to the giant streams of the great continent of America. America. Water-fowl, vultures, and alligators have undisputed lodgings on the banks, and long lapses of distance lie between the towns; for in-stance, after leaving Corrientes, there is not a states, after leaving correlates, there is not a town for three hundred miles. Asuncion, the capital city, is picturesque, irregular, tawdry, and unfinished, the fine of I Spanish houses having been replaced by buildings more to the taste of Lopez, a semi-tarbarian in that as in every thing else. Public buildings are falling into decay be-fore they are half built, and min is written as fore they are half built, and ruin is written on every thing. There was a so-called Public Lievery thing. There was a so-called Public I-i-brary, but the books were nearly all theological, and few persons were ever seen reading there. Lopex, however, found a characteristic use for the books—he had them cut up for rocket and squib cases.

the state of the s

The Paraguayans are a handsome people, and the native costume of both sexes is beautiful, but it is abandoned almost entirely to the use of the lower classes. They are very ignorant, especially the women; and their lives are wretched, ac-cording to our ideas, though it is to be presumed they like them, or did like them, until they came to learn the unmitigated misery of prolonged and merciless war. The country has always been in merciess war. The country has always been in the worst political condition possible to its in-stitutions for the time being; so bad, that its probable extinction—a design with which "peo-ple who know" credit the allies, and which Lopez has certainly done his best to forward—would has certainly done his best to forward—would really appear to be the best thing that could happen to it. Francis, the first President of the Republic after the Spanish yoke had been thrown off, did much good, though he was a ruthless ty-rant, who might have been the model mouster had there been no Lopez. Terribly severe and irritable, and, haunted by a constant fear of as-sassination and revolt, he became, in his later wars, a moody, bitter, and cruel tyrant, above. years, a moody, bitter, and cruel tyrant, abso-lutely without a friend, or a single joyous hour. Francia ruled alone, and with irresponsible power, for twenty-six years, and died on Christmas-day, 1840, at the age of seventy-eight. He was buried in the Iglesta de la Incarnacion, the old-est church in Asuncion, in a tomb built on the est church in Asuncion, in a tomb built on the floor of the choir. The next morning the bricks were found scattered around in all directions, and his body had disappeared. What became of it remains a secret: the trembling people believed the Evil One had carried it away during the night; but it is peobable the alligators could have solved the mystery. The terrible dread his very name inspired did not die with him. "A native," says Mr. Masterman, "will never willingly speak of "el muerto," as they call him, and to this day will look round fearfully if Francis be mentioned, and only to intimate friends will tell tales of his cruel deeds and supernatural and to this day will look round fearfully if Fran-cia be mentioned, and only to intimate friends will tell tales of his cruel deeds and supernatural wisdom." The implicit obedience to which he tamed the people rendered them passive in the hands of his successors. They were perfectly submissive to Don Carlos Lopez, a man of very low birth and mixed blood, who was a tolerably good governor, for a Spanish American ruler not created and though impressions rules and overcruel, and, though imperious, rude, and over-bearing, tolerably just. He died in 1862, and his son Francisco was "elected" as his successor. On this occasion he appears to have inaugurated

"The election was but a farce. The deputies from the minety-two partedes of the republic mot in the capital, and sat in the Cabildo, which was surrounded by a strong body of troops, command-ed by the very man who asked their votes; and of course all free action, or even discussion, was out of the question. One member, it is true, out of the question. One memory, it is true, has the temerity to say that the office of President was declared by the 'organic law' of the country not to be hereditary, and that therefore Don Francisco was not eligible: he was listened to in ominous silence. Another suggested that the present was a good opportunity for modifying the laws of the country; when he was angrily told to hold his tongue by Lopez himself, who reminded the deputies that they had not met to consider the laws of the country, but to elect a new Pres-ident. That same night both disappeared, and have not been heard of since. It is almost superfluous to add that the next day 'the citizen Francisco Solano Lopez' was unanimously chosen Gefe Supremo y General de los Exercitos de la Republica del Paraguay.

There was much formal joy; and many forced stivals, which cost large sums of money, were held throughout the country; and the new Pros-ident began immediately to increase the army, having already raised his own salary to a much larger sum than his father's. There are those who believe that Lopez inaugurated the war with deliberate personal motives from the first, and give the following explanation, which in-troduces us to the inevitable female element in this strange story: "From Paris, in 1857, Lopez returned, and imported two novelties—the French uniform for officers, and a mistress for himself; the latter a most fatal step in his life, as that lady occupied, eventually, a very prominent place in Paraguayan affairs, and was, I believe, by her evil counsels, the remote cause of the terrible war which has utterly depopulated the country. She is of Irish parentage, but was born in France, and was married to a surgeon in the French and was married to a surgeon in the French army, who still lives, so I will not give his real name; that by which his wife is known in Paragusy is Madame Eloisa Lynch. She is a tall, stout, and remarkably handsome woman; and I could well believe the story, that when she land-

Marie Control of the Control of the

ed in Asuncion, the simple natives thought her charms were of more than earthly brilliancy, and charms were of more than earthly brilliancy, and her dress so sumptuous that they had no words to express the admiration they both excited. She had received a showy education—spoke English, French, and Spanish with equal facility; gave capital dinner-parties, and could drink more Champagne without being affected by it than any one I have ever met with. A clever, selfish, and most unscrupulous woman, the infinence she exed over a man so imperious, so weak, and so vain as Lopez was immense. With admira-ble tact, she treated him with the utmost respect and deference, while she could really do with him as she pleased, and virtually was the ruler of Paraguay. She had two ambitious projects the first, to marry him; the second, to make him the 'Napoleon of the New World.' The first was a difficult one, for her husband, being a Frenchman, could not sue for a divorce; but a Frenchman, could not sue for a divorce; but should the second succeed, it would not be very hard, perhaps, to procure a dispensation, and her equivocal position would be changed for a secure one. Therefore, she gradually but insidiously imbued Lopes with the idea that he was the greatest soldier of the age, and flattered the vain, credulous, and groedy savage into the belief that he was destined to raise Paraguay from obscurity, and make it the dominant power of South America." er of South America.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Moss Wise on most Werries!—An English elec-gyman went to an hotel to order a finner for a num-ber of elected friends. "May I sak, Sir," demand-d the waiter, gravely, "whether the party is High Church or Low Church?"
"Now, what on eath," cried the electrons in the

"Now, what on earth," cried the clergyman, "do
my friends' coloites matter to you?"

"A great deal, Sir," rejoined the waiter, "if High
Charch, I mest provide more wine; if Low Church,
more wittles."

POPULAR DIRT OF UTAH-Spare rib.

A lady, out with her little boy and girl, bought the boy a rubber balloon, which escaped him, and few up in the sir. The girl, seeing tears in his eyes, said; "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heav-en you'll dit it."

Secreme.—"My dear," said Mr. B.— to his wife, while his smilling countenance indicated the consciousness of having done a good action, "I have just had my life inserred for your benefit," "Well, I declare," said Mrs. B.— looking round upon her family and friends with an expression of injured innocence, "just to think of the selfabness of men, and particularly of husbands." There, you have been and had your life insured, while your poor wife may go without any insurance on hers. It's just what I would expect of you."

It is said ironically, perhaps that blacksmiths forge and steel every day.

People who let the grees grow under their feet-

Editors ought to be able to live chesp—they get bored" for nothing.

An ex-devil of a country printing-office was questioned as to the duties of a "printer's devil." He replied, "To bring in clean water, carry out dirty we ter, steal wood, lie, and numerous other articles."

POPPING CORN. We were popping corn, Sweet Kitty and I; It danced about, And it danced up high. And it descred up high.
The embers were bot
In their flery light,
And it went up brown
And it came down white.
White and beautiful.
Crimped and curled,
The pretriest fairy dance
In the world!
The embers were hot
In their dery light,
And it came down white.

And it came down white.

many a time are the embers!

Ah, many a time are the embers hot, And the human spirit can brook it o Yet forth from the fervent, flery light Cometh transform'd and enrob'd in wi

A sinderit was under examination once, at the College of Surgeons, when a hypothetical case was submitted, its various stages described, and the mode of treatment required. At last came the crisis: "Now, Str." said Sir A. C., "what would you do!" "Sir," replied the pupil of Esculapins, "I would send for you."

A sufferer complains that squeaking boots "mur-er sleep" in church.

"Mamma," said a little Feench girl, "do cats have souls?" "Why, durling?" "Because I should like to have my cat's soul always in heaven with mine." And then, after a memoric reflection, "Why, of course, all the cats' souls must be in heaven to catch the rate' souls."

The following notice was posted on a large box, which passed over one of the great through lines of a railroad a few days since: "Haggage smatters are requested to bendle this box with care, as it contrins nitro gives rine, Greek fire, gan cotton, and two live gotillas!" The box was not broken.

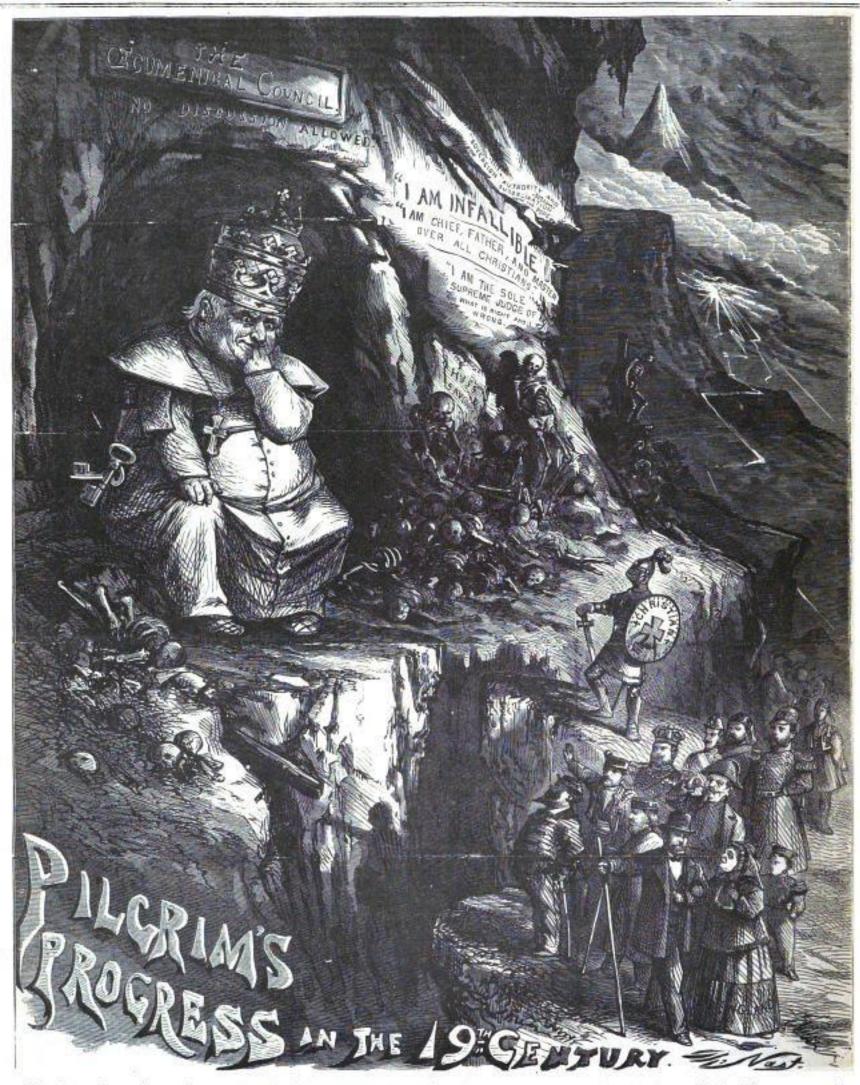
Lines taken from a hymn-book, which a young lady regulatedly left behind her in a chapel;

I look in valo—be does not come Dear, dear, what shall I do! I can not listen as I ought Unless he listens too!

He might have come as well as not!
What plagues these fellows are!
I'll bet he's fest salesp at home,
Or smoking a cigar!

The following is the latest marriage extension as suggested for marriages de contension: Pricet to belde-groom, aged sixty — "Do you marry this woman under any dehision?" "No." "Are you hald?" "Yes." "Any teeth?" "No." "Do you wear family "Yes." "Any teeth?" "No." "Do you wear family "Yes." "You believe in rheamaslem and have faith in goot?" "Yes." "You are attacky bored and incapable of being samused?" "Yes." "You care for nobody but yourneaff?" "Yes." "You care for nobody but yourneaff?" "Cartainly not." "Net for your bride?" "Naturally not." "Very good; then you two are united in the name of the law. Make her happy, as she will others."

An old tobacco chower finds that the Hible sustains his theorite habit. He quotes: He that is fifthy, let him be flithy still.]



" Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of the valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of Pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and, while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied, a little before me, a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time, by whose power and tyranny the men, whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. By this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered: but I have learned since, that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other,

many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his Cave's mouth grinning at Pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he can not come at them.

"So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet, at the sight of the Old Man that sat in the mouth of the Cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spoke to him, though he could not go after him, saying, 'You will never mend till more of you be burnt!' but he held his peace, and set a good face on it, and though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the so went by, and catched no hurt."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

"The governments of Europe which recognize the Roman Catholic Church as the State Church, generally expect that the Council will take some new action on questions directly affecting the relation of the Church to the State, and that claims will be asserted which not a single government is likely to accept or officially to recognize."—Daily Papers.

THE SALE OF INDULGENCES.

Anour three centuries and a half ago Pope LEO X., finding himself in rather straitened cir-cumstances, and unable, in consequence, to grat-ify his luxurious tastes, resolved to replenish his exhausted purse by the sale of indulgences for sins on a scale never ventured on before, veiling the true reason for this step under the present that funds were wanted to complete the church of St. Peter, at Rome. Three head-commission-ers were appointed to superintend the business in different parts of Europe, with a host of subor-dinates to work under their direction among the

which the infant Jesus was cradled at Nazareth. Among the people who pressed about him was the hostess of the inn, who kneeled and kissed her own hay as a precious relic. Another seller ser own may as a precious rese. Another seller of indulgences exclaimed to a crowd of listen-ers at Baden: Ecos volunt !—(See, they fly !)— pointing to a cloud of feathers thrown out of the church-tower by a confederate, which he assured the gaping crowd were souls released from pur-

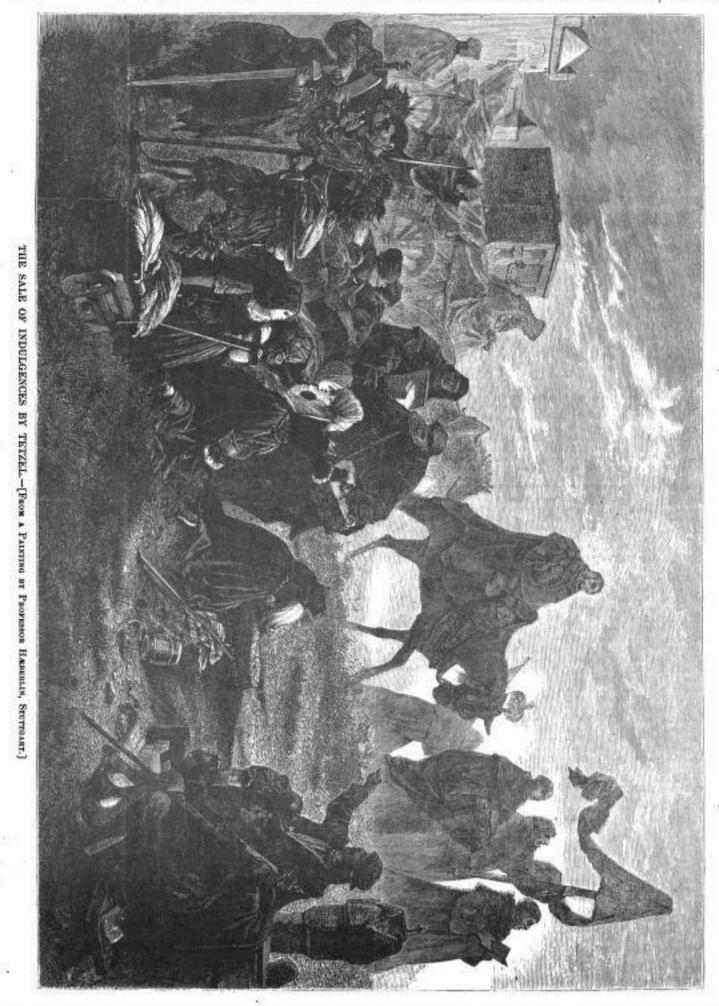
Indulgences were granted for the commission of the worst of crimes. By the present of a mag-nificent horse an officer procured indulgence not only for himself but for a hand of five hundred

that two-thirds of the immense sums raised by the sale of indulgences should be retained to as-sist in defraying the expense of campaigns against the Turks. The common people also, who, for-tunately for the interests of morality and religion, were far better than the priesthood of the time, soon learned to regard Terzez, and his fellows with dislike and suspicion; and even before Letricu's open exposure of his wickedness his influence among them was rapidly declin-

TETZEL, it would seem, had overacted his part, and brought himself into disgrace with his superiors. The infamy of his proceedings at length

moralities, and should report him at Rome for censure. This was in 1518. Therest immediately sought refuge in flight. His terrore brought upon him a severe illness, from which he never recovered. He died the following year in the Dominican cloister at Leipsic.

Our engraving, from a picture by Professor Hardanan, of Sintigart, represents the monk Thereat, in the beyday of his popularity. A group of soldiers are studying the license they have just bought. Pensant women perse toward him for the coveted indilgence which money alone can procure, or to purchase the release of some departed soul from purgatory.



people. One of these subordinates, Terzel by name, soon achieved an unenvisible notoriety by the shameless manner in which he drove his the shameless manner in which he drove his corrupting traffic among the German peasantry. He must have been corrupt, indeed, to surpass his follows in wickedness. All vied with each other in shameless wit and scandal. Manzet relates, in his "History of Germany," that a monk, by the name of Isatis, curried shout with him a feather which he declared had been placked from the wing of the Archangel Michael! Having had the misfortune to lose this at the village of Aldingen, he procured a handful of hay from the tavern barn, and gave out that it came from the stall in

soldiers under his command. Theren, himself carried about with him a picture representing the Prince of Darkness torturing souls in the lake of Prince of Darkness torturing soals in the lake of fire; and had a couplet engraved on his money-box, setting forth that, as soon as the chink of the coin was heard in-ide, the soul for whom it was paid was released from torment. He be-came so lost to shame that he would sell in-dulgences for the commission of murder, or any other capital crime, for any sum he could squeeze out of a customer. But his popularity was of short duration. The Imperial Government took slarm at the constant outflow of money from Germany into the papal coffers; and decreed

became so notorious that a commissioner was sent from Rome to examine into his conduct. Dreading the inquiry, TETZEL refused to appear when sum-moned before the commissioner at Altenburg, on the ground that he had been warned against the adherents of LUTHER at that place; but afterward, at Augsburg, he was subjected to a rigid examinat Augsburg, he was subjected to a rigid examin-ation by the commissioner, by whom he was se-verely reprimanded for his immorality, threaten-ed with the displeasure of the Holy Father, and with expelsion from his order. The commis-sioner appears to have been horror-struck with the results of his investigation. He wrote to a friend that he had detected TRIZEL in many im-

The very beggars hail his approach; for Tar-zzz.'s wares cost him nothing, and he will gauge his price to the condition of the purchaser. The picture derives additional interest from the fact that, in view of the meeting of the Œcumenical Council at Rome on the 8th of December, the Pope has this year decreed an indulgence in the form of a jubiloe, promising plenary indulgence and remission of sins to all the faithful who shall recite, in designated places before the meeting of the Council, a certain number of prayers "for the conversion of souls, and the peace, tranquillity, and triumph of the Roman Catholic Church."

"wortheaster

IN THE FALL.

The old antennal stillness holds the wood:

This mist of autumn makes the day a dream;
And country sounds fall faint, half understood
. And half unbeeded, as to sick men seem
The volces of their friends when death is near, And earth grows reguer to the tired ear.

At soft gray dawns and softer evening ends.
The air is echoless and dull with dawn;
And leaves hang loose, and whosoever wends.
It is way through woods is 'warr of altered hous.
And allen there; and off with hollow sound.
The obestnot busk falls ratiling to the ground.

Now comes the faint warm smell of fresh-built ricks And empty fields look up at empty skies, And smake floats sidelong from the burning quicks, And low across the stanted stubble flos The whitring covey, till its wings have grown A marmur—then, a memory alone.

Now, haply on some sunless afternoon When brooding winds are whisp'ring to the leaves, Shrill twitter'd half-notes fill the air, and soon From farm-house thatch and only collage caves. The circling awallows call their caper broad. And straight fly south, by macen summers woo'd.

A certain sadoes claims these suturn days—
A sadoese sweeter to the poet's heart
Than all the full-fed joys and lavish rays
Of rips arms: old wounds, old woes, departs
Life calls a truce, and nature seems to keep
Herself a-bush to watch the world asleep.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Dibe Books .- Book EE.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUGH WILL NOT HE AMBITIOUS.

Anour the middle of June Mr. Frost departed Italy. He was only to be away a fortnight liest. He would then return to London; and, at first. He would then return to London; a if all went well, would go back to Naples in

He had been to Gower Street several times He had been to Gower Street several times se-fore leaving England. He had spoken to Hugh about his prospects, and had said that if matters succeeded with the company who were employ-ing him he should be able to offer Hugh a splen-did chance of distinguishing himself.

"But," said Hugh, "this great company will have a great architect of their own. There will he subscriptors. of course, to do the developer.

be subordinates, of course, to do the drudgery, and the big man will get the credit. I do not say that that is unfair. Big men have to earn their bigness, mostly, and I am the last follow in the world to gradge them what they've earned. Besides, I do not want to be wandering about the Continent. I have served my apprenticeship and learned my trade, and now I want to try to make a home for myself and a place in the world. I am not ambitiou

A man ought to be ambitious," said Mr.

There might be a good deal to be said on that subject. But at all events, a man ought not to say he is ambitious if he isn't."

His mother and Mr. Frost succeeded, however, in persuading Hugh to remain some months longer in his present position. He was engaged by Digby and West at a weekly salary, and no per-

Digny and west at a weekly salary, and no pur-manent arrangement had yet been come to. He would let things go on as they were for a while. Zillah had gained a repriere, but her anxieties remained active. At the best, she had trouble before her. If all went well, and her money— Hugh's money—were restored by the end of the year, it would still devolve on her to give her son some explanation as to this accession of fortune. some explanation as to this accession of fortune.

Her son's love and respect were very precious to her: even as her bushand's had been. She knew that Hugh inherited his father's stern ha-tred of deception. W. at would be say when he knew that his mother had concealed so import-ent a matter—and one which he surely had a right to be made acquainted with—all these years? And if he asked her, "Mother, why have you done this?" how should she answer

She was a woman of acute and observant in-telligence in most cases. In all that concerned her only son she was, of course, peculiarly quick to see and to understand. She knew that Hugh had fallen in love, and that his love was not the light, boyish foncy that Mr. Frost had tried to persuade her it would prove to be. Hugh had said no word to her on the subject, but there needed no word to convince her that she was right. And she liked Maud. She did not love her. She was not clingingly affectionate by na-ture, and all the love in her heart was absorbed by her son. But she had a kindly regard for the girl. She admired and approved her. She was get. See authors and appeared her. See was not gradging or unjust because this stranger with the deep bine eyes and golden hair had become paramount in Hugh's thoughts. She knew him to be steadfast and true; and she was well assured that neither lover nor wife would push her-self from her due place in her son's love and respect. But as she watched Hugh's growing love for Mand, the thought of falling from her own high honorable place in his regard became more and more painful and intolerable to her. Hugh had implicit faith in his mother's purity and geodness. She was his high model of wemon-hood; and he had often said to her, "I only hope my wife may be as good as my mother! I can't wish for any thing better." But could be still say so when he knew—?

There was a little human jealousy within her breast which made her feel that to humble herself now before Hugh, and say to him, "My see, I have sinned. Forgive me!" would be to yield to that other woman whom he loved a too absolute supremacy; to abdicate in her favor the sole pride and glory of her pas. She did not hate Mand for stealing Hugh's beart. The wife would be nearest and dearest; that she was resign if not content, to bear. She would still be honored mother. But she thought she would come to hate Mand if Hugh ever were to diminish by one tota his tribute of filial reverence. And all this time Maud knew no more of the position she occupied in the thoughts of the mother and son than we any of us know of the place e hold in each other's minds. After the party at Mr. Lovegrove's Mand had

criously begged her aunt not to take her out to

uny similar gathering again.
"I would not say this, dear Aunt Hilda," said
Maud, "if I thought that you derived any gratification from the society of those people. But I
watched you the other night, and I saw—I fancied-that you looked very weary and uninter-

"Not uninterested as long as my pet was there. I like to see ye admired, Maud." "Admired! Dear Aunt Hölda—"

"Weil I know, I grant ye, that the folks there were not of the class you ought to associate with. And if I were but in my rightful and proper posi-tion, what a delight it would be for me to present ye to the world you were born to live in! But as to presenting, my dear child, sure how would I go to court in a street cab? and living in Gower Street! I don't say any thing against it, and some of the old family mansions are in drearier places; but, after all, you know, there would be a degree of incongruity about attempting to en-tertain, or any thing of that sert, in a ledging of this kind; and ye know, Maud, he barely allows me enough for the necessaries of life as it is. Some women would run him into debt. But I couldn't bring myself to do that-barring abso-

hate necessity: not to mention that I'd have to bear all the bullying and annoyance, seeing that he's safe and comfortable away beyond seas!" Mand endeavored to persuade her aunt that it was no feeling of pride which rendered her unwas no teering of prote which residered her un-willing to go to the Lovegroves. She disclaimed such a sentiment with much warmth. No: it was simply that the people she met there were uncongenial to her. That might be partly her own fault, but the fact remained so.

Mand did not say that the anxiety of suspense about Veronica made it irksome to her to see strangers. It was a subject that could not be mentioned between her aunt and herself. But as the weeks were on, and no answer came to her letter, her heart sank. She had scarcely been aware how strong a hope had sprung up within her on the receipt of Veronica's letter, until she began to measure the depth of her dis-appointment as the time rolled by and brought

o further communication.
In the old days at Shipley Mand would have In the old days at shapery mann would menioved the oddity and newness of the society she had met at the Lovegroves. But now such enjoyment was impossible to her. She was conscious of nervously shrinking from a new face, of nervously dreading a chance word which migh touch on the still recent shame and sorrow that had befallen them all, as a wounded person starts away from the approach of even the gentlest hand lest it should lay itself unawares upon his hurt.

Mr. Frost's sodden mention of his proposed journey to Italy had disturbed her for this rea-son: though she told herself how absurd and weak it was to be so disturbed. Hundreds of people went to Italy, of course; many even of people went to Italy, of course; many even of the few people she knew were likely enough to do so. But in the frequent silent direction of her thoughts toward Veronica she had grown to associate her entirely with the word "Italy," as though that country held but one figure for all men's observation!

The question persistently presented itself to her mind; Did Mr. Frost know the story of Veronica? Was he aware who the man with whom she had fied?

Something a little forced and unnatural in Mr. something a little forced and unnatural in Mr. Frost's manner of introducing the subject of his approaching journey had struck her. Why should he have selected her to speak to respecting Hugh Lockwood's prospects? Had he had any purpose in his mind of sounding her respecting her feeling toward Veronica, and had he chosen this excess for siving her the information that he case for giving her the information that he was bound for Italy?

The impossibility of discussing this matter with her aunt, and the necessity she was under of shutting herself up from the consolation of sympathy or companionship regarding it, made her morbidly sensitive. She broaded and tormented herself.

At last she took a resolution: she would speak to Mrs. Lockwood. That the latter had she was well convinced. But even were that not so, Mrs. Lockwood would have heard it all from Hugh. Mr. Frost was the Lockwoods' old and intimate friend. Maud resolved to speak to Mrs. Lockwood. One afternoon after their early din-ner she stole down stairs, leaving Lady Tallis asleep according to custom. Her tap at the par-lor door was answered by Mrs. Lockwood's soft

voice, saying, "Come in;" and she entered.

Mrs. Lockwood sat at the table, with an account-book before her. She looked, Mand thought, eld and harassed.

"Do J disturb you, Mrs. Lockwood? Please say so, if I do; and I will take another oppor-

"You don't disturb me in the least, my dear Miss Desmond. I have just finished my ac-counts for the month. Do sit down and tell me what I can do for you. There is nothing the matter with my lady?" she added, hastily, look-

ing at Mand's face.
"Nothing, nothing. Do not let me startle you. I wanted to take the liberty of speaking to you in confidence—may I?"

Mrs. Lockwood took off the speciacles she

was wearing, passed her hands over her fore-

head and eyes, and answered, quietly, "Pray

speak."

Her manner was not tender nor encouraging, nor even very cordial; but it nerved Mand bet-ter than a too great show of feeling would have

done. In a few words she told Mrs. Lockwood what Mr. Frost had said to her at the Lovogroves' about his journey to Italy, and so forth.
"Now what I wanted to ask you was this, "Now what I wanted to ask you was this, said Maud: "You know Mr. Frost well, and I do not; do you suppose he had any special motive in eaying all this to me, a total stranger?"

"Any special motive?" repeated Mrs. Lockwood, reddening, and looking, for her, singular-

ly embarrassed.

"I mean—what I mean is this, Mrs. Lock-wood: the story of the great scerow and afflic-tion that has befallen the home that was my home from the time I was a little child until the other day, is known to you. I am afraid—that is, no doubt it is known to many, many other people. Is Mr. Frost one of those who know it? And did be mean to learn any thing or tell any thing about Veronica when he spoke to me of

going to Italy?"
"Oh!" said Mrs. Lockwood, drawing a long breath and then covering her mouth with one white, delicate hand. "You were not thinking

of yourself, then, Miss Desmond?"
"Of myself? What could Mr. Frost's plans be to me, or why should be care that I should know them?"

It was of Hugh he spoke, I thought. to me as of something that it concerned me to know! I think of Veronica so constantly, and I am obliged to lock my thoughts up from Amt Hilda so jealously, that perhaps I grow morbid. But I thought you would forgive my speaking to

As to Mr. Frost, I can answer you in two "As to Mr. Frest, I can answer you in two words. He knows from the Lovegroves that you have left Mr. Levincourt's house because his daughter ran away under particularly painful circumstances. But if your aunt has been discreet" (it was a large "if," and Zillah plainly showed that she knew it was so), "neither the Lovegroves nor Mr. Frost know the name of the man she was a switch. It has been a subject man she ran away with. It has been a subject of gossip, truly, but not in the circles of society where the Lovegroves move. Sir John Gale has lived so long out of England that he is almost

forgotten."
"Thank you, Mrs. Lockwood," said Mand,

"I infer from what you say that you have ome reason to believe that your guardian's

some reason to believe that your guardian's daughter is at present in Italy?"

"Oh yes, I forgot that you did not know.
I—I had a letter from her."

Mrs. Lockwood raised her sysbrows and look-

ed at Mand attentively.
"I know I can trust you not to mention this to my scant. You understand how impossible it is for me to speak of Veronica to her. Annt Hilda is kind and gentle, and yet, on that subject, she speaks with a harshness that is very painful to me."

" Lady Tallis has been infamously treated." "You must understand, if you please, Mrs. Lockwood, that I have told Mr. Levincourt of my letter. It is only a secret from Aunt Hilds."
"You were very fond of this young lady?"
said Zillah, with her eyes observantly fixed on

Mand's changing face,
"Yes," answered Mand. Then the tears gathered to her eyes, and for the moment she

could say no more.

"Your fondness has not been destroyed by
this miserable business?" pursued Zillah.

Mand silently shook her head, and the tears fell faster.

"Would you see her and speak to her again if you could? Would you hold out your hand, to her?" Mrs. Lockwood, as she spoke, kept her mouth concealed beneath her hand, and her eyes on

Mand was aware of a certain constraint in the elder woman's tone. She thought it sounded

disapproving, almost stern.
"Oh, Mrs. Lockwood," she eried, in much

agitation, "do not judge her too hardly! You have such a lofty standard of duty; your son has told me how excellent your life has been; he is so proud of you. But do not be too hard on her. If the good have no pity for her, what will be-come of her? I do not defend her. She failed in her duty toward her father; but she has been most basely and cruelly deceived, I am sure of

"Deceived by her great love and faith in this man?" said Zillah, unwaveringly preserving the same look and attitude.

Mand grew very pale, and drooped her head.

Zillah removed her hand from her mouth, and, clasping both hands, rested them on the table before her. When her mouth was no longer concealed, she cast her eyes down, and ceased to look at Mand while she spoke.
"See now, Miss Desmond," said she, in her

soft voice, "how unequally justice is meted out in this world! Once I know a girl—little more the this world! Once I knew a girl—little more than a child in years—very ignorant, very unpreceeted, and very confiding. She was not a handsome, hanghty young lady, living in a respectable home. This girl's associates were all low, vile people. She was not by nature vicious or wicked, but she loved with her whole childish, inexperienced heart, and she fell. She was 'most basely and cruelly decrived — I quote your 'most basely and cruelly deceived'—I quote your words. It was neither vanity nor valuglory that led her astray—nothing but simple, blind, misplaced affection. Well, nobody piried her, no-body cared for her, nobody helped her. If you, or any delicately nurtured young lady like you, had met her in the street, you would have drawn your garments away from the contamination of her touch."

"No, no, no! Indeed you wrong me! If I had known her story I should have pitied her from the hottom of my beart."

Trom the notion of my heart.

Zillah proceeded without heeding the interruption. "And all her sufferings—they were
scote—I knew her very well—could not atone,
Her fault (I use the word for want of a better. Where fault lay, God knows-perhaps

"Ob, Mrs. Lockwood!"
"Do I shock you? That girl'
her through life—still pursues her
"Is she alive?" That girl's fault pursued

"Alive? No; I think she is dead, that girl. Her ghost walks sometimes. But another woin some respects a very different woman, inherits her legacy of trouble and shame and sor-row. That seems hard. But if you tell me that all life is hard; that we are blind to what is our bane or what our good, or uter any other fatalist dectrine, I can understand the reason and sequence of it. But when you preach to me that 'Conduct makes fate,' that we reap as we sow, and so forth, I point to these two cases.

The one an innocent—res, an isnocent—child; the other a well-educated, proud, beautiful, beloved young woman. The loving-hearted child is crushed and tortured and forseken. The or crusted and tortured and forsaken. The-forgive me, but I speak what you know to be true—the selfish, vain, arrogant, ambitions lady commits the same sin against the world, and is rich, petted, and pampered. The rough places are made smooth for her feet. People cry How sad! A lady! The daughter of a clergyman! Her friends hold out their hands to take her back. Even you - a pure, fresh, young creature like you—are ready to mourn over her, and to for-give and caress her with angelic sweetness and

pity."

Mand could not help perceiving that Mrs.
Lockwood was mentally visiting on Veronica the
hard usage of the poor betrayed young girl she
had spoken of. It seemed as though in proportion to the pity that she felt for that young girl, she grudged every pitying word that was bestow-ed on Veronics. Mand felt it very strange that it should be so; and she had almost a sense of guilt herself for having become aware of it. But her intellect was too clear for self-delusion, and, albeit most unwillingly, she could not but under-stand the spirit of Mrs. Lockwood's words, and

or repulsed by it.

"I think—" said Mand, gently, and turning her pale face full on Mrs. Lockwood: "I am young and inexperienced, I know, but I do think that having loved one suffering person very much should make us tender to other sufferers."

'Sufferers I" repeated Mrs. Lockwood, with a cold contempt, and closed her mouth rigidly when she had spoken.

she had spoken.

"Yes," answered Maud, firmly. The color rose very faintly in her cheek, and her blue eyes shooe. "My unhappy friend is a sufferer. Not the loss a sufferer because there is truth in some of the words you have applied to her. Pride and unhitten do not author such a fall as here." ambition do not soften such a fall as hers."

Again Mand could not help perceiving that Mrs. Lockwood was balancing Veronica's fate against the fate of the betrayed young girl: and that she derived a strange satisfaction from the suggestion that Veronica's haughty spirit could

suggestion that Veronica's haughty spirit could be tortured by humiliation.

"There would be a grain of something like justice in that," said Zillah, under her breath.

Mand withdrew with a pained feeling. Her mind had at first been relieved by the mere fact of uttering the name of one who dwelt so constantly in her thoughts. But Mrs. Lockwood's manner had so repulsed her that she inwardly resolved never again to approach the subject of Veronica's fate in speaking to her. But to her surprise the topic seemed to have a mysterious surprise the topic seemed to have a mysterious attraction for Mrs. Lockwood. Whenever she found herself alone with Maud she was sure,

sooner or later, to come round to it.

Once she said, after a long pause of silence, during which her fingers were busied with needie-work and her eyes cast down on it, "If that die-work and her eyes cast down on it, "If that poor young giri—she is dead now, you know— could have had a friend like you, Miss Desmond, years and years ago, it might have gone differ-ently with her. It would have given her courage to know that such a pure-hearted woman pitied rather than blamed her." rather than blamed her."
"I should think all honest hearts must be

filled with compassion at her story," answere Maud, in a low voice.

"Do you think a man's heart would be? Do you think that, for instance, my—my son's would

be?"
"Surely! Can you doubt it?"
"Poor girl! She was so ignorant of the world! She knew there was a great gulf between her and such as you are. She had never lived with good people. They were as distant from her as the inhabitants of the moon might be. If she had had a friend like you, Miss Desmond, that poor girl who is dead, it would have given her courage, and it might have gone differently with her."

GOVERNMENT AMONG HORSES.

When left to themselves, however well do-mesticated horses may have been while in a state of servitude, a rapid return to savage wildness characterizes their unrestrained freedom. But a regular form of government is soon developed, even with a small number of individuals, which even with a small number of individuals, which assumes marked proportions and exactness as the colony multiplies. As among men, one male gains an ascendency over all the others, and by general consent becomes commander-in-chief. A large, powerful stallion is at the head of affairs, which he retains even to old ago, notwithstanding the hot blood, spirit, and magnificent muscularity of large numbers of young stallions, whose

flowing manes and talls indicate the restlessness

of their condition.

Another curious circumstance is this, vix., that the stallion in command for the time being is, with a few exceptions, the father of a large proportion of the whole troop. At his death a service conflict of heels decides who shall be the and controller of the harem.

On the vast plains of South America, it is a magnificent exhibition to see a noble old veteran stallion parade three and four thousand horses in station parado tares and not thousand horses in line, and then, by a sign only known to wild horses, dismiss them for the day, when they scat-ter at all points to feed. That is a stampeds, and hence the origin of that word.

THE PLIGHTED TROTH.

Cw the sands, the yellow sands, Set two lovers musingly, Clasping tight each other's hands, Sedly looking toward the sea.

"I must sail in youder ship," Said the youth unto the maid;
"Ere to-morrow's sun shall dip,
From my sight the shore will fade;

"But my heart with thee will dwell, As it dwells by thee to-day, And I only say farewell To return and ever stay."

Then the maiden whispered low, "I shall think of thee, dear love; Joy may yet give place to woe, Still my heart will constant prove."

Years have come, and years have fied, Since the lovers made their vow; Fears arose and tears were shed— But they are united now,

Neath the ocean's ruthless wave, Buried deep, the sailor lies; O'er the maiden's grass-grown grave Soft and low the night-wind sighs.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SENDAY has not been generally observed in Prance by a complete cessation from labor. But now the working-classes desire to have an entire holiday, and working-classes desire to have an entire holiday, and some decisive measures are being taken to secure this object. The newspaper compositors of lilarer signed an agreement not to work on Sunday after the beginning of November; and it is said that compositors of Paris and other cities of France will do the same. Mechanics, clorks, and laborers in general favor the movement, which is warmly approved by the militaire section of the community.

The New York Society of Practical Engineers at a recent meeting discussed the subject of "Railway Dinasters"—their causes, and the means of preven-Dinasters"—their causes, and the means of preven-tion. A properly-constructed compound red, safety brakes, safety wheels and axies, properly-construct-ed cars, suitable care in signaling and telegraphing— these were some of the details considered. A new meshod of stopping a train by its own momentum was explained and recommended. It was remarked that the apathy of railroad companies was the great cause that prevented the adoption of efficient inven-tions for prevention of secidents. When the public really awakes to a thorough sense of the constant in-security attendant on our traveling arrangements, remodice will be devised.

remedies will be devised.

On Wednesday of last week the bronze status exected over the Hudson River Railroad Dépét, in honor of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbill, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. A large number of invited guests were present, and the prominent exercises were a prayer by Böthop Janes, an address by Mayor Hall, and a poem written for the occasion by William Ross Wallace. This work of art, which has before been described in detail to our readers, covers as area of \$125 square feet, measures about 120 feet in a straight line, and \$1 feet in extreme beight; weighs nearly 190,000 pounds, and cost over \$000,000. in a straight line, and it feet in extreme beight; weighs nearly 198,900 pounds, and cost over \$500,000. The stator itself is placed in the centre of a colossal bass-relief, which ingendously illustrates the arhierements of Vanderbilt, in connection with remarkable inventions of the present century, and also allegorically portrays the growth and prosperity of our Republic. Commodere Vanderbilt, the President of the New York Central and the Hodson River railroads, has been most successful in accumulating wealth; but this tribute to him is not a mare set of homage to immense riches. The remarkable traits of character which have made him a preminent man of the age, are weethy of califysation in young and old; and this memorial will serve to remind all that energy and perseverance seldom go unrewarded. and perseverance selfom go unrewarded.

Certain English students are carrying their spirit of experimental investigation a tride too far. At Rossall College, in North Lancashire, one of the col-Recasil College, in North Lancashire, one of the col-legians, Hogan by name, was observed to put some-thing into a singar-basin at breakfast-time, and short-ly afferward to make tender inquiries after the health of Mr. Sleip, a master connected with the establish-ment, who, fortunately, had left the sugar-basin un-touched, for on examination it was found to contain assentic. Mr. Hogan declared that he only put the assentic into the sugar out of curicetry, that he wanted to make an experiment, and considered Mr. Sleip the likeliest person to operate upon: It further appeared that he had more arsents in his possession. Under these circumstances the authorities of the college permitted young Mr. Hogan's father to take him away from the establishment. Outside of Utah, with its resident population of

away from the establishment.

Outside of Utah, with its resident population of about 120,000, New York city is probably the greatest centre of Mormon operations. Here is the grand depth of their entigration department; and Mormon agents and elders are constantly passing through the city on business of various kinds. Moreover, there is a regularly organized Mormon Branch Church in Williamsburg, which is, however, only a mere restingiance for a few stationary salats, who are shifting here chiefly for the purpose of assisting those converts who require aid before they can leave for headquarters. Scattered throughout various parts of Europe are Mormon "Conferences," comprising about 12,000 persons. Converts are added from time to

and the second of the

time, and when a company is ready to emigrate it is taken in charge by one of Brigham Young's agents, and brought directly to New York.

Dr. Joseph Jones, Secretary of the Southern His-torical Society, estimates that the grand total of deaths in the Southern army during the entire war did not fall short of 200,000.

Somebody has made the distressing discovery that very few college-graduates marry, and proposes that undergraduates marry to remedy the difficulty. It is said that one-fourth of the graduates of Yale have

"Be kind enough, my dear counts," said the Em-peror to Prince Rapoleon the other day, "to walk into my private cabinet. It will detain you only a short period, and I desire much to have a conversation short period, and I desire much to have a conversation with you." The Prince entered the cabinet, but the door remained ajar. Some dispatches were just then brought to the Emperor, and he waited to read them, after which he said to the Minister, "Eh, bien I Monsieur, and what other news have you got for me today?" "Ah, etc.," said the Minister, "Parts is excited about the extraordinary speech which his limperial Highness has made to the Senate. It is revolutionary in its character, and injurious to the dynasty." The Emperor remaining elient, he continued: "What a pity that you did not send the Prince to Mexico in the place of your harmiess Maximilian, who was the best friend of Prance! The Mexicans would have delivered you, by this time, from the most danwas the heat friend of France! The Mexicans would have delivered you, by this time, from the most dangerous enemyliving." "Pet!" add the Emperor, winking with his half-closed syss toward the door of the cabinet where the Prince waited. It was too late. Prince Nagoleon suddenly appeared at the door. With a strange, half-furious, half-sarcastic look, he measured the Minister with a sweep of his piercing cyes, bowed low to him, and stepped back again into the cabinet. The Minister was struck dumb with astenishment and terror, while the Emperor, without saving a word, quistly continued to turn his cigarette saying a word, quietly continued to turn his cigarette between his fingers. Such is a bit of Paris gossip, the like of which is continually floating through that

What a catch was that ! A fisherman of Montereau. Prance, captured a fish not long ago which was found to contain a magnificent breast-pin, ornamented with thirty precious stones—diamonds, rubies, supphires, and smeralds of extraordings, based on the and eneralds of extraordinary beauty. The breast-pin is valued by Paris jewelers at the fabricus sum of

George Peabody was strongly opposed to fraud in little matters as well as large ones. The conductor on an English railway once overcharged him a shil-ling for fare. He made complaint to the directors, and had the man discharged. "Not," said he, "that I could not afford to pay the shilling, but the man was cheating many travelers to whom the swindle would be oppressive." It is related of him that about twenbe oppressive." It is related of him that about twen-ty-five years ago he was so much pleased with an American lady visiting London that he offered ber his hand and fortune, which were accepted. Learning a short time afterward that she was already engaged—a fact of which she had kept him in ignorance—he re-bulsed her lack of sincertry, and broke off the engage-ment.

It is a significant fact that in answer to a recent ad-vertisement in one of the morning papers for a night-watchman no less than one thousand applications were received. Is this an index of the number who are destitute of employment?

are destitute of employment?

The Lessest treats the subject of rowing at length, showing that instead of the back being the carsenan's strong member, the power of his stroke is given by the great muscles of the buttock, the plate of the anatomist. According to this anthority, the rowing action is composed of two movements. The first is the srection of the trank from its stooping to a perpendicular position; and this is done, not by the srector spines, but by those powerful conta above-named, which we are whenever we raise cornelves from the sitting to the standing positive. The second movement is the week of the biceps and its assisting muscles, by which the arm is bent at the elbow joint to something less than a right angle. Upon the question whether the body should be straightened and the tion whether the body should be straightened and the tion whether the body should be straightened and the arm bent simultaneously or consecutively, authorities differ. Although time is gained by doing two things at coce, the Lenort is of opinion that the physical force of the body is hampered by the double action; and that the plustel, which do the heavy work, will contract with greater force and freedom, if they act singly and alone, than if they divide the available power of the body with the brackled muscles.

the body with the brachial muscles.

The Wall Street brokers, in a spirit of firn and mischief, unveiled a buriseque statue at the same hour when the geomine bronze memorial of Commodore Vanderbilt was receiving due bouors. The Stock Exchange was the scene of the wildest merriment during the indicrous ceremony. The first center was interrupted in the very beginning of his speech by a facetious broker who presented a bouquet of cabbages, which was acknowledged with the grace of a prima doma. Humorous silusions to the "Rafiroad King" and his doiner raised many merry shouts, and the donna. Humorous allusions to the ""Intiroad King" and his doings raised many merry shouts, and the programme included the singing of sundry joily songs. The whole affair closed with an expression of the greatest good feeling toward the Commedore.

Since the withdrawal of Père Hyacinthe from the order to which he belongs, it is forbidden to the barefooted Carmelites to preach in public.

M. Catacany, the new Minister from Russia to the United States, was been in Athens, his father being at that time the representative from Russia at the court of Greece. It is said that he succeeded in obcourt of Greece. It is said that he succeeded in ob-taining the appointment to the post of Minister to the United States in spite of the Emperor, with whom he is no favorite, through the influence of Prince Gortacha-toff. He is a man of intelligence and rioquence, and possesses in a marked degree the peculiar characterbeties of the Hussians.

The grandfather of the late Lord Derby originated the great race called the Berby. His father was the principal sporting poor of his day, and continued on the test up to the time of his death, which occurred at the age of eighty. The late fact owned many val-uable horses, and his death is an event in the sporting world. The facility sent at Koussier, in Leonarding. world. The family seat at Knowsley, in Lancashire, has had a race-horse breeding stud on it for a century, and many distinguished horses have been bred there.

Sainte-Beave, the celebrated critic, never fought but one duel. He quarreled once with a Mr. Dubois, and a meeting was appointed. Sainte-Beave arrived on the ground with an ancient fint-lock pixtol and an umbrella; and se it begen to rain, he at once unferied the latter implement. His adversary and the secondaryshemently protested, but Sainte-Pruve declared that

he had no objection to being killed, but he did not intend to get wet. So the duel west on, Sainte-B holding up his umbrella all the time. Four shots exchanged without injury to either combatant.

exchanged without injury to either combatant.

The pleasant ways in which a scrupolously regulated diet affects the physical as well as the moral man are infinite. A certain philosopher found that when he are moderately, and had brought himself into sound health, the same shoes were easy which had been tight. He studied a pair of shoes. He had a pair rather smaller than usual, which afforded him the opportunity of making his observations with great accuracy. Having purposely tried excess of diet, he found them so pathwill as to be unbarrable on the feet. But they were perfectly easy and comfortable when he are only that happy quantity—enough. He traces even come to indigestion.

The Expens Agricultural College has but accombined.

The Enness Agricultural College has just appointed a new Professor of Horticulture—Miss Mary Howey. This is a new field for woman's labors; but doubtless there are some who can manage it well and gracefully. We trust Miss Hovey's gardens will blossom inxertently. antly.

Donn Stanley records in his "History of Wests Dean Stanley records in his "History of Westmin-ster Abbey" a wild legend, yet one precious to those who love the Sabbath, as showing how sacred the Locd's day was held in the worst ages of the church, and in times long antecedent to the fall of Popery and the rise of Paritanism. The Abbey was conse-crated, so the legend runs, by a celestial being. The time of his appearance was a Sanday evening, and his form that of a man. He was ferried scross the Thames by a faberman whom he found engaged fashing for animon. So soon as he steeped from the boat to the bank where the Abbey stood, the whole sky burst into a blase of light, and the astenished fisherman, resting on his care, saw a great multitude of angels descend-ing, each carrying a lighted candia. Attended by this on no care, saw a great minimose or angest descend-ing, each carrying a lighted candle. Attended by this brilliant train, the celestial being consecrated the flours of God. When the ceremony was over he re-turned by the way he came, but not till, along with an injunction that the Thames should pay tithe of salmon to the monks, he warned his ferryman to ab-stain henceforth from fishing on the Lord's day.

THE NEW OVER-COAT.

Ir was Christmas-day, but the festivities of that occasion scarcely existed for the Harford family. The mother had done her best to make it seem like Christmas; but her drunken hus-hand had just slammed the door behind him, while she, her face flushed with a blow, turned to her boy, Fred, who had sunk down by the fireside, and given himself up to melancholy

houghts.

While sitting thus, Fred formed a resolution While sitting thus, Fred tormed a resource.

He would go to the city and find employment;
he would be sober and industrious, and afford
that help and comfort to his poor mother which
she could look for from no other source.

she could look for from no other source.

Fred carried out his determination. Two years passed by, and he was to come home to spend Christmas. It was early in the morning when he reached home, and proceeded to wake his mother in a novel manner. He commenced one of their old familiar carols, which he had many a time sung with the little ones at home. Not a jot cared he whether he awoke the whole mighthead or not with his Not a jot cared he whether he awoke the whole neighborhood or not with his resonant tenor voice, so that he awoke his mother, and so that she recognized his voice. That was all he cared for. But Mrs. Harford was already awake. Thoughts of her boy had made her sleepless, and she had heard the swift footsteps clanging down the streets, and then stop sud-denly at her door, when the singing began; and altogether it made her heart leap, for she fan-cied she knew the step, and how well she knew cied she knew the step, and how well she knew the carol! But the voice? It might be her the carol? But the voice? It might be her boy's, but if so, how changed—how deep and manly? A knock followed the carol, during the singing of which she had hastily dressed herself, tumbling over herself almost in her haste, and making a noise which aweke the children in the next room, though it did not wake her husband. He was sleeping off a drunken fit, and it would have taken something a little less noisy than booming cannon to arouse him.

In a moment she was at the door, and mo-In a moment she was at the door, and mo-ther and son were in each other's arms. After a long embrace she stood away to look him up and down, and after a fund survey, she said, "How you are grown, Fred! and how well you look! and how well-to-do in that great-coat: it makes you look quite the gentleman!"

"It's a real treasure, mother," and Fred;

"It's a real treasure, mother," said Fred;
"and doesn's it keep the cold out;"
"I should think so," said the mother, laying her hand upon it appreciatively. "It's a beau-tiful thick cloth, Fred. How did you manage to get it out of your small earnings, after what you've sent me? I'm sure I've been afraid that

you did not leave yourself a penny scarcely. You needn't have been afraid.

Why, I've got a watch, too! look here. I gave fifty shillings for it."

"La, Fred! how ever did you menage it?" "I'll tell you by-and-by, mother. Now please belp me off with my great-cost; for my hands have got the frost in them to-night. I had half a mind to being this coat for father. But then, thinks I, it would soon be lodged at uncle'seasy come, easy go, you know—so I decided rather to tell father how to get one as I got this:

How meerily the breakfast-time passed, and what a happy day they hoped to spend! The sunshine was come into the house at last; it lighted up the faces of the sad mother and her lighted up the more or the sea insocer and sea-children, and made all bright. Toward nine o'clock the merry hubbub in the house awoke Mr. Harford; and learning that Fred was come, he set himself to the dreaded task of getting up.

Presently the church-bells began to chime, and Fred proposed that they should go to their house of worship. "I shall be glad to see the familiar old place again," he said. All the chil-dren wanted to go with Fred, and he wanted his father to go too. He refused quite decidedly

at first; it was out of the question, he said, and he never went to church now. "All the more resecu.why you abould go to-day, father," urged

But I've got nothing fit to put on," said the father.

"Yes, you have," said the wife; "your best cont is up stairs."

"How came it there?" he asked, in astonish-

"Never mind about that now," said Mrs. Har-ford; "but just go and make yourself sprace, and go out with Fred this once. We may never meet fogother on a Christmas-day again, you know."

"Look at Fred's coat—what a beauty!" cried Susie, as Fred took it from a peg behind the

door.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you were getting on in the world," said his father. "How did you manage to get that and your watch too?"

"You must know I haven't spent a farthing

"You must know I haven't spent a farthing of my wages on them," said Fred.

"Then how in the world did you get them?"

"The price of half a pint of beer z day for nearly three years got these for me," said Fred.

"All the fellows at our place are allowed half a pint a day. I told master that I'd rather not have any, and if he liked to make me any allowance for my not having it, he might; or I'd just leave it, and say nothing about an allowance. He said he liked to encourage young fellows to be abtainers, and allowed me three half-pence a day. That has been faithfully given me for about two years and nine months, and has been something like six pounds five shillings in my pocket. With that, you see, I have been well able to buy my watch and coat, and to sent home some little Christmas gifts last year, as well as to bring these."

well as to bring these,"
"Who'd ever ha' thought that three half-"Who'd ever ha' thought that three half-pence a day saved would have run up to that in less than three years?" said Mr. Harford, think-ing delefully of the many pence, and not only pence, but sixpences, he had spont day after day during that time and for years before—six-pences that made many pounds, which would have bought him coats, watch, and perhaps a house too—so many had he squandered. Ned was trying to do a sum of the same kind in men-tal arithmetic, though with lower figures than tal arithmetic, though with lower figures than those which came to his father's mind; and both began a series of self-reproachings, and both felt that they had been foolish in the high-

degree.
"You did well—you did well, Fred," said his

father, with a sigh.

Then Mr. Harford and his children went to church. When they returned Mrs. Harford seemed much suprised to see her husband returning with the rest; and she bustled about with a glad heart to get her Christmas dinner, just as in the happy days of long, long ago.

just as in the happy days of long, long ago.

Mr. Harford managed to eat a preity good meal, and felt the better for it. When it was over, and oranges and other good things brought by Fred were being discussed, his fishess air quite passed away, and he playfully helped the children to make wonderful things with orange-peel. By-and-by he leaned back in his chair, and said, "I can't believe it's me sitting here at home like this—semething like the poor follow as our parson was reading of this morning, as was sitting 'clothed, and in his right mind."

"Ah, it does n e good to see you," said his wife, with glistening eyes.

"Ah, it does no good to see you," said ma wife, with glistening eyes.

He looked down at his coat to avoid her glance, and said, "This may look tidy, missis, but it don't keep the cald out; I was regular nipped coming home from chapel."

"You ought to have a great-coat like Fred's," she replied. "You might easy get one, as he did, after next winter."

"What I wave three half-cence a day? "Course

did, after next winter."

"What! save three half-pence a day? "Course I could, and I'll begin," he said.

"But I did something more than that, father," said Fred. "If I hadn't, I might just have gone on saving for a month or two, and then let it all."

"What did you do?"

"Why, I just kept right away from the public bouses. They're the places to keep one from having a coat to one's back; they strip you, if you frequent them; but they'll never clothe you. You'll begin to save three half-pence a day for a You'll begin to save three half-pence a day for a great-cost, father, as you say; but will you do the other thing? If you only would, I'll tell you what you'd get besides. Why, good boots, good hat, a watch in your pecket, clothes for the youngsters, good food and plenty of it, a comfortable, happy bonse and wite, health of body, and a clear and peaceful mind."

"Surely, sarely!" chimed in Mrs. Harford, in half and half-burgel! tone

a half-sad, half-hopeful tone.
"And only one thing robs you of all that, fa-You know what it is, and how to con it, too; our minister told it all so beautifully this morning. God gives the victory over all evil, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Only we must not be still, and leave the fighting to our Captain; we must strive and struggle hard to overcome, relying on His help. You remember that he said all that, father?"

all that, father?"

"Yes, I minded it well. It seemed all for
me. I thought then, if I could only begin striving I might overcome. Others—hundreds and
thousands of others—have fought against this
cursed liabit of drinking, and over one it.",

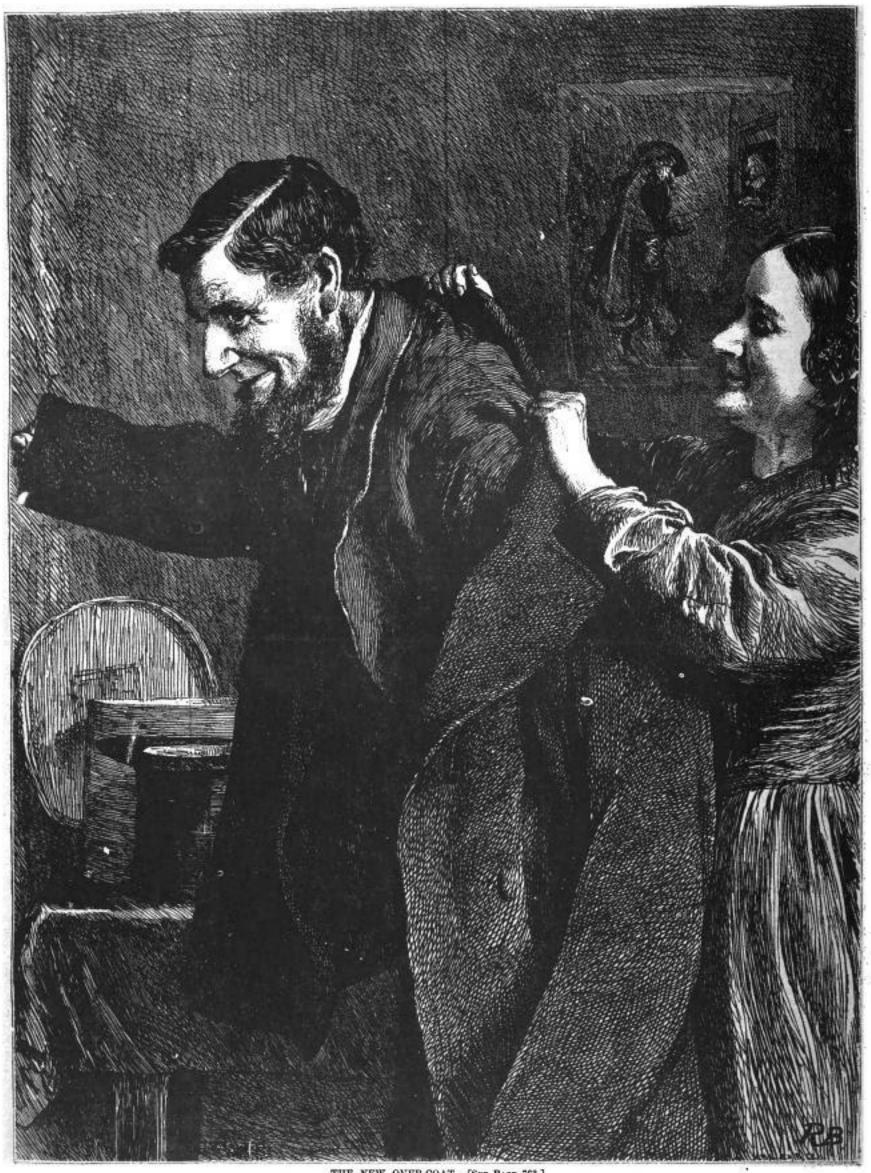
"So may you," said Mrs. Harrard. "Why,
you've begun already, James. Think! you
haven't had a drop to-day! Ill you've got to
do is just to go on as you've begun, that's all."

"That 'll be enough, I sues, as the days go.
Srill, falks say as the irst stee is the hard-

on. Still, folks say as the list step is the hard-est, and I've taken the first, you say?"

Yes, yes."

"Ah, and I feel it too. Fred, my boy, if we "Ah, and I feel it too. Fred, my boy a dinner of all live till next Christmas we'll have a dinner of



THE NEW OVER-COAT.-[SEE PAGE 763.]

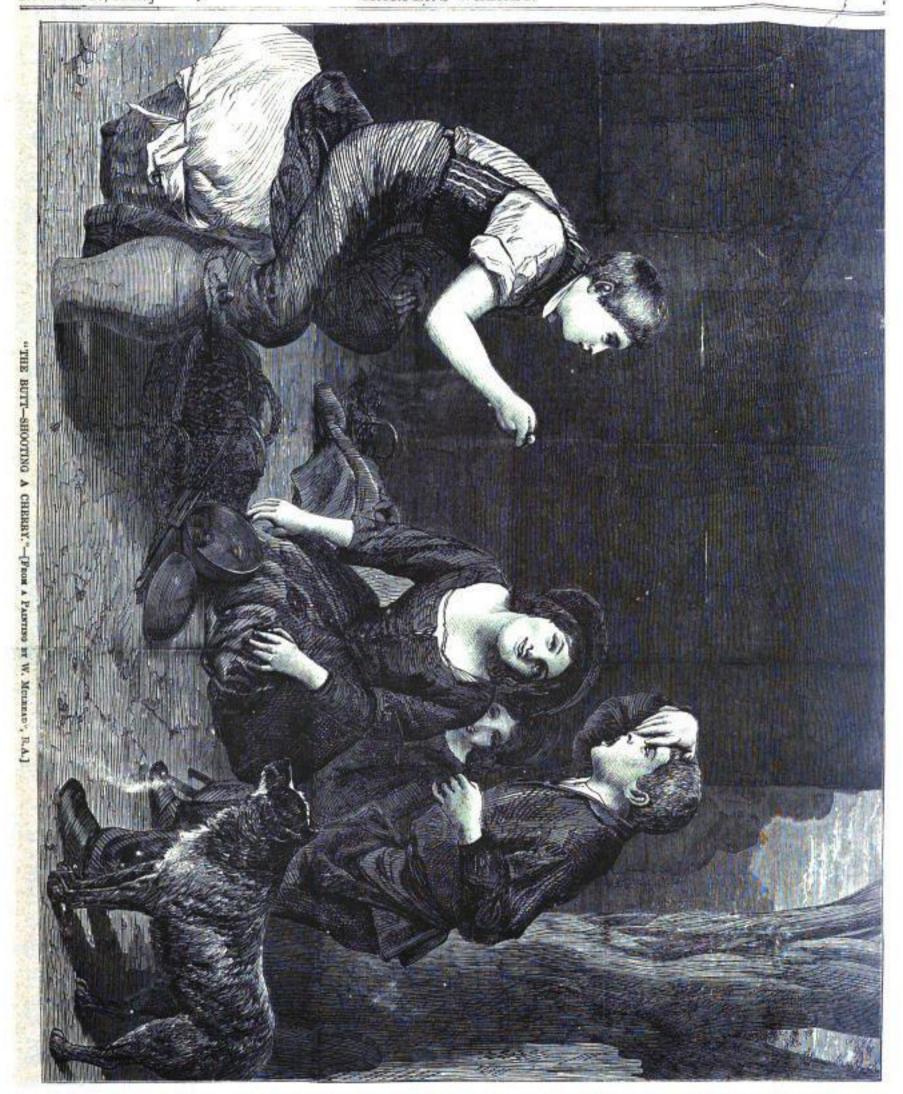
our own buying, please God, and not of yours; and if you come to see us, I'll have as respectable a great-cost on as you."

"And I too," said Ned, standing up very straight to give emphasis to his words. "No more o' say tin shall go into the publics, not if I know it. I knows a trick o' getting the value of it now, as I didn't think of afore I saw Fred's great-cost."

So, to make a long story short, it came to pass
that Fred's great-coat was an instrument chosen
to work quite a revolution in Harford's home.
Did you ever know a man give is who commenced climbing upward and onward, with a
strong determination, and relying upon God for
strength and assistance? Never.
No, he did not give in; and the happy Christmas-day which they spent on the occasion of

Fred's memorable visit was the first of a long series of happy ones. The sunshine that he brought did not fade away; it brightened and brightened into a perpetual glow of comfort and peace.

Fred did come home again on the following Christmas, and walked to chapel with his parents and brothers and sisters; but he was not the only one that went out of the house with a great-cost which I could never have for any other."



"THE BUTT-SHOOTING A CHERRY."

Our illustration sufficiently explains its own meaning. At first sight of the subject the stickler for the dignity of art might complain at the triviality of the incident represented. But the subtle observation of the painter, his delightful geniality, and the exquisite finesse with which he has caught all that is most characteristically boylike in gesture and expression, mise the picture into a region of purest humor, infinitely higher than the vulgar, coarse, and often brutal comicality of many of the old Dutch masters. The painter, like the poet and novelist, who enlarges the range of our sympathies, deserves the gratitude of all human kind; and in the moral, as in the physical, world there are inexhaustible materials for wonder and pleasure, in the lowly as in the elevated. Besides, in the realm of boyhood may we not find many analogies full of suggestiveness with more advanced life? How

often, for instance, do we not see "children of a larger growth," greedy for gain, ready to become the "butt" of all kinds of indignities for the sake of a chance advantage—like the butcher-boy in the picture? Look at him; how astaions he is to aid the marksman—how, for steadiness, he plants his feet wide asunder; how, to facilitate the aim, he protrades his head and gapes his widest to catch the cherries! His eyes he protects with his fingers, but little he cares for the ridiculous smears on his checks from stray shots, which, of course, are more visible in the painting. Boylike, again, how totally oblivious in the excitement of the game are the urchins of the errands on which they were sent—the one for his orders, the other with his basket of linen. The fun affords unmixed enjoyment to the cherry-selling girls, for does not the sport entail a rapid consumption of their wares? The only individual of the group who entirely preserves his gravity is the dog, and that evidently

because he is not quite sure whether he should not resent the mysterious liberties taken with his master. Of the picture itself—its admirable composition, its faultiess drawing, consummate delicacy of handling, and brilliant, gem-like coloring—we need not speak; suffice it to say that it was executed at the zenith of the master's powers, as indicated by the date, 1848, of its exhibition at the Reyal Academy—that is, two years after the exhibition of the famous "Choosing the Wedding Gown,"

MOHAMMED'S PORTRAIT.

Monamer was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle. His bead was massive, strongly developed. Dark hair—slightly curled—flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. Even in advanced age it was

sprinkled by only about twenty gray hairs—ponduced by the agonies of his "Revelations." His face was oval-shaped, slightly tawny of color. Fine, long, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great, black, restless eyes shone out from under long beavy eyeloshes. His mose was large, slightly aquiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion "red and white," his hands were as "silk and satin"—even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, and as that of one "who steps from a high to a low place." In turning his face he would also turn his full body. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. "Oh, my little son!" reads one tradition, "hadst thou seen him thou wouldest have said thou hadst

seen a sun rising." "I," says another witness, "saw him in a moonlight night, and sometimes I looked at his beauty and sometimes looked at the moon, and his dress was striped with red, and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon." than the moon.

In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care on his person. His ent-ing and drinking, his dress and his furniture, retained, even when he had reached the fullness retained, even when he had reached the fullness of power, their almost primitive nature. He made a point of giving away all "superfluities." The only laxuries he indulged in were, besides arms, which he highly prized, certain yellow boccs, a present from the Neges of Abyssinia. Perfumes, however, he loved passionately, being most sensitive of smell. Strong drinks he ab-

His constitution was extremely delicate. He was nervously afraid of bodily pain, he would sob and roar under it. Eminently unpractical in all common things of life, he was gifted with in all common things of life, he was gifted with mighty powers of imagination, elevation of mind, delicacy, and refinement of feeling. "He is more modest than a virgin behind her certain," it was said of him. He was most indulgent to his inferic a, and would never allow his awkward little page to be scolded, whatever he did. Ten years, said Anas, his servant, was I about the prophet, and he never said as much as "Liff" to me. He was very affectionate toward his family. One of his boys died on his breast in the smoky house of the nurse, a blacksmith's wife. He was very fond of children. He would stop them in the streets, and pat their little checks. He never struck any one in his life. The worst expression he ever made use of in conversation was, "What has come to him?—may his forewas, "What has come to him?-may his fore-bend be darkened with mud!" When asked to need be caracted with must: when asket to curse some one he replied, I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind. "He visited the sick, followed any bier he met, ac-cepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, mended his own clother, milked his gosts, and waited upon himself," relates summarily another tradi-tion. He never first withdrew his hand out of another man's palm, and turned not before the other had turned. His hand, we read elsewhere—and traditions like these give a good index of what the Arabe expected their prophet to be—was the most generous, his breast the most coursesses his forces of the contractors. ageous, his tongue the most truthful; he was the most faithful protector of those he protected, the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation; sweetest and most agreeable in conversation; those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence, those who came near him loved him, they who described him would say, "I have never seen his like either before or after." He was of seen his like either before or after." He was of great taciturnity, and when he spoke he spoke with emphasis and deliberation, and no one could ever forget what he said. He was, however, very nervous and restless withel, often low spirited, downcast as to heart and eyes. Yet he would at times suddenly break through those broodings, become gay, talkative, jocular, chiefy among his own. He would then delight in telling amusing little stories, fairy tales, and the like. He would romp with the children and play with their toys—as, after his first wife's death, he was wont to play with the dolla his new baby-wife had brought into his house.

PHOTOGRAPHIC WONDERS.

SURELY light never will have revealed all its marvels? Every year, if not every day, it is telling us something which we had not known before, something calculated to excite our surprise and admiratio

fore, something calculated to excite our surprise and admiration.

Flates can now be engraved, and are engraved, for printing without any draughtsman and without any engraver. The thing has been done in more ways than one in past years, by a combination of photography with electrotyping—photography to produce the drawing, electrotype to produce the engraving; but now a method has been devised without any electric or galvanic agency whatever. Chemistry is the engraver, and chemistry in the very simple form of solution or dissolving. The process is not for producing a seak engraving, such as the engraved kines of a steel plate, but a raised or refirf engraving, such as a wood-cut block. Light, dissolution, and pressure; let us see how they respectively do their work.

The photographic picture is taken upon sensitized glass, just as in the cedinary carte de visite, producing a negative from which any number of positives may be taken. The picture may be a portrait, a landscape, a group of scripture, an architectural focade, or what not—any thing, provided it assumes the form of a glass negative. The positives obtained from this are not upon sensitized paper, but upon a thin film of gelatine, combined with bichromate of ammonia. When

sensitized paper, but upon a thin film of gelati light has been allowed to pass for a sufficient length of time through the negative to the positive, is shows its action in a peculiar way on the film; wherever the light is the strongest (as in the high lights of the picture), the film is ren-dered insoluble; wherever it is the weakest (as in the shadows), the film remains easily soluble; whetever it is intermediate (as in the half-tints), the gelatine becomes partially soluble. It is the the genume becomes partially soluble. It is the bickromate of ammonin that renders the gela-tine susceptible to these peculiar varieties of effect. We may add that the electric light now furnishes a wonderful aid in taking the positives, rendering the photographer independent of times and sensous, day and night, bright days and dull days.

days.

We have, then, a positive picture, taken upon a film of golatine containing bichromate of ammonia. This film being next placed in warm water, the substance dissolves away in the unin the parts least acted on by the light; the parts most acted on are scarcely dissolved at all;

while the medium degrees of action produce me-dium degrees of dissolving or thinning. What is the total result? The film has become a sort of buss-relief; there is a picture of raised parts and depressed parts, owing to variations in the thickness of the film; and these variations are so beautifully graduated as to produce all the tints and half-tints from high lights to deep

The pressure, which next ensues, is not the least curious part of the operation. It seems scarcely concertable that a thin film of gelatine scarcely concertable that a thin him of granule will act as a mould to impress its inequalities upon a plate of metal; yet such it certainly does. A beautifully smooth metal sheet is prepared, consisting of lead alloyed with a little antismony; the alloy is nearly (but not quite) the same as stereotype metal; it has a nicely determined de-gree of hardness (or softness, whichever we like to call it), settled after a number of experimental trials. The solution film is placed arous the lead trials. The gelatine film is placed upon the lead plate, and the two between two steel plates; the group is placed in an hydraulic press, where an intense pressure is brought to bear upon it. intense pressure is brought to bear upon it.

This pressure amounts to as much as forty tons, even for a small picture, and rises to two hundred tons (nearly half a million pounds) when the dimensions are large. We might suppose that this overwhelming force would crush the delicate film into undistinguishable fragments. Nothing of the kind. The protuberances or raised parts press themselves bedily into the surface of the lead, preducing a sunker or intention. raised parts press themselves bodily into the sur-face of the lead, producing a sunken or integlio effect in all the places where the film presents a raised or comeo effect, and vice verse. It is wonderful to see how perfect is this action upon the plate, the picture appearing almost as if the graver had produced it. And it is scarcely less wonderful that the thin film of gelatine will bear twenty or thirty of these pressures, transferring its picture to twenty or thirty plates, before being worn out.

Leatly comes the printing. If the lead plate were inked in the ordinary way with inking-rollers, and passed through an ordinary printing-press, the print obtained would consist simply of masses of black and white, without any gradations or half-tints whatever; this would result nectorally from the results mode in which the dations or half-tints whatever; this would result naturally from the peckliar mode in which the plate is prepared. An ink or color, however, it got ready, consisting of water and galatine mixed with some kind of pigment or pains. This ink, instead of being lightly applied by means of a roller, is poured as a liquid all over the plate; a sheet of paper is placed upon it; a light pressure is applied, sufficient to equeeze out all the superfluous ink; and the paper is allowed thus to remain until the galatine in the lak has "see," or slightly solidified. The print, when removed, is dipped in a fixing-bath, which renders the ink permanent.

Another curiosity in recent photographic art is an accident, not a design—a peculiarity in the camera-iens, not a purposed mode of producing negatives and positives. A photographer, taking a photograph with a particular ions, detected in it not only the usual portrait of the sitter, but a some little distance a conv. phonom. shoot. in it not only the usual portrain of the since, at some little distance a copy, phantom, ghost, or double of it—producing what was certainly a startling effect, and one not likely to be very pleasant to the sitter, especially if of a superstitious turn of mind. Fortunately, science came in, and left no room for the creations of marveline. agers. Upon investigation, it was shown that these phantoms (if we may so call them) present two different varieties, and spring from two dif-ferent causes. (1.) A photographic image is somotimes so deeply impressed in the glass of the negative by the action of light, that the subse-cent cleaning of the class plate even with strong opent cleaning of the glass plate, even with strong acids, will not completely remove the picture. When such a plate is used for receiving another picture, the original image faintly makes its re-appearance. In this case the phantom is not the "double" or "fetch" of the sitter in the second interest. It is a very faint photograph of one per-"double" or "feach" of the sitter in the second picture; it is a very faint photograph of one person on the same plate which contains a fully developed photograph of some other person; and the juxtaposition may, perchance or designedly, produce very startling Pepper-like ghost effects.

(2.) When a lens has inequalities in its substance, due to an imperfect process of annealing, or when it is subjected to unequal pressure in different parts, it acquires the property called double refraction, two images of the same object being produced by it at the same instant. This explains the production of the double or feach phantom. An English photographer found out this matter accidentally. When he took a corts de visits portrait with a particular lens, there could be seen not only the portrait of the sitter in the usual way, but at some little distance another and a fainter image—a second portrait of the same person.

ime person. In both these cases science set the matter right by showing that, in the first instance, the nega-tive glass retained a faint image of a former pic-ture; and that, in the second instance, the lens glass was subject to the influence of double re-fraction. Thus two ghosts have been "laid," and rational explanations given of seeming mysteries. It was not always so. The reader will probably recollect a little incident some half a dosen years ago, in which a photographic cur-osity, instead of being honestly explained on sci-entific date, was made instrumental to a trading dodge. An announcement appeared in one of dodge. An announcement appeared in one of our journals to the effect that a photographer took his own portrait, no one else being present in the room; that, besides his own form, there appeared on the picture the image of a young girl twelve or thirteen years old; and that this image was the portrait of a cousin of his, who had been deed several years. The young lady appeared to be sitting in the same chair as the photographer himself, as a sort of "dissolving view." The outline of the upper part of her body was well defined, though dim and shad-owy; the chair was distinctly seen through the

body and arms, as also was the table, upon which one arm rested; below the waist (which was ap-parently attired in a dress with low neck and short sleeves), the image faded away in a dim mist, which simply clouded the lower part of the picture. Now it has been clearly ascertained that all this would really occur under certain that all this would really occur under certain conditions. If the glass negative had been al-ready used for a portrait of the young lady, and if it had been insufficiently cleaned before the second application in the camera, precisely such a double picture might result—the fully devel-oped portrait of the photographer being super-posed, as it were, on a faint portrait of the young girl. All this is curious and instructive; but it led at the time to a traffic in "spirit photo-graphs."

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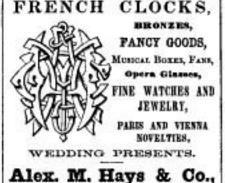
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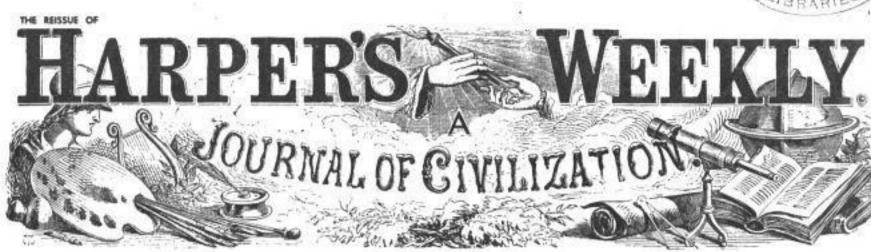
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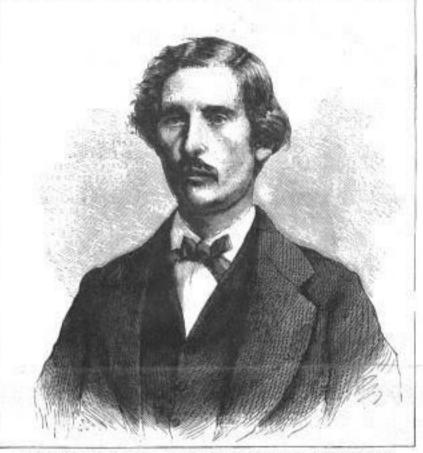
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SEÑOR MIGUEL ALDAMA, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN JUNTA

THE character and standing of the members of the Cuben Junta, in this city, are a guarantee to the friends of the Cuban cause that its interests will not be allowed to suffer. The Junta con-sists of six members besides the President. These are, Hilanion Cisneros, Carlos del Castel-lo, Francisco Fesser, José M. Mora, Manu-

LO, FRANCISCO FERSER, JOSÉ M. MORA, MANU-EL MARQUEZ STERLERO, and J. M. MESTUE. Three of these have been distinguished members of the Havana bar. The others have gained equal distinction in eminent business positions. The newly-chosen President of the Cuban Junta, Schor Miocki. Aldama, is a gentleman of about fifty years, of very dark complexion, sharp black eyes, active, bold, and full of the American spirit. He owns five of the largest and most valuable estates in Cuba, which estates lately employed 2000 or 4000 negroes and Chinaand most valuable estates in Cuba, which estates lately employed 3000 or 4000 negroes and Chinamen. Besides these, he owns the grandest private residence in Havana, and a large share of the Havana Railroad, most of which property, to the amount of several millions, has recently been confiscated by the Spanish Goreument. Serior Aldama has always been prominent among the revolutionary spirits of Cuba. A few years ago General Saznano offered him, by order of Queen Indexella, the title of Marquis of Santa Rosa, which honor he declined. He was, until exiled, President of the Havana Insurance Company, and a member of the Council of Administration of the Island of Cuba. In January his splendid mansion in Havana was sacked by the Volunteers of the Spanish army; and his other property, mansion in Havana was sacked by the Volunteers of the Spanish army; and his other property, before the Spanish Government seized it, was pillaged by the troops without let or hindrance. Sefor Aldana enters upon his duties at a time when the cause of Cuban independence in this country is sadly in need of an efficient leader. His friends predict for him signal success.

Besides the portrait of President Aldana, we also give on this page a representation of the barning of a plantation by the Cuban insurgents. This work of devastation is now being carried out on the largest possible scale, and is one of the marked features of the war as at present car-



SESOR MIGUEL ALDAMA, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN JUNTA, NEW YORK CITY.

ried on by the Cubans, who find that their only chance of success depends upon the destruction of the enemy's supplies. They are doing what Surriban did in the Valley of the Shenandosh, and what Surriban did in his march through Georgia and the Carolinas.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

"To love life without fearing death," said Hufeboul, is the only means of living happy and dying at a good old age. People who dead death seldom oftain longerity. If death presents itself to us under a repolisive and terrifying aspect, it is solely owing to our habits and prejudices having perverted our feelings. Montaigne justly said that it is the darkening the room, the faces full of grief and desolution, the monning and crying, that make denth terrifie. Civilization, by investing death with the most lugularious associations that it can conjure up, has also contributed to rendering it a hideous spectre. It is the reverse with the potient. In nine cases out of ten death is not only a relief, but almost a sense of voluptuousness. Sleep daily teaches us the reality of death, "Sleep and death are twins," and the poets of antiquity. Why, then, should we fear death, when we daily invoke is brother as a friend and a consolution? "Life, said Buffon, "begins to fail long before it is unterly gone." Why, then, should we dread the last moment, when we are prepared for its advent by so many other moments of a similar character? Death is as natural as life. Both come to us in the same way, without our consciousness, without our being able to determine the advent of either. No one knows the exact moment when he goes to sleep, none will know the exact moment of his death. It is certain that death is generally a pleasurable feeling. Lucan used to say that life would be unsupportable to man if the gods had not hidden from him the happiness he would experience in dying. Tullius Marcellinus, Francis Suares, and the philosopher La Mettrie, all spoke of the voluptuousness of their last moments. Such are the constitution which whilesenthy reconstitute to the death. losopher La Mettrie, all spoke of the voluptuous-ness of their last moments. Such are the con-solutions which philosophy presents to timid



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minds that dread death. We need not say what much higher and loftier consolations await the Christian who is firm and steadfast in his faith, and has before him the prospect of eternal life.

RECEPTION.

O MEADOW that lies right under the skies,
Open all night and day!
I wish I were listening half so well
To hear what the heavens say;
So quick to welcome what they let fall,
So ready with thanks as true,
I never should lack any good at all
If my heart were like you!

Blossoming sweet and full to meet
Every smile of the sun,
Growing glad with a brighter green
Wherever the waters run;
Garnering up into golden grain
All the light and the dew,
I never should have any day in vain
If my heart were like you!

Carl Sprices.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

JOURNALISM.

THE Morals and Manners of Journalism is the subject of an article, by Mr. RECHARD GRANT WHITE, in the December Galery, which presents very forcibly some of the chief difficulties of journalism. The theory of true journalism be thinks plain. It is candor, good faith, and decency. But he also thinks that the consideration accorded to a journalist of acknowledged ability is not one of unmingled respect. This arises from the fact that an editor is believed to grind his own axes, shielding his friends and smitting his enemies. The pressure upon him to do this, Mr. White's own experience probably teaches him. Here, for instance, is editor Smith's bosom friend, the poet Brown, who has just published a little volume of fugitive verses. A review of it appeared in Smith's paper which was very severe, which even denied that Brown was a poet. Mr. Brown instantly quarreled with editor Smith, and really felt personally aggrieved. "If your friend," he said, bitterly, "won't praise your book, who will?"

It is unquestionably true that a great deal of current newspaper criticism upon every subject is regarded with great suspicion by the public. The critica, despite Jenkins, are generous and friendly men; and it is very hard for them to blight young hopes, even by a truth-telling that seems unkind. Mr. Warra says truly that the ideal editor must know neither personal friend nor enemy in his paper. But the career of a journalist upon such a condition is one of the most difficult conceivable. The root of the difficulty is in human nature. If editor Smith sincerely likes the poet Brown, and enjoys his companionship, it is plainly one of the severest acts of discipline to which he can subject himself to announce publicly that in his opinion Brown is not a poet. What man likes to tell in private his honest opinion of the performances of his friends? But to step to the front-door with a speaking-trumpet, and halloo them to the street, seems to be a very superfinity of frankness.

But, as Mr. WEITE truly says, the editor has made a contract of honor with the public. He has asked its support upon the condition that be shall tell the truth. He has invited confidence. It is dishonorable in him, therefore, to yield to personal partiality or persuasion. He must do what Washinsoron did as Presidentexpress his private regard as a man, if he has it, but add that as President he can have no private regards. There is a duty of the public, also, in this matter, which we hope Mr. WHITE will enforce in one of the articles of his series. If it is dishonorable in the editor to be influenced in his statements by personal preference, It is disreputable in individuals to appeal to him upon personal grounds. If editor Smith is dishonest when he says that Brown's poems are delightful, what is Brown, who does not ask that the truth shall be told about his book but that it shall have "a kind notice?" And

The editor, indeed, should say to his advertisers what the Philadelphia anti-davery merchant said to his Southern customers, in the good old days of darkness and shame, who told him that they would buy enormously of him if he would only hold his condemned abelition tongue—"Gentlemen, I sell my goods, not my principles." The editor sells space in his paper for an advertisement and its presentation to his thousands of readers; he doesn't sell his opinion that Tom's bitters are better than Jack's; and if Tom and Jack will not advertise in the paper unless the editor will say that he likes each better than the other, which is the substance of such praise, it is because they do not really think the paper a good medium for advertisement. The request is, therefore, an instinuation against the paper; and the editor may very truly say that, as each advertiser has an equal claim to demand a puff, to yield to any

one would be to concede a principle that, in making the paper a mere advertisement-sheet which nobody would care to see, would ruin its value as an advertiser.

Mr. Whire will continue his treatment of the subject; and his views both of the duty of an editor and the necessity of a stricter general regard to it, in order to deepen and purify the influence of journalism, will certainly have the support and sympathy of every journalist who respects and comprehends his profession.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

Tun great work which has just been finished in Egypt probably takes most of the world by surprise. The long talk about the Suez Canal had become so vague that there was something almost startling in the announcement that the work was done, and that the Emperor of Austrie, the Empress of France, the Prince of Prussia, a Prince of Italy, and a multitude of smaller potentates and representatives, would take part in the ceremony of opening the canal. The real hero of the work, however, is not an emperor or king, but a French gentleman, M. Fau-DINAND DE LESSERS, who was formerly Consul of France at Alexandria, and who then became intimate with the subsequent Viceroy, MOSIAMMED SAID. M. DE LESSEPS SAW, what had been always evident, that a canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea was a short cut around the world. It would abolish the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, and bring India thousands of miles nearer to Europe. Naroleon, whose imagination was always excited by the East, and who dreamed of a vast Oriental empire, hoped that the old canal between the Red Sea and the Nile could be opened, but the report of his engineers asserted that the level of the Red Sea was thirty feet above that of the Mediterranean.

This statement remained unchallenged until the year 1840, when some English engineers working upon the isthmus discovered the mistake. Instantly measures were taken for a survey, which political events interrupted. But at last M. Dn Lassurs received authority to undertake the work, and he invited the great powers to form an International Commission to prosecute it. England, by the mouth of Lord Palmenston, resisted. That minister, Lord PALMERSTON, resisted. who was much more British than wise, sneered at the enterprise as a bubble. But a Company was organized upon a capital of \$40,000,000, of which France took \$10,000,000, and in April, 1859, the work began. In May, 1861, the expenses had reached \$22,567,256, and there were 20,000 laborers employed. The there were 20,000 laborers employed. difficulties seemed insuperable, and the Porte offered to finish it and reimburse the previous outlay to the Company. There was a long legal discussion, which ended in the decision of Louis Napoleon to support M. De Lessers The Emperor made a grant to the Company of \$16,800,000, and from that moment the work went steadily on. As fast as the canal was finished it was opened to traffic, and was used by the British Government to forward supplies during the Abyasinian war.

Through what disheartening difficulties M. DE LESSERS has pushed his way, only those who reflect upon the circumstances can imagine. But his long night of doubt ends in a splendid morning. The consequences of his success are evident, and if any event should be celebrated with pomp, it is one that tends to break down so rapidly the barriers of distance which separate nations and retard civilization. The canal is a hundred miles long, three hundred and twenty-eight feet wide, and twenty-six fact deep; and its entire cost is \$55,000,000. ready Europe is preparing to pass through it. Russia, England, France, Austria, Italy, and Spain are adapting their steamers to the canal traffic, and a commercial company is organ-ised in the United States to trade with the East through the canal. The victory is great, and not its least part is that it undoubtedly abolishes Cape Horn, by securing a similar passage through the Isthmus of Panama,

ST. DOMINGO.

Mas. Toops as thought that brass knockers were handy to have in the house, and that a door-plate marked Thompson with a p would be inexpressibly convenient if a daughter should chance to marry a gentleman of that name. St. Domingo is a handy island, but what do we want of it? We are virtually plodged in honor to pay the sum stipulated by treaty for St. Thomas; and the accession to our population of the few Danes there would be inconsiderable. But why add to this the population of St. Domingo, and presently, of course, the rest of the island? The population of the half of the island which is the subject of the supposed negotiations is about 160,000, and its revenue during the last year is said to have been \$800,000. The Bay of Samana, which was the object that first attracted the attention of Mr. SEWARD, is upon the Dominican coast—a historic point, for it was from the shores of this bay that Tous-SAINT L'OUVERTURE and DESSALINES SAW the French fleet that Napoleon had sent to reduce

the islanders again to slavery—the movement that led to the most sanguinary struggle.

Whenever a political community in our neigherhood voluntarily proposes annexation to the United States the proposition should be most carefully considered, and if it be a truly spontaneous movement, should lead to some kind of alliance. But negotiations of the kind that must be presumed in the case of St. Domingo can not be regarded as spontaneous acts. The people of St. Domingo probably know and care nothing about annexation, and the authority of Banz to treat for any body but himself is very doubtful. There is no reason nor necessity in our own situation for enlarging the present domain of the United States; while to annex part of a foreign island, peopled by those who are aliens in every respect, and whose accession merely increases the ignorance and the incoherence of our own population, certainly can not be considered a stroke of wise statesmanship. Such an act neither enriches nor strength. ens us. And, plainly, if we are anxious for a rapid increase of the utterly foreign element in the population, the swift current of the inev-itable Chinese immigration ought to satisfy us,

Whatever treaty is made must, of course, be submitted to the Senate, and will undoubtedly be thoroughly considered by it and the country in every aspect. Meanwhile, the administration of General GRANT is so entirely free from Buncomb and its foreign policy has been so sagacious, that we can very patiently await the lifting of the veil from the St. Domingo mystery. Mr. Fissi is not likely to be seduced by any chimera of manifest destiny, nor do his official fingers burn to pluck the fruit of territorial acquisition before it is fairly ripe. Still less is the Administration capable of preparing a pretext to seize a point in the West Indies to annoy or to threaten Spein. If it means war it will say war. It has no object like the extension and defense of slavery, which was the secret of the continental policy of the Democratic administrations. It s only the enlightened prosperity and peaceful progress of the country; and we await with curiosity an argument to show that those objects will be promoted by the annexation of St. Domingo.

THE GRAIN TRADE.

The vicissitudes which attend this trade are of great interest to this country, seven-tenths of whose population are engaged in agricultural industry. From the various grain outlets of the Atlantic coast, and from San Francisco on the Pacific side of the Union, there has recently been poured into the markets of Great Britain a larger amount of wheat than at any previous time. The cable telegram has been employed in the unusual service of announcing these important receipts.

The total of wheat and flour received there from all countries in September and October was 4,000,000 cwt. in excess of the quantity imported in the same mooths last year. From the United States, for September alone, Great Britain received of wheat 1,423,000 cwt., and of flour 180,843 cwt., against 184,937 of wheat; and 90,674 of flour, for September, 1868.

The British returns of imports for the nine menths ending September 30, 1869, are not less interesting or remarkable. They imported from the United States in that period 7,938,818 ew. of wheat, and 968,505 ewt. of flour, against endy 4,714,203 cwt. of wheat, and 500,182 cwt. of flour, for the equivalent period in 1868. We reversed positions with Russia, hitherto the largest exporters of grain to England. For the first nine months of 1869 Russia furnished 4,763,704 cwt. of wheat, although in 1868, for that period, she had forwarded 7,142,034.

But the unfortunate result to the United States is this, that although her most important competitors were crippled with the same drought which prevailed over England, the value of our shipments of wheat, for the first eight mouths of 1869, is stated in the foreign market at only 43,548,158, while the inferior quantity in 1868 received a valuation of £3,590,570.

Wheat has recently fallen in England, notwithstanding the need of increased imports, to a price lower than the average for several years, which is thus explained: "The flatness which has prevailed in the wheat trade of late, and the check which has recently been given to an upward movement, are due," says the Manchester Gaurdian of November 2, "to our large importations, and in a great measure to the abundance which exists in the United States."

But in the Chamber of Agriculture this reason is given: "The potatoes appear to be every where unsound, and are being forced upon the market in large quantities. This has had its invariable effect upon the grain trade, but the present depression upon the market induced by this cause will undoubtedly be followed by a reaction."

The fall in price was unquestionably due in part to the several causes mentioned; but it was also owing to the fall in gold at New York, which affected the currency price of wheat in the proportion in which gold fell. This point is beginning to be understood by those who produced their wheat at high currency prices, although they can command for the gold received from the foreigner who buys wheat only

a low currency price. The principal agency for putting down the price of gold is the Treasury Department; and yet the quantity of paper currency is not diminished in the same proportion, or indeed at all. The fall in gold can not be permanent unless the paper currency is reduced to an equivalent extent—a been scarcely to be expected from Congress at the coming assession.

The circumstances were all favorable for rewarding our farming interest with remanerating prices. The Mesers Scrace of Birmingham, England, a highly respectable authority, in their grain circular of the 4th of November, say: "The accounts as to the yield of the wheat crop have become worse as threshing has progressed, and millers complain that the new wheat works weak, and that even the white sorts do not grind a good color."

The defect in potatoes and wheat is one of the effects of the drought of last year, which, although it gave to wheat some qualities which in the moist climate of England are not ordinarily imparted, yet prevented the full maturity of most vegetable products. New seed potatoes and wheat should have been used in the place of such as were immature. This caution will be more necessary next year, and particolarily as to potatoes, which probably owe their tendency to disease in part to the general use of small, and consequently defective, tubers for

But there are other difficulties which need to be taken into view. At a meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, held on the 2d of November in Loudon, Mr. Garninge, of East Kent, moved "that, in the opinion of the Council, the corn averages, as at present taken, are fallacious, and that the buyers' returns should be limited to purchases from growers only." Mr. Clar, of Yorkshire, seconded the motion, and in doing so thought it right and proper for the purchasers to make the returns, "If the growers were obliged to make the returns, be was afraid that they would be more unsatisfactorily made than they were at present." The Chairman, Clark S. Ried, M.P., said that "the present averages were made up from the best samples, which frequently were published two or three times over." It may be feared if the Garetic averages are erroteous, that the estimates as to the quantity of grain produced, which are voluntarily made, have like defects.

It will thus be seen that in England the accuracy of important returns is impeached by the Central Chamber of Agriculture, composed of picked men; that this crop and that of the potato are defective as to quality—it has heretefore been shown to be so as to quantity; and that the price of wheat at Mark Lane is lower than the average, although a larger importation than usual for the grain year will be required. Before the condition of their present crop of wheat was known, it was supposed that over seventy millions of bushels of wheat would need to be imported between the late and succeeding harvests.

On looking at the situation in this country it will appear to be equally anomalous. The drought along the Atlantic coast, which commenced in June, continued until about the cocurrence of the autumnal equinox. The rains then experienced were severe in some of the Eastern States, but light over the residue of the coast, and stock had to be fed from winter stores six or seven weeks earlier than usual. This drought affected the corn crop and the pasturage in a most serious manner; and it appears also that the corn crop in the Northwest was very light, and that, by reason of severe storms occurring in harvest-time, the wheat then being gathered was severely damaged. California, instead of having the full crop at first reported, will not have, as later and reliable estimates show, more than two-thirds.

The breaks in the canal which occurred this fall checked the transfer of wheat to the seaboard, and caused it to heat during the detention of cargoes; but yet, with the certainty of an unusual foreign demand from the United States, and of a probable inability on the part of Russia and some other grain-growing States to offer their usual competition, wheat has steadily fallen in this market. On the closing of the canals for the winter—when the stock in market and its condition may be known—the price of our exportable produce will be firmer.

The demand for currency to go to the South and West, to be used in the presecution of their growing industries—which is still in progress—adds to the difficulty which speculators experience in carrying gold. And as no foreign country requires it from ns, but, on the contrary, our bonds are taken abroad for balances, it has not been difficult to lower the price of gold, especially on the eve of shipments of cotton and grain, which must go forward in large quantities.

But it is competent for our foreign creditors to change the state of things at their pleasure, and although no immediate motive for doing so is at present apparent, we are satisfied that if that portion of the farming interest which is able to do so shall cultivate what the "Country Gentleman" calls the beneficent disposition to hold on to part of their produce, they will benefit themselves and the country.

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION.

THE Convention at Cleveland to form an American Woman's Suffrage Association is but another sign of the depth and extent of the feeling upon the subject. There has been a very general impression among the friends of the cause that it has been unnecessarily projudiced in the public mind by a thousand follier that have been associated with it, but which have no connection with it. The foolish practice of calling a convention to discuss a grave political question, and then permitting every body to discuss every thing, has retarded and turned to ridicule the most serious efforts of the most earnest persons. Undoubtedly the action of the Cleveland Convention will tend to hold the movement strictly to its purpose. That purpose is not repuliation of the national debt, nor defeat of the Fifteenth Amendment, nor an eight-hour law, nor any thing but a removal of the political disability of women.

These subjects may all be worthy of the most careful consideration, and it may be desirable to form societies and hold meetings to agitate them and to affect public opinion; but if a freetrade convention should allow the apostles of Shakerism to occupy their time, or if the meet-ings to secure an eight-hours law should surrender their platform to discussions upon temperance, nothing but confusoin would ensue. Even the old Abolitionists, who seemed to think that the right of free speech meant the right of any body to say any thing at any time and any where, could not quite hold to their own rule, and finally removed by force from their meetings Father Lamson and Anny Forsox, whose freedom of speech enslaved the speech of every body else. A movement like that for the admission of women to political equality requires the most thoughtful consideration, which it certainly will not receive so long as it is incessantly associated in the public mind with the most Indicrous vagaries of folly or insanity.

The advantage of a reasonable method in presenting the subject was seen at the late meeting in Hartford. The speakers were previously invited, and they came prepared. The intention of the meeting was not general discussion, but specific presentation; and when the work was done in the manner proposed, the meeting adjourned. Any thoughtful person who read the Hartford speeches would not deny that there was more weight and reason in them than in those of any of our ordinary political conventions. Indeed, one such meeting in which intelligent women take part is in itself a powerful argument for the cause. Already the most intelligent opponents of the movement, represented in New York by the Tribuse and the Evening Post, declare that women will have political equality whenever they wish for it, or whenever a majority of women ask for it. This shows, at least, an abandonment of any serious hostility, although it is not easy to say precisely what it means, unless it is a mere begging of the question by assuming that a majority of women never will ask.

What number of women, and where, are to be polled upon the subject, or what is to be considered an authentic expression of their wish, is nowhere stated. Meanwhile there is an equal reluctance or inability to mention why the political disability of one intelligent and competent citizen should depend upon the whim of another who may be both ignorant and incapable. We shall be disappointed it the corre-land Convention does not place the question of the political equality of women distinctly and impressively before the American people.

TWO GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTH-ERN STATES.

Tue darkest picture of the condition of the Southern States since the war is that drawn by Mr. PARKER PHASEURY, one of the original uncompromising abolitionists, who has lately made a journey in the South, and has written an account of his impressions for the Independent. Some of the Democratic papers immediately seized upon Mr. Pillsburn's testimony, as if it implied repentance of his course, and condemnation of the anti-slavery movement for disturbing the situation in the palmy days of peace and the old regime, when a seventh of the population of the country were denied every right, and reduced to brutishness, and the fundamental principles and constitutional guarantees of the government were utterly despised and outraged in half the country. But Mr. PILLABURY takes care to explain that the sad condition of the colored population at the South is directly due to slavery, and that in his opinion the Democratic party and the Church were the great bulwarks of slavery. He finds the gloomy sitnation, therefore-the present ruin, as he considers it, of the region he has seen-the most conclusive justification of all that he and his friends formerly said about slavery; and were the work of agitation to be done over again, he would speak still more strongly-and Mr. Pinnsvoice was never weak-of the accurred system that disbonored the nation, caused the war, and almost hopelessly degraded its victims. The Democratic supporters of the good old sys- | York.

tem of slavery will not be much comforted by Mr. PARKER PILLSBURY,

and the same of the first of th

Bad as the situation is, and ignorant and squalid as the Southern colored people are, yet, considering the terrible tragedy of their late condition, Mr. Pillesway considers it highly complimentary to human nature that they are not worse than they are. In a word, Mr. Pillanury thinks that the old relation of the races substantially continues at the South. The Northern settlers, he says, are generally of a poor kind. They despise the colored popula-tion as much as the old slave-masters. Labor is as disreputable as ever, and the colored peo-ple are forced to work for wages that forbid the least improvement of their condition, or to starve. Drunkenness is apparently universal; and Mr. Prizanum remarks that "private vir-tue among public men is not looked for not expected, not even desired." But he adds:
"And this is as true here in Washington as
farther south or farther north." Of course, all this must be taken as a very rapid and a very rough generalization. But it is useful as showing how much is to be done in the Southern States before they will be in any degree upon the general level of civilization with the rest of the country. Mr. PILLSBURY finds the one ground of hope, as every reflecting person finds it, in the schools. And it is interesting to consider, with his dismal description of the general condition, the facts just presented in the report of Mr. J. W. ALVORD, the General Superintendent of Schools among the Freedmen.

The whole number of day and night an Sabbath schools among the freedmen, either regularly reported to the Superintendent or known by him, is 4424; the total number of teachers is 9503; and of pupils of all kinds, 256,853. This is the largest result yet reached, and is a decided increase upon the corresponding six months of the last year. In the schools regularly reported the whole number of pupils is 204,253, of which 192,227 were slaves before the war. The whole number of schools regularly reported is 3314, and of these the freedmen sustained wholly or in part 1581, and are the owners of 759 of the buildings in which the schools are held; while the Bureau furnishes but 773. Most of the schools are conducted upon the most approved system, and of the advanced schools 312 are reported as graded. In Virginis, money from the PRABODY fund has assisted the colored schools; and Virginia has in the new Constitution provision for free public schools, which, in the judgment of the Commissioner, should be her safety and her peble. Within the year there has been in Virginia a gain of 50 schools, owned by the freedmen alone. In North Carolina there has been a gain of 58 schools and 25 Sabbath-schools, with 3200 pupils. In Georgia there is a gain of 105 schools and 4527 pupils. In Mississippi there is a gain of 67 schools and 2973 pupils. In Tennessee there is a gain of 65 schools and 4343 pupils. South Carolina, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas all show improvement; but Alabama lags. Kentucky has been thoroughly canvassed, and the prospects of the schools are most encournging.

This picture, if not too rosy-and there is no eason to suppose that it is so-is a very agreeble companion to that of Mr. Pillsbury. The teachers in these schools, modest, diligent, unknown, are doing more to secure the results won in the field, and to renew the Union upon eternal foundations, than any other class of persons in the country. Indeed, the free schools are the great bulwark of a popular gorerument. There is no interest so vital to the general welfare; and it is of the last importance that they be multiplied and extended every where, and diligently guarded from the fatal touch of sectarian ecclestiastical influence.

METROPOLITAN ART MUSEUM.

Twe Art Committee of the Union League Club recently invited Professor Compour, of Princeton, to deliver an address upon the general subject of Museums of Art, in the hope of so interesting the public in the subject that a metropolitan museum may be established in New York. Mr. BRYANT, always associated with humane and sesthetic movements, consented to preside at the meeting, and the selection of the orator ... especially fortunate, as Professor Compon. h .: carefully studied in Europe the subject which he was asked to discuss.

It is a little remarkable that, with the inclination of rich men among us to devote their wealth to public advantage, and to buy pictures, there has as yet been no great public gallery founded that should rank with the Astor Libra ry. It is not indeed easy to buy the pictures of the famous old masters; but a great museum contemplates not only pictures, but every form of the fine arts-sculpture, mosales, bronzes, Indeed, there is one kind of collection which is peculiarly practicable for an American gallery. If the best pictures can be but slowly procured, the finest statues in the world are accessible to us in casts, and casts are copies so perfect that they reproduce the originals. Whoever remembers the Dresden collection of casts will perceive what is possible in New

But there is another class of objects in such a museum which would be of the highest im-mediate practical value. A complete collection of the smaller remains of art, as they are called, would show us the important truth which is wholly forgotten in this country, but toward the perception of which criticism indicates a reaction, ta. 't the highest art is not truly for ornament, but 'or use. A masterly and delightful exposition . ' this fact was made by the late Cardinal WISSMAN, in England, in a lecture delivered some years ago, which has been re-cently republished here by the friendly care and interest of Miss E. P. PEABODY. The Cardinal called his discourse the Identity of the Artist and the Artisan; and in a series of historical illustrations, most folicitously drawn, he showed that the really great artists not only designed, but personally wrought their finest works, and that many of the most celebrated objects of art

were strictly objects of common use. The Cardinal imagines a museum of art amply stored with the most precious remainsstatues, mosaics, urus, utensils of every kind, which we rail off and protect under glass. Let us suppose these all to have been owned by one rich man two thousand years ago in Italy, and now to be restored to him. He would scatter them all to their proper places: this to the gar-den, that to the kitchen, the other to the chamber and the dressing-room, the mosaic to the vestibule, and the whole moseum of what is to us a multitude of things to be admired would disappear into a variety of conveniences to be used.

Or again, here are exquisite objects from Herculaneum and Pompeli. They were, of course, the most common, the most familiar ar-ticles in the houses; which we infer from the fact that none others are found, and that, if there were time to escape with any treasures, the most valuable would have been taken and the most common left. They seem to us, as we look at them, so graceful, so beautiful, that we preserve them for admiration in galleries, or place them for the ornament of our noblest rooms. Suppose now that New York should be suddenly buried in the mud of the streets, as will very probably happen, and as Pompeil was lost in the ashes and lava of Vesuvins. Then suppose that, after two thousand years, curious antiquarians from the most colightened of nations then existing dig out our kitchens and closets, and are so captivated with the grace and charm of our pots and pans, and cops and glasses, that they bear them away delightednot morely as curious relics of an extinct peo-ple, but as objects of imperishable beauty. Should we not, if we were there to reflect, wonder what must be the aesthetic condition of a people who thought our kettles and tureens so beautiful that they must be preserved for ad-miration? And if so, what must the Pompeilan think of the New Yorker of to-day?

The young man who is longing to become an artist, but who does not dream that the house painter and the wall decorator are entitled to that name, should not only recall BENYENUTO CELLISI And LUCA DELLA BOSSIA, but should piously remember that the most fa-mous works of RAPHARL were painting and decoration of ceilings and wall hangings. Some of his most exquisite labor was imitation of the older and forgotten art of decoration in the Golden House of Nero. Go, young seeker, study the Stones of RAPHARL in the Vatienn, and the freecess of MICHAEL ANGELO in the Sistine Chapel, the Etruscan vases and the Pompelian lamps, and remember that art is not only a pretty patch upon daily life, but an integral part of it. If the admirable efforts of Professor Compost and the gentlemen of the Art Committee shall result in founding an ample museum which shall serve to remind us that the high office of art is to make use beautiful, they will deserve more gratitude than if they had found a new gold mine, or had annexed a foreign island to their country.

NOTES.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL HOAR has written a plain and sensible letter to Hon. E. G. SPAULDERO, whose "Financial History of the War" we recently commended; in which he says, that "we should have treated the currency as we did our armies, regarding the volunteers and the green-backs alike as necessities of war, to be dispensed ith as fast as possible on the return of p The only way to treat the subject, in his view, is a steady and persistent contraction—a painful process, but one which delay does not make less painful. In the clouds and whirlwinds of specupainful. In the clouds and whirlwinds of specu-lation upon the subject of a return to specie pay-ments one thing only is clear, that no plan will ever be generally approved in advance. The Secretary of the Treasury must proceed upon his own responsibility, and trust to the ultimate suc-cess of his policy, whatever it may be, to compel the approval of the country.

Mr. Expa Connect has given the use of some land at Ithaca for a horticultural school for girls, to be directed by Miss Manwanest, formerly Principal of the School of Industry for girls at Hamburg. Mr. Andrew S. Fullen, of New York, has also promised to give seeds and plants. The school is to be co-operative, with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars in shares of five dollars each, upon which no more than five per cent-

dividend will ever be declared; all other profits dividend will ever be declared; all other profits being devoted to the school or to pay back the capital. The purpose of the school is the instruc-tion of girls in the culture of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and perhaps the care of bees. The course of study will include botany, the propaga-tion and culture of plants, agricultural chemistry and economy, hygiene, practical drawing, one or more foreign languages, housekeeping, and nee-dle-work. In fact, it is to be a school in which the intention will be to accomplish sirks to help die-work. In fact, it is to be a school in which the intention will be to accomplish girls to help themselves. A course of two or three years will be necessary to secure a diplema. The admission-fee will be ten dollars; the instruction will be free; board to be paid by work. The work must depend, of course, upon the subscription to the moderate capital, which will be received by Mrs. Horace Mass, Cambridge; Mr. Corsell, Ithica; the Rev. James Persen, w Clarke, Boston; A. S. Fuller of A. M. Powell, New York.

Tun Duke of Gence, who is in danger of be-coming King of Spain, is a boy of fifteen, the son of the late Duke, who died in 1835, and the nephew of Victor Emanuel. He is now a pu-pil of Matthew Amoun in England, and, it is understood, has replied to the offer of the Span-ish crown that he will accept it only if the Cortes understood, has replied to the offer of the Span-ish crown that he will accept it only if the Cortes elect him by a majority of two-thirds. There is evidently some serious opposition to his election, although he has a very numerous support. If Spain must have a king, however, it is certainly foelish to choose a minor. It is a great pity that a nation which in this age wants a king should not select a mature and real one.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The official returns from New York State show Nelson's majority to be \$0,566. The total vice is only \$61,194, showing a falling off of \$00,194 compared with that of last year. The Hepublican decrease is 100,058; Democratic decrease, 96,476.

The Jadiclary sattle of the new Constitution of New York State was adopted by over 5000 majority in the recent election.

The Alabama Legislature has ratified the Fifteenth Amendment to the National Constitution. The vote in the Senate was—peas 24, mays none; in the Houses—peas 20, mays 18.

Both Houses of the Tennessee Legislature have rejected the Fifteenth Amendment.

The expenditures of the Freedmen's Bursen from January 1, 1860, to August 31, 1862, were \$11,542,923.

The rapid increase of the army pension list is forcibly shown in the report of Treasurer Spinner just completed. The following are the actual payments for the past seven fixed years: 1862, \$202, 1865 29; 1864, \$450,001 of; 1862, \$1,184,000 for; 1865, \$23,007,469 14; 1866, \$25,-633,806 4.

The gale of November 16.11 was very destructive in the November 16.

1987, \$19,443,000 69; 1886, \$23,067,469 fat; 1868, \$28,603,500 42.

The gale of November 16.11 was very destructive in the Northwest. The crew of the schooner Arrew, eight in number, was lost in attempting to reach the shore fifteen miles north of Chicago.

A new building at St. Louis was blown flown on the marning of November 19, and thirteen workmen were buried under the ruins.

A recent fee at Fort Sully, Decotah, destroyed 51,580,000 worth of government property.

During an entertainment in the Gaiety Theatre, Milwanker, Wisconsin, on the night of November 19, the scenery was set on fire by a kerosene lamp, which was chattered by the rapier of one of the attors in a fencing stene. The fames apread so rapidly that before the autilience could escape the whole interior was in fames, and many were compelled to jump from the windows of the second story. The bodies of two persons were discorreced in the rains. Fifteen or twenty persons were hadly injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Iv is said that, together with M. Ollivier, two other members of the Third Party are to enter the French Ministry; but the Journal Official denies that any changes are contemplated.

The supplementary elections for the Corps Legis-latif in Paris began on November 21 without disturb-ance.

ance.

The nomination of the Duke of Genoa to the Spanish throne has received the support of 161 Departies to the Cories. It is reported that the Spanish Government is considering a proposition to establish a penal colony on one of the Spanish islands in the Pacific Ocean. The journals advocate the measure on the ground that the completion of the Pacific Stalinosd across the American continent will facilitate commercial celations between Span and her possessions in the Pacific, whose resources may be developed by colonization.

decommittee.

A constitution for Porto Rice, declaring the taland
Bysashe province, permitting public meetings in the
presence of the authorities, but forbidding the discus-tion of the slavery question, has been submitted to

sion of the slavery question, has been submitted to the Cortes.

The international scolling match between Walter Brown, of Fortland, Maine, and J. H. Sadler, of Lon-don, took place on the Tyne, at Newcastle, on Nov-ember 12. Brown won by two lengths.

Telegrams from Ionailis, on the Bases Canal, dated November IT, amounce the arrival at that point of the procession of vessels, headed by the Empress Enginite's yealt. If Asia, after passing through the first part of the canal. At the shallowest part the depth is said to a mineteen feet, and varies generally from twenty-five to thirty feet in other portions. The entire feet salled for Sagar—the Red Sas termines. Newswhert 19 Ive to thirty see in other portions. The entire fact sailed fre Sucar-the Red Set terminis—November 19, the Asjè lending. On the evening of the 18th there were in the Issaellia station firty-even sea-going ships, with an average inomage of one thousand tone each. The largest vessel of the fleet was a Russian friguic, which drow seventeen feet and two inches of water. The buildings in Ismailia were filled with goosts and other visitors, and the currounding plains were covered with the tents of the native tribes, who were assembled in immense numbers. On that evening M. De Lessops gave a hanquet to representatives of the Chambers of Commerce, members of the press, and others. A status of M. De Lessops is to be srecoed at Fort Said.

According to the latest accounts from Paraguay

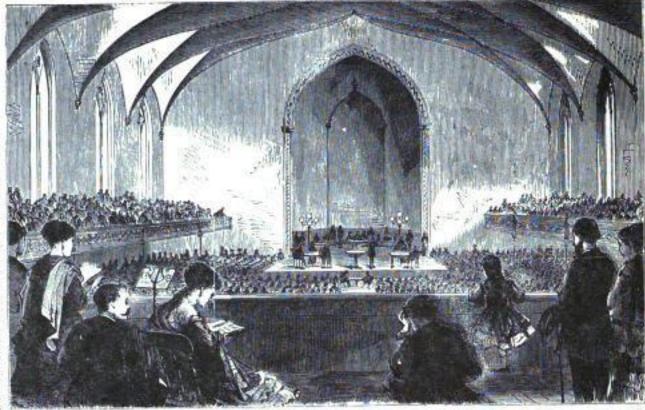
peess, and others. A statue of M. De Lesseps is to be second at Part Said.

According to the latest accounts from Paraguay President Lepes had transferred his head-quarters and seat of government to San Josephin. It was reported that Lepez had killed his mother, one of his brothers, and other persons, in consequence of his suspicion that they were engaged in a conspiracy against his life. The allies had as yet made no movement, and it was supposed that active operations would be still longer deferred.

Dr. David Livingstone's recent African discoveries lead him to believe that the Nile's chief scorrest visa between ten degrees and twelve degrees south lating, or 400 miles southward of the more southern part of the Victoria Nyanas. Els fading of a chain of lakes connected by rivers for to the south of Lake Tanganyika has encouraged him in this view, the further realization of which will, as Dr. Livingstone promises, and as Sir Boderick Murchison believes, settle the question of the final sources of that mysterious river.

THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION AT PITTSBURG.

The grandest and most sublime spectacle ever witnessed in the ecclesiastical history of America transpired in Pitsburg on Friday, the 12th of this month. The disastrous division, which took place in 1837, of the Presbyte-rian Church in this country was brought to a close, and a happy re-union cemented on the day. At the meetings of the two General Assemblies held in New York last May—that of the Old School in the Brick Church on Fifth Avenue, and that of the New School in the Church of the Covenant on Park Avenue—the joint Committee of Con-ference presented simul-taneously to the two bodies a basis of union to be sent down to the various presbyteries of both Assemblies, to be acted upon before the list of November. The Assemblies then adjourned, to meet in Pitaburg November 10, to bear the result of this action; and if two thirds of the presbyteries of each Assembly should have been found to con-



UNION OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLIES AT PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, NOVEMBER 12, 1989.—INTERIOR OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SHOWING THE OLD SCHOOL ASSEMBLY IN SESSION.

was found that more than two-thirds—the con-stitutional number required—had given their consent; and at each of the Assemblies in Pitts-burg the result was announced simultaneously, in the following words, viz.: "This Assembly, having received and examined the statements of the saveral prospective on the basis of the rehaving received and examined the statements of the several presbyteries on the basis of the re-union of the two bodies now claiming the name and rights of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, do hereby find and declare that the said basis of reunion has been approved by more than two-thirds of the presby-teries connected with each branch of the Church. Now, therefore, we do solemnly declare that said basis of union is of binding force."

Thus was healed a breach that commenced in bitterness thirty-two years ago, and the two

Thus was healed a breach that commenced in bitterness thirty-two years ago, and the two bodies, long separated, were again made one. The significance of this action may be seen by looking at the strength of each Church. The Old School branch embraces 142 presbyteries, 2737 churches, 2330 ministers, and 252,555 communicants. The New School branch, 113 presbyteries, 1500 churches, 1800 ministers, 184,687 communicants. United, as they now are, they present an ecclesiastical body having 49 synods, 255 presbyteries, 4327 churches, 4130 ministers, and 437,242 communisants. During the last year these bodies contributed, for the support of public worship, \$5,782,950, and gave to various benevolent operations the amount of nearly \$1,000,000, making an aggregate of oversix millions and a half.

The united Church will immediately organize

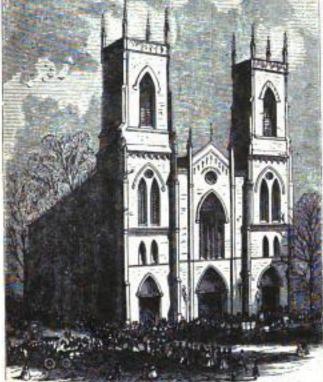
six millions and a half.

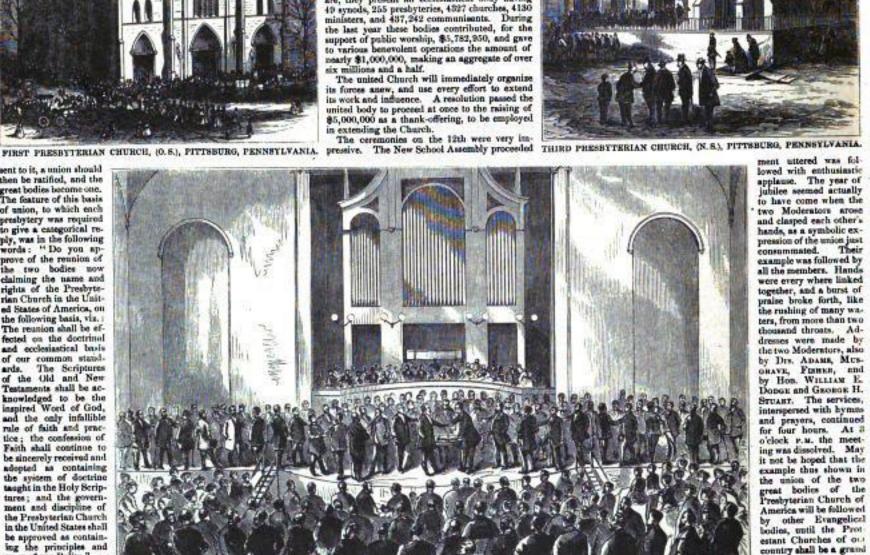
The united Church will immediately organize

The united Church will immediately organize its forces anew, and use every effort to extend its work and influence. A resolution passed the united body to proceed at once to the raising of \$5,000,000 as a thank-offering, to be employed

in a body from the Third Presbyterian Church to the First Presbyterian Church, where the Old School Assembly had held its sessions. There the two Assemblies meand formed a procession, the two Moderators leading arm in arm, and each Old School delegate each Old School delegate walking arm in arm with one of the New School. This procession, numbering about 1000, moved down Wood Street, Fifth Avenue, Smithfield Street, and Eixth Avenue, to the Third Church. The entire city appeared to have poured forth into the streets to witness this musual witness this unusual spectacle.

The church was soon filled to its utmost ca-pacity. The Moderators —Rev. Dr. Jacones, O. S., and Rev. Dr. Fow-LER, N. S.—took their places on the centre of the platform, facing the audience, surrounded by the most eminent men meeting had never been assembled in America. Amidst the abundant pledges of affection and co-operation, old menfell into each other's arms and wept; sobs were audible all over the house; and every senti-





sent to it, a union should then be ratified, and the great bodies become one. The feature of this basis of union, to which each preabytery was required prestytery was required to give a categorical re-ply, was in the following words: "Do you ap-prove of the remain of the two bodies now claiming the name and rights of the Presbyte-rian Church in the Unitrian Church in the Unitad States of America, on the following basis, viz. : The reunion shall be effected on the doctrinal and ecclesiastical basis of our common stand-ards. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments shall be ac-knowledged to be the inspired Word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice; the confession of Faith shall continue to be sincerely received and adopted as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures; and the govern-ment and discipline of the Presbyterian Church in the United States shall be approved as contain-ing the principles and

ruses of our Polity. To this overture, sent to the presbyteries, it



CONSUMMATION OF THE UNION OF THE TWO ASSEMBLIES IN THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

country shall be a grand unit in spirit if not in ec-clesiastical organization.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by HARPEN & BROTHERS, ip the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name,"
"The Mountone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE DISCOVERIES.

Bur two persons were now left in the sum-mer-bouse-Arnold Brinkworth, and Sir Patrick Landie.

Mr. Brinkworth," said the old gentleman, "I have had no opportunity of speaking to you before this; and (as I hear that you are to leave us to-day) I may find no opportunity at a later time. I want to introduce myself. Your father was one of my dearest friends—let me make a friend of your father's son."

He held out his hard, and mentioned his name.

Arnold recognized it directly. "Oh, Sir Patrick!" he said, warmly, "if my poor father had only taken your advice..."

"He would have thought twice before he gambled away his fortune on the torf; and he might have been alive here among us, instead of dying an exile in a foreign land," said Sir Patrick, finishing the sentence which the other had begun. "No more of that! Let's talk of had begun. "No more of that! Let's talk of something else. Lady Lundie wrote to me about you the other day. She told me your annt was dead, and had left you heir to her property in Scotland. Is that true?—It is ?—I congratulate you with all my heart. Why are you visiting here, instead of looking after your house and lands? Oh! it's only three-and-twenty miles from this; and you're going to look after it to-day, by the next train? Quite right, And— what? what?—coming back again the day after to-morrow? Why should you come back? Some special attraction here, I suppose? I hope it's the right sort of attraction. You're very young-you're exposed to all sorts of temptayoung—you're exposed to all sorts of tempta-tions. Have you got a solid foundation of good sense at the bottom of you? It is not inherited from your poor father, if you have. You must have been a mere boy when he ruined his chil-dren's prosperts. How have you lived from that time to this? What were you doing when your amt's will made an idle mun of you for life?"

The question was a searching one, Arnold

answered it, without the elightest hesitation; speaking with an unaffected modesty and eim-

plicity which at once won Sir Patrick's heart.

"I was a boy at Eton, Sir," he said, "when
my father's losses ruined him. I had to leave
school, and get my own living—and I have got
is, in a roughish way, from that time to this.
In plain English, I have followed the sex—in
the merchant artice."

a merchant-service."

In plainer English still, you met adversity like a brave lad, and you have fairly earned the good lack that has fallen to you," rejoined Sir Patrick. "Give me your hand—I have taken a liking to you. You're not like the other young fellows of the present time. I shall call you 'Arnold.' You musn't return the compliment, and call me 'Patrick,' mind—I'm too old to be treated in that way. Well, and how do you get on here? What sort of a woman is my sister-in-law? and what sort of a house is this?"

Arnold house out laughing.

Arnold bars out laughing.
"Those are extraordinary questions for you to put to me," he said. "You talk, Sir, as if you were a stranger here!"

Sir Patrick touched a spring in the knob of his ivory cane. A little gold lid flew up, and disclosed the snuff-box hidden inside. He took a pinch, and chuckled satirically over some pass-ing thought, which he did not think it necessary

ing thought, which he did not think it necessary to communicate to his young friend.
"I talk as if I was a stranger here, do I?" he resumed. "That's exactly what I am. Lady Lundie and I correspond on excellent terms; but we run in different grooves, and we see each other as seldom as possible. My story," continued the pleasant old man, with a charming frankness which leveled all differences of age and rank between Arnold and himself, "is not entirely unlike yours; though I as old enough entirely unlike yours; though I as old enough to be your grandfather. I was getting my living, in my way (as a crusty old Scotch lawyer), when my boother married again. His death, without leaving a son by either of his wives, gave me a lift in the world, like you. Here I am (so my own sincere regret) the present baronet. my sincere regret! All sorts of responsibilities which I never bargained for are thrust on I am the head of the family; I my shoulders. am my niece's guardian; I am compelled to appear at this lawn-party—and (between ourselves)
I am as completely out of my element as a man
can be. Not a single familiar face meets we
among all these fine people. Do you know any
body here?"

I have one friend at Windygates," said Arnold. "He came here this morning, like you. Geoffrey Delamayn."

As he made the reply, Miss Silvester appeared at the entrance to the summer-house. A shadow of annoyance passed over her face when she saw that the place was occupied. She vanished, unsticed, and glided back to the game. Sir Patrick looked at the son of his old friend,

with every appearance of being disappointed in the young man for the first time.

Your choice of a friend rather surprises me,"

he said.

Arnold artiestly accepted the words as an ap-peal to him for information. "I beg your pardon, Sir-there's nothing sur-

prising in it," he returned. "We were school-fellows at Eton, in the old times. And I have fellows at Etca, in the old times. And I have met Geoffrey since, when he was yachting, and when I was with my ship. Geoffrey saved my life, Sir Patrick," he added, his voice rising and his eyes brightening with honest admiration of his friend. "But for him, I should have been drowned in a boat-accident. Isn't that a good reason for his being a friend of mise?" "It depends entirely on the value you set on your life," asid Sir Patrick. "The value I set on my life?" repeated Ar-nold. "I set a high value on it, of course!"

ld. "I set a high value on it, of course!"
"In that case, Mr. Delamayn has laid you

under an obligation."
"Which I can never repay:"

"Which you will repay one of these days, with interest-if I know any thing of human nature," answered Sir Patrick.

He said the words with the emphasis of strong conviction. They were barely spoken when Mr. Delamayn appeared (exactly as Miss Silvester had appeared) at the entrance to the summer-house. He, too, vanished, unnoticed—like Miss Silvester again. But there the parallel stopped, The Honorable Geoffrey's expression, on discovering the place to be covered as a way to be the control of t covering the place to be occupied, was, unmis-takably, an expression of relief.

Arnold drew the right inference, this time, from Sir Patrick's language and Sir Patrick's

unprovided with an issue for some time past.
"How hot you are over it, Sir!" he exclaimed,
in irrepressible astonishment.
Sir Patrick instantly recovered himself. The

genuine wonder expressed in the young man's face was irresistible. "Almost as bot," he said, "as if I was cheer-

ing at a boat-mee, or wrangling over a bettingbook-eh? Ah, we were so easily beated when I was a young man! Let's change the subject. I know nothing to the prejudice of your friend, Mr. Delamayn. It's the cant of the day," cried Sir Patrick, relapsing again, "to take these physically-wholesome men for granted as being morally wholesome men into the bargain. Time will show whether the cant of the day is right. -So you are actually coming back to Lady Lun-die's after a mere flying visit to your own property? I repeat that is a most extraordinary proceeding on the part of a landed gentleman like you. What's the attraction here—sh?" Before Arnold could reply Blanche called to

him from the lawn. His color rose, and he turned eagerly to go out. Sir Patrick nodded his head with the sir of a man who had been an-awared to his own entire sarisfaction. "Oh!"

he said, "that's the attraction, is it?"

Arnold's life at sea had left him singularly ignorant of the ways of the world on shore. In-stead of mking the joke, he looked confused. A ing their best when they look at the man they When Blanche's eyes turned on Armo after her uncle had gone out, not even the hide-ous fashionable disfigurements of the inflated "chignon" and the tilted hat could destroy the triple charm of youth, hearty, and tenderness beaming in her face. Arnold looked at her-and remembered, as he had never remembered yet, that he was going by the next train, and that he was leaving her in the society of more than one admiring man of his own age. The experience of a whole fortnight passed under the same roof with her had proved Blanche to be the more charming girl in existence. It was possible that she mirror not be mortally offended possible that she might not be mortally offended with him if he told her so. He determined that he would tell her so at that auspicious moment. But who shall presume to measure the abyas

that lies between the Intention and the Execution? Arnold's resolution to speak was as firm-ly settled as a resolution could be. And what came of it? Alas for human infirmity! No-thing came of it but silence.

"You don't look quite at your ease, Mr.
Brinkworth," said Blanche. "What has Sir
Patrick been saying to you? My uncle sharpens his wit on every body. He has been sharpening it on gov?"

Arnold began to see his way. At an immeas-urable distance—but still he saw it, "Sir Patrick is a terrible old man," he an-

swered. "Just before you came in he discov-ered one of my secrets by only looking in my face." He peased, rallied his courage, pushed on at all hazards, and came beadlong to the point. "I wonder," he asked, blundly, "whether you take ofter your uncle?"

Blanche instantly understood him. With time at her disposal, she would have taken him lightly in hand, and led him, by fine gradations, to the object in view. But in two minutes or leas it would be Arnold's turn to play. "He is going to make me an offer," thought Blanche; "and But in two minutes or less he has about a minute to do it in. He shall do

it!"
"What!" she exclaimed, "do you think the gift of discovery runs in the family?"
Arnold made a plunge.
"I wish it did!" he said.

Bianche looked the picture of astonishment, "Why?" she asked,

" If you could see in my face what Sir Patrick

He had only to finish the sentence, and the thing was done. But the tender passion per-versely delights in raising obstacles to itself. A sudden timidity seized on Arnold exactly at the wrong moment. He stopped short, in the most awkward manner possible.

Blanche heard from the lawn the blow of the mallet on the ball, and the laughter of the com-

pany at some blunder of Sir Patrick's. The precious seconds were slipping away. She could have boxed Arnold on both ears for being so un-

reasonably afraid of her.
"Well," she said, impatiently, "if I did look
in your face, what should I see?"

Arnold made another plunge. He answered:
"You would see that I want a little encouragement."

"From me?"

"Yes—if you please," Blanche looked back over her shoulder. The summer-house stood on an eminence, approached by steps. The players on the lawn beneath were audible, but not visible. Any one of them might appear, mexpectedly, at a moment's notice. Blanche listened. There was no round of ap-proaching footsteps—there was a general hush, and then another bang of the mallet on the ball, and then a clapping of hands. Sir Patrick was a privileged person. He had been allowed, in all probability, to try again; and he was succeeding at the second effort. This implied a reprieve of some seconds. Blanche looked back again at Ayrold again at Amold.

"Consider yourself encouraged," she whis-pered—and instantly added, with the ineradica-ble female instinct of self-defense, "within lim-

Arnold made a last plunge-straight to the bottom, this time.

"Consider yourself loved," he burst out,

"without any limits at all."

It was all over—the words were spoken—he had got her by the hand. Again the perversity of the tender passion showed itself more strongly than ever. The confession which Blanche had been longing to hear, had barely escaped her lover's lips before Blanche protested against it! She struggled to release her hand. She it! She struggled to release her hand, formally appealed to Arnold to let her go,

"Do try to like me a little!" he pleaded.
"I am so fond of you!" Arnold only held her the tighte

Who was to resist such wooing as this?— when you were privately food of him yourself, remember! and when you were certain to be inserrupted in another moment! Blanche left off struggling, and looked up at her young sailor

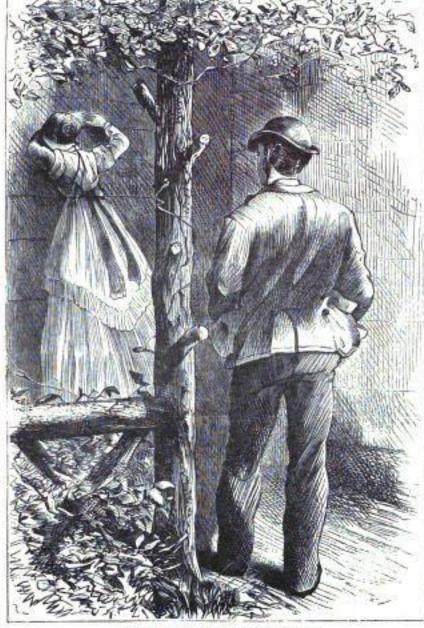
with a smile.
"Did you learn this method of making love the merchant-service?" she inquired, sancily.

Arnold persisted in contemplating his prosin the me

"I'll go back to the merchant-service," he said, "if I have made you segry with me." Blanche administered another dose of en-

"Anger, Mr. Brinkworth, is one of the bad passions," she answered, demurely. "A young lady who has been properly brought up has no There was a sudden ery from the players on the lawn-a ery for "Mr. Brinkworth." Blanche

tried to push him out. Arnold was immovable. "Say something to encourage me before I "he plended. "One word will do. Say, Yes." Blanche shook her head. Now she had got



"THE MAN WAS GEOFFREY DELAMAYN."

"You said that rather bitterly, Sir," he re-

marked. "What has Geoffrey done to offend you?

"He presumes to exist-that's what he has done," retorted Sir Patrick. "Don't stare! I am speaking generally. Your friend is the model young Briton of the present time. I don't like "Don't stare! I the model young Briton. I don't see the sense of crowing over him as a superb national duction, because he is big and strong, and drinks beer with impunity, and takes a cold showerhath all the year round. There is far too much glorification in England, just now, of the mere physical qualities which an Englishman shares with the savage and the brate. And the ill re-sults are beginning to show themselves already! We are readier than we ever were to practice all that is rough in our national customs, and to excuse all that is violent and brutish in our national acts. Read the popular books; attend the popular amusements—and you will find at the bottom of them all a lessening regard for the gentler graces of civilized life, and a growing admiration for the virtues of the aboriginal

Arnold listened in blank amazement. He had been the innocent means of relieving Sir Pat-rick's mind of an accumulation of social protest,

tones. He eagerly took up the defense of his | deeper tinge of color reddened his dark cheeks. 'I didn't say so," he answered, a little irritably. Sir Patrick lifted two of his white, wrinkled old fingers, and good-humoredly patted the

young sailor on the cheek.
"Yes you did," he said. "In red letters."

The little gold lid in the knob of the ivory cane flew up—and the old gentleman rewarded him-self for that neat retort with a pinch of snuff. At the same moment Blanche made her appearance

"Mr. Brinkworth," she said, "I shall want

you directly. Uncle, it's your turn to play."
"Bless my soul!" cried Sir Patrick, "I forgot
the game," He looked about him, and saw his the game. the game. He source about him, has saw he mailet and ball left waiting on the table. "Where are the modern substitutes for conversation? Oh, here they are!" He bowled the ball out before him on to the lawn, and tucked the mallet, as if it was an umbrella, under his arm. "Who was the first mistaken person," he said so himself, as he briskly hobbled out, "who discovered that human life was a serious thing? Here am I, with one foot in the grave; and the most seri-ous question before me at the present moment is, Shall I get through the Hoops?"

Arnold and Blanche were left together. Among the personal privileges which Nature has accorded to women, there are surely none more enviable than their privilege of always lookhim, the temptation to tease him was irresisti- |

ble. "Quite impossible!" she rejoined. "If you want any more encouragement, you must speak to my uncle."
"I'll speak to him," returned Arnold, "be-

There was another cry for "Mr. Brinkworth."
Blanche made another effect to pash him out.
"Go!" she said. "And mind you get through

the hoop!"

She had both hands on his shoulders—her She had both hands on his shoulders—her face was close to his—she was simply irresistible. Arnold caught her round the waist and kissed her. Needless to tell him to get through the hoop. He had strely got through it already! Blanche was speechless. Arnold's last effort in the art of courtship had taken away her breath. Before she could recover herself a recovery of a proposed in the court of the sound of approaching footsteps became plainly audible. Arnold gave her a last squeeze, and

She sank on the nearest chair, and closed her

eyes in a flutter of delicious confusion.

The footsteps ascending to the summer-house The footsteps ascending to the summer-house came nearer. Blanche opened her eyes, and saw Anne Silvester, standing alone, looking at her. She sprang to her foot, and threw her arms impulsively round Anne's neck.

"You don't know what has happened," she whispered. "Wish me joy, darling. He has said the words. He is mine for life!"

All the sisterly lave and citatriy confidence of

said the words. He is mine for he.

All the sisterly love and sisterly confidence of
many years was expressed in that embrace, and
in the tone in which the words were spoken. The hearts of the mothers, in the past time, could hardly have been closer to each other—se it seemed—than the hearts of the daughters were now. And yet, if Blanche had looked up in Anne's face at that moment, she must have seen that Anne's mind was far away from her little love-story.

"You know who it is?" she went on, after

waiting for a reply.
"Mr. Brinkworth?"
"Of course! Who else should it be

"And you are really happy, my love?"

"Happy?" repeated Blanche. "Mind! this is strictly between ourselves. I am ready to jump out of my skin for joy. I love him! I love him!" she cried, with a childish pleasure in repeating the words. They were choed by a heavy sigh. Blanche instantly looked up into Anne's face. "What's the matter?" she asked, with a sudden change of voice and

" Nothing."

Blanche's observation saw too plainly to be

Diametre's observation saw too plainly to be blinded in that way.

"There is something the matter," she said.
"Is is money?" she added, after a moment's consideration. "Bills to pay? I have got plenty of money, Anne. I'll lend you what you like."

"No, no, my dear!"

Blanche drew back, a little hurt. Anne was ceping her at a distance for the first time in

Bianche's experience of her.
"I sell you all my secrets," she said. "Why re you all my secreta, "ne said." Why are you keeping a secret from me? Do you know that you have been looking anxious and out of spirits for some time past? Perhaps you don't like Mr. Brinkworth? No? you do like him? Is it my marrying, then? I believe it is! You fancy we shall be parted, you goose? As if I could do without you! Of course, when I am married to Arnold, you will come and live with us. That's quite understood between us—isn't is?"

Anne drew herself suddenly, almost roughly, away from Blanche, and pointed out to the

sceps.
"There is somebody coming," she said.

"Leok!"
The person coming was Arnold. It was
Bianche's turn to play, and he had volunteered

Blanche's attention—easily enough distracted on other occasions—remained steadily fixed on

Anne.
"You are not yourself," she said, "and I must know the reason of it. I will wait till to-night—and then you will tell me when you come into my room. Don't look like that! You shall tell me. And thore's a kiss for you in the mean

She joined Arnold, and recovered her gayety

the moment she looked at him.

"Well? Have you got through the boops?"

"Never mind the hoops. I have broken the ice with Sir Patrick."

ee with Sir Patrick."
"What! before all the company!"
"Of course not! I have made an appointment to speak to him here."
They went laughing down the steps, and

They went taughing down the setys, and joined the game.

Left alone, Anne Silvester walked slowly to the inner and darker part of the summer-house. A glass, in a carved wooden frame, was fixed against one of the side walls. She stopped and looked into it—looked, shuddering, at the re-

looked into it—looked, shuddering, at the re-flection of herself.

"Is the time coming," she said, "when even Blanche will see what I am in my face?"

She turned aside from the glass. With a sudden cry of despair she frung up her arms and laid them heavily against the wall, and rested her head on them with her back to the light.

At the same moment a men's figure arms represen-At the same moment a man's figure appeared— standing dark in the flood of sunshine at the entrance to the summer-house. The man was Geoffrey Delamayn.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE TWO.

His advanced a few steps, and stopped, wheel in herself, After failed to hear him.

"I have come, as you made a point of it," he said, sullenly. "But, mind you, it isn't safe."

At the sound of his voice, Anne turned toward him. A change of expression appeared in her face, as she slowly advanced from the back of the summer-house, which revealed a likeness to her mother, not perceivable at other times. As the mother had looked, in by-gone days, at the man who had disowned her, so the daughter looked at Geoffrey Delamayn—with the same terrible composure, and the same terrible contempt.

"Well?" he asked. "What have you got to say to me?"

Mr. Delamayn," she answered, "you are one of the fortunate people of this world. You are a nobleman's son. You are a handsome man. You are popular at your college. You are free of the best houses in England. Are you something be-sides all this? Are you a coward and a scoundrei as well?

drel as well?"

He started—opened his lips to speak—checked himself—and made an uneasy attempt to laugh it off. "Come!" he said, "keep your temper."

The suppressed passion in her began to force its way to the surface.

"Keep my temper?" she repeated. "Do you of all men expect me to control myself? What a memory yours must be! Have you forgotten the time when I was fool enough to think you were fond of me? and mad enough to believe you could keep a promise?"

you could keep a promise?"

He persisted in trying to laugh it off. "Mad

is a strongish word to use, Miss Silvester!"
"Mad is the right word! I look back at my own infatuation—and I can't account for it; I can't understand myself. What was there in you," she saked, with an outbreak of contemptuous surprise, "to attract such a woman as I

His inexhaustible good-nature was proof even against this. He put his hands in his pockets, and said, "I'm sure I doe"t know."

ed said, "I'm sure I don't know." She curned away from him. The frank brushe turned away roun him. The trank cut-tality of the answer had not offended her. It forced her, cruelly forced her, to remember that she had nobody but herself to blame for the po-sition in which she stood at that moment. She was unwilling to let him see how the remem-brance hurt her—that was all. A sad, sad sto-ry; but it must be told. In her mother's time, she had been the sweeter. ry; but it must be told. In her mother's time, she had been the sweetest, the most levable of children. In later days, under the care of her mother's friend, her girlhood had passed so harmlessly and so happily—it seemed as if the sleeping passions might sleep forever! She had lived on to the prime of her womanhood—and then, when the tressure of her life was at its richest, in one fatal moment she had flung it away on the man in whose presence she now stood.

Was she without excuse? No: not utterly

She had seen him under other aspects than the sepect which he presented now. She had seen him, the hero of the river-race, the first and foremost man in a trial of strength and skill which had roused the enthusiasm of all England. She had rossed the enthusiasm of all England. She had seen him, the central object of the interest of a nation; the idol of the popular worship and the popular applanse. His were the arms whose muscle was celebrated in the newspapers. He was first among the heroes halled by ten thousand rearing threats as the pride and flower of England. A woman, in an atmosphere of red-hot enthusiasm, witnesses the apotheceis of Physical Strength. Is it reasonable—is it just—to expect her to ask herself, in cold blood, What (morally and intellectually) is all this worth?—and that, when the man who is the object of the apotheceis, notices her, is presented to her, finds her to his taste, and singles her out from the rest? No. While humanity is humanity, the woman is not utterly without excuse. utterly without excuse.

Has she escaped, without suffering for it?

Look at her as she stands there, tortured by
the knowledge of her own secret—the hideous
secret which she is hiding from the innocent secret which she is hiding from the innocent girl, whom she loves with a sister's love. Look at her, bowed down under a humiliation which is unutterable in words. She has seen him be-low the surface—now, when it is too late. She rates him at his true value—now, when her rep-utation is at his mercy. Ask her the question: What was there to love in a man who can speak to you as that man has spoken, who can treat you as that man is treating you now? you so clever, so cultivated, so refined—what, in Heav-on's name, could you see in him? Ask her that; and she will have no answer to give. She will not even remind you that he was once your model of manly beauty, too-that you waved your handker-chief till you could wave it no longer, when be took his seat, with the others, in the boat—that your heart was like to jump out of your bosom, on that later occasion when he leaped the last hurdle at the foot-race, and won it by a head. In the bitterness of her remorse, she will not even seek for that excuse for herself. In there no attending suffering to be seen here? Do your sympathies shrink from such a character as this? Follow her, good friends of virtue, on the pilgrimage that leads, by steep and thorny ways, to the purer atmosphere and the nobler life. Your fellow-creature, who has sinned and has repented—you have the suthority of the Divine Teacher for it—is your fellow-creature, purified and ennobled. A joy among the angels of heaven—oh, my brothers and sisters of the earth, have I not laid my hand on a fit companion for You?

There was a moment of silence in the summer-cuse. The cheerful tumult of the lawn-party house. The cheerful tumult of the lawn-party was pleasantly audible from the distance. Out-side, the hum of voices, the laughter of girls, the thump of the croquet-mallet against the ball, Jaside, nothing but a woman forcing back the

bitter tears of sorrow and shame—and a man who was tired of her.

She roused herself. She was her mother's daughter; and she had a spark of her mother's spirit. Her life depended on the issue of that interview. It was nacless—without father or brother to take her part—to lose the last chance of appealing to him. She dashed away the tears --time enough to cry, is time easily found in a woman's existence—she dashed away the tears, and spoke to him again, more gently than she

had spoken yet.
"You have been three weeks, Geoffrey, at "You have been three weeks, Geoffrey, at your brother Julius's place, not ten miles from here; and you have never once ridden over to see me. You would not have come to-day, if I had not written to you to insist on it. Is that the treatment I have deserved?"

She paused. There was no answer.

"Do you hear me?" she naked, advancing, and speaking in louder tones.

He was still silent. It was not in human endeavence to hear his contempt. The warming of

durance to bear his contempt. The warning of a coming outbreak began to show itself in her face. He met it, beforehand, with an impenetrable front. Feeling nervous about the inter-view, while he was waiting in the rose-gardenview, while he stood committed to it, he was in full possession of himself. He was composed enough to remember that he had not put his pipe in its case—composed enough to set that little matter right before other matters went any farther. He took the case out of one pocket, and the pipe out of species.

of another.

"Go on," he said, quietly. "I hear you."

She struck the pipe out of his hand at a blow.

If she had had the strength she would have struck
him down with it on the floor of the summer-

"How dare you use me in this way?" burst out, vehemently. "Your conduct is infa-mous. Defend it if you can!"

mons. Defend it if you can?"

He made no stiempt to defend it. He looked, with an expression of genuine anxiety, at the fallen pipe. It was beautifully colored—it had cost him ten shillings. "I'll pick up my pipe first," he said. His face brightened pleasantly—be looked handsomer than ever—as he examined the precious object, and put it back in the case. "All right," he said to himself. "She hasn't broken it." His attitude, as he looked at her again, was the perfection of easy grace—the grace that attends ou cultivated strength in a state of repose. "I put it to your own common-sense," he said, in the most reasonable manner, "what's the good of bullying me? You don't want them to hear you, out on the lawn there—do you? You women are all alike. There's no beating a little prudence into your heads, try how one may."

There's no beating a little prudence into your heads, try how one may."

There he waited, expecting her to speak. She waited on her side, and forced him to go on.

"Look here," he said, "there's no need to quarrel, you know. I don't want to break my promise—but what can I do? I'm not the eldest son. I'm dependent on my father for every farthing I have; and I'm on had terms with him already. Con't you see it warrend? You'm a already. Can't you see it yourself? You're a lady, and all that, I know. But you're only a governess. It's your interest as well as mise to wait till my father has provided for me. Here it is in a nut-shell: if I marry you now, I'm a

The answer came, this time,

You villain! if you don't marry me, I am s ruined woman!" "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Don't look at me

in that way."

"How do you expect me to look at a woman who calls me a villain to my face?"

She suddenly changed her tone. The savage element in humanity—let the modern optimists who doubt its existence look at any uncultivate who doubt its existence look at any uncultivate. who doubt its existence look at any uncultivated man (no matter how muscular), woman (no mat-ter how beautiful), or child (no matter how young)—began to show itself furtively in his eyes, to utter itself furtively in his voice. Was he to blame for the manner in which he looked at her, and spoke to her? Not he! What had these home in the twistence of his as ner, and spoke to her? Not he! What had there been in the training of his life (at school or at cellage) to soften and subdue the savage element in him? About as much as there had been in the training of his ancestors (with-out the school or the college) five hundred years

It was plain that one of them must give way. The woman had the most at stake—and the wo-man set the example of submission.

man set the example of submission.

"Don't be hard on me," she pleaded. "I don't mean to be hard on you. My temper gets the better of me. You know my temper. I am sorry I forgot myself. Geoffrey, my whole fattre is in your hands. Will you do me justice?"

The course never and hid her hard recrea-

sively on his arm.
"Haven't you a word to say to me? No answer? Not even a look?" She waited a mo-

ewer? Not even a look?" She waited a moment more. A marked change came over her. She turned slowly to leave the summer-house. "I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Delamayn. I won't detain you any longer."

He looked at her. There was a tone in her voice that he had never heard before. There was a light in her eyes that he had never seen in them before. Suddenly and flercely, he reached out his hand, and stopped her.

"Where are you going?" he saked.

She answered, looking him straight in the face, "Where many a miserable woman has gone before me. Out of the world."

He drew her nearer to him, and eyed her close-

r nearer to him, and eyed her clos ly. Even his intelligence discovered that he had brought her to bay, and that she really meant it! "Do you mean you will destroy yourself?" he

"Yes. I mean I will destroy myself." He dropped her arm. "By Jupiter, she does mean %!"

With that conviction in him, he pushed one With that conviction in him, he pushed one of the chairs in the summer-house to her with his foot, and signed to her to take it. "Sit down!" he said, roughly. She had frightened him—and fear comes seldom to men of his type. They feel it, when it does come, with an angry distrast; they grow loud and brutal, in instinctive protest against it. "Sit down!" he repeated. She obeyed him. "Haven't you got a word to say to me?" he asked, with an each. No! she sat immovable, reckless how it end as only women can be, when women's minds are made up. He took a turn in the summer-house, and came back, and struck his hand an-grily on the rail of her chair. "What do you

"You know what I want."

He took another turn. There was nothing for it but to give way on his side, or run the risk of something happening which might cause an awk-ward scandal, and come to his father's cars.

"Look here, Anne," he began, abruptly.
have got something to propose."
She looked up at him. "What do you say to a private marriage?"
Without asking a single question, without making objections, she answered him, speaking as bluntly as he had spoken himself.
"I consent to a private marriage."

He began to temporise directly.
"I own I don't see how it's to be managed-She stopped him there.

"What!" he cried out, suspiciously. "You have thought of it yourself, have you?"

"And planned for it?"

"And planned for it."

"And planned for it."

"Why didn't you tell mo so before?"

She answered haughtily; insisting on the respect which is due to women—the respect which was doubly due from him, in her position.

"Because you owed it to me, Sir, to speak first."

first." "Very well. I've spoken first. Will you ait a little?" wait a little !"
"Not a day!"

The tone was positive. There was no mistak-ing it. Her mind was made up.
"Where's the hurry?"
"Have you eyes?" she asked, vehemently.
"Have you ears? Do you see how Lady Lundie looks at me? Do you hear how Lady Lundie speaks to me? I am suspected by that woman. My shameful dismissal from this house may be a question of a few hours." Her head sunk on a question of a few hours." Her head sunk on her bosom; she wrung her clasped hands as they rested on her lap. "And, oh, Blanche!" she mouned to herself, the tears gathering again, and falling, this time, unchecked. "Blanche, who looks up to me! Blanche, who loves mé! Blanche, who told me, in this very place, that I was to live with her when she was married!" She started up from the chair; the tears dried suddenly; the hard despair settled again, wan and white, on her face. "Let me go! What is death, compared to such a life as is weiting is death, compared to such a life as is waiting for sec!" She looked him over, in one disdainful glance from head to foot; her voice rose to its loudest and firmest tones. "Why, even you would have the courage to die if you were in

place!"

Geoffrey glanced round toward the lawn.
"Hush!" he said. "They will hear you!"
"Let them hear me! When I am past hearing them, what does it matter?"

He put her back by main force on the chair. In another moment they must have heard her, through all the noise and laughter of the game.
"Say what you want," he recumed, "and I'll do it. Only be reasonable. I can't marry you to day."

to-day."
You can!"

"What nonsense you talk! The house and grounds are swarming with company. It can't be!" "It can! I have been thinking about it ever

since we came to this house. I have got some-thing to propose to you. Will you hear it, or not?"

""Speak lower!"
"Will you hear it, or not?"
"There's somebody coming!"
"Will you bear it, or not?"
"The devil take your obtainacy! Yes!"
The answer had been wrung from him. Still,
was the answer she wanted—it opened the door to hope. The instant he had consented to hear her her mind awakened to the serious necessity of averting discovery by any third per-son who might stray idly into the summer-house. She held up her hand for silence, and listened to what was going forward on the lawn.

The duli thump of the croquet-mallet against the ball was no longer to be heard. The game

had stopped.

ment more she heard her own name In a moment more she heard her own name called. An interval of another instant passed— and a familiar voice said, "I know where she is.

She turned to Geoffrey, and pointed to the

She turned to Geoffrey, and pointed to the back of the summer-bouse.

"It's my turn to play," she said. "And Blanche is coming here to look for me. Walt there—and I'll stop her on the steps."

She went out at once. It was a critical moment. Discovery, which meant moral-ruin to the woman, meant money-ruin to the man. Geoffrey had not exaggerated his position with his father. Lord Holchester had twice paid his debts—and had declined to see him since. One more outrage on his father's rigid sense of propriety, and he would be left out of the will as well as kept out of the house. He looked for a means of retreat, in one there was no escaping means of retreet, in case there was no escaping unperceived by the front entrance. A door— intended for the use of servants, when picnics and gipsy tea-parties were given in the summer-house—had been made in the back wall. It

opened outward, and it was locked. With his | strength it was easy to remove that obstacle. He put his shoulder to the door. At the moment when he burst it open he felt a hand on his arm. Anne was behind him, alone.

"You may want it before long," she said, ob-

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"You may want it before long," she said, ob-serving the open door, without expressing any surprise. "You don't want it now. Another person will play for me—I have told Blanche I am not well. Sit down. I have secured a re-spite of five minutes, and I must make the most of it. In that time, or less, Lady Landie's sus-pictions will bring her here—to see how I am. For the present, shut the door."

She seated herself, and pointed to a second chair. He took it—with his eye on the closed door.

door.
"Come to the point!" he said, impatiently. "What is it?"

You can marry me privately to-day," she wered. "Listen—and I will tell you how!" answered. "List

MY NEST.

The shadows lengthen; the twilight is falling;
The labors and cares of the day are ended;
A peace settles over the city's beswing,
Like the mirror'd glow of the sunset splendid.
And sparrow and robin, and skylark and throstis, Are silent now in leafy recesses: almly and warmly and safely they neetle In the shadowy biles of soft caresses.

On the skirts of the city my nest is waiting, Warm with a glow that is grateful and tender; And the world, with its striving, and sinning, and

hating. Meits in the light of its excred splendor. What though my dovecot be poor and lowly? Low's kingly sway makes the dwelling royal? Peace, like a cheroline, pure and boly, Fills every heart with a faith life loyal?

Cory, warm nest! every bounty and blessing Linger about thee as years o'er thee gather; ye bide within thee; and mercles uncessing Rain from the bountiful hand of the Father! Hope's budding promises break without number Rich 'mong thy leafests, and burst into blossom: Sweet be thy glad waking bours, and thy slumber Calm as the sleep of a babe on the bosom!

JUDGE LYNCH IN INDIA.

"I nam say, my dear fellow, that with your British notions it does appear strange to you that any law abiding citizen of the United States should for an instant uphold the doings of Judge Lynch; but I for one have long been convinced that worse evils can beful a community then an occasional visit from the peripatetic then an occasional visit from the peripastic judge. Truly he administers but 'wild justice,' but I do not think that as many innocent men have suffered from his decrees as from those of the legally qualified common-law judges of En-gland and America. Moreover, during my trav-els throughout 'Greater Britain,' I have seen cause to regret that Judge Lynch and his effective if irregular court had not been introduced into cause to regret that Judge Lynch and his effective if irregular court had not been introduced into other English-speaking countries. For instance, bush-ranging in Australia could never have been reduced to so fine a science had the squatters taken a lesson or two from my friends in Indiana on the speediest method of freeing the country from horse-thieres and murderers.

"Yes, that is all very well, you know, for you who have become so thoroughly American in life and thought; but no Englishman—no regu-lar Englishman, I mean—would ever consent to act the part of Judge Lyuch, or the part of a juryman in his court

The last speaker was evidently what he had styled a regular Englishman; his companion was as undoubtedly of the same race, but in him the salient characteristics had been rubbed off or toned down, and he might readily be taken by a casual observer for a native of his adopted State.

The two men occupied a seat in a railroad car-riage that was harrying across the prairies of Il-linois.

There you are mistaken," replied the elder of the two persons; "and to convince you I will relate a personal experience of lynch-law, in which also figured no loss a person than your esteemed uncle, General H----.
"It is something more than a quarter of a cen-

tury since your uncle, then a captain, and my-self were dining at the house of the Commander of the Bheel Corps in Khandes. Young N—, of the Engineers, was also a guest on the occa-sion referred to. We had settled ourselves well r Chin boo chairs on ti rands of the house enjoying our post-prandial che-roots, when a Government peon or messenger suddenly appeared in the inclosure of the bun-galow, and with considerably less than the usual amount of salaming, approached the master of the house, the redoubtable and dread Bheel Agent. In hurried accents the peon reported Agent. In numer access the peon reported that there were then lying, within a mile of our quarters, and on the high-road from Bombay to Indore, the dead bodies of ten men who had been attacked and killed within the last half bour.

"Our quartette had just been deploring the dullness of the sesson and the lack of all novelry at the station. Here was excitement and novel-

ty with a vengeance!
"The Hindostance words for two and ten (do and dos) are so nearly alike in sound that we all thought the evidently frightened peon had inad-vertestly used the larger number; but on being taken into the house and sharply questioned by Major ——, the peon asserted that he had count-ed the dead bodies, and that there were ten all lying in a row; that on discovering the nature of the tragedy he had run with all speed to re-port the circumstance to the Berrah Sahib, but he could tell no more. Our horses were imme-diately ordered; and as we were all guests under the same hospitable roof, we armed ourselves and

prepared to follow the Agent, whose duty it was, as a magistrate, to examine into the circumstances. Before our horses were ready the whole cantonment was ablaze with excitement; and when we set out to the scene of the tragedy the plain was made light as day by the flare of hun-

is of burning pine-torches.
We found the bodies as described lying in the we found the bodies as described lying in the middle of the road at regular distances. To the experienced eye of an Indian official the whole story was told at a glance; the unfortunate men were gold carriers from Bombey to Indore, con-veying each of them a certain weight of the pre-cious metal in ingots, tied in their cumberbunds around the loins. Marching as they always do around the loins. Marching as they always do in Indian file, they must have been met by the robbers proceeding in like manner in the opposite robbers proceeding in the manner in the opposite direction, and as each came alongside his victim a blow on the bare neck from a sharp heavy tulwar ended the matter. In all probability not a cry escaped. In two instances the heads were entirely separated from the trunks. It would be the work of half a minute for the assailants to

the work of half a minute for the assailants to tear the cumberbund from the corpsetund escape into the obscurity of the moonless night.

""This is professional Dacottee," said the magistrate, "and the secondrels will make for the Nizam's territory; once across the lines they will be safe. Jemadar!" calling a native officer, "pick out the twelve best mounted and lightest men in the troop, and order them to report at my house in half an hour. Captain S—, as brigademajor, you will take charge of the bodies, find out all you can about the murder, which I promise you won't be much; say duty is to catch the murderers. And now, gentlemen, who of you are inclined for a ride this dark night?"

"Of course every officer present volunteered;

clined for a ride this dark night?"

"Of course every officer present volunteered; but as half of them had no horses fit for such an excursion, and the other half could not be spared from duty, the magistrate's companions were reduced to his dinner guests, with the addition of young B—— of the civil service, a noted horseman and hog hunter.

"In less than half an hour the five Europeans and the succles action to company with their com-

and the twelve native troopers, with their officer at their head, were centering gently across the plain. It will be observed that no time was lost fore; indeed there was no room for hesitation or doubt. The murders were evidently the work of professional skill, and the assettly the work of professional skill, and the question as to the direction of their flight was narrowed down by direction of their flight was narrowed down by the necessities of the case to security in the do-minions of the Nisam, the independent native ruler of the Deccan. Before starting, how-ever, we had ascertained that a considerable body of horsemen had recently crossed a nul-lah or ditch in the direction we had determined

upon taking.
"Luckily for both men and horses, the night was cool, and we were able to push on rapidly; no horses but Arabe could have gotten over the ground at the pace we rode. Arab horses have always a shambling, stumbling action, but they are sure-footed as males, and although by dawn we had ridden fifty miles, not an accident had

"At sunrise we halted for a couple of hours, we white men making our breakfast on crackers

we write men making our breakness on creakers and brandy possures, our escort on parched grain and possures (water) without the brandy.

"We did not reach the frostier until 3 r.m., receiving then for the first time positive intelli-gence that the experience of Major — was not as fault; the robber band had passed across into native territory about an hour about of us, and were doubtless safe within the walls of

"We were terribly chagrined. As we attacked our flasks and crackers for the second time in twenty hours, we discussed the feasibility of enticing the gang back on to British soil, where we could lagally arrest them. But, to shorten we could legally acress them. But, to shorten my story, I may at once say that our delibera-tion closed by a unanimous resolve to cross the Rubicon, arrest the murderers, bring them back prisoners, and apologize to the outraged sover-eignty of his Hoyal Highmightiness, the Ni-

afterward. "As there was no time to be lost, we soon reached the walled village of Rattowah, and were rejoiced at learning that our prey were all fast saleep in fancied security in the Duhrumsallsh, or caravansersi of the place. After con-sultation with the kotwal (headman) of the villarge, who pretended to be horrified at the dis-covery of the characters his village was shel-tering, their resting-place was surrounded, and three of us entered holding drawn swords and cocked pistols in our hands; a few lust aroused the astonished inmates. The Bheel Agent soon enlightened them as to the situation, The Bheel ordering them to the door in Indian file, where they were seized and securely bound with the

heel-ropes of our horses.
"After this was almost silently accomplished, we concluded to take some refreshment before returning to Khandes. It was an unwise resolve, as we shortly discovered. We managed to purchase some fowls, rice, yams, and a coup of earthen pots, and two of us set to work prepare 'a hasty plate of soup.' We were, o course, our own cooks and scullions, for our troopers would have 'died the death' rather than contaminate their high-caste fingers by touching our food. Inexpertness made the placking and cleaning tedious work, and it was near sunset before we had managed to get the disjointed chickers late the pot. We were con-gratulating ourselves on the success of our cul-the village, by saying, 'Gentlemen, we must get out of this without delay. Some infernal rascal, I believe the ketwal himself, has sent a messenger express to a camp of the Nizam's cavalry, only eight or ten miles distant, and if the Rissaldar in command is the man I take

him to be, he will be here to secure, not the prisoners—he don't care a button for them— but their golden plunder."

"This was a dilemma we had not calculated

upon. We held a consultation once more, the result of which was the determination to try the ers by drum-bead court-martial or murderers by drum-bead court-martial on the spot. This, we all knew, was a serious busi-ness; for although no one gave utterance to the thought, it was evident that the result of such a trial would be the death of the prisoners. In spite of the fierce resolve in our hearts, we could not help laughing at the suggestion of our civil-ian associate that, as there was probably no draws to be found in such a place, we might bor-row a native tom-tom for the occasion.

draws to be found in such a place, we might borrow a native tom-tom for the occasion.

"The court was quickly organized, the prisoners were brought before it and interrogated as to
name, ages, etc. They made no concealment of
the crime or its motive; they one and all told us
to attend to eur own business, as they had attended to theirs. There was no difficulty in
finding a vertlict—there was more hesitation
about the sentence; but, finally, it was agreed
that they should all be hanged by the neck. I
need not dwell upon the farther details. Lariats
and trees were plenty; and after waiting ten
minutes round the swaying bodies, we rode off
as fast as our exhausted horses could carry us.

"The gold for which the twelve men had risked

"The gold for which the twelve men had risked and lost so much was subsequently transmitted, with a full account of the transaction, to the English Minister or Resident, as he is styled, at the Court of Holker at Indore, the city to which the murdered men were journeying when they met the Decoits.

There was, of course, a terrible row about the affair. Luckily Sir Charles Mescalfe had not then given to the newspapers a license to discuse such matters, and Major —— and your uncle, Fred, had interest enough to have the business husbed up after the Nizam had accepted a very

humble apology,

"I found it convenient to resign my commit

"I found it convenient to resign my commit sion, and soon after came to the United States, and settled down as a farmer in Indiana; but although a resident there for more than thirty years, I have never again acted in the court of Judge

OUR SURVIVING EX-PRESIDENTS.

THE death of President Pierce leaves General Grant the only living representative of an elected chief magistrate of the nation. The two survivtreet magnetize of the nation. The two surviv-ing ex-Presidents, Fillmore and Johnson, were both reised to their high official position by the death of their superior associates in office. The history of these two ex-Presidents in their early stressing for the associates (in their early struggles for the necessaries of life, in their un-expected success, in their abandonment of the political party which raised them to power, is similar to a degree that would suggest that the faces worked out their destiny under the same

unhappy auspices.

Mr. Johnson, made President by the death of
Mr. Lincoln, in the first blush of his accidentally Mr. Lincoln, in the first blush of his accidentally acquired honces, promised to be the Moses who would bring the newly-enfranchised slave safely to the land of perfect freedom. If he has any record which is really prominent—connected with statesmanship—it is, that he forgot his mission, and affected the spirit that gave birth and vitality to the Fugitite Slave Law.

Both these ex-Fresidents were born in the most humble positions possible in American society; both struggled into eminence through the severest sacrifices and by indomitable energy. Both could, and can, remember the bitterness of

the severest sacrifices and by indomitable energy. Both could, and can, remember the bitterness of their own early life; and yet both apparently forgot, while Presidents, to sympathize with the poor and enslaved toiler.

But this strange parallel does not end here; for, while Andy Johnson, as a boy, was working upon the bench as an apprentice to a tailor, Millard Fillmore, somewhat older in years, in the western wilds of New York, was sweating over the mechanical operation of dressing cloth, which could be fashioned into garments by the art which Andrew Johnson was learning in the then desolate regions of Tennessee. late regions of Tennessee.

But let these exemplare of singular history speak through the strange records that have been preserved for the enlightenment of Ameryouth and the astonishment of an admiring

"GREENWILL, TRANSPORT, No. "This is to certify that it is my desire that my son Andrew Johnson is bound an apprentice to James J. Selby to learn the Taylor's Trade, and that he is to serve bim faithfully until he is 21 years old.
"Andrew Johnson was born in the year 1908, December 29.

"MARY DADGHTNY, "Tours Dancersy."

"Buse firm.—Feeling disposed to relinquish my study, I feel anxious to pursue my occupation again. Therefore I shall take the liberty to inquire of you if you have any journeyman engaged to drose clock, and if you have not I should like to him out to you, and would work cheap, as I could possibly afford it. Please to direct a letter to me at Mootville the first opportunity, and let me know the result of your optimion of my request.

"Please accept my unfeigned respects. and

opportunity, and re-tion of my request.

"Please accept my unfelgued respects, and present them to your amisable lady, and them to your amisable lady, and "Formatione to subscribe myself" "Your unworthy friend, "M. Finances.

A MODERN TOURNAMENT.

Amono the honorable exercises formerly in fashion among all persons of note in Europe who desired to gain reputation in feats of arms, from the king to the private gentleman, were tournaments, joustings, tiltings, etc. The word tour-nament is derived from towaer (to run around), and in those military exercises much agility, both of man and horse, was receiving in thing round

a ring, or in wheeling with rapidity and pre-

Our illustration on page 780 is a very good Our illustration on page 780 is a very good representation of the tournament as it now exists in some of our Southern (especially the border) States. Let us imagine ourselves at one of these exercises. The knights are about to enter the lists, on either side of which are long lines of carriages filled with beautiful women, whose eyes beam with love and pleasure as their gallant favorites, clad in armor, enter the barriers and ride hither and thither on richly capazisoned steeds. A Queen of Love and Beauty has been chosen, with her Maids of Honor. The knights having retired to the end of the list, are called in order by the Herald, to contend for the prise. Every knight who successfully bears away the ring is, upon returning it to the judges as an ring is, upon returning it to the judges as an evidence of his provess, loadly greeted by the gentry, the fair ladies on either side also expressing their approbation by the waving of handlerchiefs and clapping of hands.

The general mode of procedure at a tourna-ment is as follows: A ring, from two to three ment is as follows: A ring, from two to three inches in diameter, is suspended on a hook high enough to allow the riders to peas under it, each rider or knight is armed with a long spear, and in his turn tilts the ring at full speed; the speed is 100 yards in five seconds. If he carries off the ring he scores one; if he misses it, or is not up to the required speed when he takes it, he does not score. Three tilts or courses in succession is the general number tried; the knight cession is the general number tried; the knight who takes the ring oftenest has the honor of choosing the Queen of Love and Beauty, the next best choosing the Maids of Honor. After the tilting is completed the knights are drawn up in line in front of the judges' stand, who then name the successful gallants and the honors they are entitled to. They then proceed to the ladies' stand and make choice of the Queen of Love and Beauty and her Maids of Honor; the whole cav-Beauty and her Maids of Honor; the whole cav-alcade then form in procession, the beauties in a carriage, the gallant knights on horseback, and proceed to the ball-room, where is erected a throne, to which the Queen and her maids are conducted; after which the knights, under their distinguishing names—such as Knight of Orange, Knight of Columbia, etc., etc.—are presented to the Court of Love and Beauty. This concludes the ceremony, and knights and ladies fair join in the many dance.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A camerary treated a voter to ginger-cake; where-upon the voter mildly bluted that his "brother" was around somewhere, and the candidate triged him to take another cake for his brother. This he did, and departed; and the up-for-office noted two more votes on his side of the list. But lists in the day, when a through and gathered at the botal to compare notes and guess at the returns, our wedant friend, very much to the surprise of every one, stalked into the parior, inquiring for Mr. C.—, Of course all eyes were directed to him as he approached. Drawing from his boson a four-by-six-inch cake, he said, "Mr. C.—, here's your cake. My brother had voted afters it seed him." Mr. C.—, 's embarrasement was not greater than his admiration of the failow's honesty.

"Patrick," said a pricet to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well," replied Pat, "I may se well conline to your revertocs for the whole stack, for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it the first dark night."

FULFILLING THE LAW. Let each one strive with all his might.

To be a decent man,
And love his brother as himself—
Upon the guiden plan;
And if his neighbor chance to be
A petty female woman,
Why, love her all the more—you see
That's only acting human.

To remove freckies, out them out with a reace, and throw them away. To bring out a mustache, tid it to a strong cord, twenty feet long, to the other end of which sitach a heavy smoothing-iron, and throw the latter from a fourth-story window. To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few moments in a strong blues of gas. To preserve your eyes, put them in a bottle filled with alcohol. To avoid corpulence, quit eating. To conceal your teeth, keep your mother shint. To keep out of debt, acquire the reputation of a reacal, and no one will trust you. These are infalmible receipts.

An Irish glasier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by begen joking him, telling him to mind and put in pienty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last allenged his termentor by—" Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or size I'll put a pane in yer head with-out any putty."

"Buy a trunk, Pat?" said a dealer. "And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Fat. "To put your clothes in," was the reply. "And go naked?" ex-claimed Fat; "not a bit iv it."

Awy Excess to Berven TRAN Nove.—An Irishman, having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window, was making the best of his way to get out of sight as well as mind; but, unfortunately for Pal, the projeteor stole a march on him, and having select into by the coller, exclaimed: "Too broke my window, failow, did you not?" "To be sure I did," said Pat; "and didn't you see me ranning home for money to pay for it!"

One Saturday afternoon two well-dressed elderly gentlemen approached Schiller's bost in the Central Park, and having read the inscription, one observed to the other: "I believe Schiller was a great navi-gator, was he not?" "Yes," was the response, "I be-lieve he was."

An inveberate etammerer one day, upon a journey, stopped to dine at a hotel. On attempting to bein himself to pepper at the dinner, he found, after a violent shaking, that there was no pepper to be had. He tarned round, and, beckoning to the waiter, commenced: "Wa-wa-wa-wa-waiter! this pep-pep-p-pepper box is som-som-something like ma." Why so, Sirf" said the waiter. "Po-po-po-poor delivery!" That pepper-box was soon filled.

"I went in to bathe," said a Yankee; "but before I was long in the water I saw a huge double-lawed shark making rapidly toward me. What was to be done? When he was eithin a yard of me I faced round, dived under the shark, and, taking a knife from my pocket, ripped the monater up." "But did you hathe with your dother on I' asked an astonished factorer. "Well," answered the story-teller, representably.—"we'l, I do think you needn't be so tarnation particular."

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THE CARDIFF GIANT-FULL LENGTH FRONT VIEW OF THE FIGURE .- [PROTOGRAPHED B) C. O. GOT.]

THE CARDIFF GIANT.

Ox the 16th of October there was discovered on Mr. NEWELL's farm in Onondaga County, New York, and about thirteen miles south of Syracuse, what was at first supposed to be a petrified human form—a giant of the olden time. The first reports of this discovery excited the greatest interest among all classes, and especially among scientific men. The fossil was found about three Eset below the surface while some persons were digging for a well. The soil was a sort of blui-h-clay mixed with quicksand and black loam, and organic remains were found about the body.

The figure, when first discovered, lay in a very easy and natural position, horizontal, partly on the right side, with the right hand resting over the abdomen. Its dimensions were as follow: From crown of head to hollow of foot, 10 feet 2½ inches; crown of head to tip of chin, 1 foot 9 inches; length of nose, 6 inches; width of nostrils, 3½ inches; width of mouth, 4 inches; point to point of shoulder, 3 feet; point of hip to knee joint, 3 feet; diameter of ralf of lag, 9½ inches; diameter of thigh, 1 foot; length of foot, 1 foot 7½ inches; width of palm, 7 inches; diameter of wrist, 5 inches. The veine, eyeballs, The figure, when first discovered, inches. The veins, eyeballs, muscles, tendons of the heel, and conds of the neck were all fully

disclosed.

As we have said, this figure was at first supposed to be a petrified human form. But it was soon found that this theory seemed hardly plausible. Though the figure had the appearance of stone, the onier surface could be shaved off with a knife without dulling the blade. Dr. J. F. BOYNYON visited the figure, and, after a careful examination, pronounced it to be a state of a Caucasian. The features were finely out, and excellent artists have remarked the symmetry of proportions characterizing the whole figure.

Dr. BOYNYON as first supposed that this statue

Dr. BOTHTON at first supposed that this statue was carved by the Jesuits who dwelt in this valley between 1520 and 1780. After a more thorough examination he declares it to be of gypsum, and of recent origin. He says, in a recent letter to

Professor SPENCER, of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington:
"I have stated that I thought his 'origin

"I have stated that I thought his 'origin would not carry us back over three hundred years;' but I am not certain that the known principles of chemistry will justify me in asserting that the period between his burial and resurrection was over three years. Its antiquated appearance has been produced not by abrasion, as many have said, but by the dissolving action of water, which, I think, could have been accomplished in a few months. A more careful and accurate calculation, admitting the possible chance of some undiscovered error creeping into the cal-

EXERCISE.

INACTION weakens the body, work strengthens it. The first brings on premature old age, the second prolongs youth—that is to say, as in ev-ery thing else, in moderation. The structure of man and his mental nature show that he was not created for inactivity. Almost all those who are quoted for longevity led a more or less active or laborious life. Exercise accelerates assimilation, and with an accelerated assimilation, or process of loss and restoration, the body undergoes a more prompt and complete renovation. The secret of longevity, according to Dr. Noirot, lies in

those who take their so-called exercise in car-riages. They obtain the benefit of fresh air and light, but they lose that reinvigoration of the organs, that stimulus to the vital forces, and that increase of warmth which is obtained by foot and horse exercise.



SLEEP, which is a kind of anticipation of death, s in lifetime a death which restores vitality. It procures the happiness of being born again every day. The better the sleep, the greater the probability of longerity. Night ought to be consecrated to sleep. This is a law of nature which can not be infringed

nature which can not be infringed with impunity. Nothing is more prejudicial to longevity than devoting the nights to intellectual or bodily labors. Many literary men, learned men, and artists have died young in consequence of this practice. On the other hand, early rising, after being refreshed by sleep, is as beneficial as late work is the reverse. The amount of sleep necessary for as late work is the reverse. The amount of sleep necessary for reinvigoration depends upon the age, habits, and constitution of the individual. A new-born infant would perish if kept awake for twenty-four hoers. Sleep is even more necessary after mental than after bodily labor. A man who thinks little is always in a kied of torpor. Old age, again, requires less sleep than youth and soluit age. As the body is more accessible to deleterious influences at night than by day, the air ought also to be fresh, and the supply plentiful. The stomach should not be loaded. The bed should not be too soft, and, if possible, the head

should not be too soft, and, if possible, the head should lie to the north, the feet to the south. The head should never be covered by the clothes; but there should be more outer clothing at night than in the daytime, the temperature of the body not being so high. It is a good thing, on taking off one's day clothes, to lay aside also all thoughts of the past. It is only thus that com-plete relaxation of the mind, as well as of the body, is secured, and without this unbending of the mental faculties perfect sleep is impossible.

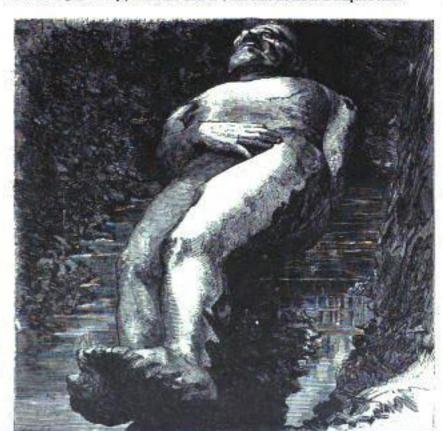


THE CARDIPP GIANT-SHIPMENT OF THE STATUE TO SYRACUSE .- [PROTOGRAPHIO BY C. O. GOTT.]

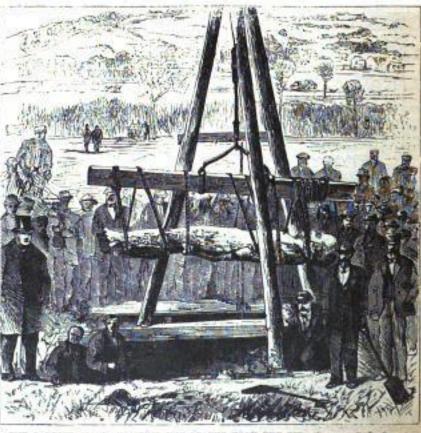
culation, may show the burial to have taken place about 870 or 871 days ago—as it may have happened between two days."

Mr. NEWELL, upon whose grounds the statue was found, is said to have-disposed of it for \$40,000. The figure has been carried to Syracuse. Its weight is 2990 pounds. If it were solid stone it would not weigh so much by 500 pounds. A recent theory has been started, that it is a cast-iron figure covered with a conting of cement. The head, it is said, gives a ringing sound when struck, like that of a hollow, metallic body. But Mr. Palmen, the sculptor, states that there are marks of sculptor's tools.

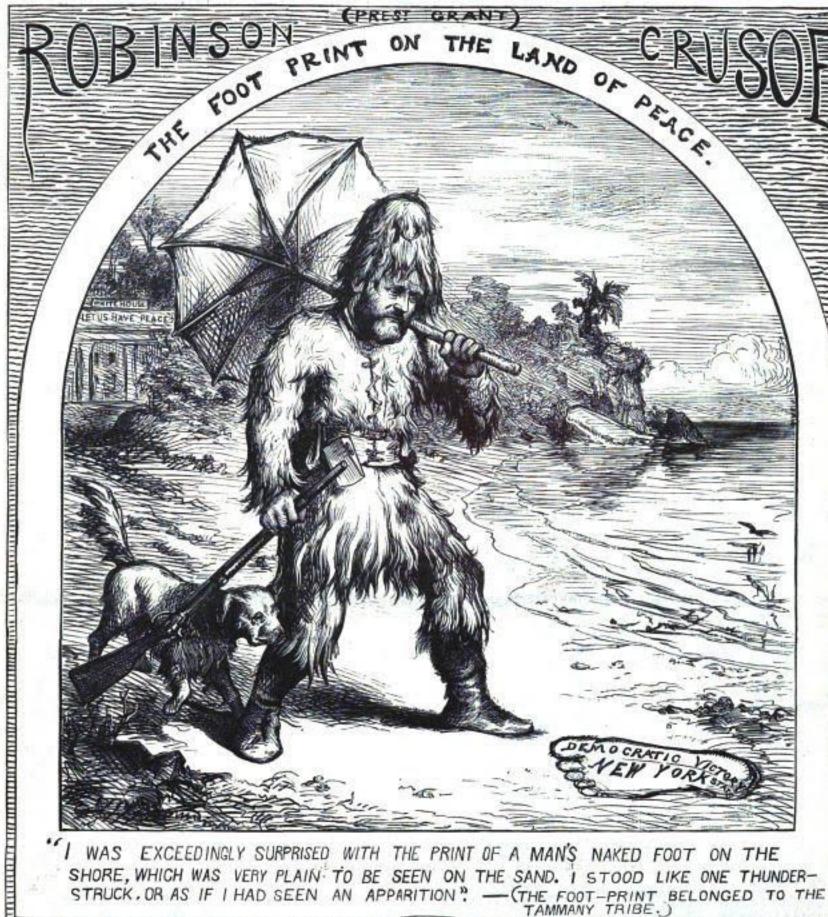
this fact. If women live to a good old age, notwithstanding their sedentary habits, Tisset says
this is to be explained by the want of bodily exercise being compensated for by their talking so
much. Women are, however, much more lively
and cheerful than men, and the most trifling incidents abstract their attention from more serious matters — a state of mind highly conductive to longerity. The most simple, most natural, and most beneficial kind of exercise is walking on foot. Such walks should, as far as possible, be in the open air, and in the morning. Next to pedestrianism comes equitation. No one who can enjoy the use of his legs can, however, envy



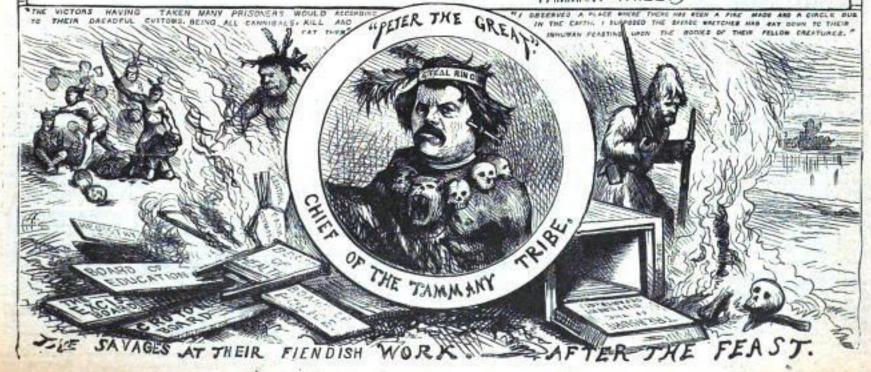
THE CARDIPP GIANT-PORESHORTENED VIEW OF THE FIGURE .- (PROT. BY C. O. GOTT.)



THE CARDIFF GIANT-HOISTING THE STATUE FROM THE PIT. [Pear, or C. O. Gort.]



I WAS EXCEEDINGLY SURPRISED WITH THE PRINT OF A MAN'S NAKED FOOT ON THE SHORE, WHICH WAS VERY PLAIN TO BE SEEN ON THE SAND. I STOOD LIKE ONE THUNDER-STRUCK, OR AS IF I HAD SEEN AN APPARITION" - (THE FOOT-PRINT BELONGED TO THE



1

TOO LATE.

As the tired satior loves the welcome is On which he takes his stand, After long years of mute expectancy, Plowing the watery farrows of the So I love thes.

As looks the miser on his treasured gold, In yellow beaps unfold, Closting with bloodshot eyes upon the wealth Massed by the secretor of life and health, I look on thee.

As yearns the wanderer through the stormy night.

For that glad rosy light.

Which makers to the earliest gless of day,
Chasing the night's grim solitode away,
I yearn for thes.

I see thee through the mist of by-gone years, Though dim with unshed tears My straining eyes. Thy councy brow and hair, Rediant with nameless grace, surpassing fair,

And when the queenly night, in allence deep,
Hushes the day to alsep,
On bended knees I weary Heaven that I
May nestle to thy bosom, ere I die,
At peace with thee.

And yet then comest not. My prayer is vain, Unbeeded as my pain:
And I must how me to the cruel fate
That kept me loveless till we met too late
For thee and me!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

En Ple Books .- Mook ERF.

CHAPTER L.

THE ROAD THAT LED NOWHITHER.

VERY near to Florence is the valley of the

The Ema is a small stream which strikingly contradicts the proverb, "As you make your bed, so you must lie on it," the bed the Ems ed for itself being a valley a mile or so broad in some places, reckening from hill to hill; and the little river trickling through it, nowadays, in a disproportionately small chan-nel, which may be (and is in more than one part of its course) spanned by a bridge of a single small arch. The ridge of hills dividing the valley of the Ema from that of the Arno is the valley of the Ema from that of the Arno is well known by sight to most of the many strangers who go to Florence. Few casual visitors, however, cross the ridge. The landscape seen from its summit is peculiarly Tuesan, and to the unaccustomed eye there is something drear and melancholy mingling with its beauty. After a time that impression is much softened. The peculiar delicacy of coloring; the long vistas of hills that fold like clouds one over the other, and present nearly as much variety of outline as the clouds themselves; the countless towers, villas, and churches that lie scattered over the scene, and peep forth from amidst the heary olive-trees, combine to charm the sight.

We come to learn the loveliness, as we learn the expression of a face whose stranger aspect was so different from its known and familiar one that the recollection of our first impression

The great enchantment of this Tescan land-scape lies in the atmosphere through which it is viewed. The wonderful lights and shades, the exquisite tints, the limpid clearness of the skies, are inestimable in their effect upon the scenery. are inestimable in their effect upon the scenery. In a winter afternoon at sunset, the bare, distant Apennines are touched with such ethereal hues—such likes, silvery-grays, blues, and rescolors—that they look like mother-of-pearl mountains in some fairy story. Not Hope herself can more delusively beautify the barren distance than does this southern sir.

Then, as the sun goes down, and the brief whileht degeners, there grows a solemn purple

Then, as the sun goes down, and the brief twilight deepens, there grows a solemn purple on the hills—a color that seems, in its intense bloomy depth, to fold around them like a cloud-garment. It is not that the hills grow purple, but that the great purple descends and wraps itself about the hills. Or, in the early summer days, what a fathomless ocean of dazzling blue is it that the swallows sail across! Bright, rapid, gladsome little skiffs upon that silent sea! Every projecting stone in the cottages is precious, cast-ing as it does an island of black shadow on the glare of wall or road. The springing wheat is almost too emerald-bright to be gazed upon. Beside the bursed brown tower on the hill stand the strong cypresses, writing dark char-acters against the shimmering sky—hieroglyph-ies which different eyes so differently interpret, and which to some remain dumb and unre-

It is June. Through the vale of Ema ripples the shrunken river among the parched, thirsty and. Here and there comes a stretch that seems to have absorbed the little stream. You can cross it dry-shod. But, lo! some furiougs off, it puris and gargies once more ambies the reeds. The frogs keep up an incessant cry, tremulous and guttural; and now and then one of them plashes luxuriously into the cool water beneath the shadow of the bank. The cicala, in his bronze coat of mail, sends forth a shrill sound, like the springing of an infinitely tiny rattle made of the finest steel. It seems to be to the ear what the hot quivering of the air is the eye, and to be equally suggestive of sun-ine. Swarms of colored butterflies flutter brightly around. Orange, crimson, blue, white, purple, yellow; if a rainbow could fall from the sky, and be scattered into a thousand fragments as it fell, it could shower down no bright tint these winged flowers would fail to match.

On the dry, dusty, crumbling paths that climb the hills bounding the valleys the light beats fercely. The grass is parched, and sparsely grown, and dry. Here and there glitters a bunch of glaring yellow weeds, made bold and flaunting by the munificent sun, like a course favorite of fortune. Little cold bright-eyed lisards glide in and out of the chinks in the rough stone-walls that flank the main roads. Some of the lisards are as green as emersids. Others, again, are of the same hue as the brownest of the blocks of those. Sometimes they will remain as motionthe same hoe as the brownest of the blocks of stone. Sometimes they will remain as motion-less as the stone itself, gazing with their round, unwinking, black diamonds of eyes, until the passer-by might think that they were hardened and baked stiff and stony by the heat. But sud-denly, at some sound or sight which startles it— or, it may be, from pure exprice—the little rep-tile flits away as swift and noiseless as a flash of light, and is gone. light, and is gone.

light, and is gone.

Over the top of the wall tumbles a laden branch of roses or the starry elematis. The wheat is high, and the green vines, full of leaf, hang richly on the poliard multherry-stems. The gray olive stands up to his middle in a sea of grain. The corn and wine and oil all grow together on the same fertile field. Every thing is steeped in smitght. Only the olive's silvery foliage controve a thought of coolness. It is always a moorhight tree. In the subriest summer noontide its soft gray tint, and the fantastic weirdness of its shadowy form (expension) shadowy form (especially in the older trees, which have been scooped and cut until nothing but a seemingly unsubstantial shell of trunk rebut a seemingly unsu out a seemingly insubstantial shell of trunk re-mains to them), and the trembling, feathery plume of branches recall the cold bright pallor of the moon, that makes the shuddering flowers so wan and bloomless when the night breeze

Tuffes their dewy breasts.

Drought and a sultry silence, which the cicala's ory seems but to emphasize, not break, prevail along the dusty road, as we wander along the Emas course, further and still further away From the fair city of Florence, going eastward.
Presently, with many a laboring creak and jar,
comes lumbering by a clumsy country cart,
drawn by two of the colossal, dove-colored Tuscan oxen. The driver—or he who should be driving, rather—lies asleep under a shady awn-ing of matting at the bottom of his rude vehicle. The cart is one which might have been copied inch for inch from a Roman bass-relief, and has been copied through a long series of models from the cart that bore home the produce of the teem-ing Italian soil in Horner's day. The docile heavy beasts that draw it turn their grand dark eyes askance upon the passenger as they meet him, and blow a fragrant breath from moist,

him, and blow a fragrant breath from moist, ample nostrila.

Following the windings of the road, which now runs for a short space on the level, close to the Ema, we come to a steep ascent on the right, leading up to the summit of one of the highest eminences overlooking the valley. Instead of sloping gently down toward the river, as most of the neighboring hills do, this one terminates on the side of the Ema in an abrupt precipice. The steep ascent before mentioned leaves the main highway to climb this height. The road is narrow, strewn thickly with great smooth pebnarrow, strewn thickly with great smooth peb-ics, like the bed of a torrent, and only kept is narrow, strewn thickly with great smooth perbles, like the bed of a torrent, and only kept
from crumbling bodily down into the valley in
summer, or being washed away by the rain in
winter, by horizontal lines of rough stone paring, placed like the rungs of a indder, which succed each other at wide intervals, and afford a
foothold to any laden mule that may be driven
up or down. To wheels the rood is quite inaccessible. Arrived on the summit, it turns abruptly to the left between high stone-walls, within
which the soil is so much higher than the rood—
a common circumstance in Tuscan farms—that
the corn and wild flowers peep over the top
of the wall, and the olives and fruit trees rear
nearly their whole height above it. The walls
and the foliage shut cert all glimpse of the view
to right or left; but presently we come to an
open space, a little piametts, and the wide landscape bursts upon us. It is so bright and airy
and unexpected that we feel as though we had
come out of a dark room into the daylight. We
are on the topmost ridge of a line of hills that are on the topmost ridge of a line of hills that slope down on either hand—this way toward the

Close, here in the fore ground, is a tiny church with a low campanile, or bell-tower, on its roof. It is the church of Saint John in Jerusalem. But the neighboring peasants know it by no other name than San Gersolé, that being the popular contraction of the ten syllables noces-sary to the promucciation of San Giovanni in In front of the church lies the permanename. In front of the church lies the little piazzetta, bounded on the side opposite to the church-door by a low parapet wall, and en-tirely surrounded by huge cypresses. Beyond this parapet what a dream of purple hills, veiled chickly here and the hard the purple hills, veiled this parapet what a dream of purple hills, veited elightly here and there by a silvery gause of hot mist! What a widening plain, ever widening toward the sea, that is green near at hand, and then in the distance bluish-gray, and holds Arno, sleepily flowing on his course, brighten Arms, alceptly howing on his course, prignioning it with rare gleams reflected from the skyl. What a vision of a city, whose house-roofs seem to press and throng like a holiday crowd, and of an awful dome, and soaring towers and spires, and churches and palaces, and old arched gateways, showing burned and brown as colossal fragments. ments of Etruscan pottery! What a dazzling speck of whiteness on the far horizon, that looks like a wandering chard har. like a wandering cloud, but is the jagged line of the Carrara marble mountains many a mile away! What a strange melancholy charm as the eye explores the naked Apennine, discrewned long ages of his rich regal wreath of woods, rearing parched and crumbling heights to the releatle sun, and with black gashes of shadow where a deep ravine winds its mysterious way into the central strong-hold of the hills! What a waveless sea of asure sir, into whose limpid

depths the very soul seems to plunge and float as we gase! And subtly steeping all this in a flood of glory, what a divinely terrible, divine-ly beneficent, dassling, flaming, white-hot sun-shine!

Drought, and a sultry allence, shaking to the shrill song of the cicals, as we stand and gaze.
Suddenly a jangling bell breaks forth discordantly. Up in the square campanile of San Gersolé it is swinging in measy jerks—ting-tang, ting-tang, jingle-jangle jingle—without any

Out of the dark little church comes a Out of the dark little church comes a procession. Two priests; boys in white surplices
swinging censers; men carrying a lofty crimson banner bearing the painted miracle of some
saint; and some dozen or so of peasant men and
women (the latter largely predominating) in holiday strire, carrying missals, and shouting forth
a Latin hymn in a quaint, monotonous chant.
Round the little plazza they march soleunly,
sending up curling clouds of incense into the
leafy darkness of the cypresses, and jealously
edging on to every inch of shade as they walk
slowly, bare-headed, under the summer sky.
Once, twice, three times, they make the circuit
of the plazza. Then the dark church-door swallows them again. The bell ceases to jangle, and
the last whiff of incense floats away into the air.
Standing with San Gersele on the left, and the
parapet wall on the right, and looking straight
before us, whither does the road lead?

"Nowhither," answers an old contadino, who
has been tending his cows in a shed close at hand.
Cows know no difference between week days and ion. Two priests; boys in white surplic

Cows know no difference between work days and feast days, but need their fodder and litter all the same, though it be the festa of the saint whose legend is commemorated on the crimson banner. Therefore the old contadino has been tending them, with a large apron made of coarse blue linen tied over his holiday clothes. And if you ask him again whither the road leads he will still answer "nowhither." You do not "come out," he says; the road leads nowhither, save—as, if you press him hard with questions, he will be driven to tell you—to the extreme edge of the precipice that overhangs the valley of the Ema.

But is there nothing, then, between San Ger-sole and the edge of the precipice, save a strip of road leading nowhither? Ah, truly, yea: there is a garden; a large garden. And there is a home; a large house: the Villa Chiari. Oh yes, as to that; yes, yes. But the road—what would you?—leads nowhither.

Proceeding along it, nevertheless, we reach a forlorn-looking, grass-grown space. The grass is burned straw-color, and a foot-path is worn across it. The foot-path shows the bare brown earth besten and baked quite hard. Across it carts testen and baked quite hard. A cross it streams an endless procession of big black anta, as sealously busy a crowd pressing importantly along the road that "leads nowhither" as you shall ever have seen

along the road that "leads nowhither" as you shall ever have seen even in Fleet Street, London City. No other living thing is to be beheld, not even a butterfly; but the cicals still springs his tiny steel rattle in the sultry allence.

Before us is a high wall, whose plaster is crumbling and poeting off. There are massive iron gates, worked by some comping artism of the old Florentine time, resty and hert, and parterumiting and pounds one counting artisan of the old Florentine time, rusty and bent, and partly off their hinges. One-half of the gate stands open. It must have stood open this many a long day—many a long year, perhaps—for the grass has grown around it thickly, and one side of it is has grown around it uneary, and one size of the partly buried in the soil, and a colony of wild flowers has sprung up in the shelter of its crook-ed shadow. On either side of the gate hangs down a tangled mass of leaves and branches the shelter of the same beauthers. clothing the unsightly wall, and nearly hiding a marble tablet—moss-grown and discolored— whereon are graven the words "Villa Chiari," surmounted by an elaborate coat of arms. The ivy, dog-rose, and honey-suckle are all matted rey, tog-toe, and honey-could are all matter together, so as to form a thick screen over the tablet. But it matters the less, in that this is not the grand entrance to the house. No one enters by this old gate, save the contadini belonging to the adjacent form. On the other side is a good road, well engineered, and mounting by due

good road, went organized, and mounting by the right agency to a green painted gateway, and a grav-eled sweep before the portico.

But that is a long way off, and there are some acres of garden ground between the road that "leads nowhither" and that which officially con-

ducts to Villa Chiari.

In the old times many a lady's palfrey, and many a churchman's ambling mule, and many a rich litter borne by lackeys, and holding a lux-urious Medicean noble, may have passed along the old steep way. Then the fine scroll-work of the iron gates cast the black tracery of its shadow on fair faces and bright hair glistening in the sunshine, and made them fairer and more bright by contrast. And they, too, have gone their way along the road that "leads nowhither," and the sulptured marble is white above their tombs, ad the wild flowers twine fearlessly around the unhinged gate.

We pass the gateway and find ourselves in a neglected garden—neglected in this part of it, that is; for near the house the walks are rolled and weeded, and the flower-beds are as trim and bright as patterns in a kaleidoscope. But here are paths all overgrown with greenery, tangled thickets of laurestimum, lilac, rose, and cleander. There is a pergola, or trollis, covered with vines. And the eglantine and elematis and elinging hon-And the eglantine and elematis and elinging non-sy-suckle have usurped its support, and pushed their fragrant faces peeringly in here and there amidst the leaves and the grape blossoms. From the booky gloom of a grove of acacia and like, trees, thickly undergrown with laurel and like, comes the mellow fluting trill of a nightingale, like the perfume out of the heart of a rose. Now and again is heard the flutter of wings, as some little brooding bird stirs in his noonday dream, and then is still again. Onward we wander beneath the freshness of the pergola, then out again into the flery air. Still onward, past a broken mar-

ble basin, once a fountain, where a tiny stream drips out of a crevice and makes a green track in the parched berbage, and where a harmless make is sunning himself asleep. And we come to a deep blot of shadow that shows against the glare of the ground, like a black mountain turn amidst snow. The shadow is thrown from an ancient cypross that stands, lonely as a sentinel, upon the brink of the precipice, at the end of the road that "leads nowhither." And in the shadow sits a lady, young and beautiful, looking out at the far-away Apennine, and quite alone.

CHAPTER IL VILLA CHIARL

Tun lady sitting in the shadow was Veronica, brim, such as the possent women wear. And beneath it her eyes gleamed and her checks glowed brighter than ever. She had wrapped a white burnous as fine as gossamer around her shoulders, and set huddled together under the cypress, with her elbows resting on her knees and her cheeks resting on her hands. It was shady beneath the cypress, but it was not cool. No spot to which the hot sun-impregneted air had free access could be cool. Still, Veronica sat there looking out at the far-away barren Apennine, with her elbows resting on her kno and her cheeks resting on her hands.

A man came through the garden toward her, a short, thick-set, gray-haired man, staid and re-spectful, who hared his head in the sunshine as he addressed her.

"Signoral" said the gray-haired man, and then stood still and waited.

Veronica neither turned her head nor her eyes toward him. But her color rose a very little, and through her parted lips the breath came

"Miladi!" said the gray-haired man. No shade of difference could be discovered in his tone. It was the same to him whether he used the one title or the other. If this lady preferred the English one, why should she not have it? He had learned that she liked it best; but he

was very far indeed from understanding why.
"What is it, Paul?"
"Pardon, miliadi, but Sir John, on awaking from his seests, demanded to know where you were; and when I told him that I supposed you were beneath the accustomed cypress, pray you to come in."

pray you to come in."

Paul spoke in Italian.—which was nearly as much a foreign language as English to his Pie'smontees tongue—and addressed her with perfect respect, but with an indefinable air of taking it for granted that she would comply with any expressed wish of Sir John's, which graced on the sensitive screness of her haughty spirit.

"I am very well here, and shall remain," said Veronica, briefly. Then she turned her eyes away (she had never relinquished her careless attitude) and seemed to dismiss him from her thoughts.

thoughts.

"It is bad to stay here in the heat, miledi," returned Paul. He spoke with the same caim, imperturbable air of knowing his duty and doing it which he had assumed toward Sir John Gale in the most irritable moments of his ill-

"I am in the shade," said Veronica. And when she had said it she bit her lip at having been betrayed into what seemed an excuse or

spology.

Paul gravely unfurled a huge yellow sun-shade, lined with purple, which he had brought with him. It was characteristic of the man, and of the perfect sense he had of his own po-sition, that, albeit his bars head was scorching in the glare, he had never thought of unfurling the sunshade for his own use.

It came into the month's wages to endure personal inconvenience of some sort. A little personal meconvenience of some sort. A note reasting, a little freezing, a little wetting—what mattered? There was that village up in the Alpa, and there were the two boys waiting to be educated to a point that would make them independent of such disagreeable exertions and sacrifices.

Paul put up the yellow umbrella, and held it over Verenica's head; he seemed so absolutely cortain that she would get up off the ground and come with him into the house that she rose as though some spell were moving her limbs. Sud-denly the willful, spoiled-child mood came upon her, and she threw herself down again beneath her, and she threw herself down again beneath the tree, saying, "Go and get me some cush-ious and a shawl. I shall stay here. I am en-

joying the view."

"In the evening, signora—miladi—it is very fine here. Now, the sun will burn your skin, and spoil your eyes. It is not like in England, miladi; at this hour in the summer, even up on a height like this, it is not good to be out in the sunshine. It makes the women look old soon. our contadine!"

With this masterly stroke Paul gravely bent down, hat in hand, and held his arm out for Veronica to lean on when she should rise—and

Paul walked a pace behind her holding the umbrella, and they proceeded toward the house.

Instead of passing beneath the pergola they turned on reaching the old fountain—where their footsteps disturbed the snake, that slid away at their approach into the dry grass-the left, and entered a path leading through shrubbery. Here the walks were nest, the grass clipped, and the flowers duly tended. The grounds had not the fresh perfection of an En-glish garden. There was a want of finish about all the details—the finish that comes from doing thoroughly whatever is done—but nature had filled the place with light, and color, and per-fume, and it was very lovely. At a turn in the path the house came in view. Villa Chiari was an old and vass building, solid, heavy, and with

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few windows in proportion to the great extent of wall-space. This circumstance, which would make a house gloomy in a northern climate, is suggestive only of grateful shade and coolness to a dweller beneath Italian skies. Wealth had been unsparingly employed within the villa to make it a comfortable and luxurious residence, in accordance with modern English ideas of what is comfortable and luxurious; but without, Villa Chiari remained much as it had been any time these three hundred years. It was covered with yellowish plaster. Situated as the cred with yellowish plaster. Situated as the house was, on a height, and fronting to the north, it had become much stained by wind and weather. The plaster was discolored, cracked, and, in some places, had pesied off altogether, revealing a rough solid wall constructed of min-gled brick and stone, after the Tuscan fushion. To each window were double wooden shutters To each window were double wooden shutters or jalousies, painted green. These were open on the side of the house that was in shadow, and were carefully closed whenever the sun's rays beat against them like a flight of burning arrows. All the windows on the besement story were protected against more earthly assailants by massive wrought-irou bars.

Immediately beneath each of the lower windows was a trong bench the and gray color of

Immediately beneath each of the lower windows was a stone bench, the sad, gray color of which was diversified by bright lichens. A large archway, closed by double doors, in the centre of the façade, gave access to a paved court-yard open to the sky. Around the court-yard ran an open arcade—called here a loggia—and from it opened various doors leading to the interior of the dwelling. The roof was covered with ancient tiles, mellowed into a rich sembre become sellowed into a rich sombre brow

cient tiles, mellowed into a rich sombre brown by time and sunshine. And from it, at one end of the building, rose a square tower, also tiled, and with overhanging pent-house caves. There was something melancholy and forlorn in the exterior aspect of the boose. The crum-bing plaster, the shut jalouises, the moss-grown uneven pavement before the door, the brooding stillness that hung over the whole place—a still-ness that seemed of death rather than sleep— were all decremains.

vere all depressing.

Paul held open a low door beneath the loggis

Paul held open a low door beneaus me sogga-for Verenica to pass.

She entered a shady corridor, whose marble pavement seemed icy cold to one coming from without. A moutent ago she had longed for shade and coolness. Now the air of the house struck chill, and she shuddered, drawing the clock around her.

At the end of the corridor was a large saloon.

The floor was still covered with a rich an thick carpet, contrary to Italian usage, which re-quires that all carpets be removed from the ma-ble or painted brick floors in summer. There were luxurious chairs, and sofas, and ottomans;

were luxurious chairs, and sofse, and ottomans; cabinets of rare workmanship and costly materials; silken hangings and gold-framed mirrors in the saloon. It had a lofty, vaulted ceiling, adorned with colorsal stucco garlands, white on a blue ground. The air was faint with the rich perfume of flowers disposed in massive groups about the room; and only a dim sen-green twilight filtered in through the closed jalousies. Sir John Gale was lying on a couch when Veronica entered. He rose when she appeared, took her hand, and led her to a chair. He was more high-shouldered than ever, and lean; and in the greenish light his face looked ghastly. Paul had followed Veronica to his master's presence, and had waited an instant; but at a wave

ence, and had waited an instant; but at a wave of Sir John's hand he had withdrawn, closing

the door noiselessly after him. Veronica tossed her broad-brimmed hat on to an ottoman near her, and threw herself back in her chair with an air of consummate languor. Sir John's eyes were accustomed to the dim-ness. He could see her better than she could see him, and he watched her with a half-admir-

ing, half-savage glance.
"You have been out," he said, after a silence

She slightly bent her head.

"I thought that you had been taking a siesta in your own apartments." She made a negative sign without speaking.

"Am I not deemed worthy of the honor of a word?" asked Sir John; and though his mouth smiled as he said it, his eyebrows frowned. smiled as he said it, his opened Veronica.
"Too hot to talk!" murmared Veronica.

"If you had remained indoors, as I have so frequently advised, at this hour, you would not now have been overcome by the heat, which is, of course, my first consideration; and I should have enjoyed the pleasure of your conversation."

Veronics shrugged her shoulders, and smiled distainfully.

Contract to the second

Veronics annuages
diadainfully.
"Well, perhaps you are right," said Sir John, answering the smile with a enser Mephistopheles might have owned. "Perhaps you would not made yourself agreeable if you and staid in. But at all events you would have done more wisely for yourself. You positively run the risk of getting a cosp-de-social by running out in this

Veronica sighod a little impatient sigh, and pulling down a rich plait of her hair, drew its glossy length languidly across and across her lips. "Magnificent!" said Sir John, softly, after

"Magnificent!" said Sir John, softly, after contemplating her for some time. She looked up inquiringly.
"Magnificent hair! Quantity, quality, and hue, all superb! I never knew but one other woman with such an abundance of hair as you have. And hers was blonde, which I don't ad-mirs."

mire."

The expression of his admiration had not lost its power to charm her. Indeed, it may be said that to hear her beauty praised by any lipe, however false and coarse, was now the one delight of her life. That the flattery was poisoned she knew, as the drunkard knows what have he awallows in each fiery draught. But she turned from it no more than he refrains from the fatal wine-cup. Her face brightened, and she coquettiably

released all the coils of her hair with a sudden turn of her hand. It fell in plaits, or loose rip-pling tresses, all around her. Sir John looked on complacently with a sense of ownership. "Will you drive this evening?" asked Ve-

ronics. "Drive? I don't know. Where? There are

no drives. "I want to go to Florence."

"To Florence!"

"You know you said I should do so some day. I have never seen it. When we passed through from the railway station it was dark. It is so dull here. Besides, "she added, as if angry with herself for having assumed a pleading tone, "I

"There can be no necessity, Veronica. The ervants will procure you any thing you want."
"But I wish to see the city! Why should

"What is the use of making me recapitulate my reasons? I am known there. You would be exposed to—to—disagreeable rencontres; in short, it is better not to go into Florence at

He spoke in an imperious tone of masterhood, and then sank back on his couch as though the discussion were closed. Versaica sat quite still for a minute or so. The minute seemed very long to her. She was trying to school herself to be politic, and to answer calmly. But self-control is not to be acquired in an instant.

Her own impulse of the moment, her own likes and dislikes, exprices and whims, had been para-mount with Veronica all her life. Now, after telling berself sternly that it would not do to be telling herself sternly that it would not do to be hasty, and that every thing depended on her power of self-command, she broke out on a sud-den with childish vehemence; declaring that she was moped to death; that she was dull, wretched, bored, all day long; that if there were any rea-son for Sir John's shrinking from being seen in Florence it rested with himself to remove that that she was sick and weary of the delays and disappointments; finally, that she second go to the city that evening. At first Sir John listened to her petulant,

At live cir John instead to her petsiant, broken speech with the detectable enjoyment of a cruel school-boy, who watches his newly-caged bird fluttering in terror and impotent anger against the wires. But some word she said touched on a theme which threatened to give him trouble

That prospect was not amusing. Besides, Veronica looked very handsome so long as she was merely passionate and angry. But after the first outburst symptoms of rising team became apparent, and that prospect also was not

amasing.

"Good Heavens, Veronica!" exclaimed Sir John, "how can you be such a baby? Go, go, if you like. If you care about it so much, order the carriage at any hour you please. Only let me suggest that it be not before the sun has begun to lose some of his power. It will be hot enough in any case in those narrow stuffy streets. Out!"

And you?" said Veronics, standing looking at him is

at him irresolutely.

"Oh, I shall not go. You can take your maid, and Paul will attend you."

"I don't want Paul," muttered Veronica, but in so low and indistinct a tone that Sir John might plausibly affect not to hear it if he chose. And he did choose.

"Of course Paul will attend you," he repeated, quietly. "You will find Paul indispensable. That lost of a Tuscan coachman would get you into some acrane. to a certainty."

That lost of a Tuscan coachman would get you into some scrape, to a certainty."

All Sir John Gale's servants, with the exception of Paul and the cook, were Tuscans: not town-bred Florentines, but country people. Their service was clumsily rendered, but Sir John had known what he was about when he charged Paul to see that no servant accustomed to write on furnishers, and to file from house to to wait on foreigners, and to flit from house to house gossip-laden, was engaged among his do-

When the carriage was announced there stood Paul, bare-headed, to hand "miladi" in. Her maid placed herself on the back seat, and Paul

maid placed herself on the back seat, and Paul climbed up to the box beside the coachman.

"Where to, miladl?" asked Paul, leaning down, hat in hand,

"To Florence. Any where. I don't know. Stay; I want to buy a—a fan. Drive first to a place where they sell fans."

The carriage had not gone a quarter of a mile down the steep incline that led from Villa Chiari—it was down hill thence in every direction—when she called to Paul, and bade him make the coachman stop.

coschmen stop.
"I think," said she, with a not quite successful assumption of being an independent agent— "I think I will take a drive in the park—the

Cascine they call it, don't they? Go there first."

Paul bent down lower into the carriage, and said, in English, "At the hour when we should arrive there, miladi, the Cascine would be terribly unwholesome. Sunset is a bad time, or even bly unwholesome. Sunset is a bad time, or even the hour before sunset. There is a mist. It is damp. You get colds—oh, very dangerous colds. Does miladi care which fan-shop she goes to?"

Veronica drew from her pocket a delicate gold watch incrusted with jewels, and looked at it with a meditative air while Paul was speaking. "It is later than I thought," she said, slowly. "Tell the coachman to drive straight into town. I must buy my fan by daylight. Never mind the Cascine. Go on."

She looked very imperial and grand, leaning

I must buy my fan by daylight. Never mind the Cascine. Go on.

She looked very imperial and grand, leaning back in the handsome carriage, and folded in a soft cloud of black lace. Peasant women passed and stared at her. Peasant children shouted. Working-men, returning from their daily labor, shaded their eyes to look at her dashing by.

Paul ass, square shouldered and steady, beside the coachman. And the pleasure of her weak, selfish vanity, and the petty delight of being ad-

mired and envied by poor ignorant passers was dashed with a bitter drop—the consciousness that that man was invested with power to control her movements, and that, brave it out as might, she was a slave, and Paul her keeper.

SQUIRRELS.

Squinners, black, gray, red, striped, spotted, and brindled, are immensely numerous in the United States. They are tree-planters every where. They bury nuts universally, and thus contribute to the spread both of fruit and nut-bearing trees A little mischierously inclined when partially do mesticated, but in a state of freedom the squirrel performs a valuable service on four continents. A few years ago a colony of them animated Bosto common, to the great pleasure of visitors to that enchanting ground; but they were perse-cuted by the ignorant, misrepresented by those who knew nothing of their habits, till they have finally disappeared. Alsa, for the civilination and science of a city that persecuted those cheer-ful, playful little animals, whose gambols were delightful exhibitions for youth and old age!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Lavrens, papers, and packages are soon to be borne on the wings of the wind from one end of our city to on the wings of the wind from one end of our city to the other. A couple of years ago some experiments were tried at the American Institute Fair, which proved that not only leiters and parcels, but passengers also, could be safely propelled through a tube by a powerful current of air. The Presumatic Dispatch Company does not propose to carry passengers just at present, but already the work of timneling Broadway for the purpose of laying dispatch to be for letters and parcels has been commenced. The general plan is to carry a tube about three feet in disancter from the Post-office up Broadway to Forty-second or Fifty-sinth street, having various ramifications leading to important business points. And as soon as possible it is proposed to extend the lines to the nearest important cities. The successful operation of such a project as this will be of immence advantage to business men. At least a year's boring will be required to lay the tubes as far as Fourteenth Street. A possumatic dispatch tube is a novelty for New York; but in London one has been in successful operation for some time. operation for some time.

The salesmen in the large drapers' shops of Parts are insufficiently paid, and work fifteen hours a day. They desired to reduce the hours, not by closing the shops, which would be nearly impossible, but by the establishment of relays. This being refused, and also a demand for a free Sunday, eight thousand sesistants. a demand for a free Standay, eight thousand assistants streek, and are now endeavoring to organise co-operative "Magnaina." An English review, commenting on this fact, remarks: "It is curious to watch the rapid spread of the dislike for very hard labor. Has it really become harder of late years, or is education creating a thirst for leisure, or is it a result of the extinction of small shope? Formerly a shopman expected after, say, ten years' work, to become a shop-keeper; now he remains a shopman for life, and must therefore strive for shorter hours."

Near Bergen, Germany, there is a rare novelty—a papier-maché church, capable of accommedating about one thousand persons. It is circular within, and co-tagonal without. Every part is made of papier-ma-ché, residered water-proof by a saturation in vitriol, lime-water, and some albuminous substance.

There may be exceptions, but, as a rule, a gentle man should be sufficiently acquainted with the lady be desires to marry to know her full name before he applies for a marriage license! A would-be bridegroom in Iowa could only remember the christened groom in lows could only remember the christened name of his lady-love when he asked for a license, and a friend was appealed to be the proper surname. But during the ceremony, when called by the name which the friend had gives, the lady interrupted by eaying that that was not her name. The ceremony was stopped, the parents of the bride were sent for, and they having resided to the actual man, of the and they having testified to the actual name of the lady, the marriage was concluded.

Borks availed himself of a simple but singular rem-edy for every indisposition. Whenever he felt ill he would order a kettle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities as hot as he could bear. He alpped it with a spoon, as if it had been soup. Het water, he used to say, was the finest stim-ulant and most powerful restorative in the world.

The centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birthday The centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birthday is a matter of much interest among many of our citizens. Preliminary meetings have already been held for the purpose of maturing plans. It has been suggested that the exection of a commodious and elegant music hall in this city would be an appropriate tribute of respect to the memory of one whose name is identified with the history and art of music. A further suggestion is, that the Central Park would be a most action along the memory are not believed. enggestion is, that the Central Par fitting place for such a music hall.

One hundred and twenty-five workmen are now em-ployed on the new mint at San Francisco. The outer foundation walls are of solid granite, and five feet wide; the inner walls are of brick, and vary in width from three to five fe These walls will vary in heigh from two and a half feet to five feet, according to the

An English gentleman, Mr. Powell, who was making some explorations in Abyesinia for pleasure, was mur-dered, with his wife and children, by a Shangalia tribe. No radrass being expected from the govern-ment, two brothers of the murdered man landed in Abyesinia with rifee and followers, obtained aid from Prince Kassel, attacked the trib, killed eight mes. ce Kassai, attacked the tribe, killed eight men, and destroyed all their bouses.

"A good percentage of inventions," remarks an Ho-glish journal, "are of American origin. In that coun-try of geniuses every body invents." It is estimated that not far from fourteen thousand patents will be granted by the United States office this year. To be eure, some marvelous things are proposed. One man claimed protection for the application of the Lord's Prayer, repeated in a loud voice, to cure stammering. Another archited for the envisor parchasent on behalf Prayer, repeated in a loud voice, to cure stammering. Another applied for the envied parchment on behalf of a new and useful attachment of a weight to a cow's tail, to prevent her switching it during the milking operation. A lady patented a hair-orimping pin, which she specified might also be used as a paper-cutter, as a skirt-supporter, a child's pin, a houped-holder, a shawl-dastener, or as a book-mark. A "horse-refresher" is a beliew bit perferated with holes, and connected by a flexible tabe with a water reservoir in the vehicle, so that the driver can give his soincal a drink without stopping. The "anorers' friend" is a incurious contrivance to be attached to church pew-backs, so that one may sleep through a dell sermon in peace and comfort.

John G. Saxe uttered his latest witziciem at a Westers botel the other day. He undertook to carve a piece of beef which was so tough that the carving-knile made little impression upon it. The post laid down knile and fork, glanced around, and spoke. "Gentlemen," said be, "that's an infringement on Gentlemen," and be, "that's an infringement on Goodyear's patent?"

The London Electrated Pieces gives travelers a hint in regard to water-proofs. Good Scottish tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, so it says, by soaking it in a solution made with a couple of gailons of soft water, half a pound of sugar of lead, and half a pound of powdered alum. Stir this mixt-ure at intervals until it becomes clear, then pour it off into another vessel, and put the garment into it for twenty-four hours. Hang it up to dry without

Venice is beift upon several low islands of sand which lie in the sea, and might be a few inches above the water at low tide, but they form no resting-piece for a city, except to hold the spiles, which are driven down closely together, and upon which foundation Venice now and must ever rest. All the city is trav-Venice now and must ever rest. All the city is traversed by canals, through which the tide ebbs and flows, and these canals are the streets of Venice; the houses are built flush to the water's edge, with etairs descending from the entrance down into the water. There is no occasion for horses and carriages in this city of the sea, but gondoins are all-important, and every private family that can afford it keeps one moored in front of the house. The gondois is a boat peculiar to Venica. It is very long and narrow, with both ends pointed sharp. It is always painted black, and has a low cabin, with cushioned seals, which can be removed in fair weather, and an awaing substituted.

It was formerly supposed that night-air was very injurious. Now many regard that belief as a mere projudice, excepting in certain special circumstances or conditions of the atmosphere. In large cities, when the commotion which causes the air to be loaded with particles of dust and smoke is comparatively quelted, the night-air is in many respects purer than that of the day. Hence there is no occasion to exclude it by

Manufacturing imitations of gold is quite an extensive business in some parts of our country, and sometimes attempts are made to sell these alloys for the genuine article. But not unfrequently it is front easier to cleast in a different way. A few months ago a willy traveler imposed on a New York shop-keeper after this fishion: He confided to him the fact that he had discovered how to manufacture gold from base metals, and that with a capital of about five hundred dollars they could both make an immense fortane. Accordingly a day was fixed for the experiment. The man was on hand at the proper time with a cracible and a number of singular-looking tools, and having closeted himself for nearly two hours in the midst of smoke, he at length called the merchant to him, and revealed a small har of gold, which he declared had resulted from his labors. The latter took the gold to a jeweler, and had it tested. He was informed that it was the real article, and, having returned to his friend in reptures at the prospect of acquiring a fortune, was easily induced to advance five hundred dollars as capital on which to proceed with the work. The swindler, having pocketed his greenbacks, repaired to another field of enterprise. The gold he had given to be tested was pure, but the manufacturing was all a cham. Manufacturing imitations of gold is quite an

what becomes of the numerous journals, native and foceign, which are every day confiscated by the French politics? One might suppose they would be made to pay the penalty of their various offenses by being employed to kindle the free in all the imperial palaces, harracks, and police-offices of the empire. But no. When the store-room is full the papers are transferred to the Receiveur du Domaine, and carted away under his surveillance to a closed spot beyond the barrières, where they are thrown pell-mell into caldrons of hot water and prosaically boiled down to pulp. This operation is called is rote on piles, and is performed in the presence of a squad of gene d'armes, who are careful to see that not a single one of the doesned journals escapes. The pulp is then sold to paper manufacturers. At the last boiling 165,000 of Hanri Rochefort's Lonisrasa, red covers and all, were stewed in company with about half a million copies of the Indipendence Beige, the Ganetic de Fransfort, the Gazette de Kocces, and the Kindderndistoknion papers which, from so often finding themselves in bot water ingether, must by this time have got used to each other's society.

Among the curious stories told of Paristan beggars

Among the curious stories told of Parisian beggars Among the curious stories told of Parisian beggars is one concerning a blind man—really blind—who is always to be found near a cartain galeway on the Boulevard Sebastopol. A parser-by who was in the habit of giving him a couple of scor one day deopped a double Louis is the follow's hat by mistake. On discovering his mistake, some time after, he returned to reclaim his gold. The billed man was gone, but a cripple in the gateway directed him to the Rue all Potii Carresn, where he said "Moneleur Benjamin" lived. The inquirer went to the address indicated. A viscoled-reased ascrupt tame to gone it. "Moneleur Reclaims and the story of the country in the second servent came to gone it. "Moneleur nicely-dressed servant came to open it. "Monstear Benjamin in ?" "Yes, Sir." Our friend is shown into an elegant ante-room, through which one could see into a dining-room, where there was a table ad-mirably appointed with fine white lines, crystal, and silver. The maid came to say that Monstear Benja-min would be glad to see his victor, and at the same interest and counted the floor of an experiment from min would be glad to see his visitor, and at the same instant she opened the door of an apariment family, and in the Turkish faction, in which the blind man was seen seated on a diran. "You which the blind man me," he said. "Yes, indeed, file," replied our friend, rather embarrassed. "I am very seery to trouble you, but the fact is—I believe—I rather think—that in passing along the Boulevard Schestopol this morning I gave you by mistaks two Louis for two cone." The blind man said, with the utmost coolness, "That is quite possible—I haven't looked at the cash yet; and if there is a mistake, nothing is easier than to receipt; it." He rung a bell, which was answered by the maid. "Ask M. Bruest," he said, "if in the receipts of this morning he has found a piece of forty france." The piece was there; the maid fetched it, and at the bidding of her reaster presented it on a tray of Chimaid fetched it; and at the esented it on a tray of Chihe visitor pounced upon his
do proceeded to take leave,
led man, "you furget someto return me."

Digitized by Google The place was there; the main recess in; and in the bidding of her master presented it on a tray of Chi-ness lac to his visitor. The visitor pounced upon his celn, and without more ado proceeded to take leave. "Pardon, Sir," said the billed man, "you forget something—there are two sous to return me."



A MODERN TOURNAMENT. - Duaws st W. S. L. JEWETT. - [SEE PAGS 775.]

A CONTRACTOR OF D



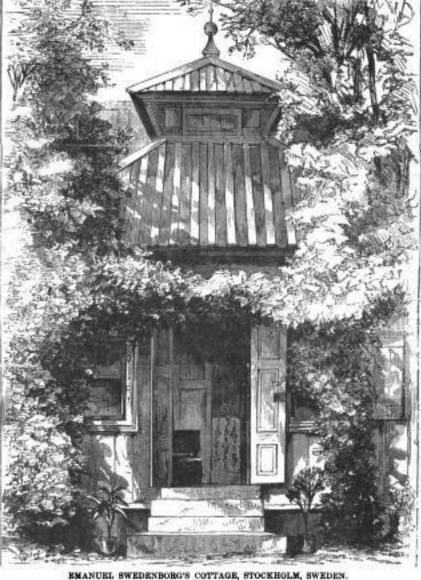
EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

Frw men ever exercised so large an influence over the religious opinions of the race as Emanuel. Swedenborg. He was born in Stockholm, Sweden, Jainnary 29, 1688, and died in London, March 29, 1772, in his eighty-fifth year. His father, Jespen Swedenborg, was the Bishop of Skara, in West Gottland, and had charge of the Swedish Church in England and its American Colonies. Emanuel belonged to the nobility, and received the most liberal education. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Upsal, in 1709, and afterward traveled in foreign countries. Though a poet by nature, he devoted a large portion of his leisure time to the study of mathematics and mechanics. It was through his preficiency in these sciences that he came to be introduced to the special notice of Charless XII., by whom, in 1716, he was appointed assessor of the royal mines. He

availed himself of his mechanical skill in the siege of Frederickshald, where he, by means of machines of his own invention, contrived to trans-port several large vessels, over hills and valleys, a distance of about fourteen miles. About this time he published several small works, among time be published several small works, among which was a treatise on the earth and the planets. In 1721 he published in Latin, at Amsterdam, six small philosophical treatises, one of which was entitled "A Fractical Method of finding the Longitude of Places on Land and at Sea by Lunar Observationa." In 1722 he published scene scientific works, principally relating to minerals. In 1733 he published, at Dresden and Leipsic, his "Principia, or the First Principles of Natural Things, being New Attempts toward a Philosophical Explanation of the Elementary World." In 1740, at Amsterdam, he published "The Philosophy of the Animal Kingdom;" and in 1744-45 "The Animal Kingdom," and "The Worship and Love of God."



These various works established Sweden-These various works established Swedennouse's reputation as a profound thinker. In
1724 he was invited to accept the professorship
of Pure Mathematics in the University of Upsal,
but declined the office. His portrait hangs in
the hall of the Royal Academy of Sciences at
Stockholm, of which he was once President, near
that of Languages, one of the first founders of the
institution. It is asserted that a number of important discoveries which have made other names
illustrious were anticipated in Swedensons's
works.

works.
In early life Swinnishons was the subject of deep religious impressions, and his writings are all characterized by a devotional spirit. He oft-en read and meditated on the Word of God. Ev-

ery thing, however trivial, he submitted to the will of Divine Providence. In his fifty-seventh year, when, as he assures us, he "was relied to a new and holy office by the Lord himself, who manifested himself to him in person, and opened his sight to a view of the spiritual world, and granted him the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels," he resigned his office as assersor, one-half of his salary being continued to him in his retirement. After four years of preparation, during which Swedennoso sincerely believed that he was acting under the Divine gaidance, he published his "Heavenly Arcana." Like his former works, this was in Latin. The entire work, in eight volumes, was published in London, 1749-56. This, the largest of Sweden.



"THE FIERY CROSS."-FROM A PAINTING BY J. LAMONT BRODIE.-[SEE PAGE 782.]

nong's theological works, is characterized by a remarkable method and consistency. Among the most prominent of his works of this churthe most prominent of his works of this character afterward published may be mentioned "Heaven and Hell," "The New Jerusslem," "Divine Love and Wisdom," "The Apocalyse Revealed," and "Conjugal Love." Besides these he left a large number of manuscripts, many of which have been edited and published by Dr. J. F. I. Tayas, professor and librarian in the University of Tübingen. On Christmas-eve, 1771, he was struck with apoplexy, from which he partially recovered, and remained in the full possession of his mental faculties till the time of his death.

During his life Swanganone had few followers, but the number of those who now believe in his system and in the importance of his mission is by no means inconsiderable. The symbolism of his theology is its most fascinating feature. There is nothing in Swapanaoso's system that is not elevating in its tendency.

LAST WORDS.

Let the sweet air receive my dying moan, Now that the setting sun inspires its breath; And though the white moon find thee, love, alone, member where my spirit wandereth . Yield me to Death

Look not upon the shadow at thy feet, The blighted, feetied witness of my wor Turn from it, and forget the struggling best Of the worn heart that thou hast loved so.

Do not recall the drooping of mine eye,
When my last glance has fainted on thy brow;
Do not recall the quiver of the sigh,
Which from my parting agony must grow.
O kies me now!

Only I bid thee hold my quiet hand Till all is ever; fix. am afraid
To be quite lonely on that border land
Whence earth is mist, and the Beyond a shade.
O let me fade!

I know thee near, but can not feel thy touch Thick gloom defeats my sight, nor hear I thee. Parewell! Remember that I loved much; Pray for one gleam of light to set me free-O free! O free!

"THE FIERY CROSS."

We have soldom seen a picture more appro-priate in conception than "The Fiery Cross," by Mr. J. Lamour Banden, the President of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts. The subject will at once suggest itself as Vicit Az-risu's summons to his clain, described in Scorr's "Lady of the Lake." The passage more par-ticularly illustrated occurs in the third canto, where Roderick, having consigned the terrible symbol of war and danger to his swift henchman, MALISE-

"Like heathbird the hawks purses,
A barge across Lock Katrine flew;
High stood the hersthann on the prow,
So rapidly the hargemen row,
The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
Were all unbroken and affect,
Dancing in foam and ripple, still,
When it had near'd the main land hill."

The Celtic character and energy are capitally rendered in every figure. The landscape, too, rendered in every again. The landscape, one, indicating a coming storm, lends itself to the poetry of the incident. But the best commentary on the subject of the picture we can offer will be the note by Scorr himself on "The Fiery Cross." "When," says the poet, "a chieftain designed to summon his class upon any sudden or important emergency, he siew a goat, and, making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross: also Creun Terigh, or the Cross of Stame, because disobedience to what the ermbol implied inferred infamy. It was deliv-ered to a swift and trusty messenger, who run full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward with equal dispatch to the next vil-lage; and thus it passed with incredible colority through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbors if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from six-teen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair in his best arms and accontrements to the place of rendezvous He who failed to appear suffered the extremize of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burned marks upon this warbke signal." As a remarkable instance of the rapidity with which this system of telegraphy—once common to the Scardinavian as well as the Celtic nations—was Scardinavian as well as the Cente handle—was carried out, Scorr adds that during the civil war of 1745-46, when the Fiery Cross often made its circuit, it upon one occasion passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours.

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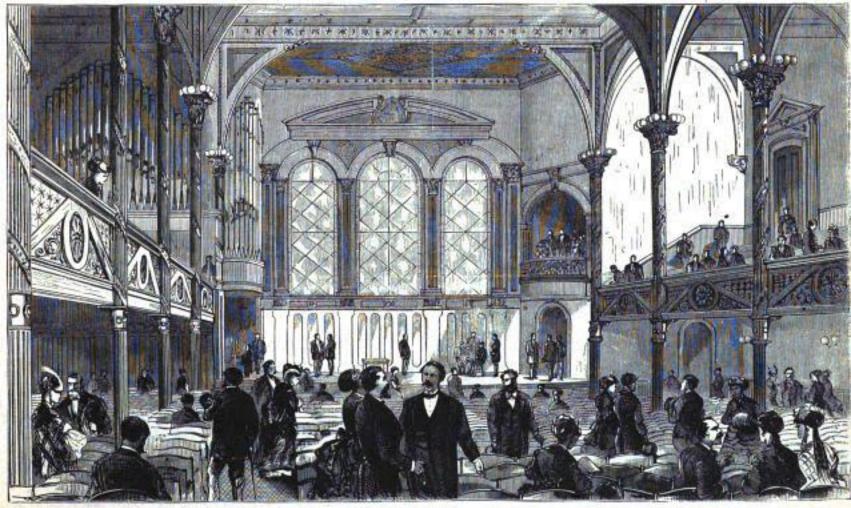
It was a noble conception, that of him who first formed the idea of employing the instrumentality of a club in the work of Christ. It has been thus far, nobly restized in the new building of the New York Young Men's Christian Association. Association.

For years this Association has been carrying on its work without any adequate means. It has undertaken to provide for the moral, intellectual, and social improvement of the young men of the great metropolis. To this work it has strictly

fined itself. Other similar organizations have confined itself. Other similar organizations have added to the sphere of their labors. They have organized mission-schools, tonement-house prayer meetings, temporal charities. That in New York has found as much as it could do in its single self-chosen mission. It has had between one and two hundred thousand young men to provide for. Over seventy-five thousand of these, as nearly as can be ascertained, are homeless and almost friendless. Some are penniless. Those who have money are more to be pitied than those

who have not. Their danger is just in the ratio of their means. The allurements to vice are numerous and attractive. Without discussing the much-vexed question of amusements, it is certain that the theatre, the billiard-room, the cafe, are in a large majority of instances, and to a large majority of young men, open doors to ruin. The dance is little or no better. We speak not of what they might be, but of what they pow actually are. Until the recent excise-law Broadway was lined with brightly-lighted

halls, where women employed their arts to add to the enticements of music, drink, and dancing. Attention to business does by no means always serve to counterest the influences of vice, which serve to counteract the influences of vice, which are erroneously supposed to captivate only the idle. Business often demands of the young salesman, as a part of his professional duties, that he accompany his customer to these dens of iniquity, and show him the pollutions of the great city. Every now and then some great defalcation, some atrocious smindle, startling the



THE LECTURE-ROOM .- [SERTCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

community by its grandeur, has given them some hint of operations which, on a smaller scale unnoticed, occur continually, transpire only occa-

It was against this current that the Young Men's Christian Association have undertaken to make their way. Into this vortex they plunged to save at least some. They are wreckers on a most dangerous coast. But hitherto they have had no adequate means for their work. A sinhad no adequate means for their work. A single room has served them alternately as library goe room has served them ameriancy as interry and reading room, and as a hall for social and religious meetings. It has possessed no attrac-tions except for those for whom the printed page was more attractive than music, games, and so-cial converse. If the social element has been neglected, it has been because there were no adequate means for its culture. Its intellectual advantages were inferior to those of the Mercanadvantages were inferior to those of the Mercan-tile Library or the Cooper Union. One can hard-ly expect to find the young men who most need such an institution leaving the case for a prayer-meeting. It is not strange that while the rooms of the Association have usually, except on spe-cial occasions, enjoyed the presence of not over a score of members, the brightly-lighted billiard-rooms opposite have been nightly crowded. Considering its insidewate instruments, the

Considering its inadequate instruments, the Association has done a very creditable work. It Association has done a very creditable work. It has well earned the recognition it has at last received. It has gathered a membership of about three thousand. It has opened several branches in different parts of the city. It has maintained a monthly meeting which has been always well attended, generally overcrowded. It has successfully established prayer-meetings and Bible-classes. It has found employment for the unemployed by accurs and handreds; and a church-home for multitudes who, accustomed to the observance of the Sabbath in their native village, wandered in the great city from church to church, finding no rest fur the sole of their feet. It has maintained successfully street-proaching, lay and maintained successfully street-preaching, lay and clerical, in the streets and squares, on the Sab-

bath during the summer. At last, to the managers of this institution, the time seemed to have come when they were en-titled to ask of New York the means to do what ought to have been done long ago, build a house quate to compete in its attractions with the attractiveness of resorts of a doubtful or perniattractiveness of resorts or a doubtus or parac-cious character. They were without means. Their membership does not, generally, represent wealth. But the idea, proposed to a few men of large means, was eagerly responded to by them. They even insisted that the scope of the institution, and the capacity and facilities of its building, should be better and larger than the building, should be better and larger than the managers had dared to ask. A board of trust-ees was organized. Their incorporation ex-pressed the object for which they were created —the erection and maintenance of a building for the purposes of the Association. Six evangelical churches are by the law required to be represented in this board. In it we note such names as W. K. Dauge, Jun., C. C. Colgate, Jonatian Stunges, Rosser Lennox Kennery, Romert L. Steart, Stewart Brown. The former is President of the Association. It is no secret that it is largely due to his influence that this project has been carried so successfully to its consummation. Without any public ap-peal, nearly \$300,000 have been raised. The to its consummation. Without any public ap-peal, nearly \$300,000 have been raised. The building, with the land, will cost nearly half a million. It is hoped, by further subscriptions, to reduce the debt to \$150,000. The rentals of to reduce the debt to \$150,000. The rentals of the stores on the first-floor, and of the offices-mainly occupied as studios—on the fourth and fifth floors, will pay the interest on this debt, and leave a handsome annual surples in the treasury toward the work of the Association. The statement of a contemporary that this will make the Association independent of the church-es is a mistake. It would do so if the Associes is a mistake. It would do so if the Associ-stion had no work to do. But its work is il-limitable. How much it will do will depend almost entirely upon its income. Surely in New York city no more worthy object of sympathy can commend itself to the churches.

The public will look with interest to see the

what must, after all, be conced in some sense an experiment. The Christian benevolence of New York has constructed for the young men of New York what we may per-hape describe as a most perfect and complete club-hose... It occupies the second and third stories or the large and handsome ediffee, on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Ave-me. With its lecture-room for public meetings, espable of scating fifteen hundred, with its taste-ful pariors, its cheerful and brightly lighted ng-room, its bijou of a library, its attractive prayer-meeting room, its gymnasium and bowl-ing-alley, and with the additional attractions which the artists' studies above afford, it may be safely said that it is not surpassed by any similar institution on the continent, if indeed it has any where its superior for the purposes for which it was constructed. The public will look with interest, not wholly unmingled with anxiety, to see what they will do with it.

We trust to see the management, in entering upon their new abode, throwing open its doors to both sexes. There are hundreds of girls and women who need the benefits of such a building quite as much as their brethren. Their presence in the reading-room and the social parlors could not impair, but would enhance, the usefulness of There is, indeed, no adequate reason why the privileges of the gymnasium and the bowling-alley should not be theirs at certain hours and under proper restrictions. The Cooper Union and the Mercantile Library have demonstrated the advantages of an intermingling of the sexes in such an institution. We hope to see the directors of the Young Men's Christian Association availing themselves of the lessons which the experience of these pioneer institutions af-

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1869.

THE SPANISH GUN-BOATS.

THE Spanish gun-boats have again become L conspicuous, and nothing could be more bewildering than the different positive and ap-parently authentic statements of the policy of the Administration. The journals which prob-ably have the least knowledge of the intentions and views of the Government have published the most elaborate letters upon the subject, and the general reader has been compelled to fall back upon the proved sagacity and good sense of the President and his advisers, if he would have any satisfactory con-ception of the situation. The Spanish Government contracted for the building of gun-boats at New York. When they were nearly ready, the Peruvian Minister complained that they were designed for war upon Peru-a state with which we are at peace—and they were detained by order of the Government; but the work upon them was continued. When they were ready for sea, crews arrived for them from Spain, and their armaments were shipped to Cuba. That the questions involved might be legally settled, the gun-boats were turned over to the civil anthorities, and were held by the United States Marshal: and this is the situation as we write.

It is alleged that the Spanish Minister denies that the boats are intended for service against Peru ; and, on the other hand, that the Perurian Minister is acting under the advice of the Cuban Junta. If, as is probable, the Peruvian Minister is unable to prove his assertion of the purpose for which the boats are designed, there would seem to be no valid reason for further detention of the property of Spain honestly ac-quired. But at this point it is stated that the Administration is in sympathy with Cuba, and that to release the gun-boats is to send a formi-dable fleet against that island, and probably to secure the Spanish ascendency over the Cubans. It has been urged, therefore, that the boats bould be released, but at the same time that the United States should acknowledge the belligerent rights of the Cubans; and it is stated that such being the intention of the Government, and war with Spain being anticipated in consequence, we have already a sufficient force in the Gulf, and have already acquired a hold upon St. Domingo.

We doubt if the Administration would res to so stupid and clumsy a method of doing so simple a thing. Our duty is perfectly plain. If we believe that the Cuban insurgents are fighting for liberty, and assume that we ought, in the interests of civilization, to take part with all our neighbors who are engaged in such a strug-gle, let us at once say so. Indeed, if this were our duty, we ought to have said so long ago when the Cuban prospects were more promising than they now are. But if it be our duty as a civilized state not to acknowledge the belligerent rights of any revolutionary party until its movement has acquired such form and coherence as to show a fair chance of success, certainly we have no right to choose the moment when that chance is slightest as the time for such a recognition.

It is true that the Cuban movement is for independence, and that we believe American states should be independent of European control. It is true that the revolutionary leaders have proclaimed emancipation, and that we believe in the liberty of all men. But would liberty and civilization be the gainers if we should take up arms for every party every where upon this continent that demanded independence or announced emancipation? Is it desirable that the United States should establish a precedent by which nations may interfere with the internal dissensions of other nations? Is it not palpubly a step backward, a policy that restores the ancient regime of predatory warfare and conquest? The great political crimes have always been committed in the name of honor and liberty and order. What are treaties of amity, what is international law, clumsy and obscure as it often is, but the defenses of civilization against the whims of brute force?

Should the Spanish gun-boats be released, it is declared that they will be used against Cuba, and that we ought not to permit it. Has Spain, then, no right to attempt the subjugation of a revolted colony? If we think not, why have we not protested before fourteen months have sed away? Or will any honest man, in view of General Jonnan's letter, and his reported anxiety to leave the Cuban service, say that Spain's chance is more hopeless because of the addition of a fleet of thirty gun-boats to the Spanish force against the island? The Cubans have no port; they have no really acknowledged government under which the various functions of a state are fulfilled. They have neither arms nor food. The revolutionary forces are a wandering multitude, sometimes skirmishing with the Spanish outposts. No people, indeed, are to be despised because they are poor and suffering; no body of brave men are to be contemned because they are not a powerful and well-appointed army. But have the Cabans,

however beave and enlightened, yet impressed the world with the conviction that they have fairly earned recognition as an independent state? Have they really done more than elude, in the interior of the island, the efforts of Spain to subdue them? Is not their attitude wholly negative? and is that the kind of attitude which ought to command the active interference of governments?

Moreover, if the case were exactly as it is and Cuba were three thousand miles away, would it be urged upon the United States as a duty to acknowledge its belligerence or its endence? Is not this flowing rhetoric about Spain, as a "hard-hearted speculator in human liberty," a kind of palimpsest— and underneath it do we not plainly read annexation? Now the simple way is the best way. If the United States wish to take Coba from Spain, they will be quite as much respected if they do it openly and immediately, as if they take it under cover of acknowledging a condition of affairs in the island which does not exist and which their own arms must maintain. To call the last of aggrandisement the love of liberty, deceives nobody. If Cube has honeatly carned the recognition of belligerent rights, we are in favor of the recognition. But we de-mand the facts, and national honor requires that they be something more than the desire of annexation.

AN OLD MASK STRIPPED OFF.

CHIRF JUSTICE CHASE, who is stated to have expressed surprise that any late rebels should be expected to repent, and to deny that it is desirable they should, ought to be elected perpetual Grand President of the new Confederate Survivors' Association in South Carolina. General Wade Hampton is the most conspicuous person in the movement, and the sentiment of General Jones S. Paueron, as expressed in a letter, are unquestionably those of the asso-ciation, and indicate a form of mind which does not tend in the least degree toward repentance. The call of the meeting for organization sets forth that the memories of the late war between the Confederate and United States of America are still fresh, and many records are likely to perish which would place its history in a true light. Justice to those "who fought and died for their country" demands that the truth be told, in order that the rising generation may learn "that their parents were not the vile traitors that the common school histories, now prepared \(\frac{1}{r}\) our enemies, assert."

General Jose S. Passton was unable to at

tend the meeting, but he sent an ardent letter of sympathy; "We are all survivors of our brothers and sons who died gloriously for their country and for liberty, and we have survived that liberty and that country for which they died." General Paxaron adds, that it is a duty of Confederates, very near to their duties to God, with when the justified souls of their comrades are living, to preserve the memory of the great deeds of the Southern soldiers and of the cause for which they died. Indeed, to have been a soldier of the Southern Confederacy seems to have been, in General Pars-TON's estimation, the choicest boon that Providence has latterly vouchsafed to man. And as he undoubtedly expresses the general feeling of his class, it is not surprising that the visitors to the Georg's State Fair, at Macon, return profoundly impressed with the fact that public sentiment is not friendly to the Union; and that they are reported to assert that the United States flag was not displayed during the festival; a story which, however, is not likely to be

As often as such proceedings take place among the late Confederates the truth must be repeated, that history and the public mind may not be deceived. Chief Justice Chasn is reported to have said, "What have the rebels done that they should repent?" and the World is of opinion that to speak of any moral principle as involved in the late war was "a good enough Morgan" five years ago, but is lament ably out of date now. To Judge Chase's ques-tion there is a very short and simple answer. The rebels, under the plea of State sovereignty, attempted the bloody overthrow of the United States government for the perpetuation and extension of human slavery. It was a govern-ment which had not harmed them, and which they had always controlled. It was a government which abridged none of their liberties. It was a government against which no kind of oppression was urged. The rebels demand that they should be suffered to secode for the most inhuman of purposes, and when the demand, from the very nature of the national life and of the government, was merely Shylock's demand for the pound of fiesh. They were re-fused, and they began the terrible war that fol-

In Judge Chase's opinion, is a bloody revolution to overthrow a government which was never even charged with oppression, and which, as he knows, oppressed only those slaves who did not rebel against it—is such a revolution a matter of mere difference of opinion, is it justifi-able, is it moral, or is it something for which the actors should repent? But if this effort to destroy a government which is not oppressive is a

mere subterfuge for the purpose of establishing one that shall hopelessly oppress, then does Judge CHASE, an old anti-slavery leader, think that it is honorable and commendable, or to be re-pented of as the horrors of the middle passage might have been deplored even by slave-traders, when the trade was abolished?

The character of the rebellion is not to be ought in its political plea, but in its moral purose. Suppose even that State sovereignty had been distinctly guaranteed in the Constitution -although it certainly is not-and that the lapse of time and the development of the country had so inextricably welded its real interests and permanence together that the sovereignty could not be asserted without a bloody struggle, was the perpetuity of slavery a justification of such a struggle? The Southern talk about liberty and country was always the merest gaseonade. What "liberty" did Mr. Jone S. Passeros fight for? The liberty of selling other men's wives and children. What country does be talk about? The State of South Carolina. He and his friends will find that their wrestle with History is m desperate than that with the Unitory sees already that they fought not because they were oppressed, but because they feared to lose the power of oppression. The contest is decided, and they are vanquished.

We have no wish to remind them of it. But we shall take care that whenever the plea is made that the rebellion was a mere political difference, its moral character shall be plainly stated.

THE GRAIN TRADE.

Tun failures in Liverpool among the grain dealers with American connections, announced by the telegram of the 28d November, has secured attention at the Corn Exchange and in financial circles. This misfortune, which private telegrams only partially confirm, could not well be avoided in view of the fact that the price of average English wheat in the spring of 1868, in London and Liverpool, was quote at seventy-four shillings per quarter of eight bushels, and in November, 1869, No. 2 red Western had fallen to forty shillings per quarter. The price of wheat has been rarely higher or lower at these points, and in reaching the minimum a few dealers have been worn out by repeated losses occurring on a falling market.

The causes of the most recent decline in

wheat in English markets, as we lately stated on the authority of the Manchester Guardian and the "Chamber of Agriculture," were large imports, the expectation that the United States would be able to supply all their present wants, and the unusual consumption of po due to the tendency to rot which had been widely developed. As it is the last ounce which breaks the camel's back, to this unexpected change in food the happening of some

The estimated annual consumption of wheat in Great Britain, made in the spring of 1868 by Mr. CAIRD, was 20, 800,000 quarters, of which he supposed 9,600,000 would need to be imported between the harvest of 1867-reported as the worst-and that of 1868, which occurred during the great drought. As the price of the quartern loaf of bread had been carried up from 54d, in 1864, to 9d, in March, 1867, it was fair to infer that the drought of 1868, and the defective crop of this year, would make the trade in breadstuffs active and profitable. But the cir-cumstances in England have been so peculiar as to have defeated the most sagacious plans. The price of bread had been carried up simultaneously with the great impulse which the scheme of limited liability gave to the industry of England, and when wheat ruled high the failure which broke down that system had not fully reached the laboring classes, who long after remained overbearing and uncompromising in their contests with manufacturers. As soon, however, as the financial depression reached the laborer in full force, economy became the order of the day; emigration was re-sorted to by the Trades Unions; meat was thrown upon the market in unusual quantities to prevent the consumption of grain, and the severity of the drought was followed by a winter which, as it partook of the mildness of spring, contributed unusual supplies.

As England is the largest consumer in the world of imported wheat, the London and Liverpool markets may be said, in ordinary years, to control the quotations in all wheat-exp countries. But the price there is fixed according to the situation in the countries of supply, the object being, as wheat must be had whatever the price, to adjust it at the lowest amount which will be certain to furnish from six to nine hundred thousand quarters of imported wheat

The waters of every sea are vexed with ships loaded with grain, their prows turned toward England; and if every port in the world capable of selling wheat were not carefully tried, it would be impossible to manage this important business so as to furnish the requisite quantity at reasonable prices. Happy are we to be ex-empt from this necessity, which sends the Brit-

ish merchant to every grain-producing country, and teaches the skill which enables Mark Lane to control the trade wherever grain is exported. In the United States our dealers are ever at the mercy of those who can thus m ure the exact capacity of other markets; who buy ever where grain is cheap, and abstain from buying where it is above their inflexible limits, and use in the mean time their vast financial power to compel acquiescence in their terms. The fall in the price of all exporta-ble commodities, which has accompanied the downward turn in gold, has doubtless produced a corresponding change in the quotations at Mark Lane, as it is stated in their press that they rely chiefly on the United States to furnish year their requisite supplies. The happening of the failures in Liverpool is consequently due in part to the policy now being pursued by the Treasury Department in Secring gold. If the Government shall take such measures as will make the fall permanent, which can be done only by contraction, it will have rendered a great service in lowering prices; but if the fall shall be succeeded by an upward turn, as it must if the credit circulation remains undiminished in volume, the failures which must occur at home from a forced contraction of prices will be repeated hereafter, as gold may be forced up and then down through the forbearance or the direct action of the Treasury.

Our credit circulation was made excessive in order to float the loan of 1864, and high prices followed and have since been generally maintained; but the excess of issues becomes less apparent from year to year in the proportion in which our industry and wealth are augmented; and in time from the growth of population the amount of our paper issues may not be disproportioned to our enlarged trade. Whether this policy shall be chosen, which is equivalent to contraction by slow degrees, or we shall suddealy be plunged into contraction with its inevitable result of low prices-fatal to all who are embarrassed with debts-can not be known until the temper of Congress shall be developed.

It would appear to be the part of wisdom, as prices have already fallen, to adapt the currency to them, which can be done only by lopping off an equal proportion of the latter. would involve a diminution in the quantity of both legal-tenders and national bank-notes, inasmuch as the latter are made redeemable in the former, which might be difficult if their present relative proportions to each other were changed. But in lieu of this, plans for new national banks to answer the demand of the West and South, and of new banks on the basis of coin, are proposed and supported by newspapers ordinarily regarded as indicators of com-ing events. The country is confused by these differences, as to which no light is shown by the recent utterances of the Attorney-General and others high in authority.

Their expressions in favor of a return to specie payments are not of the character to show that any matured plan had been arrived at or was in contemplation, and it may be inferred, therefore, that the subject will be referred to the wisdom of Congress, which, as its constitu-ents are composed of the debtor and creditor classes, and as the proportions of the one to the other are well understood, it is feared that no legislation will take place injurious to those of them who constitute the majority.

GEORGE PEABODY'S MONUMENT.

WHEN OLIVER GOLDSHITH lay dead in his humble lodgings, the poor people whom he had befriended sat weeping upon the stairs. And when, reading his biography, you come to that point, your own eyes are very likely to moisten; for GOLDSMITH is one of the few authors whom we all personally love. No tribute to him is nobler to our imaginations to-day, and none could have been dearer to his own childlike and honest heart, than the silent tears of his poor neighbors. And as we all read the other day, in that graphic and touch-ing letter to the Tribuse, the description of Guorgos Prancov's funeral, who tild not feel that more grateful to him than to be buried in the ancient Abbey, and to lie in the vault of kings, and to be officially mourned by queens and princes and prime ministers, would have been the respectful presence and tears of the crowds of poor people who thronged about the gates of the Abbey and bought cheap mourningcards and likenesses and a little elegiac ballad?

How many rich men, dying in New York to-day, would be followed to their graves to-morrow with the grateful tears of the poor? Can you help contrasting the story of the throng at the gates of the Abbey and the simple ballad with certain performances at the brazen dedication in St. John's Square the other day? Turn back to the newspaper files of that morning. Listen to the editorial chorus, and reflect upon it. If they had been celebrating a life and powers consecrated to the noblest purposes, what more could the papers have said? Do we really profoundly honor great riches, or the qualities that amass great riches-or the manner in which the powers and the riches are used? It seems very easy to do as Mr. Pranopy did. He was a bachelor. He had made a great fortune. He gave away millions of dollars, but he did not abridge a single personal comfort. Who could not do

the water

this? says every body who reads the story. And echo answers, How many do it? The praise of Mr. PRANODY is that, having a great opportunity, he used it greatly. As the Tribune correspondent says, here was one rich man who "had found the needle's eye," As Mr. GLAD-STORE said, "He has shown us how a man can be master of his wealth instead of its slave.

From his stately funeral in the Abbey-funeral too cerementous, because the sincerest mourners, the poor people, were not admitted— from the royal vanit and the official mourning of a nation his body returns in a British ship of war, and probably with a funeral fleet attending, across the ocean. Boston will receive it with a fitting pomp of grief, and then it will be borne to its grave in Danvers. "Danvers, re-member; not a cemetery here—Danvers," were his final words, as he remembered his mother, says one who repeats them. But his more ment will be not only the houses he built for the poor, the education he has given to the ignorant, the libraries and colleges he has endowed, nor only the noble example of beneficence, nor the statues and shafts of marble that will arise, but a certain finer view of human nature -a feeling invaluable at this time in this country—that great riches need not harden a man's heart, nor make him conspicuous merely for selfishness, unscrapulousness, and valgarity.

ENGLAND IN INDIA.

THE debate upon annexation of foreign territory which is constantly proceeding in this country naturally invites consideration of the presence of England in India, and suggests the question whether, upon the whole, it has been an advantage to civilization and the world. If the history of the beginning of the British occupation is full of cruckies and tragedies, we may wisely remember the story of our own set-tlement in America, and the Indian wars and Quaker persecutions and witchcraft deviltries of our ancestors two hundred years ago. The opening of the Suez Canal again turns the attention of the world to India, and it is worth while to reflect upon a few facts in regard to England in India

The English first appeared in India as ped-dlers with their packs, bowing humbly at Mus-nuds, and licking the dust from the feet of Omrahs and of Rajahs. But when they drew the sword that has never since been long sheathed it was to defend their factories, erected under the plighted protection of the Imperial Government at Delhi, from the attacks of the Nahob of Bengal, a revolted feudatory of the Great Mogal, who, capturing the settlement at Calcutts, perpetrated the massacre of the Black At this time the Emperor of Delhi, the Great Mogul, was an emperor only in name, his great foudal chiefs, the Peishwa, the Nawaub of Oude, Holkar, and Scindia, always despising, frequently dared his power and authority. The whole country over which he nominally ruled was the prey of the wild Mahrattas, a Hindu clan, who, originally driven by the persecutions of AURUNGZERE to take refuge in the Western Ghauts, founded a state at Sutterah, from which they issued in clouds of light-horse to levy lost or tribute on every territory they could reach. They were, in effect, professed freebooters; and to talk of inhumanity in rescuing the population of India out of hands like these is indeed very much like accusing the Good Samaritan of man-stealing for bearing away to his inn the exhausted victim of thieves and assassins; although, of course, we are not denying that it was capidity, and not humanity, that sent England to India.

Bombay, the principal sea-port of Hindostan, was coded to the British by the Portuguese, as dower with the Infants when she married Channes II. of England. In our own day the principal acquisitions of territory have been Science, Oude, and the Panjab. The firstnamed country was selzed under the flimsters of pretexts, in fact it was a shameless, cowardly robbery. As for Oude, any one who has read the "Life of an Eastern King," published some fifteen years since, will agree with us that any civilized rule must confer blessings on the inhabitants of that fertile region, who had so long suffered under their own cruel, licentious, and despotic sovereigns. The Sikhs, who, under their able and astute Maharajah, RUNJERT SINGH, had been stanch allies of the British, so long as he lived to restrain their audacity, poured across the Sutlej on his death, invading English territory, and after the usual routine of defeat, treaty, breach of faith, re-newed hostilities, and final conquest, have since enjoyed the greatest prosperity under the Chris-tian Raj, and were, as is well known, the mainstay of British ascendency in the darkest hour of the mutiny of 1857.

We are apt to speak of the natives of India from Peshawur to Cape Comorin as ethnically and physically one people, just as Spain or Hol-land are populated by one race, whereas the two hundred millions of Hindostan are composed of races as diversified and distinct as the nations of Europe : indeed more so. There are the aboriginal inhabitants, the Tamuls, first invaders of the country, the Aryans, and the Mohammedans-these last the descendants of those warriors who built up the throne of Delhi,

and for a time made of Hindostan an empire for their Mogul. But among the aborigines there are many tribes which are ethnically and philologically divided. There are tribes closely related to the Malay and the Chinese races, and there are others that are wholly unconnected with those branches of the human race. The number of aboriginal dialects spoken throughout India has been computed to exceed two hundred, and none of these has any marked af-

finity to any other.

The Mohammedans, numbering some twenty millions, are scattered all over the country, the Aryans, by which title we refer to the Hindus following some form or other of the Brahminical faith, number one hundred and twenty millions. If the British were to retire from Hindostan to-morrow, would the greater num-ber submit again to be enthralled by the bigoted minority? To whom are the Britis to resign their hard-won sovereignty? To whom are the British asked

England has given India the blessing of a stable government. She has built railroads, dug canals, covered the great rivers with fleets of steamers, and, above all, has insured to the humblest of her subjects the peaceable posses-sion of his ancestral vine and fig-tree. That the material prosperity of the country has made rapid strides is shown by the value of her exports, which, in 1834, the last year of the ex-clusive trading charter of the old East India Company, amounted to only £8,000,000 sterling, but which had increased in 1865 to no less than £68,000,000 sterling, or three hundred and forty millions of dollars.

It is sometimes asserted as a reproach, that England does not attempt to Christianize her heathen subjects. Good reason has she for caution in this particular; and wisely does the Government speak when it says, "We can not, we will not interfere with the religion of the people,2 Any other policy would set the land in a blaze from Cape Comorin to the Himaleys. The Government must stand aloof. There must not be even a suspicion of partiality shown to the convert applicant for public employment, no public favor bestowed on the Christian procelyte as such, unless it desires the bloody scenes of Cawapore and Delhi to be re-enacted as a warning to each successive

THE REASON WHY.

In the course of some remarks upon the late Convention at Cleveland to form a National Woman's Suffrage Association, the New York Times remarks; "The vast majority of men are really indifferent to the whole matter, and very willingly stand aside to leave women to settle it among themselves." The article is an amplification of this amusing statement, and its moral is, that if women do not rote it is because they do not wish to. But, if the Times really supposes that this is the fact, it should inform itself a little. If it imagines that some women do not vote because other women do not wish to, it would perhaps be useful for the Times as a public teacher, to know that the rea-son no woman votes is that men will not permit The fundamental law of the State is made by men, and it restricts the political franchise to men. It is merely absurd to say that they would carefully establish so immense an exclusion if they were wholly indifferent to it.

The Times repeats the old remark, that when the majority of women wish to vote they will be admitted to the suffrage, as a matter of course. But this is not the manner in which such changes of fundamental laws are made. Were the newly admitted voters in England polled upon the subject before the Reform hill Were the majority of the colored citizens in the Southern States asked to express a wish before the suffrage was given them? And is it also to be gravely urged that when the majority of women wish that the women who have a genius for any profession or art should devote themselves to it, they will of course be allowed to do so? The question must be decided upon quite other considerations. In there be no objection to the voting of those women who wish to vote except that certain other women do not wish to, the argument is suddenly shifted, and it becomes the duty of those who make the assertion to show why the disinclination of one person should disqualify another,

If, as is alleged in the article of which we speak, the present voters, who are men, "stand aside to leave women to settle it among themselves," why do they not remove the restriction? It is idle to speak of awaiting the demand of a majority of women, not only because it is ridiculous that an intelligent woman should be deprived of such a power by the whim of a possibly indifferent and foolish woman, but b there is no way of ascertaining the wishes of such a majority. The only sensible and practicable policy upon the subject-since even the Times concedes that men are indifferent, and that there is no serious objection—is to remove the barrier and let women decide for themselves. If nature, as Dr. BURHNELL argues, protests against their sharing political power-if considerations of sex, family, taste, ridicule, forbid such action upon their part, let us have those truthe made manifest,

The Times indeed asserts that ninety-nine

women out of every hundred are opposed to their own admission to the suffrage. But it offers no proof that its assertion is tree; and if it were true, it is of no more importance as an argument than the assertion of the British Government in 1775 that the American revolutionists were a mere faction, and not the people of of the Colonies. Mr. WERSTER, the Times may remember, was fond of saying that the Revolution was fought upon a preamble; and a few resolute and sagacious man with a just preamble carried the independence of the Colonies. If the claim made by some thoughtful women is in itself reasonable, what has the indifference of even a greater number of women to do with the question? If it is not desirable that women should share political power, how can it become desirable because more or less of them wish it?

THE attention of those of our renders seeking safe and remunerative investments is invited to the advertisement of Mossrs. FISE & HATCH on the last page of this Number of the Weekly. The mere fact that these gentlemen recommend a "security" is evidence of its soundness,

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Tax Secretary of State has informed Hon, John Lynch, Chairman of the Special Committee on Navi-gation interests, that he has instructed all our Consuls, including those in the Canadian Dominion, to notice and furnish the Committee with the information de-sired by them relative to shipteriiding in the countries where they are located.

sired by them relative to shipbatiding in the countries where they are located.

In accordance with instructions received from the President, United States Diacrict-Actorney Pierreport, on Nevember 84, "libeled" the thirty Spanish gambonis which the Spanish Government have had furth this country, and which are now nearly ready for sea. It is reported that the occasion of this proceeding was the Sear lest sympathicers with the Cuban came might attempt their destruction. The ground of the libel of information issued by the District-Atterney is, that the vessels are to be used against the Parusian Government. The case course before the District-Court December 14.

Albert B. Richardson, a well-known journalist, was shot by Daniel M'Farland in the Tribuxe counting-room, on the sweming of November 8. Jeakony is supposed to have been the motive of the set.

An attempt was made on the morning of November 21 to blow up the Hodson County Jell, at Hodson City, New Jersey. An explosion occurred which made a long break in the south wall, but none of the prisoness secaped.

The new Hostice Michales was formed to

oners secaped.

The new Haytien Minister was formally presented to President Grant November 22, and the usual court-

The new Haytien Minister was formally presented to President Grant November II, and the usual courtessies were exchanged.

A petition is to be presented to Congress early in the next session praying that beligneest rights be accorded to Cote, and her independence recognized. This petition has already received 18,000 eignatures, and will, it is expected, have 48,000 before the assembling of Congress.

The completion of the "New York, Finshing, and North Blide Bailroad" to Whitestone, on Long Island Sound, was celebrated, November II, with great enthalsam by the people living on the line of the road, who timed not an unuse to welcome the first tributat passed over the road from Finshing to Whitestone, bearing an excursion party, numbering a hundred gontlemen or more, from this city. The completion of this read opens up the thriving manufacturing villages of College Points and Whitestone to case and rapid communication with New York, readering them more convenient of accoss than Nowark and other cities in New Jersey of far less material advantages, which have grown to be large manufacturing towns by means of railroid facilities. The credit of this new esterprise is due entirely to the citizens of Finshing, who have built the railroad without any conside assistance, at a cost of nearly a million of dollars. Chief among the promotion of the road. Mr. Orange Judd, and Mr. John D. Lacke. Loughridge's patent carchesias are attached to every engine, and every thing connected with the road is as perfect as the means afforded by modern inventive genius would permit. The result is, that it is beyond question the safest and the easiest riding railway that runs out of New York.

FOREIGN NEWS.

This Republican Deputies who recently absented themselves from the Spanish Coetes returned in a body November St. The Spanish Government amnounces its intention to restore the constitutional guarantees lately abrogated on account of the insurgection. On the 57th the Republicans moved a vote of consure against the Government for arbitrary use of power, which was rejected 348 to 18.

The Spanish Cortes has passed a vote of thanks to M. De Lessays, the President-Director of the flows Canal. A draft of a Constitution for Porto Rice was read in the Cortes on November 34. Forbidding the discussion of separation, and excluding above from all rights until enzancipated.

Within three weeks recently 34,000 volunteers were shipped from Spain to Cuba.
General Duloa, fermorily Captain-General of Cuba, deed November 38, agrel 49.

Dispatches from Home state that the members of the Geomesical Council will meet at the Vatican on the 8th of December, and, at the conclusion of the preliminary coremosiles, the Pope will amounce the opening of the Council.

The completion of the Sear Canal, it seems, has already affected the rate of freights to and from Indianal California and Policy and Archive and Archive Council Conf.

The completion of the Sucz Canal, it seems, has a ready affected the rate of freights to and from Ind and China around the Cape of Good Hope. A serior

and China around the Cape of Good Hope. A serious decline has taken place.

M. De Leeseps, the chief engineer of the Sour Canal, has publicly denied the unfavorable reports which have been recently circulated about that great enterprise. He calle attention to the fact that in ten chays no less than 6fty vessels salled safely through the canal and back.

The Walton protests against the act of the Viceroy of Egypt in proclaiming the neutrality of the Baca Canal as a tempes on his coversignity.

The most notable result of the recent supplementary elections in Paris was the return of M. Hochafort from the First Chromneription. There was no disturbance.

Mr. Bartingame and the Chinese Embasey are at

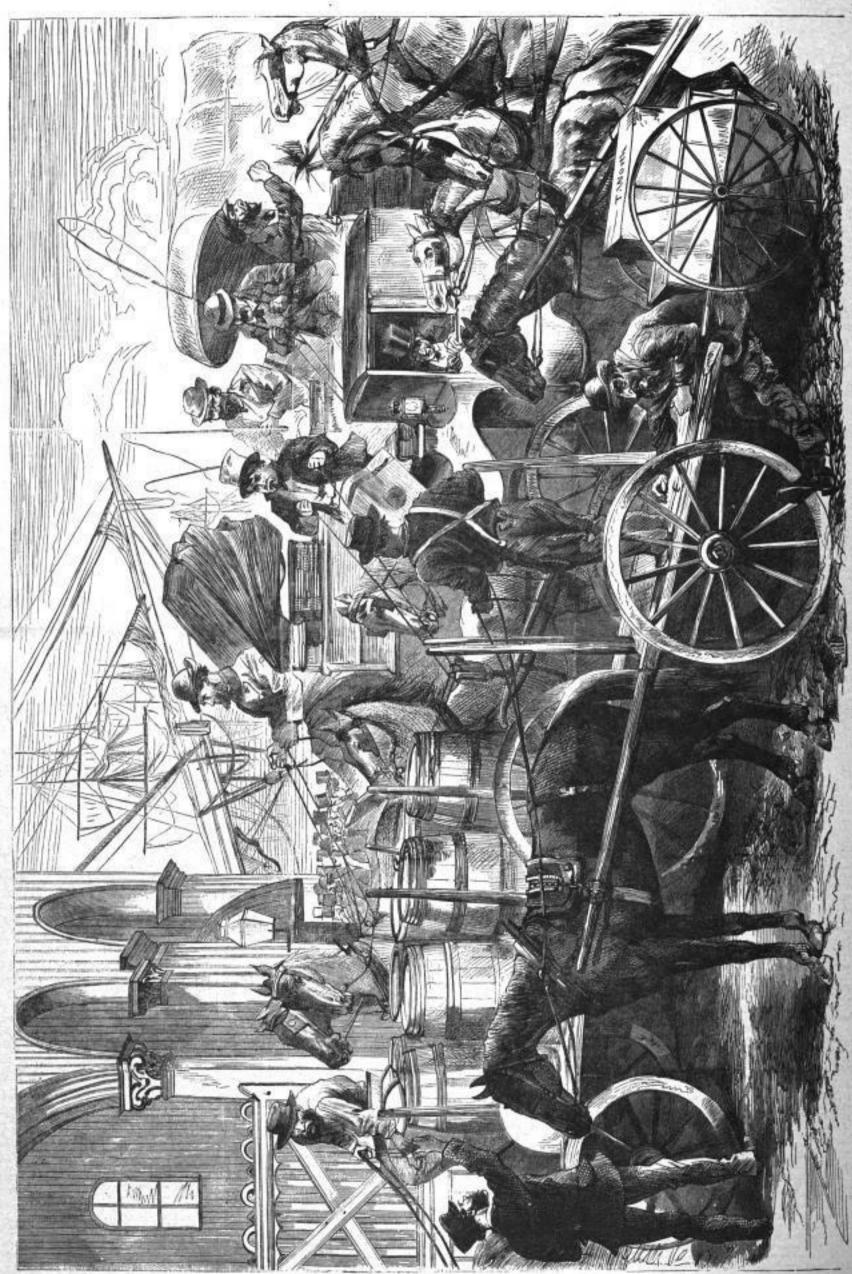
Mr. Burlingame and the Chinese Embassy are at Berlin. United States Consul-General Plumb, at Havans,

has resigned.

The members of the Italian Cabinet have resigned, and a new Ministry has been organized under General Members. and a new minimal and the following and the series of the carthquake at that port which extended through the Philippine group of minima. At Manila eight lives were lost.

The recent election in Newfoundland has resulted successfully for the opponents of Cantederation. The

racessfully for the opponents of Confederation. The full returns show that twenty-one Anti-Confederates and nine Confederates have been elected.



JAM AT THE PERRY GATE. - [SERFCRED BY THOMAS WORTE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by HARRER & BROTHERS, in the Ulark's Office of the Detrict Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Mooustone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE PLAN.

Sun took his hand, and began with all the art

of persuasion that she possessed.

"One question, Geoffrey, before I say what I want to say. Lady Lundie has invited you to stay at Windygates. Do you accept her invitation? or do you go back to your brother's in the evening?"

"I can't go back in the evening—they've put a visitor into my room. I'm obliged to stay here. my brother has done it on purpose. Julius helps me when I'm hard up—and bullies me afterward. He has sent me here, on duty for the family. Somebody must be civil to Lady Lundie—and I'm the sacrifice.'

She took him up at his last word. "Don't make the sacrifice," she said. "Apologize to Lady Lundie, and say you are obliged to go

"Because we must both leave this place to-

day."
There was a double objection to that. If he left Lady Lundie's, he would fail to establish a left Lady Lundie's, he would fail to establish a left Lady Lundie's in leasther's indulfuture pecuniary claim on his brother's indul-gence. And if he left with Anne, the eyes of gence. And if he left with Anne, the eyes of the world would see them, and the whispers of the world might come to his father's ears.

"If we go away together," he said, "good-by to my prospects, and yours too."

"I don't mean that we shall leave together," she explained. "We will leave soparately—and I will go first."

"There will be a hue and cry after you, when you are missed."

when you are missed."
"There will be a dance when the croquet is "There will be a dance when the croquet is over. I don't dance—and I shall not be missed. There will be time, and opportunity, to get to my own room. I shall leave a letter there for Lady Lundle, and a letter"—her voice trembled for a moment—"and a letter for Blanche. Don't interrupt me! I have thought of this, as I have thought of this, as I have thought of every thing else. The confession I shall make will be the truth in a few hours, if it's not the truth now. My letters will say I am privately married, and called now unexpectedly to join my hasband. There will be a scandial in the homse, I know. But there will be no excuse for sending after me, when I am under my husband's precection. So far as you are personally concerned there are no discoveries to fear—and nothing which it is not perfectly safe and perfectly easy to do. Wait here an hour after I have gone to save appearances; and then follow me. gone to save appearances; and then follow me."
"Follow you?" interposed Geoffrey. "Where?"

She drew her chair nearer to him, and whis-pered the next words in her car.

"To a lonely little mountain inn-four miles from this.

"An inn!"
"Why not?"

"An inn is a public place." A movement of natural impatience escaped -but she controlled herself, and went on as

her—but she cont quietly as before:

"The place I mean is the loneliest place in the neighborhood. You have no prying eyes to dread there. I have picked it out expressly for that reason. It's away from the railway; it's away from the high-road; it's kept by a decent, respectable Scotchwoman—"

respectable Scotchwoman—
Decent, respectable Scotchwomen who keep inns, "interposed Geoffrey, "don't cotton to young ladies who are traveling alone. The landlady

won't receive you."

It was a well-aimed objection—but it missed the mark. A woman bent on her marriage is a woman who can meet the objections of the whole world, single-handed, and refute them all. "I have provided for every thing," she said; "and I have provided for that. I shall tell the

landlady I am on my wedding-trip. I shall say my husband is sight-seeing, on foot, among the mountains in the neighborhood—"
"She is sure to believe that!" said Geoffrey.

"She is sure to disbelieve it, if you like. Let You have only to appear, and to ask for yeur wife—and there is my story proved to be true! She may be the most suspicious woman living, as long as I am alone with her. The moment you join me, you set her suspicious at

rest. Leave me to do my part. My part is the hard one. Will you do yours?" It was impossible to say No: she had fairly cut the ground from under his feet. He shifted his ground. Any thing rather than say Yes!

his ground. Any many how we are to be mar"I suppose you know how we are to be married?" he asked. "All I can say is—I don't."
Ton know that "You do!" she retorted. "You know that we are in Scotland. You know that there are neither forms, ceremonies, nor delays in marriage, here. The plan I have proposed to you secures my being received at the ism, and makes it easy and natural for you to join me there afterward. The rest is in our own hands. A manned a woman who will be a becaused in the contract of t and a woman who wish to be married (in Secand) have only to socure the necessary witnesses and the thing is done. If the landledy chooses to resent the deception practiced on her, after that, the landledy may do as she pleases. We shall have gained our object in spite of her—and, what is more, we shall have gained it without risk to yea."

"Don't lay it all on my shoulders," Geoffrey rejoined. "You women go headlong at every thing. Say we are married. We must separate

afterward—or how are we to keep it a secret?"
"Certainly. You will go back, of course, to your brother's house, as if nothing had hap-

"And what is to become of you?
"I shall go to London."

"I shall go to London."

"What are you to do in London?"

"Haven't I already told you that I have thought of every thing? When I get to London I shall apply to some of my mother's old friends—friends of hers in the time when she was a musician. Every body tells me I have a voice—if I had only cultivated it. I will cultivate it! I can live, and live respectably, as a concert incer. I have saved money enough to support singer. I have saved money enough to support me, while I am learning—and my mother's friends

will help me, for her sake."

So, in the new life that she was marking out, was she now unconsciously reflecting in herself the life of her mother before her. Here was the mother's career as a public singer, chosen (in spite of all efforts to prevent is) by the child! Here (though with other motives, and under other circumstances) was the mother's irregular mar-riage in Ireland, on the point of being followed by the daughter's irregular marriage in Scotland! And here, stranger still, was the man who was answerable for it—the son of the man who had answerable for is—the son of the main who had found the flaw in the Irish marriage, and had shown the way by which her mother was thrown on the world! "My Anne is my second self. She is not called by her father's name; she is called by mine. She is Anne Silvester as I was. Will she end like Me?"—The answer to those words—the last words that had trembled on the driver mother's line—was coming fast. Through dying mother's lips—was coming fast. Through the chances and changes of many years, the fu-ture was pressing near—and Anne Silvester stood on the brink of it.

Well?" she resumed. "Are you at the end of your objections? Can you give me a plain answer at last?" Mrs., instead of Miss, Silvester. But I shall do my best to avoid giving any name. And you will do your best to avoid making a mistake, by only asking for me as your wife. Is there any thing else you want to know?"
"Yes."

"Be quick about it! What is it?"

"How am I to know you have got away from

here?"
"If you don't hear from me in half an hour
"If you don't hear from me in half an hour

"If you don't hear from me in half an hour from the time when I have left you, you may be sure I have got nway. Hush!"

Two voices, in conversation, were and the at the bottom of the steps—Lady Lundie's voice and Sir Patrick's. Anne pointed to the door in the back wall of the summer-house. She had just pulled it to again, after Geoffrey had passed through it, when Lady Lundie and Sir Patrick appeared at the top of the steps.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

Lady Lewest pointed significantly to the door, and addressed herself to Sir Patrick's pri-

"Observe!" she said. "Miss Silvester has just

got rid of somebody."
Sir Patrick deliberately looked in the wrong direction, and (in the politest possible manner

observed—nothing.

Lady Lundle advanced into the summerhouse. Suspicious histred of the governess was
written legibly in every line of her face. Suspicious distrust of the governess's illness spoke
plainly in every tone of her voice.

"May I inquire, Miss Silvester, if your sufferings are relieved?"

"I am no better, Lady Lundie."

"I beg your perdon?"
"I said I was no better."

"You appear to be able to stand up. When I am ill, I am not so fortunate. I am compelled to lie down."



"HE TOUCHED THE KNOB OF HIS CANE, AND HELPED HIMSELP, WITH INFINITE KEST AND ENJOYMENT, TO A PINCH OF SNUFF.

No! He had another objection ready as the words passed her lips.

words passed her lips.

"Suppose the witnesses at the inn happen to know me?" he said. "Suppose it comes to my finther's ears in that way?"

"Suppose you drive me to my death?" she retorted, starting to her feet. "Your father shall know the truth, in that case—I swear it?"

He rose, on his side, and drew back from her. She followed him up. There was a clapping of hands at the same moment, on the lawn. Some-

hands, at the same moment, on the lawn. Some-body had evidently made a brilliant stroke which promised to decide the game. There was no se-curity now that Blanche might not return again. There was every prospect, the game being over, that Lady Lundie would be free. Ame brought the interview to its crisis, without wasting a mo-

ment more. "Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn," she said. "You have bargained for a private marriage, and I have consented. Are you, or are you not, ready to marry me on your own terms?

"Give me a minute to think! " Not an instant. Once for all, is it Yes, or

He couldn't say "Yes," even then. But he

and what was equivalent to it. He asked, sav-agely, "Where is the inn?"

She put her arm in his, and whispered, rapidly,
"Pass the road on the right that leads to the railway. Follow the path over the moor, and the sheep-track up the hill. The first house you come to after that is the inn. You understand!"

He nodded his head, with a sullen frown, and took his pipe out of his pocket again.

"Let it alone this time," he said, meeting her eye. "My mind's upset. When a man's mind's upset, a man must brooke. What's the name of

the place?"
"Craig Fernie."

"Who am I to ask for at the door?"
"For your wife."

"Suppose they want you to give your name when you get there?"
"If I must give a name, I shall call myself

"I will follow your example, Lady Lundie.

"I will follow your example, Lady Lundie. If you will be so good as to excuse me, I will leave you, and lie down in my own room."

She could say no more. The interview with Geoffrey had wern her out; there was no spirit left in her to resist the petty malice of the woman, after bearing, as she had borne it, the brutish indifference of the man. In snother moment the hysterical suffering which she was keeping down would have forced its way outward in tears. Without waiting to know whether she was ex-Without waiting to know whether she was ex-ensed or not, without stopping to hear a word more, she left the summer-bosse.

Lady Lundie's magnificent black eyes opened to their utmost width, and blazed with their

most dazsling brightness. She appealed to Sir Patrick, poised easily on his ivery cane, and look-ing out at the lawn party, the picture of venerable innocence.

"After what I have already told you, Sir Patrick, of Miss Silvester's conduct, may whether you consider that proceeding at all extraordinary?

The old gentleman touched the spring in the

knob of his care, and answered, in the courtly manner of the old school: "I consider no proceeding extraordinary, Lady Lundie, which emanates from your enchanting

He bowed, and took his pinch. With a little jaunty flourish of the hand, he dusted the stray of snuff off his finger and thumb, as looked back again at the lawn party, and became more absorbed in the diversions of his young friends than ever,

Lady Lundie stood her ground, plainly determined to force a serious expression of opinion from her brother-in-law. Before she could speak again, Arnold and Blanche appeared together at the bottom of the steps, "And when does the dancing begin?" inquired Sir Patrick, hobbling out to meet them, and looking as if he felt the deepest interest in a speedy settlement of the

"The very thing I was going to ask mamms,"

returned Blanche. "Is she in there with Anne? Is Anne better?

Lady Lundie forthwith appeared, and took

the answer to that inquiry on herself.

"Miss Silvester has retired to her room. Miss Silvester persists in being ill. Have you noticed, Sir Patrick, that these half-bred sort of people

Sir Patrick, that these half-bred sort of people are almost invariably rude when they are ill?"

Blanche's bright face flushed up. "If you think Anne a half-bred person, Lady Lundie, you stand alone in your equaion. My uncle doesn't agree with yos, I'm sure."

Sir Patrick's interest in the first quadrille became almost painful to see. "Lb tell me, my dear, when is the dancing going to bogin?"

"The sooner the better," interposed Lady Lundie; "before Blanche picks another quarrel with me on the subject of Miss Silvester."

Blanche looked at her uncle. "Begin! begin! Don's lose time!" cried the ardent Sir Pairrick, pointing toward the house with his cane. "Certainly, uncle! Any thing that you wish!"

With that parting shot at, her step mother, Blanche withdrew. Amold, who had thus far waited in silence at the foot of the steps, looked appealingly at Sir Patrick. The train which was to take him to his newly inherited property would stept in less than an hour; and had not a desired. appearingly at Set Patrick. The train which was to take him to his newly inherited property would start in less than an hour; and he had not pre-sented himself to Blanche's guardian in the char-acter of Blanche's suitor yet! Set Patrick's in-difference to all domestic claims on him—claims of persons who loved, and claims of persons who hated, it didn't matter which—remained perfect-ly unassailable. There he stood, poised on his ly unassailable. There he stood, poised on his cone, humming an old Scotch air. And there was Lady Landie, resolute not to leave him till he had seen the governess with Acr eyes and judged the governess with Acr mind. She returned to the charge—in spite of Sir Patrick, humaning at the top of the steps, and of Arnold, waiting at the bottom. (Her enemies said, "No wonder poor Sir Thomas died in a few months after his marriage!" And, oh dear me, our enemies are sometimes right!)

"I must once more remind yon, Sir Patrick, that I have serious reason to doubt whether Miss Silvester is a fit companion for Blanche. My

Silvester is a fit companion for Blanche. My governess has something on her mind. She has fits of crying in private. She is up and walking about her room when she ought to be asleep. She posts her own letters—and, she has lately been excessively insolent to Me. There is something wrong. I must take some steps in the matter—and it is only proper that I should do so with your sanction, as head of the family."

"Consider me as abdicating my position, Lady

Lundie, in your favor."

"Sir Patrick, I beg you to observe that I am speaking seriously, and that I expect a serious My good lady, ask me for any thing else and

"My good lady, ask me for any thing else and it is at your service. I have not made 'a serious reply since I gave up practice at the Scettish Bar. At my age," added Sir Patrick, cunningly drifting into generalities, "nothing is serious—except Indigestion. I say, with the philosopher, 'Life is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel." He took his sister-in-law's hand, and kissed it. "Dear Lady Lundie, why feel?"

Lady Lundie, who had never "felt" in her life, appeared perversely determined to fiel. on

appeared perversely determined to feel, on occasion. She was offended—and she showed it plainly.

"When you are next called on, Sir Patrick, to judge of Miss Silvester's conduct," she said, "unless I am entirely mistaken, you will find yourself cospelled to consider it as something beyond a joke." With those words, she walked out of the summer-house—and so forwarded Ar-nold's interests by leaving Blanche's guardian elone at last.

ejone at last.

It was an excellent opportunity. The guests were safe in the house—there was no interruption to be feared. Arnold showed himself. Sir Patrick (perfectly undisturbed by Lady Lundie's parting speech) sat down in the summer-house, without noticing his young friend, and asked himself a question founded on profunnd observation of the female sex. "Were there ever two women yet with a quarrel between them," thought the cld gentleman, "who didn't want to drag a man into it? Let them drag see is, if they can t" the old gentleman, "who didn't want to drag a man into it? Let them drag me in, if they can !

Arnold advanced a step, and modestly an-sounced himself. "I hope I am not in the way,

"In the way? of course not! Bless my soul, how serious the boy looks! Are you going to appeal to me as the head of the family mext?" It was exactly what Arnold was about to do.

But it was plain that if he admitted it just then Sir Patrick (for some unintelligible reason) would decline to listen to him. He answered cantiously, "I asked leave to consult you in private, Sir;

and you kindly said you would give me the op-portunity before I left Windygates?"
"Ay! ay! to be sure. I remember. We were both engaged in the serious business of cro-quet at the time—and it was doubtful which of us did that business most clumsily. Well, here is the opportunity; and here am I, with all my worldly experience, at your service. I have only one caution to give you. Don't appeal to me as the head of the family. My resignation is in My resignation is in Lady Landie's hands.

He was, as usual, helf in jest, half in earnest. The wry twist of humor showed itself at the cor-ners of his lips. Arnold was at a loss how to approach Sir Patrick on the subject of his niece without reminding him of his domestic responsi-bilities on the one hand, nod without setting him-

bilities on the one hand, and without setting himself up as a target for the shafts of Sir Patrick's
wit on the other. In this difficulty, he committed a mistake at the outset. He hesitated.
"Don't hurry yourself," said Sir Patrick.
"Collect your ideas. I ban wait! I can wait!"
Amold collected his ideas—and committed a
second mistake. He determined on feeling his
way cautiously at first. Under the circumstances

(and with such a man as he had now to deal with), it was perhaps the rashest resolution at which he could possibly have arrived—it was the

mouse attempting to outmaneuvre the cat.

"You have been very kind, Sir, in offering me
the benefit of your experience," he began. "I
want a word of advice."

"Suppose you take it sitting?" suggested Sir Patrick. "Get a chair." His sharp eyes fol-lowed Arnold with an expression of malicious enjoyment. "Wants my advice?" he thought. "The young humbur wars methics of the enjoyment. "Wants my advice?" he thought.
"The young humbug wants nothing of the sort

he wants my niece." Arnold sat down under Sir Patrick's eye, with a well-founded suspicion that he was destined to suffer, before he got up again, under Sir Patrick's

"I am only a young man," he went on, mov-ing uneasily in his chair; "and I am beginning

"Any thing wrong with the chair?" saked Sir Patrick. "Begin your new life comfortably, and get another."

There's nothing wrong with the chair, Sir.

"Would I keep the chair, in that case? Cer-

"I mean, would you advise me

"My good fellow, I'm waiting to advise you.

(I'm sure there's something wrong with that chair. Why be obstinate about it? Why not get another?)"

Please don't notice the chair, Sir Patrickyou put me out. I want—in short—perhaps it's

you put me out. I want—in short—perhaps it's a curious question—"

"I can't say till I have heard it," remarked Sir Patrick. "However, we will admit it, for form's take, if you like. Say it's a curious question. Or let us express it more strongly, if that will help you. Say it's the most extraordinary question that ever was put, since the beginning of the world, from one human being to another."

"It's this!" Arnold burst out, desperately.
"I want to be married!"

" Want to be married!"
"That isn't a question," objected Sir Patrick.
"It's an assertion. You say, I want to be married. And I say, Just so! And there's an end of it." "I want to be married!"

Arnold's head began to whirl. "Would you advise me to get married, Sir?" he said, pitcously. "That's what I meant."

ir. "That's what I means.
"Oh! That's the object of the present interview, is it? Would I advise you to marry, ch?" view, is it? Would I advise you to marry, enr (Having caught the mouse by this time, the cat lifted his paw and let the luckless little creat-Sir Patrick's manner suddenly freed itself from any slight signs of impa-tionce which it might have hitherto shown, and became as pleasantly easy and confidential as a manner could be. He touched the knob of his tane, and helped himself, with infinite rest and enjoyment, to a pinch of snuff.)

whent, to a pinch of suum.)
Would I advise you to marry?" repeated
Patrick. "Two courses are open to us, Mr.
old, in treating that question. We may put Arrised, in returng time questions y it briefly, or we may put it at great length. I am for putting it briefly. What do you say?"
"What you say, Sir Patrick."
"Very good. May I begin by making an inquiry relating to your past life?"
"Certainly!"

ertainly

"Very good again. When you were in the merchant service, did you ever have any experience in buying provisions ashere?"

Arnold stared. If any relation existed be-

tween that question and the subject in hand it was an impeneurable relation to him. He answered, in unconcealed bewilderment,

"Plenty of experience, Sir."

"I'm coming to the point," pursued Sir Patrick. "Don't be astonished. I'm coming to the point. What did you think of your moist angar when you bought it at the grocer's?"
"Think?" repeated Arnold. "Why, I thought

it was moist sugar, to be sure!"
"Marry, by all means!" cried Sir Patrick.

"You are one of the few men who can try that

The suddenness of the answer fairly took away
Arnold's breath. There was something perfectjr electric in the brevity of his venerable friend.
He stared harder than ever.

"Don't you understand me?" asked Sir Pat

"I don't understand what the moist sugar has got to do with it, Sir.

"You don't see that?"
"Not a bit!"

"Then I'll show you," said Sir Patrick, crossing his legs, and setting in comfortably for a good talk. "You go to the tea-shop, and get your moist sugar. You take it on the understanding that it t any thing of se most tager. But it said any taking or second. It's a compound of adulterations made up to look like sugar. You shut your eyes to that awkward fact, and swallow your adulterated mess in various articles of food; and you and t sugar. But i mess in various articles of food; and you and your sugar got on together in that way as well as you can. Do you follow me, so far?"

Yes. Arnold (quite in the dark) followed, so

far, "Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "You "Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "You go to the marriage-shop, and get a wife. You take her on the understanding—let us say—that she has lovely yellow hair, that she has an exquisite complexion, that her figure is the perfection of plumpness, and that the is just tall enough to carry the plumpness off. You bring her home, and you discover that it's the old story of the marriage or main. Your wife is on edd story of the sugar over again. Your wife is an adul-terated article. Her lovely yellow hair is—dve. Her exquisite skin is—pearl powder. Her plumpness is—padding. And three inches of her height are—in the boot-maker's beels. Shut your eyes, and swallow your adulterated wife as w your adulterated sugar-and, I tell you again, you are one of the few men wh try the marriage experiment with a fair chance of success."

With that he uncrossed his legs again, and looked hard at Arnold. Arnold read the lesson, at last, in the right way. He gave up the hopeless attempt to circumvent Sir Patrick, and—come what might of it—dashed at a direct allusion to Sir Patrick's niece.

"That may be all very true, Sir, of some young ladies," he said. "There is one I know of, who is nearly related to you, and who doesn't deserve what you have said of the rest of them."

This was coming to the point. Sir Patrick showed his approval of Arnold's frankness by showed his approval of Arnold's frankness by coming to the point himself, as readily as his own whimsical humor would let him.

"Is this female phenomenon my niece?" he

Yes, Sir Patrick."

"May I ask how you know that my niece is not an adulterated article, like the rest of them?" Arnold's indignation loosened the last re-raints that tied Arnold's tongue. He exploded straints that tied Arnold's tongue. in the three words which mean three volum every circulating library in the kingdom.
"I love her."

Sir Patrick sat back in his chair, and stretch-

ed out his legs luxuriously.

"That's the most convincing answer I ever heard in my life," he said.

"I'm in earnest!" cried Arnold, reckless by

"I'm in earmest!" creen Armon, the this time of every consideration but one. "Put me to the test, Sir! put me to the test!"
"Oh, very well. The test is easily put." He

"Oh, very well. The test is easily put." He looked at Arnold, with the irrepressible humor twinkling merrily in his eyes, and twitching sharply at the corners of his lips. "My niece has a beautiful complexion. Do you believe in

her complexion?"
"There's a beautiful sky above our beads,"
returned Arnold. "I believe in the sky."
"Do you?" retorted Sir Patrick. "You were

evidently never caught in a shower. My niece has an immense quantity of hair. Are you convinced that it all grows on her head?"

"I defy any other woman's head to produce the like of it!"

"My dear Arnold, you greatly underrate the existing resources of the trade in hair! Look into the shop-windows. When you next go to London pray look into the shop-windows. In the mean time, what do you think of my niece's fours?"

"Ob, come! there can't be any doubt about that! Any man, with eyes in his head, can see it's the loveliest figure in the world." Sir Patrick laughed softly, and crossed his

legs again.
"My good fellow, of course it is! The love "My good fellow, of course it is! The love-lest figure in the world is the commonest thing in the world. At a rough guess, there are forty ladies at this lawn party. Every one of them possesses a beautiful figure. It varies in price; and when it's particularly seductive, you may swear it comes from Paris. Why, how you stare! When I asked you what you thought of my nicee's figure, I meant—how much of it comes from Nature, and how much of it comes from from Nature, and how much of it comes from the Shop? I don't know, mind! Do you?" "I'll take my oath to every inch of it!"

"Shop?" "Nature!"

Sir Patrick rose to his feet; his estirical hu-

mor was silenced at last.

"If ever I have a son," he thought to himself,
"that son shall go to sea!" He took Arnold's arm, as a preliminary to putting an end to Ar-nold's suspense. "If I can be serious about any thing," he resumed, "it's time to be serious with I am convinced of the sincerity of your and your birth and position are beyond dispute.

If you have Blanche's consent, you have mine."

Arnold attempted to express his gratitude. Sir

"And hadining to bear him, went on. "And Arnold attempted to explain, went on. "And Patrick, declining to hear him, went on. "And remember this, in the future. When you next remember this, in the future. When you next want any thing that I can give you, ask for it plainly. Don't attempt to mystify us on the next occasion, and I will promise, on my side, not to mystify you. There, that's understood.

Now about this journey of yours to see your estate. Property has its duties, Master Arnold, as well as its rights. The time is fast approaching when its rights will be disputed, if its duties are not preferred. ing when its rights will be disputed, if its duties are not performed. I have got a new interest in you, and I mean to see that you do your duty. It's settled you are to leave Windygates to-day. Is it arranged how you are to go?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick. Lady Lundie has kindly

erdered the gig to take me to the station, in tim

e next train." "When are you to be ready?"
Arnold looked at his watch. "In a quarter

of an hour. Very good. Mind you are ready. Sto

minute! you will have plenty of time to speak to Blanche when I have done with you. You don't appear to me to be sufficiently anxious about ing your own property.

"I am not very anxious to leave Blanche, Sir-that's the truth of it."

"Never mind Blanche. Blanche is not busi "Never mind Blanche. Blanche is not buss-ness. They both begin with a B—and that's the only connection between them. I hear you have got one of the finest houses in this part of Scotland. How long are you going to stay in it?" "I have arranged (as I have already told you, Sir) to return to Windygates the day after to-morrow."

What! Here is a man with a palace waiting to receive him-and he is only going to stop one clear day in it!"

"I am not going to stop in it at all, Sir Patrick-I am going to stay with the steward. I'm only wanted to be present to-morrow at a dinner to my tenants—and, when that's over, there's nothing in the world to prevent my coming back here. The steward himself told me so in his

"Oh, if the steward told you so, of course there is nothing more to be said!"

it all belongs to her as well as to me

"Gendy! gently! you talk as if you were married to her already!"

ne, Sir! Where's the dif-"It's as good as do

ficulty in the way now?"

As he saked the question the shadow As he asked the question the snanow of the third person, advancing from the side of the snanower-house, was thrown forward on the open the top of the steps. In a mosunhit space at the top of the steps. In a mo-ment more the shadow was followed by the sub-stance—in the shape of a groom in his rising livery. The man was plainly a stranger to the place. He started, and touched his hat, when he

the two gentlemen in the summer-bouse. What do you want?" asked Sir Patrick. "I beg your pardon, Sir; I was sent by my

master

"Who is your master?"
"The Honorable Mr. Delamayn, Sr."
"Do you mean Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?"
asked Arnold.

"No, Sir. Mr. Geoffrey's brother-Mr. Julius. I have ridden over from the house, Sir, with a message from my master to Mr. Geof-

"Can't you find him?"
"Can't you find him?"
"They told me I should find him hereabouts.
Sir. But I'm a stranger, and don't rightly know where to look." He stopped, and took a card where to look." My master said it was He stopped, and took a card tet. "My master said it was where to look. The stopped, and took a card out of his pocket. "My master said it was very important I should deliver this immedi-ately. Would you be pleased to tell me, gen-tlemen, if you happen to know where Mr. Goof-

frey is? Arnold turned to Sir Patrick. "I haven't

seen him. Have you?"

"I have smelt him," answered Sir Patrick,
"erer since I have been in the summer-house.
There is a detestable taint of tobacco in the air—suggestive (disagreeably suggestive to my mind) of your friend, Mr. Delamayn."

Arnold laughed, and stepped outside the summer-house.

"If you are right, Sir Patrick, we will find m at once." He looked around, and shouted, im at once." Geoffrey!" e from the rose-garden shouted back,

"You're wanted. Come here!"

Geoffrey appeared, sauntering doggedly, with his pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pock-

"Who wants me?"

" A groom-from your brother." That answer appeared to electrify the loung-ing and lazy athlete. Geoffrey hurried, with eager steps, to the summer-house. He ad-dressed the groom before the man had time to speak. With horror and dismay in his face, he exclaimed:

"By Jupiter! Rateatcher has relapsed!" Sir Patrick and Arnold looked at each other

The best horse in my brother's stables!" cried Geoffrey, explaining, and appealing to them, in a breath. "I left written directions with the coachman; I measured out his physic for three days; I bled him, "said Geoffrey, in a voice broken by emotion—"I bled him myself, last night."

last night."

"I beg your pardon, Sir—" began the groom.

"What's the use of begging my pardon?
You're a pack of infernal fools! Where's your horse? I'll ride back, and break every bose in the coachman's skin! Where's your horse?"

The back of th "If you please, Sir, it isn't Ratentcher. Rat-

"Hateatcher's all right? Then what the devil

is it?"

"It's a message, Sir."

"About what?"

"About my lord."

"Oh! About my father?" He took out his handkerchief, and passed it over his forebead, with a deep gasp of relief. "I thought it was Hateatcher," he said, looking at Arnold, with a smile. He put his pipe into his mouth, and rekindled the dying ashes of the tobacco. "Well?" he went on, when the pipe was in working order, and his voice was composed again. "What's up with my father?"

"A telegram from London, Sir. Bad news of my lord. The man produced his master's card.

Geoffrey read on it (written in his brother's handwriting) these words: "I have only a moment to scribble a line on

my card. Our father is dangerously ill-his lawyer has been sent for. London by the first train. Meet at the junc-

Without a word to any one of the three per-sons present, all silently looking at him, Geoffrey consulted his watch. Anne had told him to wait half an hour, and to assume that she had gone if he failed to hear from her in that time. The interval had passed—and no communication of any sort had reached him. The flight from the house had been safely accomplished. Anne Sil-vester was, at that moment, on her way to the mountain in a. vester was, at that m mountain ins.

MY NEIGHBORS.

Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes. Page

In a convalencent state, after a serious illness that had rendered me wholly incapable of mental exertion, I sat in my arm chair by the fire, while on the table near me lay a volume of Engene Sue's "Wandering Jew," and another contain-Suc's "Wandering Jew," and another contain-ing a portion of the history of the renowned Pantagruel. I had been dreamily turning over the leaves of both, and had been much impressed

"Don't object to my coming back! pray don't, Sir Patrick! I'll promise to live in my new house, when I have got Blanche to live in it with me. If you won't mind, I'll go and tell her at once that a new world, the inhabitants of which had the vaguest notions of every thing that passed be-yond their own sphere.

yond their own sphere.

"Is not every one in London," I asked myself, "much in the condition of the man who
planted cabbages within the precincts of Pantagroci s jawa, and only had the faintess knowledge at there was another would illumined by a sun and m.on? I have lived at least six years in this house, and what do I know of a certain Miss Thugleigh, who lives next door, and of whose ugly name I should never have heard, had not a letter, directed to her, been brought to me ac-cidentally by the postman? She has never left home at any time when I have been looking out of window; she is nover in her garden, which, by-the-way, is in a most neglected state. I am only reminded of her existence by an occasional noise. In London and its suburbs, save by some rare accident, is not every one in pretty nearly the same position as I am with respect to Miss Thugleigh? I know rather more of the man who is her next-door neighbor on the other side, and whose name seems to be Bubblesworth, for

and whose name seems to be Bubblesworth, for the artist who comes to shave me talks me that he has his hair carled every morning, evidently intending to hold up a good example before my eyes. But knowledge like this is the very re-verse of exhaustire."

The pursuit of this foolish train of thought had caused me to rise from my chair, and I was staring vacantly into the glass on my mantis-piece when my attention was suddenly arrested by a remarkable phenomenon. The movements of the reflected figure did not correspond to my own. If I stirred it remained still, or moved in own. If I stirred it remained still, or moved in own. It is street it remained and, or moved in a different manner. The eyes alone, which were fixed on mins, obeyed the ordinary laws of re-flection. Presently, my own arms being folded, the figure extended one of its hands. I extended the figure extended one of its hands. I extended a hand too, and the figure, slightly inclining forward, grasped it firmly. Instinctively I endeavored to extricate myself, but so far was I from succeeding that I felt myself polled toward the glass. The figure, then, was a reality, and a very muscular reality too, for I could not resist it. Whither was I going? It was soon evident that there was no glass at all, but an aperture in the wall surrounded by a gilt frame, behind which was a room precisely corresponding to my own. was a room precisely corresponding to my own. The position was alarming.

was a room precisely corresponding to my own. The position was alarming.

On—on I was pulled, and for a few accords found myself enveloped in darkness. I seemed conscious of nothing but vacuity, when suddenly the grasp ceased, and I was once more in the light, seated at a table, opposite to a venerable old lady, whose white hair, neatly parted from the middle of the forehead, was surmometed by the most respectable of caps. She was absorbed in the perusal of a large book, which lay open before her. Not knowing how I should be received, I refrained from interrupting her studies, and took a leisurely survey of the room. and took a leisurely survey of the ro-

ies, and took a leisurely survey of the room.

In shape it was a prism. The ceiling and floor were equilateral triangles, and the walls were, consequently, three in number. The table, too, was triangular, so were the seats of the chairs, each of which had three legs, and a huge bird-cage, containing a vulture, was in keeping with the furniture. Door, window, or fire-place, there was none; the only admission to fresh air being afforded by a triangular vestilator, immediately under the ceiling. On the few shelves which broke the monotony of the walls were placed some old books, two or three bottles, and soveral knives or degrees of Oriental fashion. But the most singular object was a hideous Indian idol, like those that represent the horrible wife of Siva, which stood in a corner, and before wife of Siva, which stood in a corner, and before which was a prismatic stooe, exactly similar in its proportions to the room.

"Well, George," said the old lady, suddenly

raising her eyes from her book, and looking at me full in the face, "so you have condescended to visit me at last."

Though my name is not George, I felt that I was the person addressed, so I began politely to deny the condescension.

"Pool-pool! never mind compliments. You

are here, and that is the great matter. I see you are rather astonished at the appearance of my room. It is somewhat close; but then it's very snug, and quite good enough for a simple body like me."

"Unique in its structure, at any rate," I said, endeavoring to admire. "I am rather curious to know how one enters it." "Indeed, I wonder at that, when you your-

of found yo our way so readily," she req a slight laugh
I felt uneasy, for I did not care to de my passage through the glass; but the old lady did not seem anxious for an explanation, since she immediately added, "It would not do to have

she immedistely added, "It would not do to have a room too easy of access, when things of this sort are flying about."

With these words, she opened a drawer in her table and took out a printed hand-bill, with the formidable heading, "One Hundred Pounds Reward." This she placed in my hands, and I learned from its contents that a butcher-boy had been missed by his employers, under circumstances that led to the ansistion of murder, and that the reward was offered for the apprehension of the supposed assassins.

"Luckily he did not live in the neighborhood. But on the whole it is better not to venture here."

"Luckily be did not live in the neugnormous.

But on the whole it is better not to venture beyoud begars and ticket-of-leave men."

"Venture what?" I inquired.

"Immolation!" was the reply.

"Immo—" I faltered. "Then it is your

opinion that the unhappy boy was really mur-

"Really immelated? Of course I do. It would be very abourd if I thought otherwise

when I performed the sacrifics with my own

"Atrocious wretch !- " I began. "Hoity-toity!" interposed the old lady.

"Don't let us lose our tempers." And really when I looked at her calm face, I fielt that wrath was impossible. She was some harmless lunatic, who owned to crimes she had never committed.

I bore the boy no ill-will," she proceeded; "I hore the boy no ill-will," she proceeded;

"he was as well-behaved a lad as one would
wish to see. I would gladly have given the
preference to a mischievous little vagabond, who
rings my bell regularly every Saturday afternoon, in celebration, I suppose, of his half-boliday; but the butcher-boy came handy, and when can't have what one wants, one must take

what one can get."

what one can get."

"But why mur—that is, immolate any body?"

I inquired, intending to humor ber delusion.

"That I can easily explain," she replied.
"You have doubtless heard that there is in India a secret sect of devotees, who term them-selves Thugs."

"I have read of that detestable fraternity in the "Wandering Jew" of Eugene Sue," I responded.
"Your strong expression, at which I take no
offense, shows that you are not unacquainted
with our principles. I am a Thug, and well the

with our principles. I am a Thug, and veil the fact by assuming the name of Thugleigh." It struck me that a thicker veil might have been afforded by the name of Smith or Brown,

been arroyed by the same of South of Prown, but I did not interrupt.

"I therefore, on principle," she proceeded,
"offer at least once a month a human sacrifice to the Goddess Bowanse, whose effigy you see

"I would rather not have known this circum stence," said I. "Indeed, as your society is, as you say, secret, it seems to me that you break

your rules by making me your confidant."
"Not at all, "she remarked, smiling. "I am convinced that my secret will not go any fur-

"You have a high opinion of my discretion,

I rejoined, endeavoring to look flattered.
"I have no opinion whatever on the subject,"
she calmly remarked. "For all I know to the contrary, you may be the veriest chatter-box in the universe. But of this I am sure, that dead the universe. But of this I am sure, that dead men tell no tales, and I have selected you for the next victim. Now don't be alarmed. If you do not like it, you shall not suffer any pain." White talking thus she advanced toward a shelf.) "It would, indeed, be more regular to strangle you with a white searf, or to slay you with one of these knives; but as you are a victim of a superior order I can afford to dispense with extreme formalities, and allow you to swallow the contents of the little vial I now place in your hands."

"Poison?" I inquired, with horner.

"Yes," she answered, "and of so efficacious a kind that it will extinguish life in a moment, without the slightest pain or inconvenience.

without the slightest pain or inconvenience.

When you have expired, your body will be conveyed through this aperture, through which many—ah, how many!—have passed before."

With this she touched a spring, whereupon the idel sunk behind the stone, and exhibited a hideous face, painted on the wall, with a wide mouth

pening on darkness.

Horror gave place to indignation,

"This is all very well, madam," said I; "but
if you are a lunstic I am not bound on that ac-

count to swallow poison, and to be put out of sight like a posted letter."

"Besistance is useless," she said, drawing forth a revolver, and pointing it full in my face. "This might hurt you, whereas the vial causes no suffering whatever. You had better choose the latter." the latter.

I had never realized till that moment the feel-

ings of Fair Resemond.

"And when," she proceeded, "the goddess grows impetient, the jaws of her provider are more extended."

This was the fact, and I was inspired with a sudden resolution. One road of escape was ob-vious, and, in a fit of desperation, I leaped into the open mouth, head-foremost, like a harlequin.

Again a few moments of darkness, during which I beard a shrick of female rage; and when this had passed I found myself in a neat little study, looking at a slim gentleman, trimly dressed, and especially remarkable for the perfect arrangement of his hair. He seemed to be

"Well, James," he said, "you need not have taken me unawares like this. I did not so much

as hear you knock." name is not James; but rejoiced as I was to find myself in a room where the image of Bowanes was not part of the furniture, I did not deem it expedient to correct the error. I was beginning to stammer out an apology, when he fortunately prevented me by saying, quickly:

"No matter—no matter. I am only too hap-py to show you the successful result of my little experiments."

experiments."

I expressed, in turn, my happiness at the proposed instruction; he proceeded thus:

"The greatest discoveries in practical science often, as you are aware, have a comparatively childish beginning. The steam-engine itself was, in its earliest form, a toy; and it was by means of a boy's kite that Franklin drew the electric spark from the clouds. I have devoted myself to bubbles. You smile"—I had done no-thing of the sort—"I do not refer to those hollow commercial enterprises which are stigma-tized by that name, but to bons fide bubbles such as urchins are in the habit of blowing from an

ordinary tobacco-pipe. Just watch me now."

So saying, he dipped the bowl of an ordinary pipe into a small basin of fluid, and, with evident exertion, blew a fair round bubble, which, when detached, rested upon the table.

"Just touch that," he said.

I did so: the bubble did not burst, but was as firm as if it had been made of glass. "Now you see the nature of my invention,"

he continued, smiling with evident satisfaction. he continued, smiling with evident satisfaction.
"I add to the saponaceous fluid, vulgarly termed soep-and-water, an ingredient the nature of which I shall not reveal, and which has the effect of rendering the bubble permanent. You may dash that bubble against the ground, or strike it with a hammer—still it will not break. All you have to avoid is a contact with fire. Observe!"

He lighted a lacifer-match and applied it to the bubble, which, with a report like that of a

the bubble, which, with a report like that of a small cannon, exploded so instantly that he was thrown to the ground as if stricken by a thunderbolt. However, he rose smiling, and, rubbing the part that had been most inconvenienced by the fall, quietly said: "There is no occasion to repeat the experi-

"Decidedly not," was my remark. "There is one point, however, on which I am curious. I can not sufficiently admire the singularity of your discovery, but I am at a loss to perceive

"Oh, that I can easily explain," was his reply. "Not only have I discovered the ingredient which hardens the saponaceous fluid, but I have invented a method of blowing which enables me to inclose whatever object I please with-in the precincts of a bubble. Look here!" He opened a cabinet and showed me a collec-

tion of humming-birds, butterflies, seatuettes, and other objects that are commonly put under glass cases, each inclosed in a hardened bubble, I acknowledged that the invention was admira-

"Yes," he said, "I think it is; and it will soon go forth to the world as Bubblesworth's pat-ent. But I have not come to that yet. Just sit for a few minutes in that chair while I prepare to astonish you with an application of my prin-

ciple."

I complied with his request, and he slipped behind the chair. Presently I was aware that there was something like a medium between me and the surrounding objects, and, throwing my head back, perceived that Mr. Bubblesworth had actually inclosed me in an enormous transparent actually inclosed me in an enormous transparent sphere, streaked with brilliant colors, which reisted my touch as though it had been of iron. I was manifestly a prisoner, but the scherical wall of my prison gradually receded till it was beyond the reach of my outstretched hands. Soon the gay prismatic colors that played in streams around me began to assume definite streams around my began to assume definite shapes; some of which, apparently, were distant from me several miles, while others were in my

I was standing near a neat whitewashed cot-tage, in front of which, seated by a table, on which stood a foaming jug, was a jolly old gentleman of the conventional type, which we often find repeat-ed in engravings of the last century as the embodi-ment of rural felicity in advanced years. To sit alone smoking and drinking all through a whole summer expense, with a far face that smiled besummer evening, with a fat face that smiled be-nignantly upon nothing, was long the summit of human bliss in the eyes of many well-meaning artists who wished to contrast the innocent pleas-ures of the country with the riot and dissipation

This is an uncommonly pretty country, Sir,"

Tobserved to the ideal farmer.

"Yes, Sir, it is," he replied, "though it is so far from the station; and perhaps for that very reason. Ah, there were no railroads when I

"You came here young?" I asked,
"Came here? I was born here in this house,
and this very day is my eightieth birthday."
I instinctively glanced upward toward the sky,
as if to catch the face of Mr. Bubblesworth, to
whom I would willingly have referred the doubts
that areas in my mind. But nething was above.

that arose in my mind. But nothing was above me save the pure azure. I could address no one but the old gentleman himself.

"My question may appear very ignorant, Sir,"
I said, "but what county is this?"

"This," he answered, "is Sospehire, on the borders of Bubblesex."

I discovered at once the etymological origin of these strange names; but still I scarcely durst trust my ears. "I have heard," I said, "of Shropshire and Middlesex."

"Have you?" inserrupted the old gentleman; "that's more than I have. Maybe you have traveled in foreign parts. However, this is Soapshire, and if you cross the river you see yonder you'll find yourself in Thughamptonshire.

Soapshire—Bubblesex—Thughamptonshire odd names! Not only was I still somehow in the old world, but there was a slight connecting link between me and my immediate neighbors,

"Did you ever go to any church in Thug-hamptonshire?" I asked. Not very often; but I have done such a g," was the reply.

thing," was the reply.
"Ha! and in the course of his sermon did
the minister make any mention of — of Bowa-

" No; I can't say as he did-leastways, while I was awake. But I tell you what - in the church-yard of Thugton, which is the chief market-town, there is a little hill or mound like which they call Bony-Barrow; and the story goes that a great many butcher-boys are buried there who were sacrificed by the Druids, as they call them, in the days of the ancient Britons."

"Ha!" I exclaimed, with intense interest. "A very curious thing that barrow. men who were digging there some twenty years ago found a stone figure of a woman with a lot hands, and you may see it now in Thugton Museum. But it is getting dusk. I think I may as well send up my fire-balloon." "Fire-balloon?"

"Yes; my great-grandson, who goes to the

grammar-school of Thugton-cum-Sue, sent me grammar-school of Inngion-cum-Suc, sent me one as a present for my eightieth birthday. You must know that I was born at eight o'clock in the evening, so it was the boy's fancy that I should send it up exactly at that time, that he might be reminded of the old man at a distance.

It is a singular thing that a man who was born at eight o'clock should live to be eighty."

I might have told him that, inacmuch as I had encountered many things much more singular, this last marvel was somewhat ineffective; but as the effect of the lucifer-match when applied to the surface of the bubble was present to mind, I did not care to dispute about triffes.

"I think that fire-balloon might be danger-

cus," I remarked.
"Not at all—not at all," replied the old gen-tleman; "and if it does set alight a hay-stack tleman; and on an occasion like this. I

or so, I don't mind on an occasion like this. I may never live to see any other birthday."

"That I think exceedingly probable," I re-marked, "if you persist in sending up this bal-

loon."
"Why, what has that to do with it? You don't suppose I shall set the sky on fire!" (That was the very thing I did suppose.) "I have heard of folks setting the river Semaht on fire, but as for the sky—ho! ho! ho!"

I shall not describe the preparations made for the ascent of the fire-balloon. The old gentle-man unfolded it, lighted the tow in the little basket that hung from it as a car, and, as it slow-ly arose, watched it with delight and admiration. Up-up-it went, and down-down-went my heart. In the distance it appeared little more than a spark. Bang! Cottage-old man-

I was sitting in my arm-chair by the fire, and a coal which had just popped out of the grate lay smoking on the hearth.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Wissers, with his nipping, freety breath, has fairly ome. Old folks shiver, and draw their mufflers more come. Old folks shiver, and draw their mufflers more closely; but not so the young, whose blood is warm and quick. The school-boy throws up his hat with a shout at the sight of the first snow-dakes, noistly drage down his sled from the attic, and, with a tenderness and nicety quite foreign to his nature, pollabes up his favorite skates. Even the young girl looks longingly from the window after her frollosome brother, and from the window after her frollosome brother, and wishes no frills and flourous kept her from sliding with him on those patches of ice in the street. But what a blessed thing it is for girls that fashion has compromised a little, and that the exhilarating amusement of skating is nowadays considered an excellent recreation, not for boys only, but for every body!

The summer and autumn beauties of the Central Park have all departed; but the pends remain, and the Park Commissioners provide most excellent acthe Park Commissioners provide most excellent ac-commodations for the votaries of the skatorial art, and never fall to be ready to receive the first substan tial visit of Jack Frost. The largest of the three Park punds is situated north of the Mall, about Seventieth Street; the second in size is near Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Tenth Street; while the smallest is near Pifty-ninth Street, between the Pifth and Sixth avenue entrances to the Park.

Speaking of the Park reminds us of a comical in negating of the fair ventions in of a comical in-cident, which, though in nowise connected with the subject of skatling, was what a throng of jolly skaters would have enjoyed immensely—if they had only been on hand. A few days ago the elephants of the Park were brought out of their stalls in the old Arsenal, for were accepted out of their "pictures" taken. The old elephant behaved with great decorum, and stood as still as if he had been used to having his likeness taken once a week all his life. But the photographer had a terrible lime with the "baby elephant," who, like other babies, would not hold his head still or look toward the camers. He persisted in turning around, and a photograph of his tall was not available the and a photograph of his tall was not exactly and a photograph of his tall was not exactly what was wanted. Coaxing did no good, neither did beating, and finally the young fellow escaped from his keeper, and ran off at the top of his speed. A lufficrous scene followed, the keeper rashing after the fugitive amidst the andthly expressed chaptin of the artist and the laughting shouts of the spectators. The big beby was captured at length, and was so out of breath that he could do nothing else but stand still, like a good child, until his picture was taken.

Poor fellow! An eighty-foot whale ran aground in shallow water in the Firth of Forth, about twelve miles from Edinburgh, two or three weeks ago, and it was serious business for him. He received about thirty saintes, namely, rifle-bullets.

A sad account of the sufferings of the Fernando Po prisoners was recently given in a lecture in this city by Setor Barenque, who, with a small party, fortu-nately escaped from the island. Early last spring two hundred and fifty prisoners were sent from Hafive days, during which they suffered hunger, they were directed to go ashore, with the cool remark that they were at liberty to pursue their ordi-nary avocations ! The population of the island con-sists chiefly of natives, who are almost if not quite savages. There were few provision stores, and the distress for food became very great. The heat was intense and the climate insulations. Consequently nearly one-half the prisoners were sick within a week after their arrival.

Buskin is reported to have lately given four of his books to a new library in England, with the remark that they were the only works of his which he wished to be read in their present form. These books were "Queen of the Air," "Ethics of the Dust," "Crown of Olive," and "Unto this Last." These books were:

A new Northern Lights theory is credited to Dr. Hall: namely, that the Northern Lights are the re-flected rays of the sun, thrown back and forth by the ice and snow of the arctic regions and the clouds surrounding the pole.

About the time of the first bene of "greenbacks" by the Government, there was some discussion about placing an appropriate Scriptural motto apon the bills, in accordance with an old custom of stamping one upon coins. Secretary Chase consulted with several persons, among others the president of a Phila delphia bank. After mentioning several Scriptural texts that had occurred to him, the Secretary asked the banker's opinion. "Perhaps," was the reply, the somer's opening would be, "Silver and gold have
I none; but such as I have I give thea." But we
have not seen that text on any of our "greenbacks."

Marcell, a village in France, is the scene of some singular archaeological discoveries. While digging for the foundations of a house the workman came upon a quantity of human house and various antiquities. The results of the discovery so far have been 257 skeletons, ninety-one earthen vasce, five of glass, twenty-three lances, nine javelins, eight hatches, and a quantity of necklaces, ear-rings, and beads. The acknowledges are those of a race of men of tail stature, some measuring six feet four inches. some measuring six feet four luches.

An accident of a fearful nature occurred on Noan account of a scartil nature occurred on No-vember II is a church in Lexington, Rentucky. A prominent member of the church had died, and a large namber of people had gathered to attend the funeral carecties. While the services were in prog-ress the floor of the building gave way, and pecipi-tated the entire audience into the basement. Six per-sons were known to be killed at several characteristics. sons were known to be killed at once, and about hundred and fifty injured, many of them seriously.

England thinks more of America than she did twenty-five years ago. Such a republic as ours can not be overlooked now by any nation, ever so proof. In 1848 the British Museum had only 1000 works re-lating to America. Now it has upward of 100,000.

A new method of making water-proof fabrics is announced, the operation being simple, but requiring care. The cloth is first submitted to the action of moderately strong sulphuric acid, the time of such action varying with the nature of the fabric, but never exceeding two minutes. A thorough washing fol-lows, and when dried the material is ready for use. The action of the acid is to decompose the wool or cotton fibres into a glutinous material, the gum dil-ing up the spaces between the threads, and thereby preventing the passage of water.

The Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association as begun a good work, by which the young men of that city may receive educational advantages similar to those offered by the Cooper Institute. Classes of instruction are to be organized, and a course of week-ly scientific actures by able men has been already amenced. The membership fee is placed at two dollars, which entities the beaver to attend the inc-tures, classes, library, and social reunions, busides three first-class concerts in the Academy of Music,

What a fortunate electrostance that the twentieth December does and happen in midenmoser t how could the eighty-eight weighty members of the Fat Men's Association endure to "dance all night" on that occasion, as they propose to do? We hope for their sakes that the night of the twentieth will be clear and cold t

The system of fre. delivery of all letters directed to street and number is about to be introduced into San Francisco. The total number of letters received in the post-office of that city is about six thousand daily —nearly one-half of which are distributed through the general delivery by clerks. About twelve hun-dred dead-letters are each work forwarded to Washlagton—the persons - whom they are addressed not being found. Something like ten thousand letters daily sent away from the San Francisco office. are castly sens away from the San Francisco office. The free delivery system was inaugurated in New York city in 1863, and its advantages soon fully established. The plan has been adopted in many of the principal cities of the United States.

The life of a French bank-note averages about to or three years, terminating only when in a very shaky condition. No matter how dilapidated it is, if the cashier of the bank can identify it—and he will take infinite pains to do so—be will give the owner a new note for the old one. Very few notes are actually lost. During the last eixty-seven years \$4,000 bank-notes of 1000 france each have been issued, and of this number, according to the latest reports, 23,958 had been re-turned to the bank, leaving only forly-two mac-counted for. Of 600-franc noises \$4,355 had been re-turned out of 25,000. When notes are too worn to be tempes out of motion, they are canceled, locarcerated in a ingle caken chest, and then a conflagration takes place. A great fire is kindled in an open court; the defunct noise are thrown into a sort of revolving wire cage over the fire; the cage is kept rotating, and the minute fragments of ash, whirled out of the cage through the meshes, take their flight into infinite no one knows whither.

Bufas Choate's handwriting was proverbial for its illegibility. Daniel Webster used to say that the word "would," as Mr. Choate wrote it, resembled a small gridiron struck by lightning !

During the year 1868, and the first half of 1868, the English National Life-Boat Institution contributed to the saving of 1870 lives from various shipwrecks, and 22 resels from destruction. The Institution has now 207 life-boat stations under its management.

A French journal thus graphically describes M. Rochefort's appearance at a recent political gather-ing: "Tall, thin—very thin, thin as a skeleton. Bead more than pale—of a color not to be defined, between the creamy white and greenish blue of the electric light. Check-bones prominent, eyes hollow, foreboad -uncombed into the bargain; an irregular none - every thing angular - hair like independent brashwood - short jacket - black hat. He enters. 'Vive Rochefort?' He demands a few moment's repose. 'Vive Rochefort!' Some one speaks before him. 'Vive Rochefort!' He ascends the tribune. Vive Bochsfort !"

The Empress Enginic appeared several times before her departure for the East with her hair dressed with out any ornament whatever. Such extreme simplicity was alarming to her followers, who had not, like fit-genie, a profusion of crown diamonds to scatter over their elegant dresses, as a compensating contrast.

Mr. J. W. Gerard was once trying an action involvot claimed, through ing a right of way, which his cliing a right of way, which are count claimed, through the lands of the defendant. The late James T. Bredy was counsel for the latter. Mr. Gerard was explain ing to the jury, upon diagrams, where his client had a right to go.

a right to go.
"You don't mean to say," interrupted Mr. Brady,
"that the plaintiff has a right to go in that direc-

"Certainly I do," replied Mr. Gerard.

"Why," said Mr. Brady, impulsively, "you might as well say I have a right to come into your house as often as I please.

"So you have, my dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. erard. "Won't you come and dine with me to-Gerard. morrow !"



THE CECUMENICAL COUNCIL-VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF ST. P.



TES, ROME, WHERE THE COUNCIL IS TO BE HELD .- [SEE PAGE 794.]

THE CECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

It is only four or five days after the publica-tion of this abeet that the Œcumenical Council is to assemble at Rome. The Council is to be held, December 8, as

THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER.

This church, which Greson styles "the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion," occupies the site of a basil-ica built by Cosstantina in 306. The founda-tions were laid by Julius II. in 1506, and in 1626 the building was dedicated by Usean 1625 the building was dedicated by URRAN VIII., its erection having been spread over the reigns of twenty Popes, and carried on by the building in the form of a Greek cross, which RAPHARL changed to a Latin cross; but Michael Ascelo returned to the original form. The latter designed the dome. MADERNO resumed the Latin cross form, and added the factories of the building in a feature of the building in a fe pade. The situation of the building—in a hol-low surrounded on three sides by hills—is un-The interior is unrivaled for grandeur and beauty; so exquisite are the propor-tions that the vast size is scarcely noticed by the beholder. The dome is regarded as the triumph of modern architecture. The principal dimensions of the church are as follow: Length of inserior, 618 feet; breadth of the nave and sisles, 1972 feet; height of nave, 152 feet; diameser of dome, 195 feet; height from the pavement to the base of the lantern, 405 feet. The semicircular colonnades on each side of the piazza, in front of the church, form, along with the covered galleries that extend from them to the portico, a magnificent approach to St. Peter's.

Elaborate preparations have been made in that part of the church which has been fitted as a council-hall. The walls have been adorned with portraits of eminent churchmen; the floor covered with a costly carpet presented by the King of Prassia; and galleries have been erect-ed for the reporters of the Council, embassadors, royal personages, and other persons of rank, The Pope will preside in person, and the lan-guage used at the Council will be Latin.

THE COUNCIL

About to be held will be attended, it is expected, by about 700 prelates, each of whom will be accompanied by three ecclesiastics; thus, with the abbots, the generals of the religious orders, the aboots, the generals of the religious orders, etc., there will be more than 3000 members of the clergy specially attached to the assembly.
The population of Rome already includes 15,000 ecclesiastics.
The Council will be purely ecclesiastical, since

it is unsupported by the civil authorities of any nation. In this respect it will materially differ from the last great (Ecamenical Council—that of Trent, held about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is, therefore, less capable of mischief. The Council of Trent, as a writer in Harper's The Council of Trent, as a writer in Harper's Magazine for December asserts, "spread irreconcilable enmity among nations. It leagued the warriors and the priests in a deadly assault upon the working-man. It declared war against the factory and the work-shop, the printing-press and the school. It crushed the industry of Italy and Spain; it banished the frugal and thoughtful Huguenots from France; it strove in vain to make Holland a desolate waste, and to blight in its serpent-folds the rising intellect of Europe; it aimed vain blows at the genius of Europe; it aimed vain blows at the genius of Germany and the North; it held in bondage for three miserable centuries the mind of the decay-ing South. To the Council of Trent, by an easy deduction, may be traced the great war which Changes V. waged against his German sub-jects, and the disastrous crusades of his son PRILLIP against the Netherlands and Queen ELIZABETH; the wild rancor of the League and the Guises; the persecutions, worse than those of Diocletian, of Louis XIV.; the Thirty Years' War, in which Wallemerein and Tilly made half Germany a blood stained wilderness; the fatal bigotry of Austria; the tyranny of Spain. It was a flame of discord, a harbinger of strife; and to the student of history no spectacle is more startling than that torrent of wee which descended upon mankind from the delib-erations and the anathemas of a scanty gather-ing of bishops and Jessits in the rocky heights of the Tovol." of the Tyrol.

But, after all, though so powerful for a brief period, how futile has that Council been as against

ern progress! As to what is to be done at the forthcoming meil, that is now a subject of conj ecture only The protest of Father Hyacinyms indicates the apprehension which is entertained among liberal Catholics that the only hope of the Churchnamely, a renovation from within itself—is about to be destroyed by the Pope and his Council. "Jamus," the author (or we should rather say unther say there are then one) of a week. authors, as there are more than one) of a work just published on this subject, and himself evidentity a Roman Catholic, speaks of a danger which "does not date from yesterday, and did not begin with the proclamation of the Council. For some twenty-four years the reactionary move-ment in the Catholic Church, which is now swoll-en to a mighty torrent, has been manifesting itself, and now it is preparing, like an advancing flood-tide, to take possession of the whole organ-ie life of the Church by means of this Council." And he adds: "We are of their opinion who are persuaded, first, that the Catholic Church, far from assuming a hostile and suspicious attitude toward the principles of political, intellectual, and religious freedom and independence of judgment, in so far as they are capable of a Christian independent, or rather are directly derived from the leaves of the control of the co the letter and spirit of the Gospel, ought, on the contrary, to be in positive accord with them, and to exercise a constant parifying and ennobling

influence on their development; secondly, that a great and searching reformation of the Church is necessary and inevitable, however long it may be evaded. d Now, nobody expects that this Council is to promote these worthy ends.

In regard to the temporal power of the Church,
"Jamus" says: "We reject that doctrine and
idea of the Church which has for years been
commended by the organ of the Roman Jesuits commended by the organ of the Homan Jesuits as alone true, as the sole remaining anchor of deliverance for the perishing human race." The doctrine of Papal Infallibility "Jasus" thinks would not only "cripple all intellectual movement and scientific activity in the Catholic Church," but would also "build up a new wall of partition, and that the strongest and most impenetrable of all, between that Church and the religious communities separated from her. We must renounce that dearest hope, which no Chris-tian can banish from his breast, the hope of a fu-ture reunion of the divided Churches, both of the East and the West. For no one who is moder-ately acquainted with the history of the Eastern Church and of the Protestant bodies will seri-ously hold it to be conceivable that a time can ever come in which even any considerable por-tion of these Churches will subject itself, of its own free-will, to the arbitrary power of a single man, stretched, as it would be, through the doctrine of Infallibility, even beyond its present pro-

"We know on good authority," says "Janus, "We know on good authority," says "Janus,"
"that the whole plan of the campaign for fixing
the Infallibility dogms is already mapped out.
An English prelate—we could name him—has undertaken at the commencement of proceedings to
direct an humble petition to the Boly Father to
direct an humble petition to the Boly Father to
direct an humble pittion to the Boly Father to
direct an humble petition to the Boly Eather to
direct an humble position to the Boly Father to
majority of bishops present, who have been already primed for the occasion, will accede by acclamation to this petition, and the Holy Father reasy primes for the occasion, will access by ac-clamation to this petition, and the Holy Father will gladly yield to the pressure coming on him spontaneously, and, as it were, through a sudden and irresistible inspiration from on high, and so the new dogma will be settled at one sitting, with the new dogma will be settled at one sitting, with-out further examination, as by the stroke of a magician's wand. As the Roman people are told after a Conclave, Habenus Papeus, on the even-ing of this memorable sitting the news will go forth to the whole Catholic world, Habenus Pa-peus Infallibiles. And before the newly-risen and bright sun of Divine truth all the ghosts of false science and forms of modern civilization will be scared away forever."

DEAD.

WITH closed lips and closed eyes, Wrapt all in white, so white she lies; m as a statue's carven face, And, oh, so cold to love's embrace!

Her share in all our dealings gone, Life, as we know it, hath she none; Slid into slumber calm and deep, A maiden sculptured in her sleep.

She was my own ere this befell; Whose now she is I can not tell; Man knows not—has no sense that saith What this thing is that he calls Death.

And I but know that all my hopes Lie like dead leaves on smitten slopes; That though my evening is not yet, The day-star of my life hath set.

Now all my thoughts will turn and tend In one direction to the end; And with the ghost of my dead Past, Mem'ry will wander to the last.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble,"

En gibe Books .- Book HEE.

CHAPTER III. A COURTN.

Two carriage bearing Veronica rolled along smoothly down a long avenue. It was the road leading from an erst grand-ducal villa which stands on the top of an eminence—scarcely high enough to be termed a hill in a country of Alpa and Apennines, but which is of very respectable altitude nevertheless, and is called the Poggio Imperiale. The avenue is flan and ilex trees of ancient growth.

Veronica had heard her mother speak so much and so often of Florence that she thought she knew it. But coming to view city and suburb with her bodily eyes, she found every thing strange, foreign, and, on the score of beauty, dis-appointing. Later she understood the amazing picturesqueness of that storied town, and with every glance its attractions grew on her. But there are some places—as there is some music, and that among the noblest—which do not take at once the senses by storm, but need time and familiarity to develop their wealth of beauty and

What Veronics saw with her unaccustomed es was, first the long, dusty, squalid Roman ad, into which the carriage turned at the foot of the avenue; then the Porta Romana, with its huge, yawning archway, through which carts of hige, yawning archway, tantoga watch can be all kinds were struggling; those coming in having to step to be examined by the officers of the town custom dues, and those going out pushing boldly through the gute and grazing wheels agninst the stationary vehicles.

Every body was talking very loudly. The w who really could by no exercise of ingenuity find any more articulate words to say, solaced themselves by half-uttered oaths and long-drawn, lugubrious howls addressed to the patient, lean beasts that drew the carts.

In odd contrast with this nimble energy of tongue, were the slow and languid movements of all concerned. The cetroi men lounged against the walls on high, four-legged stools set out before a queer little office, very dim and dirty, with glazed windows. They had within reach long iron rods, with which they probed trusses of hey or straw, or which they thrust in among hundles of linen or piles of straw-colored flasks, or poked down amidst the legs of people sitting in country chaises, or under the box-seat of backney-coachmen. And when they had thus satisfied themselves that there was no attempt being made to defraud the municipality of Florof the tax on food and wine, and whatso ever other articles are subject to duty, they—al-ways with ineffable languor—put their hands into their pockets again and bade the driver proceed. One man especially, with melancholy, dark eyes and a sallow face, uttered the permission to pass on, "Avanti!" in a tone of such profound and hopeless dejection, that one might have fancied him a guardian of that awful portal his great townsman wrote of, rather than a mortal customhouse officer at the city gate, and that he was warning the doomed victims: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!"

Sir John Gale's carriage only paused for an instant in passing through the Porta Romana. The spirited horses chafed at the momentary check, and dashed on again rapidly over the re-

sounding pavement.

A succession of objects seemed to flit past Ve

remica's eves like the swift changes in a dream. There was a long street paved with flat stones, fitted into each other angle for angle and point for point, like the pieces in a child's puzzle. There was in this street no side pavement for foot-passengers, and—the street being very fullthe coachman kept uttering a warning cry at in-tervals, like a minute-gun. Indeed, as they ap-proached the busier parts of the town, their pace was slackened perforce. No vehicle short of the car of Juggernaut could have ruthlessly kept up a steady progress through such a crowd.

There were houses of various styles and dimessions on either side of the long street, nearly all plastered; one or two, however, with a heavy cut-stone front to the basement-story. Every window had the inevitable green jalousies, and nearly every window had a group of heads framed in it, for it was a summer evening, and there were people taking the air—they called it pigliare il fresco, albeit it was yet hot enough, and stiffing in the narrow ways of the city; and there were bright bonners to be criticised, and acquaintances to be recognized, and familiar conversations touching the privatest family affairs to be held in brassy voices, between ladies and gentlemen standing in the street, and other ladies and gen-tlemen leaning on their elbows out of third-floor windows. And the talkers in the street planted in any spot that came convenient, and themselves in any spot that came convenient, and remained there immovable, as regardless of the pressing throug of passers-by as a stubborn, broad-based stone in a stream is regardless of the rushing current. And the passers-by yield-ed as the water yields, and skirsted round these obstructive groups, or—if the subject of their discourse struck them as peculiarly interesting— increased a while to live as their talk with a lingered a while to listen to their talk with a grave placidity, which might be characterized as good-humored, only that that word suggests somewhat of merriment to an English ear, and these people were few smiles on their brown faces.

Then came a vision of an open space, with houses on the left hand, and on the right a steep incline covered with gravel, on the summit of which stood a vast palace (its façade seeming, at the first glance, somewhat low for its width), flanked by open areades that advanced from the main body of the building and embraced two sides of the graveled space. These areades were based on titanic blocks of rough stone, and under the shade of the arches a military band was making lively music, and a dense mass of citi-sens with their wives and families was listening to it, still with the same nonchalant placidity,

Onward through a very narrow street of gloomy, frowning, iron-barred stone palaces; across a quaint bridge with shops and houses on it, where the gems and gold in the jewelers' windows flashed brightly beneath the beetle-browed pent-house shutters; past an open arch making a gap in the line of buildings on the bridge, through which was seen a glimpse of gold and purple hills swim-ming in a base of evening sunshine; along a stone quay with tall handsome houses on one than half full of brownish sand, and with pools of water here and there, and a shrunk middle stream singgishly crawling toward the sea, which stream was the classic Arno, nothing less!—past the end of another bridge, wide and handsome, at whose foot a dense crowd was assembled in a small piazzetta: some standing, some sitting on stone benches, some perched on the parapet overhanging the river, all watching the passers-by on foot or in vehicles; down another street which widened out into a considerable space and then contracted again, and where a tall column stood, and hackney-coaches were ranged hard by, and a vast old medieval palace—more like a fortress than a palace-beaved its bulk above the narrow ways behind and about it, like a giant raising his head and shoulders out of a pressing throng to breathe; and where a few elegantly-dressed gen-tlemen (rather attenuated about the legs, and some about the skin, and with a general vague air pervading them—though some were handsome, dark-eyed youngsters, too—of having not quite enough to eat and considerably too to smoke) were lounging at the door of a club-house, utterly unlike any club-house known to the dwellers beyond the Straits of Dover, or perhaps nearer than that; and at last the car-

riage drew up suddenly with a mighty claster a

riage drew up suddenly with a mighty claster at the door of a smart shop, all French mirrors and gilding, where fans were displayed for sale, and Paul descended nimbly, but decorously, from the box to hand "miladi" out.

All the sights that she had seen in her rapid drive were vividly impressed on Veronica's eyes, but she had not had time to give herself an account of them: to digest them, as it were, in her train. She felt almost giddy as she alighted and entered the shop. But one circumstance had not escaped either her observation or her comprehension: the fact, namely, that her beauty and elegance had attracted much attention from the loungers at the club door. One man especially had gased at her, like one enchanted, as her carriage whirled past.

She was looking at a bright glittering heap of fans on the counter, turning them over with a disdainful air, and pushing them away one by one with the tips of her gloves, when she became aware of a face looking furtively in through the spacious pane of the shop window. The face disappeared, and its owner walked away. Presently he repassed, glanced in again (when he did so, Veronica's quick eye recognized him as the man who had stared at her so admirringly in the street), and finally stopped and addressed Pani, who was standing in sentimental fashion at the

street), and finally stopped and addressed Paul, who was standing in sentimental fashion at the

To Veronica's surprise, Paul answered him at To Veronica's surprise, Paul answered him at once, touching his hat respectfully. She hastily chose a couple of fans, hade her maid pay for them and bring them to the carriage, and went to the door, where Paul was still so bustly conversing with the stranger that he was not aware of her approach until she spoke to him.

At the sound of her voice he turned hastily, and the stranger took off his hat and bowed proceeding.

and the stranger book off his has and bowed profoundly.

He was a well-looking, slender man, of about
thirty. He had fine teeth, and bright dark eyes,
which latter, however, seemed to elade yours like
a picture badly hung, on which you can not get a
good light, shift and strive as you will. It was
not that he turned his glance aside either, for be
seemed to look boddly enough at wheever addressed him, but the glittering eye could not be
fathomed. He was prematurely bald about the
forehead, but the back and sides of his head
were sufficiently well covered with dark waving
locks, and he were a short beard and mussache
of glossy black. His dress was of the latest
fashion, and, although perbaps slightly brighter
in color than an insular eye would deem fitting
for masculine stire, was well chosen and perfectly made. He were a glass in his eye, attached to a short black ribbon. And when he
bowed the glass fell and dangled across his waistcost.

"A thousand pardons, Madame," he said, speaking in French, but with a strong Italian accent; "I formerly had the honor of knowing Monsieur le Baron Gale, and just recognized his

Monsieur le Baron Gale, and just recognized his servant."

Veronica bowed, with an easy hanteur, which yet was not calculated to repulse the speaker. So at least he thought, for he ventured to press forward and offer the support of his arm to assist Veronica into her carriage. She touched it with the tips of her fingers as she got in. Paul stood holding the door open with a grave face.

"I was charmed to find that my good friend Gale had returned to find that my good friend Gale had returned to Inaly," said the gentleman, still standing bareheaded by the side of the carriage after Veronica was seated. "And," he added, "under such delightful circumstances. Paul tells me that he is in the Villa Chiari. I shall do inyself the honor—if I may hope fer your amishe permission—of paying my respects to my good Gale, my homage to Madame."

Veronica bowed, smiled very slightly, marmured some inarticulate word, and gave the signal to drive on, leaving the stranger, hat in hand, on the pavement. When she had driven some distance she asked Paul in English who that person was.

He was the Signor Course Barletti, dei Prin-

that person was,

that person was.

He was the Signor Cesare Barletti, dei Principi Barletti; not the head of the house; a younger brother. The Barletti were a Neapolitan family. The Prince Cesare had known hir John at Naples. Oh yes; that was quite true. And Sir John had liked him to come true. And Sir John had liked him to come and play piquet or écarsé with him when he was laid up at his hotel, and could not go out. He (Paul) certainly thought that Sir John would like the prince to call and see him; otherwise Paul would have taken good care not to men-tion Sir John's present address. The Principe Cesare de Barletti was not a Florentine; miladi understood-did she not?-that it was wal of old Florentine ' relations" which Sir

John objected to at present.

"Miladi" leased back with an assumption of indifference and instruction while Paul spoke. But no syllable of what he said was lost upon

Barletti! Cesare de' Barletti! This man, then, was a cousin of her own! Her mother's father had been dei Principi, of the Princes Barletti.

Sir John knew and cared nothing about Veronica's mother. He is all probability had never heard Mrs. Levincourt's masden name. But Veronica knew it well, and had nourished a secret pride in her Neapolitan ancestry.

That the man who had accested her was her cousin did not much matter. But his intention of paying a visit to Villa Chiari mattered a great deal. It offered a hope of change and society. She had been a little surprised that I'anl should have given him the address. But Paul had himself explained that. It was old Florentiss acquaintances whom Sir John wished to shua. This man being a stranger in Tascany might have the corrée to Villa Chiari. Doubless Paul knew what he was about. If Sir John knew that Barletti was Veronica's cousin, would it make any difference in his reception of him? She

mused upon the question until she reached the villa. It was quite evening. The sun had set behind the hills; but there was still a bright-ness in the sky. "Miladi" hastened to her ness in the sky. "Mindi" hastened to her own room to dress for dinner. She made a gorgeous toilet every day, finding a great deal of real pleasure in her line clothes. The sus-picion that this was a pleasure which some other person in her presence genuinely distained, would have much imbittered her delight in the rich silks and gay jewels and fine lace. But such a mortification never befell her in Sir John

Gale's company.

As dinner they talked of Cesare de' Barletti. "Paul has told you, of course," said Verunica, about the man who spoke to him, and after-

"Oh yes—Barlesti, Ah—yes; I knew him at Naples. Wonder what brings him here!" "He said he would call."

"Not a doubt of it! He likes a good dinner and good wine; and he never gets either at his

or expense.

I should suppose that the Principe de Barti does not need to come to his acquaintances letti does not need to come to his acquaintances for food!" said Veronica. Sir John burst into a grating laugh. "Bah!"

Sir John burst into a grating laugh. "Bah!" he cried, "you are impayable with your Principe de Barlett! The real prince and head of the family is poor enough. He lives nine months of every year in the third-floor of a mangy palasso at Torre del Graco, in order to scrape together enough to spend the other three months in Paris. But this fellow is only dei principi—a younger son of a younger son. He has twopence a year, which he spends on shiny boots (I dare say he blacks them himself) and cheep gioves. But he plays a good game of piquet; and I found it worth while to let him come nearly every evening when I was once laid by the heels—or the toe, rather, for I got a confounded fit of the gout—in a beastly hotel at Naples. Of course he

—in a beastly hotel at Naples. Of course he was very glad. It paid his capitally!" Veronica's temper was chafed by this slighting mention of a Barletti. It vexed her. She knew mention of a Barietti. It vexed her. She knew that Sir John's coarse insolence was directed against this man in utter ignorance of the fact that he was in any degree connected with herself. Still it wered her. But she had no intension of incurring the risk of ridicule for the sake of championing her newly-found relation. She had been considerably elated by the thought of being cousin to a prince; and proportionally depressed by the discovery that to be del Principi Barietti was no guarantee of important position.

present by the discovery that so be det France Barietti was no guarantee of important position. "Then you mean this man to come here asked Veroules.

asked Verenics.

"Mean him to come? "Yes; if he makes himself amusing. If not, I shall give him his congé."

"If you feel that you want amusement why do you not go into Florence sometimes?"

"La balla idea! Go to Florence for amusement in June! There's nebody there; and if there were, it's much too bot to do any thing. Besides—no, no; we must get through the summer here as best we can. The dry heat suits me rather; especially on this hill where one gets plenty of air, even if it be hot air. In the autumn and winter we will move south. Meanwhile if Barletti drops in our way, so be it."

"Nobody in Florence?" replied Veronica, whose mind had been dwelling on those words. "It seemed to me that there were a great many carriages—"

You did not go to the Cascine?" interrupted

Sir John, quickly.
"No; I was too late. But I saw the people

"No; I was too late. But I saw the people driving along the Lung' Arno."

She perfectly understood from Sir John's manner that he had given orders to Paul not to take her to the Cascine, and that he had felt a momentary suspicion that his orders had been disobeyed. The question presented itself to her mind, what would have been the result if Paul had yielded to her desire? But when she religious has commented which had did and tired to her own apartment—which she did early
—she lay awake for some time, occupying herself exclusively with another and very different
problem, namely, which of her dresses she should put on to-morrow evening when Cesare de Bar-letti might be expected to make his appearance

CHAPTER IV.

. IN THE GARDEN.

"I was so delightfully astonished!" "At seeing Paul? He does not usually p duce ecstasy in the beholder. But 'tutti i g does not usually pro son gusti, all tastes are tastes, as they say here."
"Pardon! no: not at the sight of Paul for

Paul's sake, but-" But for mine?"

"For yours, caro mio. I had never heard that you were married; never."
"I wonder if he had," thought Sir John.
"He says it so emphatically, that it is probably

"And the sight of miladi positively dazzled a! What eyes! What a grace! How beau-

Take another cup of coffee," said Sir John, dryly, interrupting the raptures of his compan-ico. And yet the raptures did not altogether displease him.

Sir John Gale and the Principe Cosare de' Barletti were sitting together beneath the loggia on the western side of the Villa Chiari. The setting sun was flushing all the sky before them. They looked out on the garden, where, among the lanrels and acacias, a white figure passed

and repassed slowly.

The cracked scagliola pavement of the loggis was covered, where the two men sat, by a thick carpet. Foot-stools and cushions were there, too, in abundance. Between Sir John and his gueet stood a little marble-topped table bearing coffee and wine. Sir John was half reclining in an easy-chair, with his legs stretched out be

him, supported by cushions. Barletti set in a rocking-chair, on which he swang slowly back-ward and forward. Both men were smoking. "The coffee is not bad, eh?" said Sir John.

"It is very strong."
"Better than the stuff they give you at your

caffe, isn't it?" "Ma, si! Better no doubt. But very strong, should like a little cold water, if I may have

Sir John rang a bell that stood on the table. Before a servant could answer the summons Veronica approached. She had been strolling up and down the garden, and had just reached the spot in front of the loggia when the bell

"What do you want?" she asked.
"The Principe would like some cold water.
He finds the coffee stronger than he is secustomed to."

ere was an indefinable sneer in the tope in

which Sir John prenounced these words. The words were innocent enough. But Veronica understood the tone, and it offended her.

"I dare say be does," she retorted. "It is made to suit our English taste, which likes strong favors—some people would say, coarse favors."

"Oh no!" protested Barletti, not having in

"Oh no!" processed Barietti, not having in the least understood either the sneer or the re-tort; "the flavor is very good indeed."

"There is some deliciously cold water always in the marble basin of the broken fountain you-der," said Veronica, impulsively. "Let us go and get some! It will be better than any the servants will bring."

The words were addressed to Cesare de' Bar-letti who there ware his circumster, with server

letti, who threw away his cigarette—with secret reluctance, by-the-way—and rose to follow " mi-

She had taken up a goblet from the table and was running toward the fountain.

She had recoved to impress this stranger—already appreciative enough of her beauty—with her dignity, hanteur, and airs de grande dame. And on a sudden behold her skipping through the garden like a school-girl!

The first plan was too slow, and required too much phlegm and patience to carry out. Barletti took her queenly mood very much as a matter of course. She could not bear to be ten minutes in the society of a stranger without producing an effect. And, moreover, she required to see an immediate result. She was vain and arrogant, but not proud, and not stupid; so that she could neither disregard the opinion of the most contemptible persons, nor delude herself in the teeth of evidence with the dull, comfortable faith that she was being admired when she was not. And then came the irresistible craving to make a coup—to shine—to dazzle.

was not. And then came the irrestable craving to make a coup—to shine—to dazzle.

Sir John looked after her in surprised vexation. He remembered her having done similar things for his behoof; that had been very natural and landable. But for a beggarly Neapolitan principino! Sir John felt himself defraeded. Had a pet animal appreached him at the moment he would certainly have kicked it. As it was, all he could do to reflex his feelings was to wear at the frichtened agreent who answered to swear at the frightened servant who answered the bell, for not coming sconer.

Cessre de' Barletti woodered much within

himself that any human being should more more, or more quickly, than was absolutely necessary, on a hot Jame evening. He at first autributed Veronica's unexpected proceeding to that inex-haustible and incomprehensible cause, British

eccentricity.

But when he rejoined her at the edge of the broken fountain, another solution presented it-self to his mind. She had perhaps seized this opportunity of speaking to him out of sight and hearing of her husband. Why not? It was im-possible that she could care a straw for that eldpossible that she could care a straw for that eld-erly roud. Very natural to have married him; he was so rich. Very natural also to admire the Principe Cesare de' Barletti, who was not eligible as a husband—as he very well knew, and very candidly acknowledged—but who was decidedly well-looking and well-born, and would make a very jewel of cavalieri serventi! There was but one circumstance which caused Cesare to besi-tate before according this achesion as final. Vatate before accepting this solution as final. Ve-ronica was an Englishwoman! And really there was no judging Englishwomen by the rules that hold good in estimating the motives of the rest sex! And whosoever should suppose that flection implied in the Italian's mind any sex! And whos special respect or admiration for Englishwomen would have been very much mistaken. Veronica filled the gobles at the fountain. The

filling was a slow process, inasmuch as the water dripped sparely through the crevice before men-tioned. While the drops of bright water were falling one by one into the glass, Veronica kept her eyes fixed on the latter, and her attention

ner eyes fixed on the latter, and her attention
was apparently absorbed in watching it.

"I pray you not to give yourself the trouble
to do that for me, Signora," said Barletti, bending forward, and offering to take the goblet.

She waved him back with her hand, and said,
"I am watching to see how long it takes to fill
the glass. The drops fall so regularly. Drip,
drip, drip!"

drip, drip!"

He stood and looked at her. Now, at all events, he was not taking her behavior as a

As soon as the water touched the brim of the glass, she relinquished it into Barletti's he glass, she relinquished it into Barletti's hands and walked away slowly, as though she had lost all interest in his further proceedings. The prince drank a long draught. He had no idea of not enjoying its delicious coolness because he was so pussed by "miladi." When he had done he walked after her and overtook her.

"That was very fresh and pleasant," he said.
"A thousand thanks."

Eb P

"The water was so good. A thousand-"

"Decidedly," thought Barletti, glancing at the beautiful face beside him, "she is English, thoroughly English! Who is to make out such people?"

people?"
They found, on returning to the house, that Sir John had gone in. He was in the little sales, the servants said. Would il Signor Principe join him there?
Il Signor Principe complied with the request. Veronica lingued in the loggia and looked out over the landacase. The sun had gone down.

Veronica lingered in the loggia and looked out over the landscape. The sun had gone down. The brief twilight was nearly over. The trees stood out dark against the back-ground of pure sky, pale green near the horizon, and deepening toward the zenith to an intense dark blue. Not a leaf stirred in the breathless calm. There was no moon, but the heavens seemed to grow full of stars as the daylight faded. They quivered and shook with a liquid silvery lustre. And below on the earth sparkled and danced to and fro a thousand golden gleaming specks, threading a many pattern just above the creets of the ripening wheat. They were fire-flies. When one of the bright insects chanced to come near Veronics, she saw him glow and pale with a palpitasting intermittent flame. And sometimes the whole field full of them appeared to shine and fade simultaneously, like the successive showers of sparks from a smitchy fire that respond to the deep breath of the laboring bellows. no moon, but the heavens seemed to grow full of

from a smithy fire that respond to the deep breath of the laboring beliews.

It was all as different as possible from Daneshire. And yet Veronica began to think of a certain summer night in Shipley long ago, when she and Mand were children together, and her mother had sat by an open window telling them stories of her Italian life. She remembered the black old yew-tree, only a little blacker than the cloudy, sultry, starless sky. She remembered the sound of her mother's voice, and Mand's dimly-seen little white face, and the touch of Mand's soft, warm, little hand, stroking her (Veronica's) hair in a sort of rhythmic accompaniment to Mrs. Levincourt's narrative. She did not think she had been very happy in those days. She pitied herself as she recalled some of them. Nevertheless their remembrance caused them. Nevertheless their remembrance caused a vague yearning in her heart, and filled her eyes with tears. A conviction, which she tried to ignore, was in her mind. She did not fight against it by self-deluding arguments; she simply tried to avoid arknowledging its existence, as we turn away our eyes from a disagreeable object that we know to be lying in wait for us on a path where-by we must peas. But it was there; she knew it was there. And this conviction was, that she had given all and gained nothing—that she had been duped and defrauded.
She did not believe that what she aimed at

would, if obtained, have turned to dust and sales. And she knew she had not got what she aimed at. The horrible sense of the irrev-ocablesses of the past came over her. The sears brimmed over and ran down her cheeks, and they brought no solace. They only humiliated,

nd made her angry. A maid, going into one of the upper rooms to A maid, going into one of the upper rooms to close the shutters for the night, looked out and saw "miledi" leaning, with folded arms, against a column at the end of the loggis, and apparent-ly absorbed in watching the fire-flies. It was an odd idea to stand there alone, when she might chat, and lounge on a sofa, and drink load leanands in the select.

iced lemonade in the saloon! But gentlefolks were odd—especially foreign gentlefolks. And Beppins went down to the servants' quarters, not ill-contented with her own lot, and prepared to discuss her master and mistress, and to thank her stars—with a side giance at Ansano, the

her stars—with a sole giance at Ansano, the footman—that she was not tied to that "vecchio broatolone"—that grumbling old fellow, as she irreverently styled Sir John Gale.

Meanwhile Veronica, who never yielded herself long to any painful mental impression, returned to the house, and entered the saloon where Sir John and the prince were engaged over their came at nigner.

The room was brilliantly lighted, and dazzled her, coming from without. She felt more angry with her tears than ever, on becoming suddenly ware, as she ensured the saloon, that her eye-lids were swellen, and her eyes weak, and that they must be red and ugly.

"Oh," she cried, stopping short, and clasping her hands before her face, "what a glare! It blinds must"

Sir John was too intent on his game to regard er. Cesare de Barletti looked up, and fell instantly into a trance of admiration—for a costly diamond that glittered on Veronica's slender finger. He played a wrong card (as he afterward confessed, an infecile card I) and was vanquished.

Sir John was pleased. So was Veronics. The former attributed the victory to his own skill, on which—as he played very ill—he valued himself. The latter had no doubt that her presence had agitated de' Barletti into forgetting his game. Barletti himself was well satisfied to have put him bell to be the post of the property of the part of the property his host into good-humor. The stakes for which they played were very trifling, and he thought the small sum he had lost not ill-invested.

"Will you have your revenge, prince?" asked Sir John, throwing himself back in the chair, with a co

ith a complacent smile. Barletti shook his head, doubtfully. "Aha! You show the white feather? Poe-itively I did not think I should be able to tell one card from another, it is so long since I have played. You ought to have beaten me, you really ought. Ha, ha, ha!" Varonica sented berself on a couch near the

dow. Her white dress was soft and flowing, and her black hair shone in its rich ripples, as she leaned her head against the dark velver couch. Diamonds glittered on her neck and arms and hands, and trembled in her ears. There was no speck of color about her dress, and its pure whiteness enhanced the rich glow of her brunette complexion. She still shad-her eyes with one hand, complaining of the

light.

Sir John, having finished his game, was full of solicitude for her. Should be have the can dies removed to another part of the room? Would she like a screen? Had she cought cold, or what was it? Her eyes were usually so strong? Being now the central object of attraction, her spirits rose buoyantly. She co-quetted and commanded, and made Sir John move and remove the wax tapers a dozen times before their position was satisfactory to her. At last he got tired, and rang for Paul to carry them away and bring a shaded lamp instead. Barletti looked on admiringly, and when, on the lamp being carried in, there appeared in its wake a tray with galantine, and chicken, and wine, and sweets (these English are such esters!), his spirits rose too, and they were all three quite brilliant over the little imprompts supper. The conversation was carried on in Newek. Sir John set heim able to each little imprompts. three quite brilliant over the little imprompts supper. The conversation was carried on in French, Sir John not being able to speak Italian floently. But suddenly Veronica addressed Barletti in Italian, and intensely enjoyed his admiring surprise at the purity of her accent.

"How admirably miladi speaks Italian?" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"My mother was an Italian," said Veronica.

"Was she?" asked Sir John, careleasly.

"Tiens! I never knew that. Or—stay—oh yes, to be sure! I think I remember hearing it mentioned."

"How distrait you are to-night!" said Vehumor.

Cosare Barletti took away in his brain three themes on which his thoughts, passions, and prejudices made endless variations, as he drove down the Avenue of the Poggio Imperiale. The first was: It is odd that a man should not know or remember who his wife's mother was! The second was: Miladi wanted to make it appear that Cale was sreaking in prepocuration or absecond was: Miladi wanted to make it appear
that Gale was speaking in preoccupation, or absence of mind; now, Gale is never "distrait;"
it is not in his character. The third was:
That handsome creature is not an Englishwoman, pure sangue! The fact of her having had
an Italian mother brings her more into the category of human beings whose manners and development I understand. I wonder whether
she was offended with me because I did not
fell at her fast when we were in the carden tosale was cheened with me because I do not fall at her feet when we were in the garden together, or, at least, make some preparations for a future prostration of myself at her shrine!

On this last theme the variations were brilliant and inexhaustible.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Is an intensely Democratic county of California a number of teachers were being examined before the County Board for their certificates. The questions were printed, and the answers in writing. One of the questions in sistery required the teacher to "give a brief description of Sherman's march through Georgia." A Republican teacher wrote, in answer, "Like a dose of salls."

MATRIMONIAL

Married people will please read as written, single ose can read the first line, then the third, and theu se second, and finally the fourth in each verse.

That man must lead a happy life, Who's freed from mairimoutal chains Who is directed by his wife Is sure to suffer for his _ans.

Adem could find no so a peace,
When Eve was given for a mate-Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female face appears
Hypocrier, decelt, and pride;
Truth, darling of a beart sincers,
Ne'er known in woman to reside

What tongue is able to unfold.
The falsehood that in woman dwells;
The worth in woman we behold.
Is almost impercaptible.

Cursed be the foolish man, I say, Who changes from his singlenese; Who will not yield to woman's sway, Is sure of perfect blessedness.

Dr. Binnderbore says be is always making mis-takes. He never opens bis mouth but he is sure to put his feet in it.

His OTHER NAME.—"Boy, what is your name?" Robert, Sir." "Yes, but I mean your other name." Bob, Sir."

yes you'd better ask pape."

"Autumn," says a wag, "is the time to read big books, because that season turns the leaves."

As a lawyer and a doctor were walking arm in arm a wag said to a friend, "These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" was the response. "Be-cause it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

One day a post read a new play before the Reading Committee of the French Comedy. It was unant-monety refused. The post went up to M. Sameon, the well-knows actor, and said to him, "I have a right to compilan of you; you voted against my piece, and yet you slept all the time I was reading it." M. Sameon will'ly replied, "Sir, in literary matters sleep is an opinion.

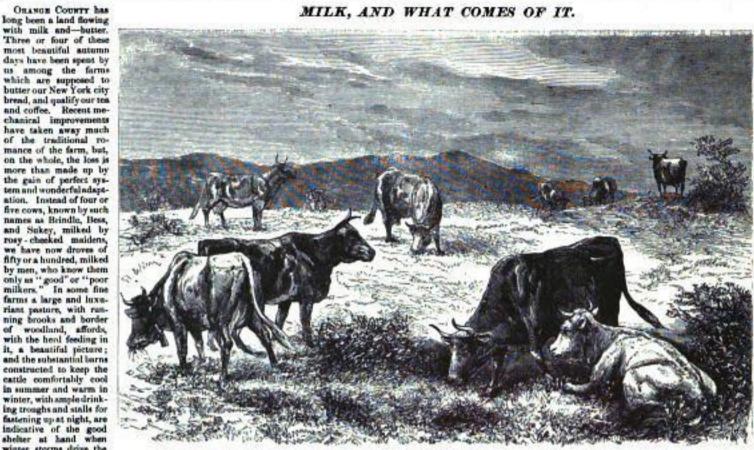
"Hans, where was you born?" "On the Halder-barrick." "What! always?" "Faw! and before, too." "How old are you, then?" "When the old school-bettee is beilt, I was two weeks more nor a pear, what ish painted red, as you go bothe mit your back behind you, on the right-hand side, by the old blacksouth-shop, what stands where it was burnt down next year will pe two weeks."

In Chicago busbands are said to be so fearful of curtain-inctures that they add to their announcement of fature movements the letters "W. F.," which mean "wife permitting."

most beautiful autumn

have taken away much of the traditional ro-

MILK, AND WHAT COMES OF IT.



THE PASTURE.

mance of the farm, but, on the whole, the loss is on the whole, the loss is more than made up by the gain of perfect sys-tem and wonderful adapt-ation. Instead of four or five cows, known by such names as Brindle, Bess, and Sukey, milked by rosy-cheeked maidens, we have now droves of fifty or a hundred, milked by men, who know them only as "good" or "poor milkers." In some fine farms a large and luxuriant pasture, with run-ning brooks and border of woodland, affords, with the heal feeding in it, a beautiful picture; and the substantial barns constructed to keep the cattle comfortably cool in summer and warm in winter, with ample drink-ing troughs and stalls for fastening up at night, are indicative of the good shelter at hand when winter storms drive the

farm yards the cows are brought night and morning, in summer, to be milked. The strained milk is put into large cans holding forty quarts, such as the milkmen use in distributing it through the city. These cans are then put into tanks made in some cools cans are then put into tanks made in some cool running stream, where the water comes nearly to the top of the can. Frequent stirring is necessary until the animal heat is quite gone. The milk is then fit to be sent to the cars. This process can never safely be omitted; for, paradoxical though it may seem, milk is "fresher" and sweeter when it reaches the consumer if it is delayed at the farm for at least twelve hours. Even in but weather, it is more certain to keen Even in hot weather, it is more certain to keep sweet when twenty-four or thirty-six hours clapse between the milking and the using in the city. There has been much discussion as to the best means of cooling milk for market, and putbest means of cooling milk for market, and pat-ent pails have been tried in which the milk pass-es directly from the cow through small, coiled tubes surrounded by ice. But this rapid cooling does not work well, and practical experience in-dicates that the old and simpler process is the best. Every well-appointed farm most have, therefore, a cool and unfailing stream of water. There are two such streams in one of the farms are visited. One wasses through the have forwe risited. One passes through the harn, fur-nishing drinking troughs for the cattle, and a tank for cooling milk in winter. The other, running through the pasture, supplies a trout-breeding pond, and furnishes a tank for summer use. In a little but under the trees, the milk-come are keest in a stream which even the server cam are kept in a stream which even the severe drought of last summer did not dry, nor the heat

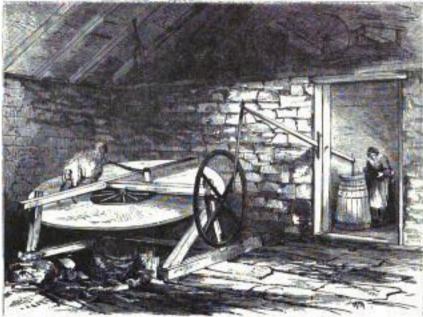
drought of last summer did not dry, nor the heat raise to a temperature of 60°.

We are assured most positively that more of the spring water finds its way over the mouth of the can into the milk. Its dilution, of which there is so much just complaint, must be done, if at all, in the city, for the wholesale buyer is said to have such means of testing the milk as effectually protects him against the farmer. May the man be busy at work who is to give each family such a protection! We have heard it said that one end of a small piece of common tape pisced in a pan of milk will carry from it all the water into another vessel in which the

other end of the tape should be placed; but we have never found this a safe test.

Strange to say, no butter is made on these large milk farms. The supply for the family is obtained from market, or, more rarely, from a

until "churning day," when the thick cream was agitated by a strong arm until the butter came, then worked and salted. Instead, there is a daily pouring of the unskimmed, soured milk into a common clum, perhaps somewhat larger



THE DOG CHURN.

neighbor who churns all his milk for the accom-modation of those who send all theirs to the city. Our notions of the way to make butter were de-cidedly overturned on going to such a dairy. No setting of the milk in shallow pans for cream to rise; no skimming and putting away in jars

than ordinary. The dasher is fastened to a shaft, which is moved by a crank. The crank is turned by means of a nearly horizontal wheel some eight or ten feet in diameter, which is kept in motion by a dog, sheep, or calf standing on it, something after the manner of the old tread-mill.

When taken from the churn, the butter is work-ed by-hand, as of old. The farmer with whom we talked said he was about determined to send his milk to the creamery, since butter-making made it so hard for the women. Surely woman is less a drudge than she used to be. If, after beused to be. If, after be-ing relieved from the labor of charming, the re-maining working of the butter is considered too hard for the farmer's wife, the day of woman's redemption must be near at hand.

at hand.
Only one butter farm
have we been able to
find, and not enough is
made there to supply
the immediate neighborhood. Where, then, does
like the Course Course. hood. Where, then, does all the Orange County butter come from?—Mostly from the West. Farmers buy from the vicinity of the Alleghanies, and even farther West, large quantities, which they sell in the original packages or repack in pails. Since railroads have become so numerous, New York drinks up all the milk in Orange County, and must Orange County, and must butter her bread else-

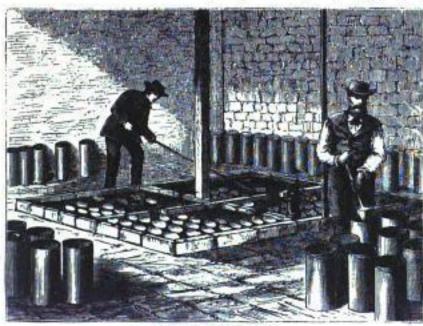
Orange County, and must butter her bread elsewhere.

The largest institution for the disposition of milk is the Creamery, which is, in other words, a chesse factory. Here is brought the milk which the farmers themselves are unable peoperly to prepare for market, for want of cool springs or sufficient help. Received here, it is placed in deep but narrow tin pails holding twelve or fourteen quarts. These are floated in large tanks of water. Such a one as our picture shows holds some four hundred pails. From these pails the cream is carefully taken and sent to market. The skimmed milk is then placed in a large vat and heated, by means of steampipes, to about 80°. Then the rennet is put in. From twenty to thirty minutes suffices for curding, and the mass is then stirred to separate the curd from the whey. After which it is heated still more; and then the whey, passing off through a strainer, goes to feed hops, while the card remains in the vat, to be salted and worked before putting into the presses. In two or three boars the curds become hard enough for the carras to be put upon them, and a few hours more in the presses make them ready for the shelves. Very carefully they must then be watched, lest the fly presses make them ready for the shelves. Very carefully they must then be watched, less the fly reactily they must then be watched, text the my lying in wait for them makes in them a snag house for her family. Greasing and turning must be a daily labor, and some weeks must pass before they are sufficiently cured for market. For the benefit of city consumers, who are pay-ing ten and twelve cents a quart for milk, from a tenth to a quarter of which is not infrequently nears Croten we may add that the highest prices.

pure Croton, we may add that the highest price the farmer ever gets for his milk is seven cents a quart; and he sometimes sells it for as low as two cents and a half. Our friends, the milkmen, have, therefore, it will be seen, a pretty good margin for freight and profit.

BRINGING TOBACCO TO MARKET IN VIRGINIA FORTY YEARS AGO.

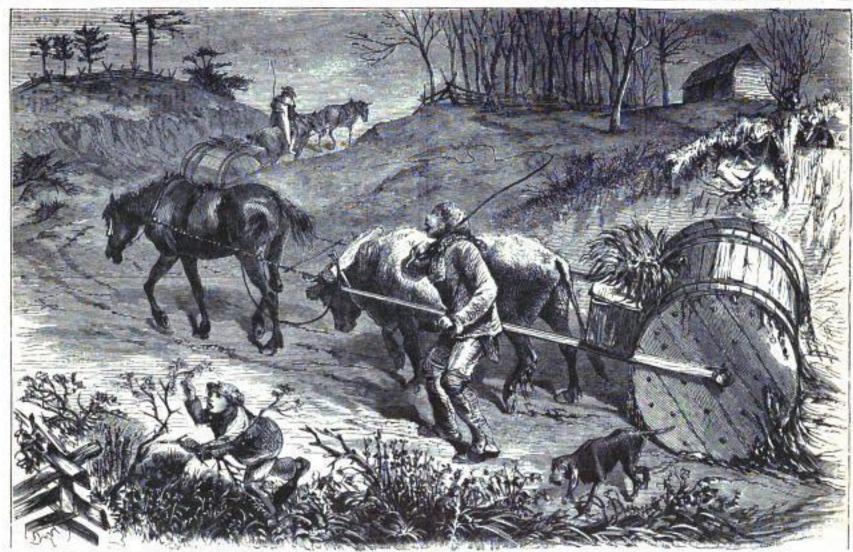
THE mode of transportation illustrated on page 297 was almost universally in vogue among the tobacco planters of Virginia within a comparatively about period, viz., up to the introduction of railroads into that State. A pair of rough wheels, composed of heavy planks battened together, sawed round, and exceeding the hogs-



TANK FOR COOLING MILK.



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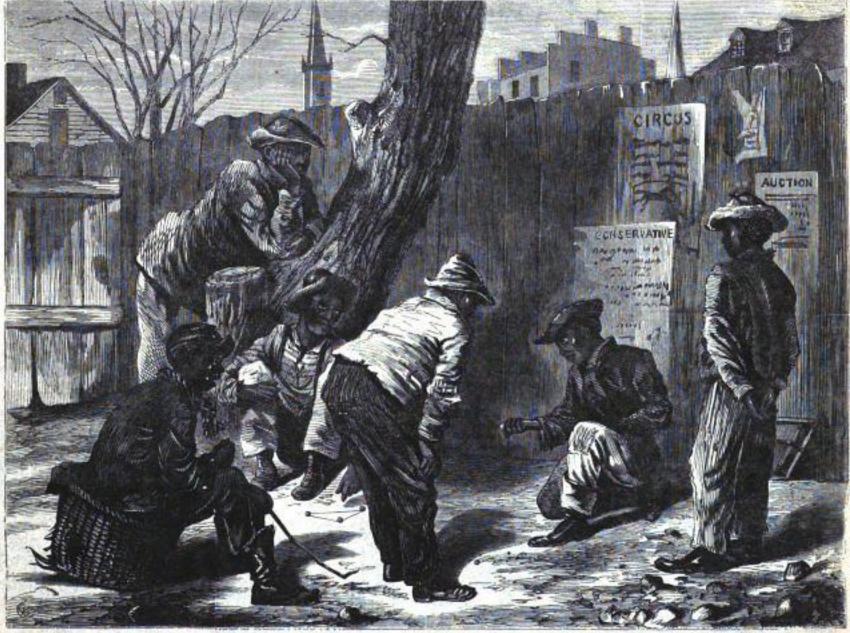
PRIMITIVE MODE OF BRINGING TOBACCO TO MARKET IN VIRGINIA FORTY YEARS AGO. - DRAWN BY W. L. SHEFPARD. - [SEE PAGE 196.]

head of tobacco two feet or thereabout in diameter, were firmly pinned to the heads of the hogehead, the pins running through into the tobacco. An axle, not running entirely through, nor prop-

erly an axle, as the wheel did not revolve upon it, projected on each side, and formed an attachment for the shafts; the box in front across the shafts was to carry provisions and forage.

This rode means of transport was called "Rolling tobacco." A steer and horse hitched "tandem," as shown in the sketch, were frequently the "team." The durkey in coon-skin cap and

woolen mittens cracks his whip at the straining animals; his small companion gathers a linguring persimmon (or "simmon," as he would call it) from a supling; the harebound, who has fol-



NEGRO BOYS PLAYING MARBLES-A STREET SCENE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA .- [DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

lowed his sable master from home, is awakened for a moment by a rustling sparrow; the "Roll-er"creaks and groans—and thus, within the mem-ory of thousands now living in Eastern Virginia, the "cheering weed" was trundled to market, bespettered and unsightly.

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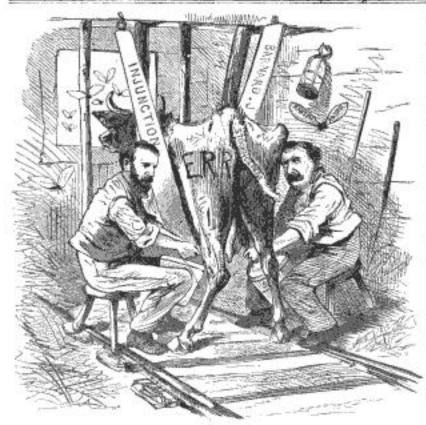
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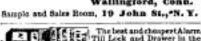
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The enterprises of Peace, no less needful in their time and place, for the common welfare, than were the waste and cost of War, now call for the capital which the Government no longer needs, and offer for its use a remuneration which the Government need no longer pay, and, in some cases, a security as stable and enduring as the faith of the nation itself.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

POURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIII.—No. 677.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

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REYNARD'S BREAKFAST.

Tans spirited illustration of forest life tells its own story so well as hardly to require a word of explanation. Master Revisant, always a dillegent provider for his honsehold, has evidently left his cozy den in the early hours of a winter province of a

the early hours of a winter morning on a foraging expedition. While the gray mist still hangs low over forest and marsh, he has made his way steakhily down to the border of the lake, where, no doubt, he has often replenished his exhausted larder. Croeping noiselessly over the yielding snow, he has surprised a family of ducks, sleeping in fancied safety among the rocks. Not a sound gives warning of danger to their quick sense of hearing. Pushing aside the Intervening reeds, without causing the rustle of a leaf, the sly marsader creeps nearer and nearer to the place where they neatle, until within easy reach of them. A quick spring, and he has seized the selected victim by the neck, slung him over his shoulder, and trotted up the bank with his prey; while the startled mate, with a chrill scream of affinish soernaway

of affright, soers away into the air.

How admirably the artist manages the details that tell the story of this little woodland tragedy—the gray, wintry atmosphere, the snow banked against the old tree trunk on the left, and loading down the leafless twigs, the reedy bank and the black water from whose margin Master REYNARD has snatched his prey. The half-open wings and drooping neck show that the sharp jaws have done their fatal work. In another moment the lacky forager will turn the conterround the old tree, and, with his victim slung over his shoulder, trot merrily back to his expectant household.

CURIOUS SHOWERS.

There are sometimes real showers of very unreal rain. It is stated by an old writer that in Lapland and Finnmark, about a century ago, mice of a particular kind were known to fall from the sky; and that such an

and that such an event was sure to be followed by a good year for foxes. A shower of frogs fell near Toulouse in 1804. A prodigious number of black insects, about an inch in length, descended in a snow-storm at Pakroff, in Russia, in 1827. On one occasion, in Norway, the peasants were astonished at finding a shower of rats pelting down on their heads. Showers of fishes have been no-

merous. At Stanstead, in Kent, in 1660, a pasture-field was found, one morning, covered plentifully with fish, although there is noither sea nor river, lake nor fish-pond near. At Allahabed, in 1889, an English officer saw a good smart down-pour of fish, and soon afterward thousands

mile from the beach. In all these, and numerous other cases, when a liberal allowance has been made for exaggeration, the remainder can be explained by well-understood causes. Stray wind blowing from a sea or river; a water-spout licking up the fish out of the water; a whirl-

and numerallowance has day of terror and marvel, and have disappeared.

Not that any one ever saw such a shower actually fall; but red spots have occasionally been seen on walls and stones, much to the popular dismay. Swammerdam, the naturalist, told the

people of the Hagne, two centuries ago, that these red spots were connected with some phenomena of insert life; but they would not believe him, and insisted that the spots were real blood, and were portents of evil times to come. Other naturalists have since confirmed the scientific opinion.

AFRICAN DIS-COVERY.

Ar the time of writing his last dispatch (dated June, 1868). Dr. Livingstone had not reached Lake Tanganyika, which is believed to flow into the Nile; but he had found a chain of lakes to the chain of lakes to the south which drained toward the north, toward the horth, and, as he believed, through Lake Tan-ganyika into that river. These lakes are fed by numerous rivers of considerable size, and should they prove to be the head-waters of the Nile, we must look for the sources of the mighty river at least four hundred miles south of the most southerly point of the Victoria N'yanza. The River Chambese seems to connect these lakes with each other and with the Tangunyika, and the whole volume of water which they con-tain in all probability finds its way into the Nile. We must wait for further information before we ean say positively that these lakes and rivers are within the basin of the Nile, but there is every proba-bility that the opin-ions which have been expressed in favor of this hypothesis will soon be verified. Meanwhile we can not but feel extremely interested in the ptions which Dr. Livingstone gives of the places which he has visited, and which prove that in the region now open-ed up fur the first time there are spots as beautiful and as blessed by nature as any thing that we can imagine. Speak-ing of Lake Liemba, one of the chain which he has discov-

REYNARD'S BREAKFAST.

of small deed fish were found upon the ground. Scotland has had many of these showers of fish; as in Hoss-shire, in 1828, when quantities of herring-fry covered the ground; at Islay, in 1830, then a large number of herrings were found strewed over a field after a heavy, gusty rain; at Wick, much more recently, when herrings were found in large quantities in a field half a

wind sending them hither and thither: all these are intelligible. The rat-shower in Norway was an extraordinary one; thousands of rats were taking their anneal excursion from a hilly region to the lowlands, when a whirlwind overtook them, whisked them up, and deposited them in a field at some distance—doubtless much to the astonishment of such of the rats as came down alive.

which he has discovered, Dr. Livingstone tells us that "it lies in a hollow, with precipitous sides 2000 feet down; it is extremely beautiful, sides, top, and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffsloes, and antelopes feed on the steep slopes; while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all

their own way. It is as perfect a natural paradise as Zenephon could have desired. On two rocky islands men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish , the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the west coast of Africa." Lisingstone's present journey has only confirmed whit was brought to light in his previous travels, viz.: that instead of the interior of Africa being a sandy desert, as was formerly thought, it is really rich in vegetation, and studded with lakes." But there is another fact which Dr. Livingstone has discovered in jounnection with Lake Liemba, and which goes far toward outweighing all others in importance. The altitude of this lake the doctor ascertained to be 2340 fent, thus showing that Speke's observations were incorrect, and that Mr. Findlay was probably right in saying Speke had made a mistake of about 1000 fest in his calculations. But we must weit until Dr. Livingstone comes home for the detailed information which will enable goeg-raphers to pronounce their final judgment on the Nile question. If the great explorer traces the lake system which he has discovered into the Tanganyika, and should find, on arriving at Uji-ji, the stores and medicines sent there for his use, he will proceed to the northern end of the lake, and parhaps follow its affisent. Sir Roderick Murchison thinks he will return to Zanziber after having ascertained the direction of the drainage of the Tanganyika; but Captain Sherard Osborn considers that he will probably follow the outlet, and see for himself whether it flows into the Albert N'yanez, and thence into the Nile. In the latter case, Dr. Livingstone would, in all likelihood, meet Sir Sanued Baker, and the result of this meeting would be to clear up the great mystery which for centuries has shroushed the head-waters of the Nile.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

ARE SPAIN AND PERU AT WART

THERE is one important point in regard to the Spanish gun-beats. Is there war between Spain and Peru? And if so, can the United States permit the departure of war vessels built for one of the belligerents, upon any pretext or affedavit as to the intention of the vessels? England acknowledged the belligerent rights of the rebellion in this country. If, then, the agents of the rebellion in this country. If, then, the British Government that the Alabana was intended, not to make war upon the United States, but to be a marine police, to prevent the escape of slaves, or to do any thing that might be required, excepting to harm the United States, would the British Government, in the opinion of this country, have been justified in allowing the departure of the Alabana?

Suppose that one of the Spunish gun-bosts sails from New York, receives her armament, and encounters a Peruvian ship, will she quietly sail by? Or suppose that, sailing from New York and receiving her armament, one of the gun-houts takes the place of some other Spanish ship of war, and so releases it to fight the Peruvian ship, have we not flagrantly violated our neutrality? What is the essence of neutrality? Is it not that the neutral will not allow either belligerent to strengthen himself in the neutral port? Or can a neutral permit a belligerent who is engaged both in a domestic and a foreigs war, to strengthen himself in the neutral port upon the joen that his intention is the domestic and not the foreign difficulty? If a belligerent is strengthened, is he not necessarily strengthened against all his antagonists? In a word, if you give a man food, must you take his word for it that the nourishment is all going into his left arm, and not into the right? Can you feed him without strengthening both arms? If there he war between Spain and Pern, how can we, as an honest neutral, permit Spain to use us as her navel base?

These are very serious questions, and the rightful departure of the Spanish gan-boats would seem to depend upon the point, whether there is war between Spain and Pera. About eighteen months since, the relations of those two countries were the subject of correspondence between their Ministers and our Government, when Peru wished us to allow the departure of the two monitors, the Oncete and Cotorbo. The Spanish Minister said in May, 1858, that if there was still war between the countries, it was not the fault of Spain, which had suspended hostilities since May, 1866, at the friendly request of Mr. SEWARD; but peace had not been accepted by the allied states of Peru and Chili, and therefore he hoped that we would not violate our neutrality. In reply, Mr. SEWARD said that Pern insisted that war had ceased by the suspension of hosrilities, and that Spain had virtually acknowledged the claim by making an arrangement with Chili to clear ships of war from British ports. The President would not undertake to decide whether war had actually ceased. The question was difficult. Colleteral facts must determine it. The Peravian Minister declared that the situation of the two countries was one of "imperfect pence." There had been no but actually the war had ceased, and Peru would not resume it unless provoked by fresh hostilities. Yet the Minister conceded

that, while there was no treaty, the war might "be renewed at any moment."

After deliberate consideration, the United States permitted the departure of the monitors, not upon the ground that war did not exist, but that there was then no condition of beligerency between the two powers which would justify their detention. Has the situation changed, and can the Peruvian Minister now justly declare that there is war between the countries? It is not two years since the Minister of Peru said that war might be renewed. It can not be supposed that the recognition of Cuha by Peru has tended to confirm the half-peace, and any overt act upon the part of Peru would renew the war, which the Spanish Minister in May, 1868, insisted must not be considered ended.

The United States did not express an opinion upon the question of war. The Government merely recognized the practical but not binding empension of hostilities. It is as free to take another view upon the representation of the Minister of either power or of both powers. If, in May, 1868, the Spanish Minister, during the suspension of hostilities, said that there is nevertheless a state of war, and the Peruvian Minister in July, 1869, says also, during the same suspension, that there is war, why should not the United States say that war must be accepted as the situation, since both powers declare that, despite the suspension, there is war? And, war existing, our neutral duties are obvious; and the gun-boats must apparently be detained, unless it can be shown that they are marchandise not amenable to the laws of neutrality.

THE BATTLE OF THE SCHOOLS.

Is a battle the great point is to choose your ground wisely, and then stand to your gams. This is what must be done in the battle that we must fight for the common school system in this country. Oddly enough, the country is so large and hospitable, offering a home to all people, and announcing a political principle which gives them all equal rights, that its pertils spring from the multitudes it invites and the conditions upon which it prides itself. For instance, by our peculiar and peculiarly clumsy electoral system, two or three great States may elect a President. Of the chief of these great States the chief city is so populous as, politically, almost to control the State. The population of that city is largely composed of foreigners, and the worst part of the foreign-born population remains in it. This is subject to the control of a few demagogues; and thus again the power of an ignorant and unprincipled man in our politics is immense and incalculable.

The great remediable danger of this country, therefore, is ignorance. It is that which gives a demagogue his power. It is that which we must rout, or which will rout us. And this we can do only by a universal system of com-mon schools. Their establishment and multiplication is a paramount duty of the nation, and one that it should not hesitate to discharge. Against the national will in this matter, the fixed resolution that every body shall be educated, no plea of State power, no ecclesiastical or sectarian sophistry, no mistak-en religious zeal, should be suffered to stand for a moment. If Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Unitarians, or Methodists, or Roman Catho lies, or Jews, or whatever religious body, wish to instruct children in their peculiar tenets, nobody hours the way: let them do as they choose. But as the State, as a political community, we have nothing to do with any religious tene whatever; and as a State we mean to educate every body, not in religion, but in practical knowledge.

This is a hard saying for many good persons, but it is indispensably true. It is said that we are all Christians, that we agree in reverence for the Bible, and that the great general truths of religion are acceptable to all of us, of what-ever sect. But this is not so. We do not agree in reverence for the Bible. The Jews are as honest as Christians; but their reverence for the New Testament is very different from the Christian reverence. Then an immense number of Christians in this city, for instance, do not consider the ordinary translation of the Bible a correct or safe one, and do not regard it as a book to be read without especial care and comment. Now, these Jews and these Christians are American citizens with all their rights, and they are, therefore, entitled to be defended in perfect religious equality and freedom. But they are not so, if they are made to pay taxes for schools in which their children, as they think, are exposed to sectarian influ-We must insist, therefore, that an obences. vious objection shall be removed.

But nobody should be deceived. The objective point of the hostility of the Roman Catholic priesthood is not the Bible in the schools, it is the schools. "A Catholic Priest" writes on the 25th of November to the Boston Advertiser: "Catholics would not be satisfied with the public schools even if the Protestant Bible and every vestige of religious teaching were basished from them......They will not be

taxed either for educating the children of Protestants nor for having their own children educated in schools under Protestant control." They assert that all education which is not technically religious is irreligious; and they do not allow that there is any pure religion but that of their Church. Consequently, if you would not educate children to be atheists, they say, to their followers, you must insist upon our share of the public money for our schools.

Here, then, is the exact ground upon which to fight the battle. Don't leave them an houst sectarian objection. Free the schools of every thing against which this kind of opposition may be fairly urged, and then stand fast upon the principle that the public money shall not educate the people in the private religious faith of the teachers. The great duties of love to God and man, the beauty of holiness, the sweet magic of charity, all that is noblest in human aim and troest in human life, do not appear in a ceremonial and hollow reading of a chapter in the Bible; and it is not true that such a ceremony gives, as many suppose, a religious character to the school instruction. It does nothing whatever but furnish a wespon to the enemy, and to make the best of books a

bore to every child.

That the better public opinion of the country is coming very rapidly to this conclusion is every where evident. Nor would there be any apprehension whatever of the result of the struggle at any point, if it were not for the fact that we stated in beginning, namely, the danger of ignorance. The Democratic chiefs count upon the support of the Roman Catholic population for reasons that are plain enough. The demand of that element of the party will presently be division of the public school money. The Democratic chiefs can not resist; and we shall thus have an organized political party working cautiously to that result. But let us understand exactly what the schools are and for what intended, and we need not fear the issue.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

The recent report upon the alleged mismanagement in the Methodist Book Concern is a striking illustration of what such a report ought not to be. It will be remembered that the substance of the charges which led to the investigation and report was, that there had been frauds in the purchase of paper-and in the Bindery. The duty of the Committee, therefore, was to state facts and mention names. Frands are not perpetrated without swindlers, and society is served, not by denouncing the frauds, but by exposing the swindlers. If, on the other hand, a transaction is irregular through misunder-standing, it is plainly which to the person as a kname who is merely irregular

post a person as a knave who is merely ignorant. The Committee state, upon the first point, that the "Concern"—and a more awkward and that the "Concern"—and a more awkward and Indicrous title for a great publishing house it would not be easy to find—has not seriously suffered by the manner in which paper and printing materials were bought. Now the word "serious" is a very clastic word. The facts are, as shown in the evidence, although no allusion is made to them by the Report, that the paper was bought for the "Concern" by a young men named Postes, the son of one of the principal managers. Two well-known houses in the paper trade testified that Mr. Postruk received a commission of from 2 to 7 per cent, upon the value of the paper bought from them. During three years, from the trans-actions with these two houses alone, young Mr. Pontun's commissions were more than \$30,000. During ten years there would, therefore, at the same rate, be a certain loss to the "Concern' of \$100,000 upon the business with these two How much more there might have been in other dealings may be supposed. This, however, the Committee say, is not a "serious" loss. But it is a loss resulting from the conduct of one of the agents of the business, and is therefore not only a great loss, but a loss of the most serious character. The commissions, unless authorized by the managers—and this is not affirmed-were money taken from the treasury of the Methodist Book Concern. The Committee say that the Concern has not seriously suffered. Of course, then, they recommend that the sys-tem of commissions be continued.

The Committee further announce that in the Bindery there have been great mismansgor and serious losses. But they do not say what they are and from what they arise. The charge is that money was paid upon false invoices, and that the property of the "Concern" was sold by its workmen for their own benefit. This would seem to be the point upon which the Committee should have given information. But they pre-What, then, is their report? fer silence. is this: that the printing material department is managed without "serious" loss, although a system of leakage is proved: that the Bindery is greatly mismanaged with various losses, and that the general management of the business does not involve the honesty of the managers. Then by the Committee's own showing involves their capacity; and when they say that such management meets their own approval and commands public confidence, they hu-

miliate themselves and insult the public. Suppose that the person who pays the clerical members of the Committee their salary should charge from two to seven per cent, commission upon the amount, would they think it a "sectous" loss, or would the transaction command their hearty approval and confidence?

The effect of the Roport has been to create a very general impression that the business of the "Concern" is sadly mismanaged; and that it should be thoroughly investigated. The members of the denomination who are contributing large or small some to its general expenses, and all Methodists who have the denominational honor at heart, are interested that this matter should not end here.

SPECIE PAYMENTS.

It will be recollected that Mr. M'CULLOCS, in his annual report as Secretary of the Treasury in 1865, stated "that the legal-tender acts were war measures passed in a great emergency; that they should be regarded only as temporary; that they ought not to remain in force a day longer than would be necessary to enable the people to prepare for a return to the gold standard; and that the work of retiring the notes which had been issued should be commenced without delay, and carefully and persistently continued until all are retired."

The House of Representatives, on the 18th of December, 1865, passed the following resolution by a vote of 144 to 6; "Resolved, That this House cordially concurs in the views of the Secretary of the Tressury in relation to the necessity of a contraction of the currency, with a view to as early a resumption of specie payments as the business interests of the country will permit; and we hereby piedge co-operative action to this end as specifly as possible."

This resolution authorized no particular mode

This resolution authorized no particular mode of contraction; and Congress, on the 12th of March, 1866, authorized the exchange of bonds for notes, but provided "that of United States notes not more than \$10,000,000 should be retired and canceled within six months from the passage of the act, and thereafter not more than \$4,000,000 should be retired in any one month."

Mr. M'Culloca, in pursuance of this authority, went on with the policy of contraction; but by reason of earnest complaints, chiefy from the West, Congress in January, 1868, passed an act declaring "that from and after its passage the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury to make any reduction of the currency, by retiring or canceling United States notes, shall be and is hereby suspended."

Mr. Bourwell finds himself wholly fettered

Mr. BOUTWELL finds himself wholly fettered by this clearly-expressed intention against contraction; and it will be necessary, before is can be resorted to anew, that Congress shall reverse its action, and confer the power.

its action, and confer the power.

As the opinion prevails in many quarters that Congress will soon take measures for a speedy return to specie payments—and as this belief, in conjunction with the policy pursued by the Treasury, is having effects of a moment-ous character upon the whole trading and producing interest—the question comes home to the business of every man, What will probably be done?

In answering this question the interests and purposes of the national banks need to be considered, as they have the most intimate relations with the business of the country. On the 28d of June, 1869, the National banks held a convention at the St. Nicholas Hotel, which was a complete representation of this powerful interest. Mr. E. G. Spatulero, the President of the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Buffalo, as temporary Chairman, addressed the Convention at length, declaring that the policy of selling gold adopted by the Treasury was a remove from specie payments, instead of an advance in that direction, "There is," he says, too great a disparity between the reserve of gold in the Treasury and the volume of green-backs to be redeemed;" and adds, "Whether resumption takes place in two, five, or ter years a larger reserve of gold will be necessary, or the amount of greenbacks must be reduced."

Mr. THEODORS M. POMEROT, a Director of the First National Bank of Auburn, on being elected President of the Convention, address the body, declaring a readiness on the part of the banks to resume whenever the Government shall also resume; but he indicates no mode of proceeding to this end; on the contrary, he supports free banking, and the removal of the restriction upon circulation imposed by acts of Congress, on the ground that "the right to issue circulation to pass current as the representative of money, if granted to one should be open to all;" and on the further ground that it is the "merest speculation" to speculate on the subject whether or not the present circulation is more or less than the country demands. He thus closes his important speech: "This and other similar questions should be settled in conference by your Executive Committee, and whatever legislation may be necessary will readily follow." A Committee of seventy-five was appointed, among other objects, "to give timely notice of any proposed legislation adverse to their interests," and the Convention adjourned, after creating a permanent general Committee of eleven members to manage its affairs.

The confidence expressed by Mr. POMEROT is probably well-founded that the legislation of igress, at least for some time to come, will conform to what shall be recommended in behalf of this powerful interest. Few, however, will expect any very prompt and effective measures from this quarter for returning to specie payments.

The fact is, that by reason of speculation on a large scale, and of the excess of our imports our exports, adjusted for the present by sending our bonds to foreign countries, the difficulty in returning to specie payments is greater now than when Congress repealed in January, 1868, the law which permitted contraction.

In England specie payments are maintained because, in addition to the amount of the precious metals held by the Bank of England, a larger amount is in the pockets of the people, ready to be called on in case of emergency in banking. In lieu of this the pockets of our people are stuffed with notes down to the denomination of ten cents, while in England no notes are allowed under about twenty dollars. This wide difference in policy drives the precions metals away from the United States and encourages their accumulation in Great Britain.

We can not shot our eyes to the fact that contraction, attempted under more favorable circomstances as to deut than at present, was shandoned out of regard to the debtor inter-est; and as the indebtedness of individuals has been increased by speculation and extravagance, it is safe to assume that the same interest will be equally powerful over the ensuing Congress.

On looking back to the period of Mr. M'CUL-LOCH's recommendations, above referred to, it will not only appear that they were timely and sound, but it will be regarded as a misfortune that they were not firmly followed. But although contraction is the true road, the unfortunite tendency of our people to constant and beavy indebtedness makes it difficult.

The truth should be widely disseminated that, until we determine to persist in the policy of improving our circulating medium, there can be no recovery from the fluctuations in the price of products which constantly attends our When we get upon the solid ground of specie, we shall be able to compete with all nations, and secure an amount of prosperity known to no other portion of the globe.

HONOR AND MURDER.

THE death of Mr. RICHARDSON will again raise the question in the courts whether jealausy is a justification of homicide. The principle of civilized society is plain enough. It is, that a man must not assume to punish crimes upon his own responsibility. A savage scalps his for whenever he can get at him. But civ-ilization replaces individual vengeance by the forms of law. Yet there are certain circumstances under which it permits individual redress, such as personal assault or burglary. There are still other circumstances which have been tacitly held to justify such redress where there is no violent personal attack, but merely an offense against honor. The form this re-dress took was the duel. But Honor is a very elastic word, and may be used by secondrels as well as by honorable men; and it consequently happened that, under the code of hunor, an honorable man was at the mercy of any scoundrel or dead-shot who chose to throw a glass of wine in his face or so call him liar. So the duel, as essentially abourd and 'nvolving great-or perils than it remedied, has been abolished by the growing good sense of civilization.

But there are still circumstances under which public opinion apparently justifies individual vengeance. Probably no jury in this country would convict a woman who should shoot the man who attempted her dishonor. It is doubt-ful if it would convict her of crime if she deliberately shot her seducer; although it might be very difficult to show that she had not consent-The reason of such a verdict would probably be found to be a vague, general impression that women are usually at a disadvantage, and that if the shooting was not exactly justified by the special testimony, it was venial upon general grounds. The same toleration is shown towith offenses against their domestic happiness.

But this is a relic of sheer barbarism. If we justify a husband in killing a man whom he occuses of stealing his wife's affections, we must justify the wife in killing any woman whom she may accuse of being his paramour or of divert-ing his preference. Thus the most precious lives might be sacrificed to a whim of jealousy, or to a groundless suspicion. This justification of assaults, by what are called injured husbands, serves, however, to show how ingrained is the feeling that a man's wife is in some way his property. If a husband shoots the alleged seducer, or merely the guiltless confident, of his wife, the public shrugs its shoulders, and remarks that the victim ought to have counted the cost. But if the wife should shoot a poor woman of the town because of her husband's offense, or any innocent woman whose society her husband sought, there would be immense consternation. And yet, is not the marriage yow equally binding upon husband and wife? If the husband may punish what he calls offenses against his honor, may not the wife avenge outrages upon her?

There is but one remedy, and that is to in-sist, by the conviction of plainly proved offenders, that offenses shall not be privately punished. If a man attacks you upon the high-way, or breaks into your house, you will jus-tifiably defend yourself by every practicable But to justify a deliberate attempt to murder, by a man's allegation that his honor has been assailed and his domestic peace disturbed, is to relax the very foundations of civilized society. If a wife's affections are alien-ated there is at least room for suspicion that the husband's conduct has not been such as to retain them. Certainly the common welfare demands that there be some better reason than "outraged honor" offered in extenuation of

A PREMIUM UPON CRIME.

THE most remarkable fact in regard to great robberies at this time is that the robbers are not punished, but the crime is compromised. To compromise with a thief is to give him half the booty, with a promise not to trouble him upon condition that he will return the other half. Sometimes a compromise is an arrangement by which the whole booty is returned as a condition of not prosecuting the thief. But a compromise is always a proceeding by which society suffers. It is lately announced that some merchants in New York, of what is called "respectable standing," are accused of swin-dling, and will be criminally prosecuted unless they consent to a compromise. Is there any good reason why this principle should not be carried further? Shall we not compromise with gentlemen of good standing accused of assault and battery, and consent not to prosecute if they will pay the doctor's bill for their victim? Cases of murder, indeed, would seem to be difficult, because the erring gentleman who did the deed could not recall the victim to life. But possibly some arrangement might be made by which he would consent not to destroy other people if he should be excused from responsi-bility for the accomplished fact. Indeed, the principle is susceptible of great breadth of ap-

It is really becoming necessary to remember that cheating is cheating, however respectable "the standing" of the swindler, and that robbery is robbery, whatever may be the number of church pews owned by the robber.

It is no new thing for merchants of what is called respectable standing to defraud the Custom-house. Indeed, there is an old saying that all is fair in love, in politics, and at the Custom-bouse, and a man might hesitate to perjure himself in a court of law who would most glibly swear falsely to pass an invoice. But this is a dangerous kind of sophistry. All human transactions rest at last upon good faith, and confidence in real honor. When a man's outh is known to be a lie, there follows a profound disturbance of the foundations of society; for men can not be habitually false in one way without weakening their truthfulness in every way.

If it be true that certain merchants are implicated by evidence in dishonest transactions at the Custom-house, it is a thousandfold berter that they be criminally prosecuted and tried and punished, if convicted, than that the United States should recover by compromise the money which the "respectable" merchants are said to have stolen. And if it should appear, upon such a trial, that the general feeling in regard to the oppression of tariffs, and to all Custom-house transactions, made it very doubtful whether a moral stigma could ever be attached to perjury and theft committed there, the cause of Free Trade would have acquired a prodig-iously powerful ally, in the conviction that the Custom-bouse is more pernicions, as a source of the kind of immorality which is fatal to any people, than advantageous as a system of levying taxes. In any case it is worth while to try the experiment, and to ascertain whether a man's reputation would be injured by legal conviction of defrauding the Government the Custom-house,

A CURIOUS INJUSTICE.

THERE is a good custom in Massachusetts by which the Governor at Thanksgiving pardons two convicts whose conduct during their term in the State prison has been most exemplary. This year the usual pardon was issued; but to the public astonishment, it appeared that the two men were not prisoners to whom pardon should be granted, but of whom it should be naked. For they were innocent persons unjust-ly convicted. The general feeling, of course, then was, that it was both an injustice to them and to two other well-deserving prisoners to re-lease them only. They were entitled to their liberty. It was no grace of the government, but its plainest duty, to release them; and the spirit of the annual custom of pardon required that two justly convicted prisoners should be set free. No one, however, supposed that this was not as evident to the Governor and Council, and to the old and experienced warden of the State prison, as it was to every body else. ! But there was no explanation, and the whole affair seemed unintelligible.

At the end of a week, however, the warden, Mr. HAYNES, wrose a letter detailing the facts. The two men were convicted of highway robbery upon the positive evidence of the man robbed. It was a case of mistaken identity. Upon entering the prison the men asserted their innocence, but that often happens. Recently, however, facts, unknown to the prisoners, were communicated to the warden proving their innocence. He, having no authority to release them, instantly laid them before the Governor and Council, who are the sole releasing power. But it was only on the day before Thanksriving that the last documents in the case were received, and too late for the Council to examine the testimony in some other cases which the warden intended to propose for the usual pardon. Consequently the two innocent prisoners were released as pardoned; and the two others, who should have had the benefit of a pardon, will be detained in prison until Christmas. The warden adds that he agrees fully that the two men had a right to justice, and not to pardon; but that the Legislature had provided no other means than a pardon to reach such cases.

This is an injustice which the Legislature of Massachusetts should remedy at the very earliest moment. It should certainly provide that the Governor and Council may release an unjustly convicted person, with a public acknowledgment of the injustice done him, a...d with the gift of a sum of money large enough to be serviceable to a man so unhappily seized and so injuriously branded. But, in this instance, it would also seem to have been possible for the warden, who was convinced of the innecesses of the prisoners in question, to have supplied, in time, to the Council, the evidence necessary for the release of two proper convicts. Me would then have left with the Executive Chamber the responsibility of deciding whether the two customary pardons were exhausted in the case of the innocent men. But it is shameful to any honorable State that its only remedy for the enormous injury of the unjust imprisonment of a citizen is the obloquy of a pardon. It wrongly deprires him of liberty, and, by way of reparation, brands him forever as a pardoned criminal.

NOTES.

The Delineare Gazette, published at Wilmington, tells its readers all about Harper's Weekly. It is "unscrappious and scerribous." It is "a production of an inferior order of its kind." It is edited "with neither taste nor ability." Its contributors are persons "of shallow minds and commonplace talents." Its columns are, therefore, filled with "written and pictorial trush and claustern nonescent of the most relienders and clap-trap nonsense of the most ridiculous and sensational description." So much for us. And sensitional description." So much for us. And next, good readers, you catch it. You are "a class of illicerate or superficial persons, to whose uncultivated fancy and narrow prejudices it [the Weskly] panders and appeals." It seems, gentle readers, that you are also our victims. "Over those people"—that is you, illicerate and superficial multitude—"its corrupting influences are successful, and dangerously exercised." Why? Because was a see more are illustrated. cause you are more gratified "by adaptations to the eye and the passions of nature than by appeals to the reasoning faculties and the judgment of a well-balanced mind." Well, at least, the world has one comfort left. While Harper's Weekig has one common tell. Whole Harper's Weekly thus "prostitutes" and "contaminates" and "warps" by "hitig and blackguardly cartoons," and "inflames" to "amalgamation" and "miscogenation," there is still the Wilmington Gasette proudly surviving, as an in-sparing example of "the judgment of a well-balanced mind."

THE third volume of FRANCIS PARRHAN'S The third volume of Francis Parkman's series of histories of the early settlement of the country is just published by Little, Brown, & Co.; and this time it is "The Discovery of the Great West." These volumes, as our readers know, or should know, form together a general history of "France and England in North America." It is a subject which Mr. Parkman has made as much his own as Motley the Dutch Parkman and the Country of Republic or MACAULAY the English Revolution. He is thorough master of his material, which is much scattered, and exists largely in manuscript; and his imagination, his picturesque narrative style, and his admirable perception of the true point of interest, give to his historical works a wonderful charm and symmetry. It is to the pages of Mr. PARKHAN that we must go for the American Indian. Coopen so bewitches our young fancies with Uncas and the red heroes that it is very difficult to divest our estimate of the In-dian of a false and foolish glamour. Mr. PARK-Man, however, knows him by personal experi-ence and long and thoughtful study. In the sec-ond volume of the series, "The Jesuits in North America," and in this last, "The Discovery of the Great West," he paints the Indian at full length, the most unromantle, the most cruel of human beings. And it is curious to observe that at their best the Indians are not interesting. We do not respect them, nor like them as much as we do noble animals. We follow their movewe do noble animals. We follow their move-ments with a languid attention; but the moment HERNERIS, or MARQUETTE, or LA SALLE ap-pears, we salute the hero of the scene. In "The Discovery of the Great West" there is not, of course, the same extraordinary story of human heroism as in the tragedy of the early Canadism Jesuits, which was told in the last volume. But

there are equally graphic and admirable sketch-es of the Jesuit fathers who are more known to us, and a delightful, and we may say finel, ac-count of the discovery of the Mississippi River. Indeed, with singular tact Mr. PARKMAN gives us in his compett volumes about all that the reader cares to know of that period of our his-tory; and his work, which is indispensable to complete knowledge of the settlement and civili-zation of the North American continent, is done in a way which assures his position among our

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Tus French Sensis and Corpe Legislatif were opened by the Emperor November 72. In his address he serribed the political agitation of the past two months to the "subvervive passings" and the "accesses of the press and of public assemblages," by which society was measured and freedom consprended. France deciry ilberty and order; and while he asks the legislators to help him secure liberty, he will answer for the order. The suppression of slavery in the New World, the freeding of the Russian serfs, the Irish Charch referent, the Eccamenical Council, the Pacific Haitmad, the telegraph, the Mount Cenis Tunnel, and the Secure Canal, were slided to as the trimples of the epoch of which all have reason to be proof. In conclusion, be decisered that there was to be a more direct participation of the sation in its own affairs, which would give a new furne to the empire.

On the 5d linet, the Corps Legislatiff was agitated by a demand from M. Rochebort that the National Guard be ordered to grant the half of the Corps in friture, for the perfection of the members. Cheers and derinder cries dilowed, after the first hurst of astonishment, from all parts of the half. The Opposition applies ded, but the majority protested against the demand and the favor with which it had been received. M. Guiset has written a letter to a member of the Corps Legislatiff, in which is advised the members to support the Parliamentary Empire.

The difficulty arising out of the landing of the French telegraph cable on American shores has, according to a telegram from Paris, been adjusted in a anticable manuer.

A Pre-Sprood Conference was held at Rome on the Minet, all which an allocution was delivered, and the official touth.

Carillet complicates have agian been discovered in Rome on the Real and manuers have been taken to revert a

cefficers of the (Ecunomical Council tools the official coulds.

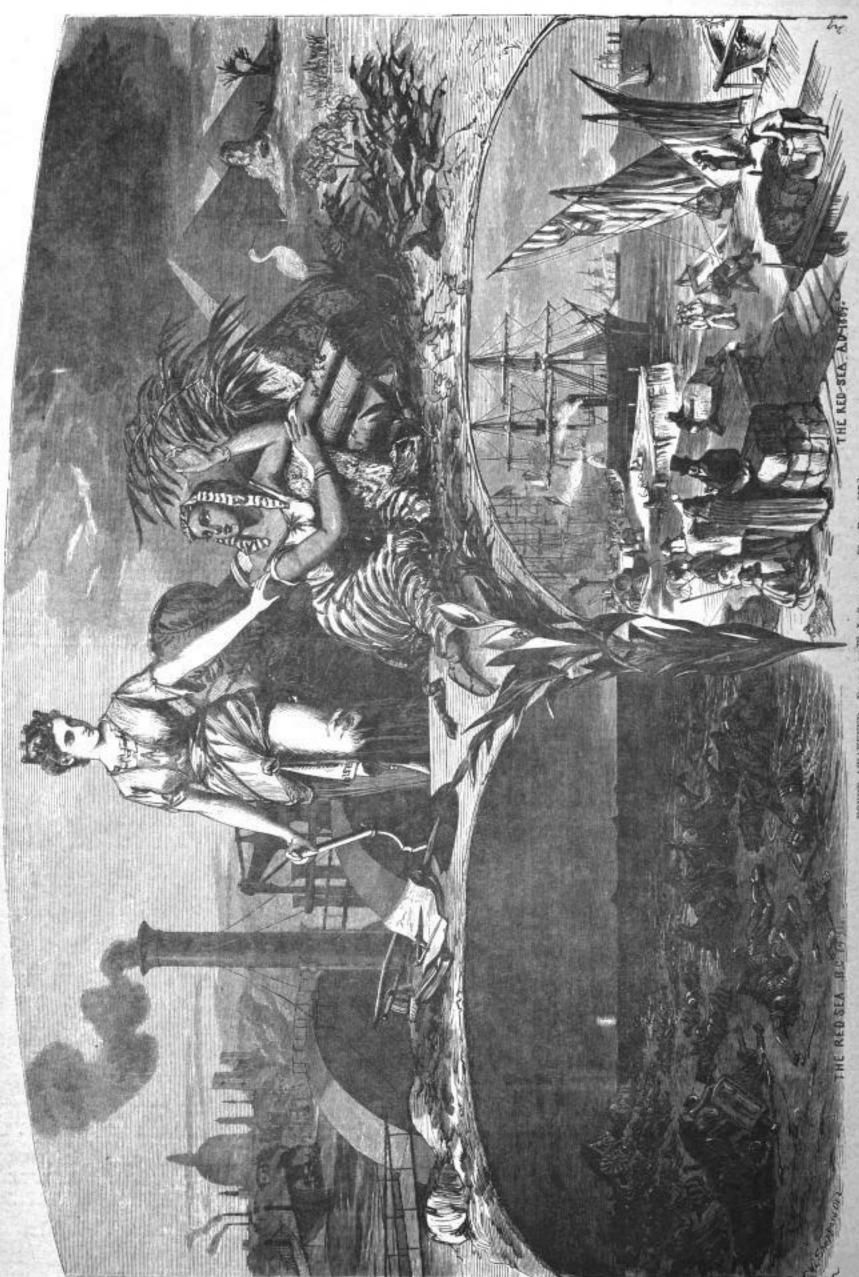
Carlist conspiracies have again been discovered in Spain, and measures have been taken to pervent a fresh outbreak. Several of the suppressed Republican journals in Madrid have been permitted to reappear, and the conscilinational guarantees, suspended some time ago as a measure of public anter, have been restored. General Prim has stated in the Cartes that since the commencement of the Cuben rebellion four-toen vessels of war, including two bros-clack, had sailed for Chab, treasperting nearly 40,000 troops.

The reports of a want of harmony between the Calmese forwentment and Mr. Buillingine are officially desired. They are ascribed to persons in China who are opposed, on commercial and other grounds, to the policy of the Chinese flowerment. His missing will extend beyond two years. Mr. Berlinginne was received on the 2d link by the King of Prussia, and presented his credentiels.

A lotter from Pekin states that the Chinese Government is anxious to have it clearly understood that Mr. Berlingamets treaty with this country has not been ejected, but action on though defired, their githought best to wait until the results of the unprintions of the whole surject might be disposed of at care.

The bark Neel, bound to Beenbuy, the first mercantic vessel to puse through the Sees Casal with a carryo, has been wrecked in the Red Sea, eighty six miller from the port of Sugs.

The Vicency of Expp., the seast, the Paris, a dismond diadem worth 4,000,000 of france.



(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 186, by HARFER & BROTERICS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.,

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE DEST.

Asson was the first who broke the silence.
"Is your father seriously ill?" he asked.
Geoffrey answered by handing him the card.
Sir Patrick, who had stood apart (while the question of Rateatcher's relapse was under discussion) sardonically studying the manners and ms of modern English youth, now came for-Customs of modern English youth, now came for-ward, and took his part in the proceedings. Lady Landie herself must have acknowledged that he spoke and acted as became the head of the fam-ily, on this occasion.

"Am I right in supposing that Mr. Delamayn's father is dangerously ill?" he asked, addressing himself to Arnold.

himself to Araold.

"Dangerously ill, in London," Arnold answered. "Geoffrey must leave Windygates with me. The train I am traveling by meets the train his brother is traveling by, at the junction. I shall leave him at the second station from here."

"Didn't you tell me that Lady Lundie was going to send you to the railway in a gig?"

"Yes."

"If the servant drives, there will be three of

you—and there will be no room."
"We had better ask for some other vehicle," suggested Arnold.

Sir Patrick looked at his watch. There was no time to change the carriage. He turned to Geoffrey. "Can you drive, Mr. Delamayn?" Still impenetrably silent, Geoffrey replied by a

nod of the head.

Without noticing the unceremonious manner in which he had been answered, Sir Patrick went

on:

"In that case, you can leave the gig in charge

of the station-master. I'll tell the servant that he will not be wanted to drive." "Let me save you the trouble, Sir Patrick,"

said Arnold.

Sir Patrick declined, by a gesture. He turned again, with undiminished courtesy, to Geoffrey.

"It is one of the duties of hospitality, Mr. De-It is one of the duties of hospitality, Mr. De-lamayn, to hasten your departure, under these sad circumstances. Lady Lundie is engaged with her guests. I will see myself that there is no unnecessary delay in sending you to the sta-tion." He bowed—and left the summer-house. Arnold said a word of sympathy to his friend,

when they were alone.
"I am sorry for this, Geoffrey. I hope and

trust you will get to London in time."

He stopped. There was something in Geoffrey's face—a strange mixture of donbt and be-wilderment, of annoyance and hesitation—which was not to be accounted for as the natural result of the news that he had received. His color of the news that he had received. His color shifted and changed; he picked fretfally at his finger-nails; he looked at Arnold as if he was going to speak-and then looked away again, in

silence,
"Is there something amiss, Geoffrey, besides
this had news about your father?" asked Arnold.
"I'm in the devil's own mess," was the an-

swer.

"Can I do any thing to help you?"

Instead of making a direct roply, Geoffrey lifted his mighty hand, and gave Arnold a friendly slap on the shoulder which shook him from head to foot. Arnold steaded himself, and waited—wondering what was coming next.
"I say, old fellow!" said Geoffrey.

"Do you remember when the boat turned keel upward in Lisbon Harbor?" Arnold started. If he could have called to Arnold started. If he could have called to mind his first interview in the summer-house with his father's old friend, he might have re-membered Sir Patrick's prediction that he would scorer or later pay, with interest, the debt he owed to the man who had saved his life. As it was, his memory reverted at a bound to the time of the boat-accident. In the ardor of his grati-tode and the innocence of his heart, he almost resented his friend's question as a reproach which

he had not deserved.
"The you think I can ever forget," he cried, warmly. "that you swam ashers with me and saved my life?"

Geoffrey ventured a step nearer to the object that he had in view.

"One good turn deserves another," he said,

Arnold took his hand, "Only tell me!" he agesty rejoined—"only tell me what I can do!"
"You are going to-day to see your new place,

"Can you put off going till to-morrow?"
"If it's any thing serious—of course I can!"
Geoffrey looked round at the entrance to th

cose, to make sure that they were You know the governess here, don't you?"

he said, in a whisper.
"Miss Silvester?" "Yes. I've got into a little difficulty with Miss Silvester. And there isn't a living soul I

"You know I will holp you."
"You know I will holp you. What is it?"
"It isn't so easy to say. Never mind—you're no saint either, are you? You'll keep it a secret, of course? Look here! I've acted like an in-

fernal fool. I've gone and got the girl into a |

Arnold drew back, suddenly understanding

him.
"Good heavens, Geoffrey! You don't mean.—"
"I do! Wait a bit—that's not the worst of
it. She has left the house." "Left the house?"

"Left, for good and all. She can't come back

again."
"Why not?"

"Bornuse she's written to her missus. Wo-men (hang 'em!) never do these things by halves. She's left a letter to say she's privately married, and gone off to her husband. Her husband is-Me. Not that I'm married to her yet, you un-Not that I'm married to her yet, you understand. I have only promised to marry her. She has gone on first (on the sly) to a place four miles from this. And we settled I was to follow, and marry her privately this afternoon. That's out of the question now. While she's expecting me at the inn I shall be bowling along to Lon-don. Somebody must tell her what has hap-pened—or she'll play the devil, and the whole business will burst up. I can't trust any of the people here. I'm done for, old chap, unless you help me,"

Arnold lifted his hands in dismay, "It's the most dreadful situation, Geoffrey, I ever heard

Geoffrey thoroughly agreed with him.

"Enough to knock a man over," he said, "isn't
it? I'd give something for a drink of beer."

He produced his everlasting pipe, from shoer
force of habit. "Got a match?" he asked.

Arnold's mind was too preoccupied to notice

the question.

"I hope you won't think I'm making light of your father's illness," he said, earnestly. "But it seems to me—I must say it—it seems to me that the poor girl has the first claim on you."

-tell her to stop where she is till I write to ber." half distracted, and all that. And-wait a bit !

Arnold hesitated. Absolutely ignorant of that low and limited form of knowledge which is call-ed "knowledge of the world," his inbred delieacy of mind revealed to him the serious difficulty of the position which his friend was asking him to occupy as plainly as if he was looking at it through the warily-guthered experience of so-ciety of a man of twice his age.

"Can't you write to her now, Geoffrey?" he

asked.

"What's the good of that?"

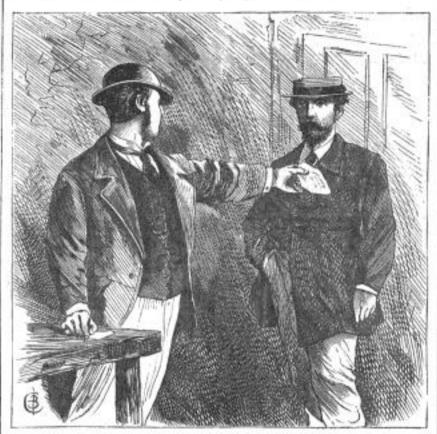
"Consider for a minute, and you will see. You have trusted me with a very awkward secret. I may be wrong—I never was mixed up in such a matter before—but to present myself to this lady as your messenger seems exposing her to a dreadful humiliation. Am I to go and tell her to her face: "I know what you are hid-ing from the knowledge of all the world;" and is

"Bosh!" said Geoffrey. "They can endure a deal more than you think for. I wish you had heard how she bullied me, in this very place. My good fellow, you don't understand women. The grand secret, in dealing with a woman, is to take her as you take a cat, by the

woman, is to take her as you take a cal, by the scruff of the neck—"
"I can't face her—unless you will help me by breaking the thing to her first. I'll stick at no sacrifice to serve you; but—hang it!—make allowances, Geoffrey, for the difficulty you are putting me in. I am almost a stranger; I don't know how Miss Silvester may receive me, before I are over me lie."

before I can open my lips."

Those last words touched the question on practical side. The matter-of-fact view of the difficulty was a view which Geoffrey instantly recognized and understood.



"THAT WILL DO THE BUSINESS; READ IT YOURSELP, ARNOLD-FT'S NOT SO BADLY WRITTEN."

Geoffrey looked at him in surly amazement. "The first claim on me? Do you think I'm going to risk being cut out of my father's will? Not for the best woman that ever put on a petti-

Arnold's admiration of his friend was the solidly-founded admiration of many years; admiration for a man who could row, box, wrestle, jump—above all, who could swim—as few other men could perform those exercises in contempo-rary England. But that answer shook his faith. Only for the moment—unhappily for Arnold, only

"You know hest," he returned, a little coldly.

"What can I do?"

Geoffrey took his arm—roughly, as he took every thing; but in a companionable and confidential way.

"Go, like a good fellow, and tell her what has happened. We'll start from here as if we were both going to the railway; and I'll drop you at the foot-path, in the gig. You can get on to your own place afterward by the evening train. It puts you to no inconvenience; and it's doing the kind when on to your own place afterward by the evening train. It puts you to no inconvenience; and it's doing the kind thing by an old friend. There's no risk of being found out. I'm to drive, remember! There's no servant with us, old boy, to notice, and tell takes."

Even Arnold began to see dimly by this time that he was likely to pay his debt of obligation with interest—as Sir Patrick had foretold.

"What am I to say to ber?" he asked. "I'm bound to do all I can do to help you, and I will. But what am I to say?"

But what am I to say?"

But what am I to say?"

It was a natural question to put. It was not an easy question to answer. What a man, under given muscular circumstances, could do, no person living knew better than Geoffrey Delamayn. Of what a man, under given social circumstances, could say, no person living knew less. "Say?" he repeated. "Look here! say I'm

"She has the devil's own temper," he said.

"There's no denying that. Perhaps I'd better write. Have we time to go into the house?"

"No. The house is full of people, and we haven't a minute to spare. Write at once, and write here. I have get a pencil."

"What am I to write on?"

"Any thing, were herefuln's cord."

"What am I to write on?"

"Any thing—your brother's card."

Geoffrey took the pencil which Arnold offered to him, and looked at the card. The lines his brother had written covered it. There was no room left. He felt in his pocket, and produced a letter—the letter which Anne had referred to the covered by the covered by the covered to the letter which have the letter which at the interview between them; the letter which she had written to insist on his attending the

"This will do," he said. "It's one of Anne's own letters to me. There's room on the fourth page. If I write," he added, turning suddenly on Arnold, "you promise to take it to her? Your hand on the berguin!"

He held out the band which had saved Ar-

He held out the hand which had saved Arnold's life in Lisbon Harbor, and received Arnold's promise, in remembrance of that time.

"All right, old fellow. I can tell you how to
find the place as we go along in the gig. Bythe-by, there's one thing that's rather important.

I'd better mention it while I think of it.

"What is that?"

"You mustn't present yourself at the inn in or own name; and you mustn't ask for her by her name."
"Who am I to ask for?"

"It's a little awkward. She has gone there as a married woman, in case they're particular about taking her in..." about taking her in-

derstand. Go ou." "And she has planned to tell them (by way of making it all right and straight for both of us, you know) that she expects her husband to join hor. If I had been able to go I should have asked at the door for 'my wife." You are

going in my place—"
"And I must ask at the door for 'my wife,"
or I shall expose Miss Silvester to unpleasant

consequences?"
"You don't object?"

"You don't object?"

"Not I! I don't care what I say to the people of the ion. It's the meeting with Miss Silvecter that I'm afraid of."

"I'll put that right for you—never fear!"

He went at once to the table and rapidly scrib-hied a few lines—then stopped and considered.

"Will that do?" he asked himself. "No; I'd better say something spooney to quiet her." He considered again, added a line, and brought his hand down on the table with a cheery smack.

"That will do the business! Rend it yourself, Arneld—it's not so badly written."

"That will do the business! Rend it yourself,
Arnold—it's not so badly written."
Arnold rend the note without appearing to
share his friend's favorable opinion of it.

"This is rather short," he said.

"Have I time to make it longer?"

"Perhaps not. But let Miss Silvester see for
herself that you have no time to make it longer.
The train starts in less than half an hour. Put
the time."

the time."
"Oh, all right! and the date too, if you like." He had just added the desired words and fig-ures, and had given the revised letter to Arnold, when Sir Patrick returned to announce that the

gig was waiting.
"Come!" he said. "You haven't a mom

to lose!" Geoffrey started to his feet. Arnold besitated.
"I must see Blanche!" he pleaded. "I can't

Blanche without saying good-by. Witers Sir Patrick pointed to the steps, with a smile. Blanche had followed him from the house. Ar-

Blanche had followed him from the house. Arnold ran out to her instantly.

"Going?" she said, a little sadly.

"I shall be back in two days," Arnold whispered, "It's all right! Sir Petrick consents."

She held him fast by the arm. The hurried
parting before other people seemed to be not a
perting to Blanche's taste.

"You will lose the train!" cried Sir Patrick.
Goodfore, saired Arnold by the over which

"You will lose the train!" cried Sir Patrick.
Geoffrey seized Arnold by the arm which
Blanche was holding, and tore him—literally
tore him—away. The two were out of sight,
in the shrubbery, before Blanche's indignation
found words, and addressed itself to her uncle.
"Why is that brute going away with Mr.
Brinkworth?" she asked.
"Mr. Delamayn is called to London by his father's illness," replied Sir Patrick. "You don't
like him?"

like him? "I hate him!"

Sir l'atrick reflected a little.

"She is a young girl of eighteen," he thought to himself. "And I am an old man of seventy. Curious, that we should agree about any thing. More than curious that we should agree in dis-

liking Mr. Delamayn."

He roused himself, and looked again at He roused himself, and looked agoin as Blancha. She was seated at the table, with her head on her hand; absent, and out of spirits—thinking of Arnold, and yet, with the future all smooth before them, not thinking

happily, "Why, Blanche! Blanche!" cried Sir Pat-"Why, Blanche! Blanche!" cried Sir Patrick, "one would think he had gone for a voyage round the world. You silly child! he will
be back again the day after to morrow."

"I wish he hadn't gone with that man!" said
Blanche. "I wish he hadn't got that man for a
friend!"

"There" then! "

"There! there! the man was rude enough, I own. Never mind! he will leave the man at the with me. Dance it off, my dear—dence is off!"

"No," returned Blanche. "I'm is no humor for dancing. I shall go up stairs, and talk about it to Asso."

it to Anne "You will do nothing of the sort !" said a third

voice, suddenly joining in the conversation.

Both uncle and niece looked up, and found Lady Lundie at the top of the summer-house

steps,
"I feebid you to mention that woman's name again in my hearing," pursued her ladyship,
"Sir Patrick! I warned you (if you remember?) that the matter of the governess was not a matter to be trifled with. My worst anticipations are realized. Miss Silvester has left the house!"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH. THE SCANDAL.

It was still early in the afternoon when the gnests at Lady Lundie's lawn-party began to in arriving at a general conviction that "some-

thing was wrong."

Blanche had mysteriously disappeared from
Blanche had mysteriously Lady Lundie had
Rhanche Blanche had mystersee. Lady Lundie had her partners in the dance. Lady Lundie had mysteriously ahandoned her guests. Blanche mysteriously ahandoned her guest. Blanche had come back. Lady Lundie had recohad not come back. Lady Lundie had re-turned with an artificial smile, and a prece-cupled manner. She acknowledged that she was "not very well." The same excess had been given to account for Blanche's absence— and, again (some time previously), to explain Miss Silvester's withdrawal from the croquet! A wit among the gentlemen declared it remind-ed him of declining a verb. "I am not very well; theu art not very well: she is not very ed him of declining a verb. "I am not very well; theu art not very well; she is not very well"—and so on. Sir Patrick too! Only think of the sociable Sir Patrick being in a state of seclusion—hobbling up and down by himself in the loneliest part of the gurden. And the servants again! It had even spread to the servants! They were presuming to whisper in corners, like their betters. The house-maids appeared, spasmodically, where house-maids had, no business to be. Doors bany ad and petticoats business to be. Doors bang and petticoats whisked in the upper regions. Somethi

depend upon it, something wrong! "We had —depend upon it, something urong! "We had much better go away. My dear, order the car-riage."—"Louiss, love, no more dancing; your pupa is going."—"Good-afternoon, Lady Lan-die!"—"Haw! thanks very much!"—"So sorry for dear Blanche!"—"Oh, it's been toe charm-ing!" So Society jabbered its poor, nossensival little jargon, and got itself politely out of the way

before the storm came.

This was exactly the consummation of events which Sir Patrick had been waiting in the

acclusion of the garden,

There was no exading the responsibility which was now thrust upon him. Lady Lundie had as-nounced it as a settled resolution, on her part, to trace Anne to the place in which she had taken refuge, and discover (purely in the interests of virtue) whether she actually was married or not. Blanche (already overwrought by the excitement of the day) had broken into an hysterical passion of tears on hearing the news, and had then, on recovering, taken a view of her own of Anne's fight from the house. Anne would never have kept her marriage a secret from Blanche; Anne would never have written such a formal farewell letter as she had written to Blanche-if things were going as smoothly with her as she was try ing to make them believe at Windygates. Some dreadful trouble had fallen on Anne-and Blanche was determined (as Lady Lundie was determined) find out where she had gone, and to follow,

and help her.

It was plain to Sir Patrick (to whom both lale was plain to Sir Patrick at separate interdies had opened their hearts, at separate interviews) that his sister-in-law, in one way, and his nince in another, were equally likely—if not duly restrained—to plunge headlong into acts of in-discretion which might lead to very undesirable

discretion which might lead to very undesirable results. A man in authority was sorely needed at Windygates that afternoon—and Sir Patrick was fain to acknowledge that he was the man.

"Much is to be said for, and much is to be said against, a single life," thought the old gentleman, hobbling up and down the sequestered garden-path to which he had retired, and applying himself at shorter intervals than usual to the track of his inverser. "This, however, is I hands of his trury case. "This, however, is, I take it, certain. A man's married friends can't prevent him from leading the life of a bachelor, if he pleases. But they can, and do, take devilable good care that he shan't enjoy it!"

Sir l'atrick's meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a servant, previously instruct-ed to keep him informed of the progress of events at the be

They're all gone, Sir Patrick," swid the man. "That's a comfort, Simpson. We have no visitors to deal with now, except the visitors who are staying in the house?

None, Sir Patrick. "They're all gentlemen, are they not?"
"Yes, Sir Patrick,"

"That's another comfort, Simpson. Very good. I'll see Lady Lundie first."

Does any other form of human resolution ap-proach the firmness of a woman who is bent on discovering the frailties of another woman whom she hates? You may move rocks, under a given set of circumstances. But here is a delicate being in petticoats, who shricks if a spider drops on her neck, and shudders if you approach her after hav-ing eaten an onion. Can you move her, under a given set of circumstances, as set forth above? Not you!

Patrick found her ladyship instituting her Inquiries on the same admirably exhaustive sys-tem which is pursued, in cases of disappearance, by the police. Who was the last witness who had seen the missing person? Who was the last servant who had seen Anne Filvester? Begin with the men-servants, from the butler at the top to the stable-boy at the bottom. Go on with the women-servants, from the cook in all her glory to the small female child who weeds the gurden. Lady Landie had server gurden. Lady Landie had cross-examined her way downward as far as the page, when Sir l'at-

rick joined her.
"My dear lady! pardon me for reminding you again, that this is a free country, and that you have no claim whatever to investigate Miss Silvester's proceedings after she has left your house

Lady Lundie mised her eyes, devotionally, to the celling. She looked like a martyr to duty. If you had seen her ladyship at that moment, Lundie raised her eyes, devotionally, to would have said yourself, "A marter to

duty."
No, Sir Patrick! As a Christian woman,
"No, Sir Patrick! As a Christian woman,
"No, This un that is not my way of looking at it. This un-happy person has lived under my roof. This unhappy person has been the companion of Blanche. I am responsible—I am, in a man-ner, morally responsible. I would give the world to be able to dismiss it as you do. But no! I must be satisfied that she as married. In the interests of propriety. For the quieting of my own conscience. Before I lay my head on my pillow to night, Sir Patrick—before I lay my head on my pillow to-night!"

"One word, Lady Landie-" "One word, Lady Landie-"
"No!" repeated her ladyship, with the most pathetic gentleness. "You are right, I dare say, from the worldly point of view. I can't take the worldly point of view. The worldly point of view hurts me." She turned, with impressive gravity, to the page. "You know where you will go, Jonathan, if you tell hes!"

Jonathan was lazy, Jonathan was pimply, Jonathan was fat—but Jonathan was orthodox. He answered that he did know: and what is

He answered that he did know; and, what is more, he mentioned the place.

Sir Patrick saw that further opposition on his part, at that moment, would be worse than use-less. He wisely determined to wait, before be interfered again, until Lady Lundie had thor-oughly exhausted herself and her inquiries. At the same time—as it was impossible, in the present state of her ladyship's temper, to provide against what might happen if the inquiries after Anne unluckily proved successful—he decided

on taking measures to clear the house of the guests (in the interests of all parties) for the next

four-and-twenty hours.

"I only want to ask you a question, Lady
Landie, he resumed. "The position of the
gentlemen who are staying here is not a very
pleasant one while all this is going on. If you had been content to let the matter pass without notice, we should have done very well. As things are, don't you think it will be more convenient to every body if I relieve you of the responsibili-

ty of entertaining your guests?"
"As head of the family?" stipulated Lady

"As head of the family!" answered Sir Pat-

"I gratefully accept the proposal," said Lady Lundie.

"I beg you won't mention it," rejoined Sir Patrick.

He quitted the room, leaving Jonathan under examination. He and his brother (the late bir Thomas) had chosen widely different paths in life, and had seen but little of each other since the time when they had been boys. Sir Patrick's recollections (on leaving Lady Lundie) appeared to have taken him back to that time, and to have fragined him with a certain tenderness for his boother's memory. He shook his bead, and sighed a sad little sigh. "Poor Tom!" he said to himself, softly, after he had shut the door on his brother's widow. "Poor Tom!"

On crossing the hall, he stopped the first servant he met, to inquire after Blanche. Miss Blanche was quiet, up stairs, closeted with her maid in her own room. "Quiet?" thought Sir Patrick. "Thut's a bod sign. I shall bear more of my nicee." to have taken bim back to that time, and to have

more of my niece.

Pending that event, the next thing to do was to find the guests. Unevring instinct led Sir Patrick to the billiard-room. There he found them, in solemn conclave assembled, wondering what they had better do. Sir Patrick put them all at their case in two mountes

"What do you say to a day's shooting to-mor-row?" he asked.

Every man present-sportsman or not-said

yes.
"You can start from this house," pursued Sir Patrick; "or you can start from a shooting-cottage which is on the Windygstes property—among the woods, on the other side of the moor. The weather looks pretty well settled (for Scot-land), and there are plenty of horses in the stables. It is uscless to conceal from you, gentle-men, that events have taken a certain unexpectwill be equally Lady Landie's guests, whether you choose the cottage or the house. For the next twenry-four hours (let us say)—which shall

Every body-with or without rheumatism-

"Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "It is arranged to ride over to the shooting-cottage this evening, and to try the moor, on that side, the first thing in the morning. If events here will allow me, I shall be delighted to accompany you, and do the honors as well as I can. If not, I am sure you will accept my apologies for to night, and permit Lady Lundie's steward to see

to your comfort in my place."
Adopted unanimously. Sir Patrick left the guests to their billiards, and went out to give the cessary orders at the stables.

In the mean time Blanche remained portentossly quiet in the upper regions of the house; while Lady Lundie stendily pursued her inqui-ries down stairs. She got on from Jonathan (last of the males, indoors) to the conchusa (first of the males, ont-of-doors), and dag down, man by man, through that new stratum, until she struck the stable-boy at the bottom. Not an atom of information having been extracted, in the house or out of the house, from man or boy, her lady-stup fell back on the women next. She pulled stop fell back on the women next. She pulled the hell, and summoned the cook—Hoster Deth-

A very remarkable-looking person entered the

Elderly and quiet; scrupulously clean; emi-neutly respectable; her gray her neat and smooth under her modest white cap; her eyes, et deep in their orbits, looking straight at person who spoke to her—here, at a first view, was a steady, trustworthy woman. Here also, on closer inspection, was a woman with the seal of some terrible past suffering set on her for the You felt it, rather than saw it, rest of her life. in the look of immovable endurance which un derlaid her expression-in the death-like tranquality which never disappeared from her man-ner. Her story was a sad one—so far as it was known. She had entered Lady Lundie's service at the period of Lady Lundie's marriage to Sir Thomas. Her character (given by the clergy-man of her parish) described her as having been manried to an inveterate drunkard, and as having seeffored unauterably during her husband's lifetime. There were drawbacks to engaging her, now that she was a widow. On one of the many occasions on which her husband had per-sonally ill-treated her, he had struck her a blow which had produced very remarkable nervous results. She had lain insensible many days together, and had recovered with the total loss of her speech. In addition to this objection, she was odd, at times, in her manner; and she made was odd, at times, in her mather; and she made it a condition of accepting any situation, that she should be privileged to sleep in a room by her-self. As a set-off against all this, it was to be said, on the other side of the question, that she was sober; rigidly honest in all her dealings; and one of the best cooks in England. In con-sideration of this last merit, the late Sir Thomas had decided on giving her a trial, and had dis-covered that he had never dined in his life as he dined when Hester Dethridge was at the head

of his kitchen. She remained, after his death, in his widow's service. Lady Lundie was far from liking her. An unpleasant suspicion ated to the cook, which Sir Thomas had overlooked, but which persons less sensible of the immense importance of dining well could not fail to regard as a serious objection to her. Medical men, consulted about her case, discovered certain physiological anomalies in it which led them to suspect the woman of feigning dumbness, for some reason best known to herself. She betinarely declined to learn the deaf and dumb alphabet—on the ground that dumbness was not associated with deafness in her case. Strataeems were invented (seeing that she really did gents were inventon (seeing that she really did possess the use of her ears) to entrap her into also using her speech, and failed. Efforts were made to induce her to answer questions relating to her past life in her husband's time. She flatly declined to reply to them, one and all. sin intervals, strange impulses to get a holiday away from the house appeared to seize her. If she was resisted, she passively declined to do her work. If she was threatened with dismissal, she impenerably bowed her head, as much as to say, "Give me the word, and I go." Over and over again, Lady Lundie had decided, naturally enough, on no longer keeping such a servant as this; but she had never yet carried the decision to execution. A cook who is a perfect mistress of her art, who asks for no perquisites, who al-lows no wasts, who never quarrels with the other servants, who drinks nothing stronger than tea, who is to be trusted with untold gold—is not a cook easily replaced. In this mortal life we put up with many persons and things, as Lady Lun-die put up with her cook. The woman lived, as it were, on the brink of dismissal; but thus far the woman kept her place—getting her holidays when she asked for them (which, to do her justice, was not often), and sleeping always (go where she might with the family) with a locked door, in a room by herself.

Hester Dethridge advanced slowly to the table

Hester Dethridge advanced slowly to the table at which Lady Lundie was sisting. A slate and pencil hung at her side, which she used for making such replies as were not to be expressed by a gesture or by a motion of the head. She took up the slate and pencil, and waited with stony submission for her mistress to begin.

Lady Lundie opened the proceedings with the regular formula of inquiry which she had used with all the other recreates.

with all the other servants.

"Do you know that Miss Silvester has left the

The cook nodded her head affirmatively.

"Do you know at what time she left it?"

Another affirmative reply. The first which
ady Lundie had received to that question yet.

She eagerly went on to the next inquiry.

"Have you seen her since she left the house?"

A third affirmative reply.

Where?" Hester Dethridge wrote slowly on the slate, in singularly firm upright characters for a woman in her position of life, these words:

the road that leads to the railway. Nigh to Mistress Chew's Farm.

to Mistress Chew's Farm."

"What did you want at Chew's Farm?"

Hester Dethridge wrote: "I wanted eggs for the kitchen, and a breath of fresh air for myself."

"Did Miss Silvester see you?"

A negative shake of the head.

"Did she take the turning that leads to the

radway?

Another negative shake of the bead.

Another regard the moor?"

An uffirmative reply,

"What did she do when she got to the moor?" Hester Dethridge wrose: "She took the foot-oth which leads to Craig Fernie."

Lady Lundie rose excitedly to her feet. There vas but one place that a stranger could go to at traig Fernie. "The inn!" exclaimed her lady-Craig Fernie thip. "She has gone to the inn!"

Hester Dethridge waited immovably. Lady

Lundie put a last precautionary ques these words:

"Have you reported what you have seen to any body else?"

An afformative reply. Lady Lundie had not bar-gained for that. Hester Dethridge (she thought) must surely have misunderstood her.
"Do you mean that you have told somebody else what you have just told me?

Another affirmative reply.

"A person who questioned you, as I have

A third affirmative reply. Who was it?'

Hester Dethridge wrote on her slate: "Miss

Lady Lundie stepped back, staggered by the discovery that Blanche's resolution to trase Anne Silvester was, to all appearance, as firmly settled as her own. Her step-daughter was keeping her own counsel, and acting on her own responsibility—her step-daughter might be an awkward ob-stacle in the way. The manner in which Anne had left the bouse had mortally offended Lady An inveterately vindictive woman, she had resolved to discover whatever compromising elements might exist in the governess's secret, and to make them public property (from a paramount sense of duty, of course) among her own circle of friends. But to do this—with Blanche acting (as might certainly be anticipated) in direct opposition to ber, and openly esponsing Miss Silvester's interests—was manifestly im-

possible The first thing to be done-and that instant was to inform Blanche that she was discovered, and to forbid her to stir in the matter.

Lady Lundie rang the bell twice—thus inti-mating, according to the laws of the household, that she required the attendance of her own maid. She then turned to the cook—still waiting her pleasure, with stony composure, slate in hand.

"You have done wrong," said her ladysing, severely. "I am your mistress. You are bound to answer your mistress.—" Hester Dethridge bowed her head, in ity ac-knowledgment of the principle said down—so

The bow was an interruption. Lady Lundis

"But Miss Blanche is not your mistress," she went on, sternly. "You are very much to blame for answering Miss Blanche's inquiries about Miss Silveste

Hester Dechridge, perfectly unmoved, wrote her justification on her slate, in two stiff sen-tences: "I had no orders set to answer. I keep nobody's secrets but my own."

That reply settled the question of the cook's dismissal—the question which had been pending for mouths nest.

for months past.

You are an insolent woman! I have home with you long enough—I will bear with you no longer. When your mouth is up, you go."
In those words Lady Lundie dismissed Hester

Not the slightest change passed over the sin-ister tranquillity of the cook. She bowed ber head again, in acknowledgment of the sentence pronounced on her-dropped her slate at her side-turned about-and left the room. The woman was alive in the world, and working in the world; and yet (so far as all human interests were concerned) she was as completely out of the world as if she had been screwed down in

her coffin, and laid in her grave, Lady Lundie's maid came into the room as

left it. "Go up stairs to Miss Blanche," said her mistress, "and say I want her here. Wait a min-ute!" She pansed, and considered. Blanche tite!" She paused, and considered. Blanche might decline to submit to her step-mother's interference with her. It might be necessary to appeal to the higher authority of her guardian. "Do you know where Sir Patrick is?" asked Lady Lundie.
"I heard Simpson say, my lady, that Sir Patrick was at the stables."
"Send Simpson with a message. My compliments to Sir Patrick—and I wish to see him immediately."

mediately.

The preparations for the departure to the shooting-cottage were just completed; and the one question that remained to be settled was, whether Sir Patrick could accompany the party—when the man-servant appeared with the

"Will you give me a quarter of an hour, gen-tlemen?" asked Sir Patrick. "In that time I shall know for certain whether I can go with you or not."

As a matter of course, the guests decided to wait. The younger men among them (being Englishmen) naturally occupied their leisure time in betting. Would Sir Patrick get the better of the domestic crisis? or would the domestic crisis get the better of Sir Patrick? The domestic crisis was backed, at two to one,

Punctually at the expiration of the quarter of an hour, Sir Patrick reappeared. The mestic crisis had betrayed the blind confide

mestic crisis had betrayed the blind confidence which youth and inexperience had placed in it. Sir Patrick had won the day.

"Things are settled and quiet, gentlemen; and I am able to accompany you," he said. "There are two ways to the shooting-cuttage. One—the longest—passes by the inn at Craig Fernie. I am compelled to ask you to go with me by that way. While you push on to the cottage, I must drop behind, and say a word to a person who is staying at the inn."

person who is staying at the inn."

He had quieted Lady Lundie—he had even quieted Blanche. But it was evidently on the condition that he was to go to Craig Fernie in their places, and to see Anne Silvester himself. Without a word more of explanation he mount-ed his horse, and led the way out. The shoot-ing-party left Windygates.

ON THE ROCKS.

The old horse, dragging the old wagon, pur-sued his way at a melancholy jog-trot through the woods. His equine soul was bitter within him. This was the twenty-first time within a him. This was the twesty-first time within a formight that he had passed over that very read. He hazed—as a horse may—the summer season, the summer tourists, and this postession of "the Quintette." But what could be do? He was too weary and ill-fed to run away. Nothing better occurred to him than to doggedly resolve out to a fester and to this determination he not to go faster, and to this determination he

dhered—come what might.

Four only of "the Quintette" occupied the Four only of "the Quintette" occupied the wagon. Laurence, whip in hand, was perched in front, his legs dangling over the traces. He was wont to boast a listle of his skill in keeping Dolly up to her work; but to-day his artistic snappings and cuttings were all in vain. Mab and Amy, dividing the responsibility of the rains, came next; and behind, on the back seat, sat Milda have. Hilds-alone.

Hilds—slone.

This was something so out of the common order of things that all had taken notice of it in their own fashion. Lanrence had attempted a trifling joke or two, received in stony silence, and now the girls were twisting their heads round every minute, on various pretexts, to study Hilds's face. It was no use. The face looked a little pale, but quite unreadable. She joined in the talk now and then—perhaps as often as usual—but her voice lacked its usual ring, and a silent conviction that matters were ring, and a silent conviction that matters were going wrong took possession of the party. "There's the Doctor now," cried Laurence, suddenly, in a tone of relief. "Where? I don't see him."

"Up that path to the right-just coming out 's gate. Where are your eyes, child?"
"Oh yes—stop, Laurence—he's coming to

Dr. Sterling emerged from the woods and approached them. A strong active figure - not very tall, but with something of a military bearing in the square shoulders and about the set head. Cool gray eyes, too, and a firm mouth, as of one accustomed to command.
"Doctor, won't you get in now and ride the

rest of the way?"

The Doctor took one look at Hilda before an Her face was averted; but the profile,

swering. Her face was averted; but the prome, with its drooped eyelids and compressed lips, looked cold and uninviting.

"Thank you; no, Miss Amy. Dolly has a sufficient load, I think. I prefer to walk;" and with a slight, general bow the alert figure moved to contain the property of the state of the st on, outstripping Dolly in a moment, and van-ished round a curve. Laurence tried a fresh series of persuasions upon the luckless Dolly, but without avail, and a damp seemed to fall on the spirits of the party.

What does it mean?" whispered little Mab. A shake of the head and a grim little mose was the only reply she got. Amy didn't know—no-body knew—what it was that, happening on the leach that morning, had made Hilda and the

Doctor so unlike themselves,

Nobody ever can know but the parties most concerned the intricacies of a lovers' quarrel. It springs up, rapid as a thunder-gast, from some cause, absurdly small perhaps—a trifle, easy to pass over in the case of an indifferent person, but possessed suddenly of momentous im-portance in this. The two natures, all charged with electrical perceptions; thrilling with newly-found capacities, affinities, wishes; bewildered with the new Heaven and new Earth upon which they have entered; groping, as in the dark, to find out the whole of each other—of themselves; the whole world tremulous with fresh mysterious meaning-what wonder if in this wonderful, balf-discovered realm they sometimes come to-gother with a clash, and that clash strikes fire! To those who stand pledged heart to heart these storms may come and pass, leaving the air freer and the sky more blue. But Hilda and ber and the sky more blue. For Filds and ser lover had not reached that stage. Little by lit-tle they had drawn close to each other. The stient, drifting chain of circumstances, which seem in this world to make us their sport—now seem in this worst to make us their sport—now uniting, now separating—had in this case been favorable. No contrary eddy had set in—the winds blew softly. All this haloyon formight they had neared each other with rapid progress. Each day, with its radiance of peace and pleasure, had woven a more assured spell over their hearts. And yet this morning a storm-wind had begun, and it might go on to blow and tenr asunder the two lives which seemed so nearly

one.
"A trifle light as air." Yet here was the Doctor, far on his way to "The Head," chewing the cud of bitter fancies, and shattering the investigant cuts from his care bushes with quick, impatient cuts from his cane

as he passed; and here was Hilda sulking in the back seat of the wagon.

No; I beg Hilda's pardon. It was not sulks
—her nature was too fine for that. Poor child!
she felt all turned cold within—all but her heart
—that ached pitifully. She was too proud to
show it, however, and so her fair, clearly-cut
face looked hard and set.

The week was though forward thickets of

The road ran through fragrant thickets of arbor-vitze and juniper. Overhead the intense sky looked through the tree-tops. Cat-birds and robins were singing—it was a day for happiness; but dear me! how little she cared! How little any of as care about such things

when we happen to be miserable!

And now the woods were passed, and they came out upon a sparkling little cove fringed with a line of creamy foam. To the right was a field of yellow grain which swept its waring tassels up the sides of a vast rocky headland; beyond and beyond that, encircling every thing, was a ring of waveless turquoise, whose horizon line rose and met the curving dip of another sea, whose azure was flecked with clouds of gold and snow-like bright islands. The serenity, the perfection of color, the softness of the wind which met their faces, gave no token of the might that lurked within this beauty; but the deep, low thunder of the surf upon the far-away cliff spoke of the force with which, even on the calmest days, the water threw itself upon the land. What a storm might be upon "The Head" very few peo-

ple had ever cared to experience.

A fisherman's but stood at the entrance of the in the doorway stood a tall old woman-their

grandmother.

All of them knew her, and they stopped to speak. The stern face softened at the courteous

greeting and the sweet young faces.
"Come in, won't you?" she said. "And have some blueberries and milk."

"Oh, thank you; but I guess not, Mrs. Judson. We are in a hurry to get to the rocks.
The surf is so fine to-day, and the tide changes
in an hour or two. We're very much obliged to
you, though."

"Just as you like."

At the fence the Doctor stood, with a bar down, to help them over. A spray of wild roses was in his hand. He glanced at Hilda as she passed, and handed the flowers to Mah.

"Thank you," said Mab, a little frightened; and she made haste up the hill after her familiar Kate. She had a feeling as if the roses burned her fingers. This was little Mab's first expeher fingers. This was little Mab's first experience of a love affair. She had watched it with intense interest—the apparent hitch grieved her not a little.

"What can we do about it, Amy?" she whis-pered, as they panted up the hill. "It is so for-lorn and strange. Cen't we do any thing?"

"Nothing at all. Just act as if every thing was as usual; perhaps it will all come right yet.

Any way, it will get worse and worse if we take

Amy sighed as she spoke. She, too, had invested a deal of tender sympathy in Hilda's romance, and she had experience enough to know the mischief small misunderstandings make. Those "little rifts within the lute"—what sweet

Those "little rifts within the lute"—what sweet music they have silenced!

Hilda and the two young men walked side by side without speaking. What help she needed in the climb she accepted from Laurence. It was a hard scamble up the steep hill, with its gnarled tree-roots and its slippery mosses and lichens; but a harder still on the other side, where the jagged granite boulders fronted the sea. Lifted and jumped, and swang from rock to rock, the girls made the descent and reached at last their bourne, a flat, broad platform just above the water. It exactly held the party, and here they had seent many a harsey morning dur-

above the water. It exactly need the party, and, here they had spent many a happy morning dur-ing this eventful fortright.

Directly opposite was a low, cavernous opening in the bollow cliff. Into this each moment great emerald-green billows were pouring, sucked in with a bellowing like thunder, and then dashed forth a cataract of yeast-white foam. The sun struck the edge of each wave with sharp, dazzling glints as it poised before the plunge, and danced upon the returning torrent, changing its white into a mass of seething, turbulent minbows. Beyond lay the sea, sleeping in calm, unruffled blue, and the islands in the buy gleamed golden

in the sun.

What levely days they had spent on that rock!

Days filled with the exhilaration of the wonderful air and the half rapture, half terror which au-tends a thing we feel to be so infinitely greater than ourselves. Days of happy silence mosely, than ourselves. Days of happy shence mosely, when now and then a scrap of song or a tinkling laugh broke the quiet, but where conversation was wont to lapse into repose as tranquil but more intense than that of sleep. Hilds and the Doctor occupied usually a rocky shelf so near the waves that they occasionally haptized it by a shower of spray. Wrapped in the same immense shower of spray. Wrapped in the same immense plaid, they would sit for hours, speaking some-times in low tones, but more often lost in a si-lence no less eloquent than speech. To-day nei-ther of them approached the similiar spot. Hibla nestled down in a remote corner by little Mab, and Dr. Sterling, absorbed in dropping bits of rock into the water, had now and then a word

for Amy, but for no one else.

Something was very wrong. All felt it. No snatches of song arose. Laurence didn't venture on a single conundrum. Puzzled little Mab felt the silence oppressive, but she couldn't think of a word to say. The hollow roar of the spouting horn came with a foreboding moan. "How rough it is to-day!" said Laurence at

"How rough it is to day!" said Laurence at last, chucking a pebble into the waves.

"It's just the day for Miss Archer to drop her hat again, isn't it?" said Amy.

"Who's Miss Archer?"

"Day you know? "The girl who towed her.

"Don't you know? The girl who tossed her hat into the sea one day off that rock, and dared

her lover to jump in after it."
"And did he?"

"And did he?"

"Yes. But he was obliged to swim all the way round to the Cove before he could land. He would have been dashed to pieces here."

"More fool he." said Laurence. "I'd have seen the young lady hanged first."

"It's just the Knight De Lorge over again, isn't it?" put in little Mab.

"Then I bope he threw the wet hat in her face; don't you, Doctor?"

"No," said Dr. Serling. "A gentleman wouldn't do that. But I hope from that day he saw her as she was and despised her."

Something in the tone brought a flush to Hilda's pale cheek. "How hard he is!" she sighed to herself—"hard and cruel;" and the pain at her

heart grew more miscrahle.
"I move we have lunch," said Laurence, desperate at the failure of each attempt at enliven-ment. The basket was produced, the sandwiches esten, but neither gingerbread nor claret served to brighten the gloom. Little Mah nibbled her biscuit like a frightened mouse, and even Lan-rence cracked his egg-shells in silence. It was no me. The Hend was not like itself

It was no use. The Hend was not like itself that day. The foam was white, the distance blue as ever, the waves dashed and churned with the same melodious ravings—but the charm was gone. Long before the usual time they turned to go, and, for the first time, without one sigh of regret. Hilds and Amy far in advance, and Laurence and Dr. Sterling lifting Mab up the

The old grandmother stood as before in the door of her cottage. She looked more grim and stern than ever; Amy thought perhaps offended at the rejection of her morning's hospitality, and

at the rejection of the stopped to speak.

"It's a beautiful day on the rocks." The
"It's a beautiful day on the rocks." A sed thing has stern face grow sterner. "A sad thing has happened since you passed here this morning, young ladies," she said, in a harsh voice. "What was that?"

"A little boy has been drowned."

"A little boy! Whose?"

"My son's—there, in that well."

"Good Heaven!" cried Hilda. "How long was he in the water?"

"A quarter of an hour." You are sure he is dead?"

"So the men say; they tried all they knew.

Kate turned. Hilds was already half across the field—her flying feet retracing the path they had so lately trod. Just as little Mab was carehad so lately trod. Just as little Mab was carefully lifted down the last steep place by her two rany insed down the last steep pince by her two escorts she reached them—panting, breathless, her ire all gone. She rushed to Dr. Sterling as to a haven of refuge, and grasping his arm cried, in breathless accents: "Oh, Frank! Hurry! hurry! You may be

"Hilda! Good God! What is it?" "The well! One of the children! Oh,

The quick professional instinct awoke. Without another word he was gone. The others, fol-lowing rapidly, saw him clear the fence at a bound, and disappear into the cottage before they were half across the field.

Amy was on her knees by the bedside where the child lay. A fair, pretty fellow, three years old. She had taken off his dripping clothes and out. She had taken our as dripping cooles and wrapped him in a blanket; the drip still hung heavily on his hair. What had been done to reasimate him could not be guessed—the fire was out; and in a corner of the kitchen sat the mother helplessly sobbing, while the other chil-dren clong about her knees.

Busily and belpfully Mab and Amy went to work lighting the fire, warming blankets, hest-ing water, and quieting the frightened children. Hilda, usually so active, seemed frozen to her place. With tightly-clasped hands she stood by the bedside motionless and silent, watching Laurence and the Doctor busied over the poor who lay with his little head hanging helplersly on one side like a snapped flower. With tender on one side like a snapped flower. With tender touch they were lifting him, first into one position, then another, at regular intervals; and now and then breathing in his mouth to inflate the longs. The old grandmother stood in the door, her rigid face and attitude full of hopeless misery. "It's no use, no use," she said, low to herself, more than once. Noiselessly the girls would creep up stairs with freshly-warmed blankets or bottles of hot water; and Laurence, meeting them, would express by a shake of the head his own waning As time went on the shakes grew sadder and sadder. But Hilda never moved; and her eves, steadfastly fixed on the Doctor, were full a new meaning.
It seemed to her that she had never truly seen

him before. Perhaps she never had. The gray eyes were no longer cool, they were warmed into tenderness by the compassion that filled them. The firm mouth quivered a little as the dextrous hands pursued their task, the face was very pale; but it wore a sweetness never there be fore. Hilda's own lips trembled with a tearful smile as she eatched him. Her eyes closed. In the depths of her heart she breathed a silent thanksgiving. "He is not cold, he is not cruel; wretch that I was to think so. Oh, Frank, my

Frank; thank God, yes are my Frank."

All was vain. The limbs hung lifeless, the eyes did not open, life and breath would not return. At last the Doctor paused. Gently he pressed down the blue-reined lids and composed the little form quietly upon its pillow. The old grandmother turned abruptly and descended the stairs. A burst of sobs arose in the kitchen, Laurence hurried down, and Hilda and Frank

Hairence hurred down, and Fluda and Frank found themselves alone.

He breathed a long, tired sigh. Perhaps nothing could have touched her so deeply as this unusual weariness. He was always so strong. Gently she moved forward and stood beside him. He turned, their eyes met; and in a "flash of silence" all was told and comprehended.

stience" all was told and comprehended.
"My darling," he said. That was all. He clasped her hand. She put her head down on his shoulder. It had never rested there before, but never nest felt more home-like to a tired hird. Hand in hand they stood, and without another word all was right between them. By the side of the dead child they entered into their new

Out of the blue and sparkle of the day-in the out of the one and sparse or use day in the midst of their restless, eager discontent—this piteous spectacle confronted them. Death has irresistible eloquence. They saw the truth—their love—their danger—and rebuked and softened, they thanked God. There was no need of further explanations.

was a sober party enough, which at last took the familiar road through the woods. tle was spoken. Mab and Amy had red circles about their eyes, but for all that they contrived to notice the chasped hands on the back sent, and the new and peaceful look, which rested like a glory on their Hilda's face, and they felt that was well.

And it was well. The vow breathed silently that morning in the fisherman's cottage has been fulfilled, and still the sweet story is going on. times. Care and disappointment belong to all; sove one another, and face ill together. For men or for women few things can be hoped for better than that. Many strive to attain thereto, and never enter in. In my own dreams I picture no happier fate—do you?

EGYPT AWAKENED.

Histores through old, husbed Egypt and its sands, Like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream; And time and things, as in that vision, even Keeping along it their cternal stands.

WHEN LEIGH HUNE, who never dreamed of LESSETS and his canal, wrote the beautiful son-net from which the above lines are taken, he had a vision of Egypt asleep: our artist, in the fine illustration on page 804, shows us Egypt awakened from the alumber of ages by the hand of the genius of modern civilization, and rousing herself to the practical work of the and reasing sersell to the practical work of the nineteenth century. She reposes against a fall-en column; on one side stand the eternal Pyra-mids, the mystical Sphinx, and a solitary repre-sentative of the sacred bird of old Egyptian mythology. These are types of the part, and are finely contrasted with the types of modern energy and progress — the steamboat, the rail-way, the factory—to which her eyes are directed. The same idea is repeated and enforced in the drawings underseath, in which the shores of the Red Sea, strewn with the dead of Phanaon's host, are contrasted with the same shores en-livened by the commerce and the industrial energy of the present age.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Is the late election in Chicago, when the coptest was between the regular Republican or "Barnacle" ticket, as it was called, and the Citizens' ticket, Phil Hoype, our old United States Consmissioner here, was a candidate on the "Barnacle" ticket for Alberman, and was, as was the late of the "Barnacle" ticket generally, defeated. The snowing after the election a friend went into the Consmissioner's office, and asked, "Thil, how was it that you did not got elected?" "which Phil replied, gmffy, "The folks in our word thought I had better attend to my duties as United States Commissioner than this with a lot of common secondrels, jobbers, and omiractors."

minister at an eating-house gave the order, east beef, well door, good and faithful servant."

A young man who had come into possession of a large property by the death of his brother was asked how he was getting abone. "Oh," said he, "I em having a dreadfait time! What with getting out let-ters of administration, and attending a probate court, and settling claims, I sometimes wish he hadn't died?"

Morgan Work or Flories-The prospectus of an all company.

A young enthusiast was talking to his intended, urging upon her speedy survings, and a start to speed the honer-moon in California. —I tell you," said he, his face glowing with enthusiasm, "California is the paradise of this earth. There's no use talking?" "No use folking?" excludined the lady, with a look of some surprise. "No use of talking," be explied, "Well, if there's no use talking," said the lady, "wast in the name of senses do you want of women there? I don't go!"

"Lottle," said a little visitor, "what makes your kitty so cross?" "Oh, "cause she's cutting teeth, I s'pect."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "I don't mean to instruste that this man is a covet-ous person, but I will but five to one that if you should halt a steel trap with a new three-cour piece, and pisce it within six inches of his mouth, you would eatch his soul. I wouldn't for a moment instruste that his would steal, but, may it pieces the court and gentlemen of the jury. I wouldn't trust him is a room with red-bot millistones, and the angel Gabriel to watch 'em."

"What shall I do?" exclaimed a superfastidious exquisite, as he paced his elegant apartment in fine frency; "what is to be done? I have scenned up hish d is violet, and my laundress has sent me my shirts d in none?"

"Is that clock right, over there?" asked a visitor, the other day. "Right over there," said the boy; "'tain't nowhere else!"

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Jenter Casas. Sen of old man Casar. Was been at Rome in his infancy, and, upon arriving at the estate of his manhood, became a Roman. Was a fighter and a writer of some note. His friend Brutos asked him one morning how many eggs he had eaten for breakfast, and he replied, "Et to Brute?" His friend, curraged at being called a brute, stabbed Casar quits dead.

dend.

Moramem—Author of the "Korn," an exciting romance, written in the Mammoth Care at Mecca. He was the originate, of a religious creed with which he stuffed Turkey, said tried to get up a broil in Greece, but failed. Many of his earlier followers suffered great persecution. Some of them were bound in Morecon, and borned at the stake. He had three temples while living—one at Mecca, and one on the other side of his bead. his bead.

Eving—one at Mecca, and one on the other side of his bead.

Buts or Watterswoo—An officer of the British army. Mr. Longfellow makes honorable meanten of him as the "Warden of she Cinque Parla." Cinque means five, and he was the protector of five principal ports, or strainginal points, usually denominated the Five Points. He lived to a ripe cild ago and died.

Gor Fawers—A warm-bearies, impulsive Englishman, who believed the British Parlianeess too good for this earth, and devised an expeditious method of elevating the members to a better sphere. He was interrupted in his good intentions, but for which circumstance he doubtless would have made a great noise in the world. He was excepted for his disinterested benevolence, and was subsequently burned in a place called Effigy.



DOWN AGAIN!

MR. PEABODY'S FUNERAL.

Wk give on page 800 an illustration of the funeral of the late Mr. George Prancoty, which took place in Westminster Abbey, where, on the 14th of November, his remains were deposited to await their removal to this countries. await their removal to this country. The ceremony was unusually impressive. Seldom has the venerable Abbey been so densely crowded on a funeral occasion. Nearly every one present, including many representatives of the working-classes, was dressed in mourning; and some of the English papers remark upon the absence of whispering and tittering, and uneasy shifting about, and the general hush that prevailed in the audience, as something singular and unusual; as if even the most thoughtless and frivolous, if any thoughtless and frivolous, if any such were there, were for once awell into silence and decorum. The seats of the choir were draped with black cloth, and the space be-tween the stalls was covered with a black carpet; the pulpit and reading-desk were hung with black, and beneath the lantern there was placed a bier covered with black velvet, relieved by a white border, on either side of which seats were reserved for the mouraers. The socrarium was inclosed by harriers of black cloth, and only a few highly privileged spectators were admitted to seats within its area.

Before the doors of the Abbey were opened many persons were waiting for admission, and, al-though there was little crowding and no confusion at the entrances, very soon every sent in nave and choir and transept was filled, a very considerable proportion of the occupants being lulies. Soon after twelve o'clock the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs arrived, elad in their scarlet gowns, and at once pro-ecoled to the seats reserved for them in the sacrarium. Lord CLARESPOS, Secretary of State for 41. AREKNES, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, General Gary, and Mr. Hears, representing her Majesty, had anticipated their arrival, and were already seated; and not long afterward Mr. Glanstox: passed quickly through the nave, and took his place by the noble earl. Neither the Premier nor any other member of the Government was in official costume. All were plain mourning dress. All wore plain mourning dress, and all, like the rest of the sper-

deceased philanthropist.

The grave, as shown in the illustration, had been prepared in the middle of the nave, not far from the west door; and here, with the usual ceremonies of the Church of England, the body was temporarily deposited. It will be brought to this country in her Majesty's ship Moserch, a turnet ship of the most recent construction, conveyed by national ships from the American and French navies. The Moserch was to leave Poetsmouth on the 8th of December, and is probably now on her way to our shores. deceased philanthropist.

carried some mark of mourning for the



GEORGE PEABODY.

The portrait of Mr. Peanony on this page is from an excellent photograph of the distinguished philanthropist by Mr. Henni Clauder, of London. The view of the house in which he was born is from a photograph by Beack, of Salem, Massachusetts, and represents the building as it-now stands. It was creeted near the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, except new covering, has since undergone very little alteration. The building on the left is part of the well-known glue manufactory of Mr. E. W. Urrow, which, with its several departments, occupies an area of about thirty acres of ground. an area of about thirty acres of ground.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEBRAL, IN NEW YORK.

WE give on page-812 an engraving of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, between Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, New York, as it will appear when completed. This magnificent structure, the corner-stone of which was laid in July, 1858, will be the largest ecclesiastical edifice in America, and will compare favorably, in size and architectural beauty, with the most celebrated cathedrals of Europe. The material of which it is constructed is white marble, with a substantial filling of height in and without, with a substantial filling of brick

masonry between the inner and outer walls. The style of archi-tecture is highly ornamented me-dieval Gothic, not the usual Ro-manesque or Byzantine to be found in most of the Roman Catholic churches in this country.

Catholic churches in this country.

The area covered by this building, including the walls and buttresses, is 46,500 aquare feet.

The space within the walls will affect ample room for fourteen thousand people; and it is compated that even nineteen thousand could be accommodated, should a great occasion ever draw so large a congregation together. The outside length of the edifice is 330 feet from buttress to buttress; inside the walls, 301 feet. The breadth at the transept is 172 feet, 120 above and below the point of intersection of transept and nave. The height from floor to the crown of the arched ceiling will be 110 feet, while the ceilings of the side sisles while the ceilings of the side aisles are 54 feet from the church floor, Along the aisles will be a row of chapels, fourteen in number, the height of each 17 feet. There are to be eight sacristies and two hap-tisteries at the east end of the church.

The high altar is to stand 48 feet east of the line of intersection of nave and transept. Back of this is to be a chapel, 48 feet in length, dedicated to the Virgin, richly and elaborately ornamented.

Our engraving shows the rich-ness of the architectural design, The central portal, on Fifth Ave-nuc, which is already erected, is 50 feet in height, and, like the others, is richly decorated. Over the great door a great circular window will admit the light to the interior through deaths page of interior, through double panes of rich stained glass. Rising above this window will be a crocketed gable and finial cross. On each gable and finial cross. On each side of the great portal, and over the side doors, two towers will rise square at the base, but finish octagonally. They are to be 320 feet in height, and crowned with a finial cross. The transcpt doors, which will open on Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, are to be 25 feet wide by 43 high, over each a cross.

Fifty-first streets, are to be 20 feet wide by 43 high; over each a grand window, ornamented with tich tracery, surmounted by a paneled gable, and terminated by a paneled gable, and terminated by a paneled 130 feet from the ground.

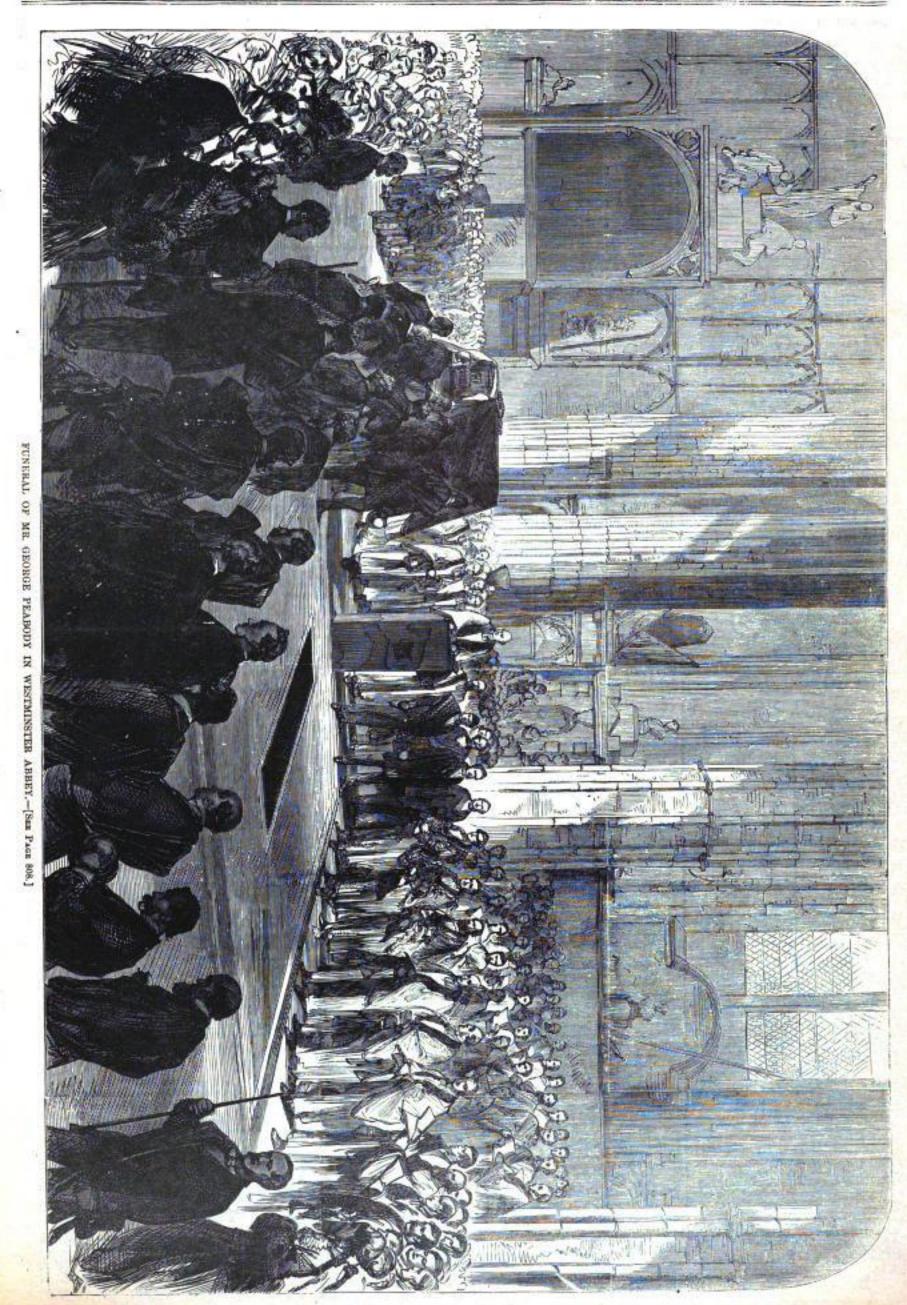
The number of large windows in the huilding will be feety-seven in the rear, thirteen on each side, and thirteen in the clear-story, to light the nave or central aisle. These windows are to have two thicknesses of glass, the outer frame being set two inches from the inner one. The interior will be richly ornamented. In one of the towers over the grand portal on Fifth Avenue the great bell is to be hung, and in the other the chimes. The cathedral will be heared by steam.

by steam.

The cathedral walls have attained a height of about 50 feet, and the work of building is stead-ily progressing; but several years must elapse before the completion of the edifice.



BIRTH-PLACE OF GEORGE PEABODY, SOUTH DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS, -[PROTOGRAPHED BY BLACK, SALEN, MASSACHUSETTS.]



Digitized by Godge

WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN.

WHEN the hay was mown, Maggie, In the years long ago,
And while the western sky was rich
With senses's rosy glow,
Then hand in hand close-linked we passed The dewy ricks between, And I was one-and twenty, Mag,

Your voice was low and sweet, Maggie; your votos was low and sweet, Maggie; Your wavy hair was brown; Your cheek was like the wild red rose That showfied its petals down; Your opes were like the blue speedwell, With dewy moisture sheen, When I was one-and-twenty, Mag, And you were seventeen.

The spring was in our hearts, Maggie,
And all its hopes were ours;
And we were children in the fields,
Among the opening flowers.

Ar! Life was like a summer day
Amid the woodlands green,
For I was one-and-twenty, Mag. And you were sevente

The years have come and gone, Maggie, With sunshine and with shade, And silvered is the silken hair That o'er your shoulders strayed In many a soft and wayward tress-The fairest ever seen— When I was one-and-twenty, Mag. And you were seventeen.

Though gently changing Time, Maggie, Has touched you in his flight, Your voice has still the old sweet tone, Your eye the old love-light; And years can never, never change The heart you gave, I ween, When I was one-and-twenty, Mag, And you were seventeen

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

En gfbe Boots .- Boot HEE.

CHAPTER V.

A SHADOW ACROSS THE SCHARING.

THE summer passed away monotonously at Ville Chiari. The host increased stendily. reached a climax, and then began as steadily to abate. All through the blazing months Sir John remained at the villa. The house backed in the glare of the long day with closed blinds, like a living thing asteep in the saushine. Then, toward evening, doors and windows were thrown open, and figures were seen soated beneath the loggia, or paring the shadiest garden walks, and the sound of footsteps echoed on the flagged court-ward.

As the days and weeks and months went by, and brought no tidings from Maud or the vicer, Varonica grew restlessly discontented. For some Varonica grew restlessly discontented. For some time anger supported her spirits. But by degrees she became tomested by apprehensions for her father's health. The apprehensions were only momentary, but they returned oftener and off-ener. She debuted the possibility that none of her letters had been received, and twisted the

matter this way and that way in her mind, Once she spoke to Sir John on the subject. It was after a fit of depression and tears, and she was unable to suffer alone. She felt impelled to make him share her pain.

"I do wonder how papa is!" she said, unexpectedly, as they were sitting alone together in

Sir John made no answer, but turned pneasi-

ly in his chair.
"I do wonder. I want to know. I must know !

"What is the meaning of this sudden anx-

lety?"

1. It is not sudden. Because I have kept it to

myself so long, you can not understand that I have been suffering all this time!" Veronica really thought for the moment that

she had been generously sparing him. She knew herself to have been unhappy at intervals, and omitted to observe that the first moment she had felt the desire to speak of her unhappiness to Sir-John, she had yielded to it without a thought of restraining herself for his sake.
"Well, what can I 30? Can I help it if they

to be anxious about? No news is good news."
"I wrote to Mand, I did think she would have answered me!"

"Bah! You are infatnated with that girl.

I wonder that a person of your intellect should be so taken in by her missish airs."
"You know nothing about Mand!" cried Ve-rouls, quickly. "You can not understand her one his."

one bit."

"Neither, it seems, can you," retorted Sir John. Praise of Maud always displeased him. Veronica's reverence and admiration for her ir-

ritated him peculiarly.

Veronica started up with a little childish exclamation of impatience, and walked to the win

dow.
"I must know how pape is!" she said. Her voice was changed now. There were certain deep tones in it which the mention of Mand colled forth.

Her pettishness disturbed Sir John much less

"Amor salo," he said, soothingly, "rest as-sured that if any evil had happened to your fa-ther, or if any evil threatened him even, you

would not fail to hear of it. There are picuty of kind, pious people in that Arcadian village who would cheerfully take on themselves the duty of imparting any thing disagreeable."

She was willing to be put on good terms with herself at any body's expense—save Mand's—and she smiled contemptuously at the recellection of the Shipley people.

"Can't you fancy their gloating over such a chance of punishing you for having had the courage to escape from among them?"

"If Principe Cenare de Barletti," announced a servant at this moment, and the title-k-title interview was at an end.

terview was at an end.

The prince was a constant, and nearly the nly, visitor at Villa Chiari throughout the sumonly, visitor at Villa Chiari throughout the summer. One or two other men came occasionally; a stray attaché, left behind in solitary responsibility during the absence of his chief, and bewailing his fate; a belared Prussian grandee, passing through on his way from the sea-baths at Leghorn to the northern side of the Alps. No English came, and no ladies.

Early in September people began to return to Florence. Veronica made various indirect attempts to see and to be seen by such of the fash-

tempts to see and to be seen by such of the fash-ionable world as were already to be found driving in the Cascine toward the sunset hour, and ing in the Caseine soward the senset hour, and inhaling the evening missma heroically. But Sir John opposed her desire in this particular. And had it not been for a hope which never abandoned her altogether (though it flickered low at times), and for Prince Cesare de' Barletti, she would, she told herself, have found the retain of the sectional life intelerable. ennui or her secluded life intolerable

Sir John encouraged Barletti to come. If he had not desired Barletti's presence at the villa, Sir John would unquestionably have been restrained by no delicacy from making his senti-ments manifest.

There were several causes which made our John willing to receive Barletti. The first was, that the Neapolitan amused him, played picquet fairly well (in truth, he could play much better than his host, but had not and temper enough never to hint at the fact), and brought up from never to hint at the fact), and brought up from There were several causes which made Sir never to hint at the fact), and brought up from the city little gossiping stories which Sir John the city little gossiping stories which Sir John relished. The second was, that Veronica was either pleasantly gay and good-tempered under the excitement of the stranger's presence, or, if she were otherwise, vented the haughty self-asserting humor of the hoar on Barletti, whom she treated at times with absolute insolence. Both these moods of hers were agreeable to Sir John the latter especially so. Then there was the circumstance that Barletti, with all his poverty and plancy, was undoubtedly the scien of an illustrious race. Now Sir John was not the scion of an illustrious race. He would not have openly admitted the fact, but he knew it. And it was neeffably soothing to any irritating doubts which he might occasionally entertain as to his own importance in the world, and as to the supremacy of wealth, to contemplate a penniless prince flattering him for a dinner.

As we are all apt to believe what we wish,

As we are all apt to believe what we wish, Sir John rather overestimated the attractions of his dinners, and the impression that his riches

made on Bar Early in October Sir John announced his inrearry in October Sir John amounced his in-tention of going to Naples for the winter. Ve-runics was genuinely delighted at the news. But, with a petty perversity which she some-times indulged in toward Sir John, she received it very coldly. He had made her summer pass in inexpressible boredom; and she was resolved not to gratify him by any too great readiness to be amused, the moment it suited him to amuse

"We shall be able to have a little gayety and soriety in Naples," said Sir John. "You de-serve some compensation, poverina, for the dull-

This provoked Veronica, and she answered without deigning to turn her eyes toward him : "I doubt the power of Naples to give me com-

pensation.

Sir John happened to be in a good temper.

His dinner had been varied, savory, and digustthic—three conditions not often combined—and
he hamoved her with an exasperating estentation. of furbearance.
"Michante! Did you in truth find the sum-

mer spent alone with me so dull?

"Yery!"
"Ha! I wonder, then, that you do not show more pleasure at the prospect of a change."
"I see no prospect of a change."
The words were barely uttered before she repeated them. Sir John's good temper, too roughly strained, had snopped. It was at all times brittle and entrustworthy.

He growled out an inerticulate onth. It was

not the first she had heard from his line addressed to herself.
"What a fool I am?" she thought; "I never

take advantage of his good moods, could but command myself!"

The truth was, that his "good moods" were almost the only moments in which she was not alraid of him. And the moments in which she was not afraid of him tempted her to revenge heared for her missions. horself for her subjection at most other times. There were other moments when, being roused to possissente anger, she lost fear and prudence. But such moments were still race in her inter-course wish the man whom she had made the

moster of her fate. She came and knelt beside him, resting her hand on his as it hung over the cushioned arm

of his chair,
"What will you do for me at Naples?" she

nsked, coaxingly.

He was about to unswer—not, as it seemed by his frowning brow and sneering smile, very gra-ciously — when his face changed, he made a strange inarticulate sound, and leaned back, gasping, in his chair.

Verenica flew to the bell to summon assist-

ance, then she lathed his forebead with some perfume from a bottle that stood near at hand, and fanned him with her handkerchief. "What is it? What is the matter?" she kept

asking, wildly. She reiterated her questions when Paul came into the room. Paul wasted no time in reassuring her. With

I'sel wasted to time in reasouring her. With a swiftness very surprising and unexpected in one whose movements were habitually so deliberate, he loosened his master's cravat. Then he ran to Sir John's bedroom and returned with a traveling flask, from which he poured a few drope of brandy down his master's throat.

When he had done so, he answered Veronica as calmly as though she had that instant put some ordinary question to him.

"A feature would! He will be have now

as calmly as though she had that instant put some ordinary question to him.

"A faintness, miladi. He will be better now.
It is passing."

Veronica stood by, scared and trembling.
Paul istched some cold water, and threw it sharply on his master's checks and forehead.

"Shall I not call some of the other servants?" said Veronica, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously. "Some one must be sent for a doc-tor."

tor."

"Better not, just yet. We shall hear what
he says. He is coming to himself."

Sir John did revive. Some semblance of life
returned to his face, which had grown strangely

His eyes fell on Veronica, and he turned them

away with a look of impationce.
"What is it?" she cried, bending over him.
"Can you not speak to me?"

"Can you not speak to me?"
Sir John feebly tried to raise his handkerchief
to his mouth, and failed. He looked appealingly at Paul, who immediately wiped the water from
his master's face, in a steady matter-of-course
way. Still Sir John did not speak.
Paul watched him intently; and at last said
to Veronica: "You had better go away, miladi.
I shall call Ansano by-and-by, and help Sir John
to his room. He will be down and repose for
an hour or so, and then he will be quite well.

an hour or so, and then he will be quite well again. The beat made him faint."

During this speech Paul kept his eye fixed on his master's face, and seemed to read in it approval and confirmation of his words; for he added, almost instantly: "Yes, yes; that is it. The heat made him faint. It is nothing; and

yon had better go away, miladi."

Veronica obeyed in bewilderment. She was glad to escape from the room; and yet she somethat resented being sent away

what resented being sent away.

She was walking quickly along the corridor that led to her own room, when she heard a voice close behind her: "Miladi!"

Her heart leaped at the suddenness of the

ound, and she turned round in terror. It was

"Pardon, miladi. I fear I startled you. The matting is so soft, it deadens footsteps. I only wanted to say that Sir John much wishes that the other domestics should not be told of his little indisposition. He dislikes a fuse, he says,

"Oh! he has spoken to you, then! How is

"Sir John is much better, miledi. The best

"Sir John is much better, miladi. The heat made him faint. It is nothing."

Vercoics sat down in her boudoir, and tried to think steadily of what had just happened. She did not believe that it had been a more fainting fit. There had been a strange look in Sir John's face, unlike any thing she had ever seen before. Was he very ill? Was he going to dis?

She rose and moved restleasly about the room Then she stopped suddenly, and reflected that Paul had shown no apprehension. Paul had even recommended that no doctor should be sent for. Paul knew Sir John well. He must know

Monther there were danger or not!

If—oh, if Sir John were going to die!

Her knees shook under her, and she threw herself on to a sofa. She lay there, stresched as full length, with her face buried in the cushions; her hair pushed aside, and her hands covering

her ears, as though to shut out some terribi one derivation of a heavy door echoed through the house, and for many minutes after the last reverberation had died away her heart

beat with drendful rapidity, and she waited in the tremor of suspense and fear, expecting to be summoned by Paul's voice. No one came. The afternoon was waning, and at last she heard one of the women-servants singing a Tuscan love-song, as she moved about the house at her work. That was a reassuring sound. Veronica sat up, feeling dizzy and half blind as she faced the There were no tears on her face, but it was deadly pale, except one crimson streak where she had pressed her cheek against the cushion. Her first act was to lock the door which communicated with the corridor. There was another door in the bondoir leading to her bedchamber, to which there was no other ac-

bederamber, to which there was no other ac-cess. Then she went to the looking-glass and contemplated herself.

"What a gloss I look!" she thought, "and how I have been tormenting myself! And per-haps for nothing, after all!"

She hesitated for a moment, but finally took a book from the table, unlocked the door of the

bondoir, rang the bell, and returned to the softs.
"Miladi rang?" said her maid, coming to the
door. Veronica had taught all the servants to

door. Veronica h Yes. What o'clock is it? I shall not dress for dinner. I fell askeep over my book, and have made my head ache. Get me some cau de cologne. Put on my peignoir, and shut out that glare. How red the sunset is! You must

brush my hair in the dark as well as you can.

I can not bear the light."

It was not dark when the maid had closed the persiennes, but it was dim. Veronica's white wrapper gleamed in the twilight. The

maid stood patiently brushing out her mistress' thick tresses in silence.

"Did you ever faint, Beppins?" asked her

"Faint? No, miladi."
"You have seen people in fainting fits, per-

Yes; I saw a girl once, who was in a dead

"There is no danger in them, of course?"

"Who knows!" answered Beppins, with an expressive shrug.

"What made the girl you saw faint?"

"Hunger, miledi."

"Hunger!"

"Yes. Her dame" had been a Garibaldino, and be got wounded in the ware; and when he came back to Florence, weak and sickly, he could get no work, and his people were too poor to help him, so Gigia—she was a dress-maker's could get no work, and his people were too poor to help him, so Gigia—she was a dress-maker's apprentice—kept him, and gave him nearly all her food. And one day, when she was going to her work, she turned giddy, and fell down in the street, and they took her to a hospital, and the doctor said she had not had enough to eat; and that that was all that was the matter with

er."
"How dreadful! It must be awful to be so

"Eh, che vaole? She couldn't have loved him more if she had been rich! And she saved his life, and that was a conschaione di Dio." "Sir John's love, miladi, and will you excuse him from coming into the dining-room? He will have the honor of joining you in the evening afterward."

Paul said these words from the boudoir, holding the door that communicated with the room in his hand.

"How is Sir John?" asked Veronica, in En-

"Sir John has reposed, miladi, and is quite well, only a little fatigued with the heat." "I shall not come down to dinner. Tell them to serve it in the little blue room next my bou-

"Yes, miladi. Then I shall tell the signor principe that miladi does not receive this evening?"

Very less was embeldered by the fact that Veronics was embeldened by the fact that, while Paul's face could be seen illumined by the setting sun, whose light streamed into the bou-doir, her own face was in shadow. She had sometimes been vexed with herself for being in sometimes been vexed with herself for being in a kind of awe under Paul's grave glance, and for having allowed more than one caprice and manifestation of willfulness to be chacked by its silent influence. Now she resolved to consult her own will and pleasure, and she threw a lit-tle superfluous asperity into the voice in which the appropried.

she answered: "No; certainly not! I have given you no

such directions."
"Miladi wishes to have the dinner served for

two in the blue room?"
"Yes. No! I will dine in the dining-saloon, and—is the prince here?"
"The signor principe is under the west loggia, smoking a cigar."

"Have you mentioned to him that Sir John
was—was not well?"
"Sir John does not choose me to say so, mi-

ladi.

"That will do. You will have a cover laid for the prince. I shall try to persuade him to stay to amuse and cheer Sir John a listle this

After all, she had not succeeded in simply is-suing her commands without apology or expla-nation to Paul.

The latter bowed and withdrew. Veronica waited until his footsteps had died away in the corridor; then she said, putting her hand to her furchead with the gesture of one struck with a sudden remembrance; "Ch, I

rgot to give Paul a message for Sir John! "Shall I go, miladi?" asked Beppina. "No, never mind. I will go myself. Give me a lace searf, or something to wrap over my head. That will do. Lay out a dinner dress— any thing light and cool. I shall return in a

minute Veronica passed through her boudoir and de-scended the staircase leading to Sir John's apart-ments, which were on the ground-foor. Ar-rived at the basement story, however, she en-tered one of the long suit of reception-rooms which occupied the whole west side of the villa; opened a glass door, and stepped out into the loggia. Cesare de Barietti was smoking in the loggis, as Paul had said. As soon as he per-ceived Veronica, he threw away his cigar and advanced toward her, has in hand.

THE PARRICIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE ROMAGNA.

L-THE SENTENCE.

"Ha is guilty, beyond all doubt!" The deep voice of the new Baron di Cruvelli rang eternly through the silent hall. The pale youth in the custody of the guards locked anxiously around, but found no friend.

but found no friend.

"He is guilty," continued the Baron. "I tremble—I shadder to assign so dread a crime, and so fearful a punishment to one so near and dear. But the law must have its course, and justice must be done.

A low marmar of assent arose from the audi-

ence.

It was in the principal hall of the Castello di Cruvelli. Six days before the late Baron had been found dead in his bed. Evident marks of poison were about him. His son had been the only one seen about the room. The Baron's brother had charged him with the murder, ar-

* Sweet-heart.

rested him, thrown him into the lowest dungeon, and vowed vengeance on him. He had then as-sumed the title and power of Baron di Cruvelli, and his first act had been the trial and condem-

nation of his nephew.
"Parricide!" cried the Baron, in an awful voice. "Look at me. What have you to say

voice. "Look at me. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Wresch!" cried the youth. "Do you dare to look me in the face? Murderer of my father, do you dare to murder the son also? Where is my mother? Have you slain het too?"

"Wretched boy! You but add to your crimes. Do not try to lessen your guilt by imputing it to me. As to your mother, she has fied, and has escaped for the present from the penishment due for her share in this fool crime."

"Thank God!" cried the youth, ferrently;
"she, at least, is safe from you. For my part
you can but kill me. Kill me, then, as you
killed my father. But remember this, that there is a time bereafter when he and I and all of us

is a time bereafter when he and I and all of us will rise up against you!"

The Baron's eyes blased with fury.

"Fool!" he cried, "every word that you sater only makes your face the worse."

"My fate can not be worse," calmly returned the other. "But oh! can it be possible that among all my father's followers there is not one who will help his can!" who will help his son!"

who will help his son!"

He looked around appealingly over the assembly. But fear rested upon the hearts of those who otherwise might have helped him.

"There is no sympathy for the particide, but there is a terrific punishment," cried the Baron, awagely. "Hear what our laws assign:

"He who is quilty of the foul and unnatural crime shall be inclosed noted in a suck with an

crime shall be inclosed naked in a suck with an aps, a cut, a fox, and a serpent; he shall then be thrown headlong from a high cliff into the running water, to the end that the sarth be not political with his blood.' Such, wretched youth, is the doom of the particide, and such shall be your fats. Prepare then for this, for I swear by St. Anthony that ere another hour you shall die."

The young man looked defautly at his tyrant, and was led away by the guards. An hour afterward a number of men were as-

The Baros stood on one side. His attendants, six in number, were near him. They held the young man firmly, so that he could not escape. The tower overlooked a river, which now, swolling with rain, reshed swiftly to the sea.

In a short time four more came up. They irew with them a leathern bag of large dimensions. In this was the horrible collection—a serpent, a fex, a cat, and an ape. At a sign from the Baron the attendants drew the youth

toward the sack.
The others held it partly open.

The young man was thrust in.
There was a fearful turnult inside. The stern

guards themselves averted their eyes.
"Away with him!" cried the Baron, in a

oarse voice.

In another instant the bag was hurled from the ower, and falling like lightning it spinshed luse the river below.

"Any way, he's got one chance," muttered a guardsman between his teeth; "I gave him my kuife!"

II .- ESCAPE.

A raw hundred yards below the Castello di Cruvelli there was a thick-grown copen which projected into the river. Here, not long after the scene just narrated, a young man had con-cealed himself. He was naked. Blood issued from different wounds, and in his hand he held

Here, concealed from view, he looked out upon the world around him. The vast pile of the Castello di Cruvelli arose not far away, built upon a high bank of the river which forms nation of a projecting spur from the Apen-At its base a little collection of houses

nines. At its base a little collection of houses was clustered. In the distance the wide Roman Campagna spread away.

Evening was now coming rapidly on, and soon the sun sank down below the western horizon. Then the young man left his lurking-place, and stole on cautiously toward the castle. Darkness stole on cautiously toward the castle. Darkness soon covered the whole land, and be reached the little hamlet unobserved. One of the cottages stood a little spart from the others and outside the limits of the hamlet. There were voices within. He knocked at the door. Soon steps

were heard, and a man appeared.
"Who is there?" said be, as he opened the
door and peered out into the dark.

"An unfortunate," said the other, "who has been robbed by brigands, and stripped even of his clothes. Have you an old coat to spare, so that I may conceal my nakedness?"
"Brigands!" gaid the other. "prove death!

that I may conceat my makedness?"

"Brigands!" said the other; "poor devil! I think I may promise you a coat, though it is a ragged one. Wait a moment."

The man went in, and soon returned with several articles of clothing, coarse but serviceable, and the young man received them and put them on with ferrent expressions of gratitude.

"Come in, friend," said the cottager, at last.
"No." said the other: "do you come out: 1

"No," said the other; "do you come out; I have a word to say to you."

"Ah!" said the other, cautiously; "can you not say it here?"

"Do not fear; It is something which I do not wish to be overheard."

After some hesitation the cottager stepped out and went off to a little distance with the other.

"Well, what is it that you have to say?"
"Do you know me?"
"No."

The state of the s

"Do you recognize my voice, Maffeo?"
"Holy Saints!" cried the other, in a voice of
rror. "Who are you? What is it that you ant with me?"

"Maffeo, is this your fidelity?"
"Are you not dead, then? Oh, my dear master?" cried Maffeo, incredulous at this won-

der.
"God has delivered me," said the other, sol-elmoly, "by almost a miracle."

"But you were thrown into the river," said the other, wonderingly.

"But you were thrown into the river," said the other, wonderingly.

"Ay, but I had a knife, and I cut the bag. I am safe. I am here. I will be avenged."

"And I will lay down my life for you, my lorl and master," cried Maffeo, kneeding down and kissing the hand of the young man.

"How are the peasantry? "Are they faithful to me, or traitors?"

"Exceptions."

"Faithful, my lord, to your father's memory and to you. They mourn over your fate, and exercise burderer."

"The servants in the house are false."
"No, my lord; most of them would gladly have saved your life. But they were afraid. They could only pity you in silence, and pray to Heaven to avenge you."

"I must let them know that I am alive "Then there is no time to lose," said Maffee,

in an altered voice.

"What do you mean?" cried the young Baron, startled at the change in his tone.

Maffeo was silent for a moment.
"Tell me," urged the other, "Do you think, after what I have suffered, that there is any thing h I can not bear?"

Maffeo besitated

"Tell," said the other, vehemently.
"They have captured the Countess."
"My mother!" exclaimed the other, in a do-

spairing voice.

Maffee was silent.

"No time is to be lost. I must save her or perish. If I can not save her, then I will die. Doath will then be better than life. Maffeo, Death will then be besser track and you must stand by me."
"Until death," said Maffeo, fervently; and he kissed his master's hand.
"It is well," said the young Baron.

III .- THE EXECUTION

YES, the Baroness di Cravelli had indeed been captured. Flying for her life from the marderer of her husband, she had been pitilessly pursued; and the pursuit was too close for her to escape. They had seized her at a piace which was three days journey from the eastle, and brought her back on the very evening of the day when her son had been thrown over the battlements.

The Baroness had never dreamed that such a nate could possibly be in stees for her son. The Barone, who was incapable either of pity or remores, received her with a malignant smile, and told her of her son's fate. The horror of this

told her of her son's fate. The horror of this overwhelmed her, and she fell senseless to the

ground.
"Carry ber away and restore her," said the

The attendants carried her away, pityingly. They were under the power of the Baron, and dared not refuse. Yet there were few in that castle who would not have gladly raised their hands against the tyrant, if only some leader could have appeared and given the word. They enticipated the fate which was in store for their love, and gentle mistreas, and shuddered.

On the following day the Baron summoned his prisoner before his mock tribunal, and subjected her to a cruel examination. He charged upon her the guilt of her hasband's death, informed her that her son had justly been punished, according to law, for sharing in her trime, and told her that her sex alone saved her from a similar fate. He told her that he would be merciful, and, instead of dooming her to a death like his, he would allow her a milder fate: She should only be behended.

The Baroness was too much overwhelmed by

The Baroness was too much overwhelmed by

The haroness was no much overwheathed by her despire to utter a word.

She stood up, with her pale face and mournful eyes, and looked all around upon those who were present. The faces of the servants were around persent. The faces of the servanes were around her. They looked at her with glances full of deepest sympathy. A low marmur was heard among them. The Baron silenced it with a ter-rible frown. And the Baroness was led away

Her execution was to take place on the morn-

ing of the following day.
The morning came.

In the court-yard there was a block fixed, which had been placed there on the preceding night. The executioner stood there waiting, with his axe. He was one who had presented himself on the previous day, with high recommendations from the Duke of Ferrars. The Baron was delighted to receive so accomplished a performer. a performer.

he said, he never was allowed to take off, on ac

he said, he never was allowed to take off, on ac-count of a religious vow. At this time he took his station by the block, and waterd. Soon the condemned made her appearance. She was accompanied by a priest. She took her stand near the block, while the priest whis-pared a few words to her. Her eyes were down-cast, but there was a flush on her cheek which did not look like the face of death. did not look like the fear of death.

Soon the Baron came forth, and all the servitors in the castle followed. A large crowd stood all around. The Baron advanced close to the block. The executioner stood motionless, pois-ing his glittering axe.

"Come, hasten," said the Baron; "I want

"Come, hastes," said the Baron; "I want my breakfast, and you are delaying me." The Baroness advanced to the block. The Baron looked at her with a smile of tri-

umph, which he did not care to conceal, The Baroness knelt down.

The executioner stooped and whispered a few words in her ear. Again the red flash glowed on her cheeks. She said nothing, but laid her

M.

The executioner lifted his axe, and looked at

TO THE SECURITY OF A SECURITY

"All right. Strike!" said the Baron.

The executioner whirled the ponderous axe around like lightning, and flung its keen edge full against the Baron's neck. So tremendous was the blow, and so well simed, that the Baron's head, severed from the body, went spinning off through the air, the blood spouted up from the neck, the lifeless body sank down.

The executioner tore off his mask, and rushed up to the Baroness. The servitors stood para-

lyzed.
"Caitiffs!" he cried, "I am your lord; I am the Baron di Cruvelli

They recognized the face of the son of the murdered Baron. The priest toro off his roles, and revealed the form and features of Maffeo.

For a moment there was bewilderment. Then a load shout rent the air. Not one refused to join in that show

Take this carcass," said the young Baron, after he had embraced his mother, who was now leaning, trembling and half fainting with joy, on his arm—" take this carcass, and bury it outside. Let no priest say prayers over it. Let it be ac-

So the young Baron arenged his wrongs.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Gavesstance is the name of a certain Swedish pro-tessor, who, if his own account may be credited, has intely made a discovery which bide fair to confer in-calculable benefits upon the human race. By a secret process he can put a living surport to steep, readering it rigid as if carved from marble, yet the vital spark may be reanizabled at any moment. Encouraged by his sources, the Professor is desirous of experiment-ing upon a higher order of living creatures, and has applied to the Swedish Government for the loss of a condemned criminal, engaging to transform bin: into a caryatides for the façade of the Stockholm Town Ball for two years, and to restore him to life and mo-tion at the end of that time! Supposing the authori-ties of Sweden accords to this proposal, and supposing the experiment is successful, what wonderful amelior-ations might be introduced into our existence! How Gavesnasco is the name of a certain Swedish pro ations might be introduced into our existence! How allons might be introduced into our existence! How convenient it would be to avoid all the difficulties of life by suddenly transforming one's self into a block of store for an indefinite period! If a man has but little money he can put it out at compound inter-est, and take a Grusselbachian map until a sufficient fortune is accumulated. Divorce courts could be about their, for it as illusaction counts over all one of ischaid, for if an ill-associad couple quarrel, one of them can agree to undergo the Grasselbachian process until the other dies a natural death, and afterward be brought back to light. In short, new uses for such a system would be discovered every day—the great point being that care must be exercised to arrange that the restriction bound was constant beautiful to restrict the restriction about yet constant in range that the petrifaction should not continue ion

Captain Allen, of the Swemak Bride, which recently arrived at this port, has seen the Great Sea-Serpent—a monater whose existence can now no longer be de-aled. It was about two hundred miles off Delaware nied. It was about two hundred miles off Delaware Bay, on the edge of the 6th Stream, in latitude about 18 and longitude 18, that the sea-serpent appeared. The day was dark and cloudy, but the water calm. The creature was about twenty-five feet to length, and proportionately thick; its bead was very large and flat, while at each side, on the extreme edge, were set two bright, scintillating eyes, which looked dangerous and wicked. Its back was covered with large scales, like the crocodile, about three luches in length, which booked together and formed an impenetrable scales, like the erocodile, about three loches in length, which booked together and formed an impenetrable armor. Its belly was of a taway-yellow color, and altogether hideous. It was accompanied by a smaller specimen of its own species, only a few feet in length, but in shape and color closely resembling the large cos. The monster was about four feet from the vessel, and distinctly seen. The captain gave orders to have a boat lowered, and to stack it; but suddenly the presence of the vessel seemed to alarm it, and it dropped into the ocean, head downward.

It is asserted that there is not such a city in the world as London for vagrancy and vagaboudism of the worst kind, despite the fact that there are 1000 po-lice in the metropolitan district. Bestdes the force for prevention, the work-houses on the West District Turnish relief to 18,000 persons. The North District provides for 54,520 persons. The Central District rowsides for 18,127 persons. The Central District rowsides for 18,127 persons. furnish reflet to 18,000 persons. The North District provides for 18,197 persons. The Central District provides for 19,197 persons. Twenty-eight thousand, seven handred and thirteen persons are cared for in the East District, and in the Southern District 38,407 persons. The result is a total of 198,890 men, wemen, and children, occupants of the union work-houses of the metropolis of London, with a popula-tion of less than three and a half millions. Besides this number, there are thousands of casuals who re-ceive lodgings in the work-houses; and outside this fearful aggregate there are reaming in and about London at least 15,000 vagnants who do not frequent the work-houses from various reasons, and consequent-ly have to "bunk out," as it is called in New York.

The peirifaction theory concerning the Onondays giant has exploded. Professors and learned men. who ought to know about such matters, say it is too absent to talk about; skillful sculptors detect the tools of their craft, and those tools not very ancient either. In fact, although at first it was appreciated ones, either. In fact, although at first It was suggested that the mouster might be perhaps three hundred years old, now Dv. Soyuton counts his possible existence by days, making the gypeum giant—perhaps—outly a little more than a year old '—which is quite a

difference.

A "big thing" has been discovered in Dupage County, Illinots, which is prenounced no swindle. The bones are genetics, belonging to a mastuden or some huge creature of kindred typs, which must have, been accretible like sixteen feet high and twenty-long. These rails were discovered by a farmer while digging a well, and have created quite an excitement. Another remarkable flowed sheleton has been found to Mariposa County. California. that of a measurement.

in Mariposa County, California—that of a monstrous animal twenty-six feet long; a borned creature it was with a skull which weight five hundred pounds. What s particularly curious is, that surrous on when found, there were forty or fifty apparently hamen skulls! Was the monster carnivorous?

An excursion to the Elephantine issand, where stands the ancient Nilometer, bulls many centuries before Christ's birth, has been proposed by the Vice-roy of Egypt. The Nilometer has not been visited be-fore since 1798. It consists of some gigantic calcareous blocks on the shores of the river Nile near the tropic

of Cancer. The ancient Egyptians built it to mark the rise and fall of the Nile, and to know when to avert an invadation. The island on which it stands is uninhab-

introdution. The island on which it stands is cathinab-lied; but, strange to say, is almost a paradise, gieri-ous with tropion becauty.

Jenny Lind recently made her public appearance be-fore a large andience at Exeter Hall, London. She re-ceived a warm reception, and surprised her hearers by the freshness and displayed. She made her first dibut in London in May, 1847; and that, after twenty-two years, she should be able to captivate a critical audi-cuce by her vocal powers is truly wonderful.

One immediate result of Enginiers expedition to Egypt was the invention of a new color—the "Waters of the Nile"—a changeable, wavering, glittering, sheep green. The shade is much beautiful in rich silk. A Particla Maddams has invented a novel get of button to be worn with a custome of this color, and they are regarded as a cleri-drouve of the jewslers' art. They are regarded as a cleri-drouve of the jewslers' art. represent a whole family of little trocodiles, with staly and elastic backs and movable tails; the largest of the set is not more than a continetre in length, and they diminish in size as they approach the throat. As e-creativity in tolicitie is predicted to be the style during the coming scanes, other novelties besides *Keuz du Nii* and crocodile buttons may be expected.

A couple of American gentlemen did a cool thing not long since at Baden-Baden. They were disting with two Parisian ladies at an hotel, when a Russian prince, who, perhaps, wished to pick a quarrel, purchased two handscene beoquets and sent them to the ladies with his compliments. The Americans merely glanced over to his table, howed cordially, and sent him back, by the waiter, two Napoleons. He was so much chaptined that he left the room.

The new and magnificent has been the contract of t

The new and magnificent building of the Young Men's Christian Association on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street was dedicated on the evening of December 2. The large half was densely crowded with an intelligent and enthusiastic andience; and on the platform appeared many of the most distinguished men of our State and nation. The szerciese, consisting of reading the Scriptures, dedicatory hymra and addresses, were exceedingly interesting

Ginlia Grisi, who died last week in Berlin at the Ginha Grisi, who died last week in Berlin at the age of fifty-server, was a native of Milan. Her spicodid voice was not early developed, her first public appearance being when she was seventeen; and though she attracted some attention at that time, it was not still three years later that she won a real triumph at Milan in her representation of "Norma." Her wonderful personation of the character of Norma gave her the title of "Diva." He lived in retirement many many before her death. years before her death.

The days of fair hair are about to be numbered. Report whispers that those who rule in the realms of fashion have resolved to suppress it, and brown hair is to be recalled from banishment. The Egyptian lo-tins, it is said, will be the favorite flower for dressing the hair; but the lotus is becoming to dark persons only—which will be a said perplexity to the fair.

The "Grand Army of the Republic"—an extended organization of the officers and soldiers of our late army—has adopted the following plan for securing truthful details of the history of the Rebellion. At truing details of the history of the Rebellion. At each meeting of the various "Posts" a commide is an-pointed to prepare a paper, to be read at the next meeting, containing reminiscences of the war. These are to be founded on facts and occurrences which came under the personal observation of the writer. These papers are to be filed, and in course of time transmitted to Head-quarters, and preserved as the

transmitted to Head-quarters, and preserved as the "Grand Army Papers."

By this method officers and privates can each tell his own story, furnishing reliable histories of special battles, incidents in camp life, eketches of comrades who fell in action, and descriptions of specific tours of duty. It is anticipated that this plan will result in securing valuable additions to the history of the great state of the control of the great state civil war.

The Alaska Times sends forth an earnest appeal on The Alasks Trees sends forth an earnest appeal on behalf of the Russian and Alcutian oppolation of that territory. It states that the people are in a state of great destitution, induced largely from the disruption of the Russian Fur Company, from which many de-rived their support, directly or indirectly. Other changes have come in with the treaty, which have deprived citizens of their means of support. And the Trees calls upon the Government to cease to consider the country worthless, but to do its day toward in.

Chicago is about to have a new tunnel built under Chicago he about to have a new tunnel brilt under the Chicago River for the purpose of connecting the two divisions of the city. The tunnel is to consist of three passage-ways. The east one for foot-passengers, and the other two for horses, and vehicles drawn by horses. The distance across the river at La Salie Street, where the central line of the tunnel is to be piaced, is three hundred feet. The open approaches to the tunnel on each side are to be paved with wooden to the tunnel on each side are to be pared with wooden block pavement. The total cost of this work is sett-mated to be upward of \$475,000.

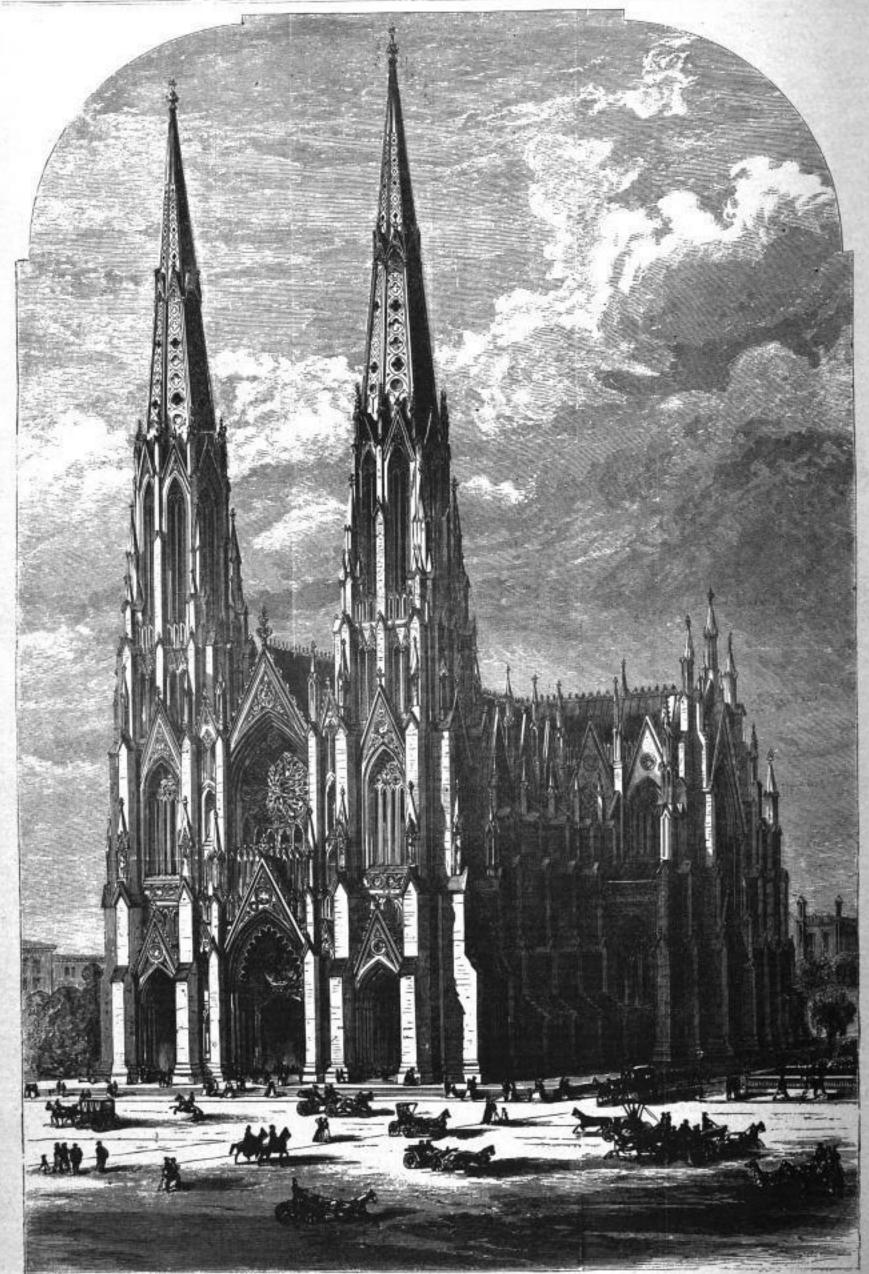
The notorious Wild Man of Steuben County has been translated to another sphere of action. It is asserted by an exchange, whose veracity we dare not doubt, that he "climbed into a tall sycamore, pulled the tree up after him, and that was the last that any body saw of him."

There are three wrecking companies in New York city, which were organized for the purpose of rendercity, which were organized for the purpose of reader-ing assistance to vessels arbore on the rocks and reefs ing assistance to vessels arbore on the rocks and reefs of our creat, or otherwise disabled. They are the Athantic Submarine Wrecking Company, the Coast Wrecking Company, and the Keptane Submarine Wrecking Company. They are constantly prepared for any contingency Wrecking steames are fitted out for a ten days' cruise, and are particulty equipped with all necessary wrecking materials. Bering the two years from October 1, 1987, to October 1, 1989, eighty-six vessels were wrecked in the immediate vicinity of this city. Their entire values was nearly seven milition dollars. A large propertion of this seven million dollars. A large properties of this property was saved by the New York wrecking companies, who were also instrumental in reguring about

panies, who were also instrumental in reaching about three thousand persons from drowning.

To enumerate all the articles which the intelligent grocer can add to his ground codies would be an act beyond human capabilities. But what halo be done now that there is a large manufactory in the south aide of the Thames where coffee is manufactorized in the barry? Another grocers' trick is developed in the paper with which some of them are secured of wrapping up the articles in which they deal diagar-bags that are weighed with the sugar afferd actionable instance of this. An enterprising individual after using pounded stone in the manufactory of his piner pulp, pounded stone is the manufacture of his paper pu has taken out a patent for making these bags of is





ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, FIFTH AVENUE, BETWEEN FIFTIETH AND FIFTY-FIRST STREETS, NEW YORK,-[SEE PAGE 808.]



REV. JOHN LANAHAN .-- (PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.)

THE REV. JOHN LANAHAN, D.D.

THE Rev. JOHN LANAHAM, one of the "Book The Rev. John Lanaran, one of the "Book Agents" in charge of the Methodist Publishing House in this city, is a Virginian by birth, though of Irish ancestry. In the year 1838, being then a youth of eighteen years, he joined the "Old Baltimore Conference," so famous inthe annals of the Methodist itinerancy. His ministerial life has been spent mostly in Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, Baltimore, and the adjacent-districts. This region, from the year 1845 until the break-ing out of the late civil war, comprised the de-batable ground between the Northern and South-em Methodist Churches, known as "the border." It was, in its way, a battle-ground. Harassed by the popular excitements which in the Slave

States accompanied the progress of the interminable slavery controversy, the border preachers experienced all the bitterness of the ecclesiastical strife which preceded the contest between armed forces. Dr. Lananas's life during this period forces. Dr. Lanahan's life during this period called for the atmost firmness and decision, and gave these traits, which are predominant in him, constant exercise. Upon the breaking out of the war the prenchers of the "border" were subjected to trials of still greater severity. Some of them, with their congregations, went over to the South, others adhering to the National cause. Congregations, families, and social circles were divided without hope of reconciliation. In this crisis Dr. Lanahan soon became conspicuous as an unflinching patriot. During all the war his an unflinching patriot. During all the war his relations with the government were those of a

trusted adviser. It has been his good fortune repeatedly to rements for his services to the na-

tional cause.

At the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met in Chicago, May 1, 1868, Dr. LANAHAN Was, quite unexpectedly to himself, elected Second or Assistant Book elected Second or Assistant Book Agent. The Publishing House, of which the agents have charge, wields a capital of nearly \$700,-000, publishes a large list of per-riodicals, besides supplying the Church with denominational books. In this position Dr. Lanaban's habits of close ob-servative smalled him to detect LAXBRAN'S hibbts of close ob-servation enabled him to detect imperfect business methods; his investigations led him, step by step, to the discovery of the "great mismanagement" and "serious losses" which have ex-cited a painful interest in the public mind.

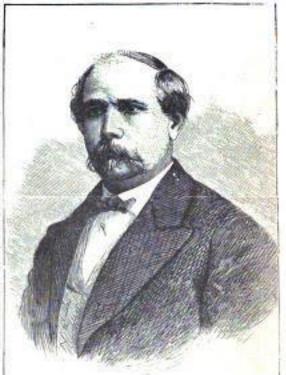
As a uneacher De Laxanax

As a preacher Dr. Lanahan is carnest, and at times highly impassioned. As an administra-tive officer he is remarkable for his unswerving integrity and his iron-nerved adherence to the decisions of his judgment. A ster-ling patriot, a faithful minister, he has deserved well of his Church and his country.

GENERAL ALCORN.

GENERAL ALCORN.

GENERAL J. L. ALCORN, Governor-elect of Mississippi, whose portrait will be found on this page, was born in 1816, in what was then the Territory of Illinois. At an early age he entered college, but remained there only a few terms, leaving his studies to enter upon active life as deputy to his uncle, the sheriff of Livingston County, Kentucky. He subsequently became sheriff, and was afterward elected by the Whigs to the Lower House of the State Logislature. In 1846 he removed, with his family, to Mississippi, and settled in Coahoena County, where he has since resided. Here he commenced the panetice of law. He was soon afterward elected to the State Logislature; and at the same time was chosen by the Whigs in his old district to represent them in the Legislature of Kentucky. He was a member of the Mississippi Legislature for twenty years. Strongly opposed to secession, he was cleared to the Convention of 1801 as a line. twenty years. Strongly opposed to soccession, he was elected to the Convention of 1861 as a Un-

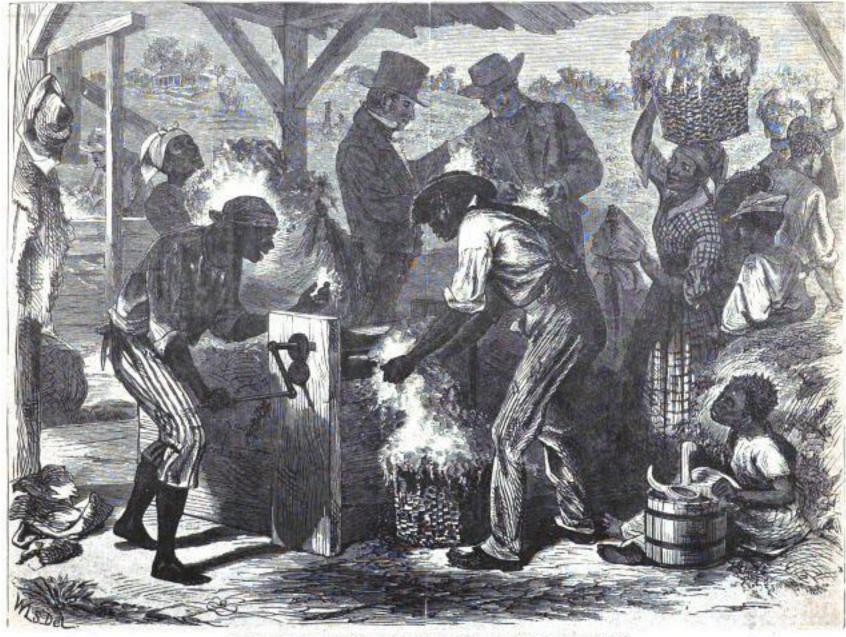


GEN. J. L. ALCORN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MISSISSIPPI. [PROTOGRAPHED BY GERNEY, NEW YORK.]

ionist; but finding his efforts to prevent the seecssion of the State unarmiling, he cast in his fortunes with the South, and was appointed a fortunes with the South, and was appointed a Brigadier-General. After serving some time in the field, he retired from active duty, and was elected to the State Legislature, where he strong ly opposed the policy advocated by the more desperate leaders of the rebellion. At great present irisk he protested against the law exempting slaveholders from service in the Confederate army, and declared the wholesale conscription measures referred throughout the Southern tion measures enforced throughout the Southern

States to be a confession of failure.

On the close of the war General ALCORN was elected to the United States Senate, but was not allowed to take his seat. He has since identified himself with the Depublican party of his State, and has recently been elected Governor by a large majority. a large majority.



THE FIRST COTTON-GIN .- DRAWN BY WILLIAM L. SHEPPARD .- [SEE PAGE 814.]

FIRST USE OF THE COTTON-GIN.

Our engraving on page 813 represents the primitive cotton-gin, which preceded the saw-gin invented by Eus Warrsey toward the close of the last century. This simple contrivance consisted of two cylinders resolving in opposite directions, which admitted the fibre readily but prerections, which admitted the nore readily but pre-vented the passage of the seed and larger "trash," but not so thoroughly cleaning the cotton as Warrway's machine. The scene represented by our artist is the introduction of the gin on a plantation, amidst the excited curiosity of the negroes, who see in the machine a welcome re-lief from the inhorious process of cleaning the cotton he hand. cotton by hand,

Arrantion is directed to the advertisement of Tanners & Co., in this paper, of the Eight per Cent. Gold Bonds of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Co., which speaks for itself. These bonds are also for sale by Messrs. Converse & Co.—[Con.]

A Commerce on New Year's Pennery.—A monthly or a weakly publication for young people makes size of the most acceptable presents that can be given dering the holdings, and for this purpose the Yearn's Consequence of Baston, is admirably adapted. It will make its appearance new and fresh with each accreding weak, is always sprightly, entertaining and practical. Some of the most brilliant writers in the country contribute to its columns.—[Cons.]

Custress Hause are Part, Sons Live, &c., cared at cace by the new of Heavesa's Computer for with Algorithm. It keeps the hands suft in the collect weather. See that you got the genuine. Soid by Paragleta. Price 25 cents per loss. Sond by racid on receipt of 50 cents.—Heavesa & Co., New York.

Is your hair is cossing out or turning gray, do not moreone over a misfortane you can as easily awar. Aven's Hara Vinea, will remove the cause of your grief by restering your hair to its manual color, and (herewith your good looks and good nature.—(400s.)

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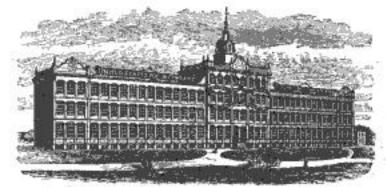
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Waren No. 1117 — bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherion & Co., Marton, N. J.," manufactured by United States Waith Co., has been carried by me fi-ties mosaite; its total variation from mean time being only an average of two thirds of a second per day. B. F. PHELPS, Con. N. J. Central E. S.

Waven No. 1837 — bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," meanifactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me chose June, 1867; his total variation from mean time being only free seconds per month. HENRY SMITH, Trees, Pansana R. H., 88 Wall St.

Warren No. 1963 — bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Athernon & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me 25 term months; its total variation from mean time being only one second per month. WILLARD DEBBY.

Warna No. 1934 — bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Athernon & Co.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me six months; its total variation from mean time being only six seconds.

A. L. DENNIS, Fresiden N. J. R. R. T. & T. Co.

Warna No. 1935 — bearing Trade-Mark, "United States Watch Co., has been carried by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by the months; its total variation from mean time being only eight seconds of the country, from New York to Pass'pr Ag't Toledo, Wabash, & Western R. R.
Waren No. 1859 — bearing Trade Mark "Frederic
Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by
United States Watch Co., has been carried by me vix
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eight seconds per month. Have been traveling through
different sections of the country, from New York to
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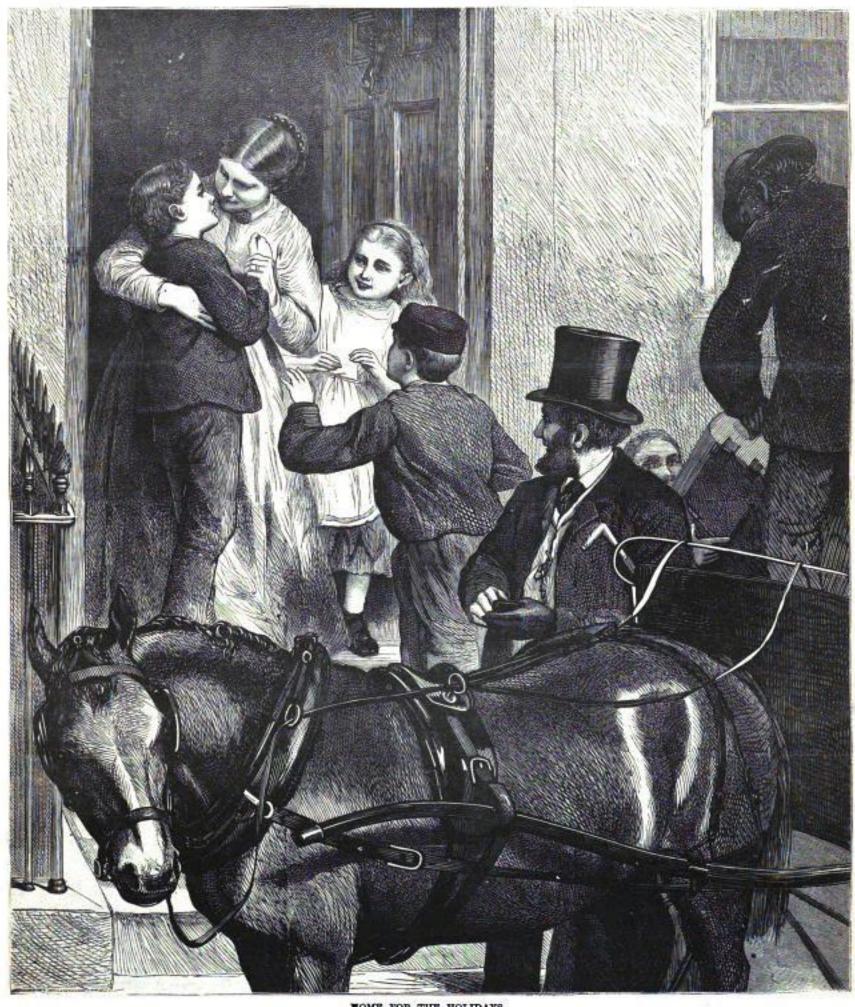


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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

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HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECRMBER 25, 1869.

THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

THE President, in his singularly satisfactory Message, which renews the confidence of the country in his simple good sense and sagacity, makes two allusions to the Alabama question. One is incidental, in speaking of enforcing the neutrality laws, which, he says, has been done in good faith, although it was very empleasant, in consequence of "the suffer-ing we have endured for lack of like good faith toward us by other nations." The other allo-sion is the firm statement of the American view of the Alabama difficulty. The President says, in general, that the nature of the injury to our commerce, industry, and produc-tion separates the Assause claims from or-dinary commercial demands. Yes, great as is the difference, nothing was said in the treaty, and not an inference could be drawn from it to prove the sense of the unfriendliness of Great Britain in our struggle for existence. He approves, therefore, the rejection of the treaty.

In a late brief pamphlet upon Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON and the Alabama negotiations, Mr. George Besse, a master of the controversy, and an accomplished student of internations law, reviews the conduct of Mr. Jonnson and the instructions of Mr. SEWARD in a most conclosive manner against both of those gentle men. He shows that Mr. SEWARD changed his ground upon the subject after Mr. ADAMS left London, and that Mr. Jonnson wholly misconceived his instructions, and stultified himself by his assertions and admissions. The pamphlet of Mr. BENES is a very timely and useful contribution to the debate. The original ground of the United States is, that there was a wrong to the Government as well as in-jury to individuals. Mr. Sawano wrote to Mr. Adams, in January, 1868, that he had been very unfortunate if he had not made it clearly understood that a violation of neutrality by the Queen's proclamation and kindred proceedings of the British Government "were a national wrong to the United States; and that the lowest form of satisfaction" would be an indemnity without reservation to the individual losers, " in consequence of a failure of the British Govern-

ment to preserve its neutrality."

Six months later, in July, 1868, Mr. Saw-ARD'S instructions to Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON are pitched in a much lower key. He tells him first of all to open the Naturalization and St. Juan questions. If they can be satisfactorily setrled, he is to "advert" to the Alabama claims; for it seems to the President that an adjustmen can be made "without formally reviewing former discussions." Mr. SEWARD then states that a joint commission might be agreed upon to settle mutual claims of the citizens of the United States and British subjects. No word of wrong to the Government; no implication of any thing but ordinary claims. Mr. Saw-ann informs Mr. Jonnson that he is not au-thorized to commit the Government by such a proposition, but that he may "sound Lord STANLEY" upon the subject when he is satisfied that "the two more urgent controversies" are in process of adjustment. Upon these instructions Mr. REVERUT JOHESON proceeded to make the Convention of November 10, which was such a surrender of the American demands that even ANDREW JOHNSON'S Cabinet unanimously disapproved it. On the 14th of January, 1869 he made the treaty which the Senate rejected, and which Mr. Journou said obtained "all that we have over asked." Yet, notwithstanding that it covered merely mutual individual claims. Mr. Jourson, after the inauguration of President GRANT, and when he knew that he was to be recalled, made an offer to Lord CLARENDON of "only so far altering" the treaty as to include the claims of the Government! Lord CLAR-ESPOS asked his authority, and declined to do any thing until he knew what the new Admin-istration wished. Why did Mr. Jonesos propose this most important supplement, if the treaty already covered "all that we have ever asked?" Any answer to that question convicts ty es a Minio

President GRANT now substantially affirms the original American position. This, as we have often previously said, involves a question of honor as well as of money. The "moral demages," for financially computing which Mr. SUMBER was asseiled with ridicule, are still claimed. But we must all distinctly understand that moral damages can not be settled by money. England evidently understands this, and she therefore asks by the month of every intelligent Englishman, "What is it that you wish?" There is not such an Englishman who does not say, "We wish to be friends, and we will do any thing short of confessing bad faith." If we in the United States mean, therefore, to demand that England shall own that her conduct was dishonorable, we have only to look into our own hearts to read the answer. There is not an American who does not know that, sooner than allow that the United States had

acted dishonorably, the longest and fiercest war would be welcomed. The honor of England is not less dear to Englishmen than our own honor to us; and we assume, therefore, that unless we are resolved upon war with England in any case, we shall not ask her to admit that her con-

duct was rescally.

From the moment of such an understanding the settlement does not seem very impracticable. The exact international legal point, so to speak, must be waived, and become the subject of future conference. It may be waived, upon our part, under the broad declaration of President GRANT in his Message, that "this nation is its own judge when to accord the rights of belligerency either to a people straggling to free them-selves from a government they believe to be op-pressive, or to independent nations at war with The British Government should then express the sincerest regret for the escape of the Alabana, and its consequences; decline to enter upon the question of international law, but invite a future understanding upon the points involved; and propose to pay individual claims upon an authorized statement of the United States Government, Such a settlement involves no concession which it is not the highest policy of both nations to make in the inter-ests of liberty and civilization. The offer of such a settlement proceeding from the Govern-ment of which Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT are the members most known in this country, would be an act of statesmanship not only most honorable, but leading straight to a more friendly understanding than has ever existed between the two countries since the separation.

The subject has been sadly confused by Mr. SEWARD's change of position, and by Mr. REV-EMPT JOHNSON'S absurd determination to have every thing pleasant by celling it so. He was unanimously confirmed as Minister. He came from the Senate itself, the treaty-ratifying body. Ho was approved after other gentlemen had been rejected. The chief question between England and the United States was the Alabawa controversy. It was a very natural con-clusion upon the part of Englishmen that Mr. JOHNSON represented the policy of his country; and when every proposition he made was ac-cepted, and the President and Secretary of State approved the result, it was, at least, not extraordinary that the treaty was regarded as our treaty, and that its summary rejection was an astounding surprise to England. Still, the British Government knew that the Senate was the ratifying power; that Mr. JOHNSON was not in political sympathy with it, however his confirmation might have seemed to disprove that fact; and that as Mr. JOHNSON'S convention of November 10 had been unanimously rejected by a cabinet politically friendly to him, it was certainly not impossible that the later treaty would be rejected by a senate politically

It was a deplorable muddle; and it is due chiefly, as we said when the treaty was reject-ed, to the very foolish practice of the Senate in confirming any Senator who is nominated by the President to office. But the work is to be done over again; and there is no intelligent Englishman or American who will not heartily repeat the wise words of the President: "I hope that the time may soon come when the two governments can approach the solution of this momentons question with an appreciation of what is due to the rights, dignity, and honor of each; and with a determination not only to remove the causes of complaint in the past, but to lay the foundation of a broad principle of public law which will prevent future differences. and tend to firm and continued peace and friend-

A TRULY "DEMOCRATIC" POLICY.

THE gentlemen who ordain the policy of the Democratic party in this State met recently at the Governor's in Albany to decide what should be done by the next Legislature. Those who have read the messages of Mr. Horrman as Mayor, and who have seen his speeches upon municipal affairs, have observed the vehement denunciation of the system of governing the city from Albany. It has been supposed, there-fore, by some unreflecting persons that the Commissions would be instantly abolished. This is indeed the simple logic of the situation. very unreflecting reader, indeed, who supposes that the Tammany chiefs are painfully exercised about good government in the city. The difficulty has not been the Commissions, but that the chiefs did not control them. objective point of those chiefs, in the fine periods which Mr. HOFFMAN rounded in their interests, was the patronage and what is some-times called the plunder. If all the power and possible profits of the Commissions had been in the hands of the Tammany chiefs, does any reader, however unreflecting, suppose that Mr. HOFFMAN would have lamented over the city as deprived of self-government?

It is, therefore, by no means certain that there will be any serious change in the present policy. Should there be an entire revolution, and the police system of the great and good FERNAN-no Wood be restored, there would be a public apprehension in the city so profound that the

Democratic vote, in its strongest hold, would I cations of a foreign demand for the balances be so seriously reduced as to imperil a continued Tammany ascendency. This result the chiefs naturally wish to avoid; and if they can bury their hands in the public purse by obtaining control of the Commissions, yet without disturbing the public confidence in the present system, they will be very likely to prefer that plan. This is plainly intimated in the accounts of the Albany council of the chiefs, and in the tone of their papers.

There is, however, one intention of the party which is, as it were, officially announced; and that is the withdrawal of the assent of the State of New York to the Fifteenth Amendment. This will undoubtedly be recommended by the Governor, and it will be done. This, moreover, is a clear illustration of the real character of the Democratic party. After a long and ornel war, springing from a denial of the equal rights of a large part of the population, slavery is abolished and its defenders vanquished. Common-sense and patriotism suggest that the question shall be finally settled by removing every disability founded upon color merely; but the Democratic chiefs refuse, and insist that, if a man is of a certain color, it is conclusive proof that he should not have an equal voice in the government. He may be ignorant, drunken, degraded, idle, brutish; but if his skin can be called white, he is a proper voter. He may be intelligent, industrious, sober, and the best of citizens; but if his skin can be called black, he is not fit to be a voter. This is Democracy; and this is its great cardinal principle to-day. And because of this, the ignorant and vicious, as a class, naturally belong to the Democratic

Of course the papers and orators of the party affect to argue the point upon other grounds. It was what they did during the angry debate upon slavery. They used to say then that whatever might be their opinion of the morality and expediency of slavery, it was a State institution, and the State recognizing slaves as property, its citizens might lawfully take their property with them into the territories. Prop-erty in the territories! Why, the entire Democratic party in the Northern States was the property of the slaveholders, and they did with it as with their slaves, just what they chose. Slavery was confirmed, intrenched, extended, and finally struck at the national heart, because of the support of the Democratic party of the North, appealing to this kind of argument. Now it is said by the same old party, which is still carried in what remains of the pockets of the slaveholders, thet, whatever may be their opinion of the voting of the colored population, it is a subject for the States to decide, and not for the National Government. And when Con-gress proposes to settle it in the conceded con-stitutional manner by an amendment approved by the necessary number of States, they assert virtually that Congress has no right to propose such an amendment which is simply saving such an amendment; which is simply saying that the people of the United States have no

right to amend the Constitution in the manner that the instrument itself provides. We shall, therefore, probably see this party in the State of New York gravely trying to save all that it can of the remains of the most inhuman and atrocious system in history. Although the final result is inevitable; although the conscience and good sense of the world and of this country basten to equalize the rights of all citisens of the commonwealth; although it is plain that no other policy in this age and in our civillization promises peace and presperity, yet the same inhumanity, harred, prejudice, and dull-ness which, as the Democratic party, defended and sustained slavery, now struggles to retain as much as possible of its infamy and injustice.

THE SITUATION.

THE immediate advance in gold in Wall Street, and the fall of bonds in London, on the promulgation of the financial views of the Administration, may be said to indicate disappointment, but the partial recovery which has since taken place somewhat neutralizes this effect. The truth is, that there are speculators in both markets of immense power, whose action is due to their respective interests, and is founded so much more upon temporary than upon general officences that best 1 market reports.

It is certain that there is to be no contraction of the currency at this session of Congress, and prices, therefore, will, as the year 1870 advances, he influenced as they have been by the amount of paper-money in circulation. circumstances which for the present keep down the price of gold are these: that the Government will throw upon the market for the installment of half-yearly interest due in January nearly thirty-two millions of dollars in gold, deducting what will be paid on the Sinking Fund and other bonds lately purchased by Mr. Bourwell; that large shipments on account of cotton, grain, and provisions are still to go forward; that January sales of coin may possibly be ordered by the Department; that, although exchange is constantly absorbed, the price of it on the closing of the second week of December is low, and that there are no indi-

temporarily invested on foreign account in Wall Street, and none for the present that our bonds held abroad will be returned.

If these indications continue, Wall Street may be induced to wait until after the January payments of interest shall be absorbed before undertaking to put up the price of gold to the point at which it has beretofore been maintain-ed as the effect of the continued circulation of seven hundred millions of paper currency. But by reason of enlarged circulation in the South, and somewhat to the unfortunate tendency in California to allow the displacement of its gold circulation by one of paper, the power of the latter here is partially reduced.

Jacon, in his work on the precious metals, dedicated to Mr. Hubbarson, then British Min-

ister, stated that the long-continued habit of the great commercial nations at that time to rely upon paper issues had disturbed the industry in the few mines then worked in Mexico and South America; and it may be that California may be so debauched with paper as that the same effect may be produced. Money may be same effect may be produced. Money may be made so much more easily with the printing-press than with labor in the mines that this effect is not impossible. But a failure to keep up the supply of bullion would be lamentable; for it renders the return to specie payments more difficult. The advantage of the Pacific Bailroad to California will be greatly neutralized if it shall induce laborers to withdraw from the important industry in her gold and silver mines. The feature of an increase in the promises to pay bullion on the part of important nations, and of a simultaneous diminution in its production, would again be repeated in the history of commerce,

Italy and Russia are largely increasing their sper circulation, which produces a glut of specie in countries more wisely regulated. The United States, notwithstanding these events which are favorable for a return toward specie payments, seems inclined to postpone for the present all steps in that important direction. There will consequently be a powerful tendency toward expelling bullion to the non-banking countries, such as Chins, India, and Japan, there to be hoarded. Our true relations to the world at large are not wisely considered in this decision of the Treasury Department.

Mr. BOUTWELL, in his annual report, reco mends that the three per cent. certificates, amounting, with compound interest notes co vertible into them, to a fraction short of fifty millions of dollars, shall be redeemed, and that, as a compensation for their withdrawal from banks which now hold them as a reserve, thirtyfive millions of new bank capital and circulation be authorized by Congress. The Comp-troller of the Treasury, who more nearly agrees with the committee appointed by the national banks, in his annual report, recommends free banking and unrestricted issues. The door to expension is thus opened to Congress, and the next few months will inform us what will be done in pursuance of these plans. Will the proposed limitation of the Secretary be obeyed, or will the New York system of free banking h established?

We long ago stated that neither at the last for at this session would any steps be taken to enforce contraction. Next year members of Congress are to be elected, and on both sides success is deemed of too great consequence. The complexion of the next Congress is relied upon to fix the issues for the Presidential campaign; and this great question of finance is con-

sequently postponed.

The eurplus of grain which is expected to Great Britain fixes the price in full seasons of the whole production. Our farmers are be-ginning to find out that, while they sell at gold prices, they produce at extravagant currency prices, which will educate them into sound notions of money and industry. We hear in all quarters of a greater willingness to return to specie payments than before the late, and to them hurtful, fall in gold. It is an extraordinary state of things that a mechanic can carn a barrel of flour per day. The grade of flour which is shipped for the consumption of laborers in England sells for only about \$4 75 per barrel. It was unwise on the eve of great activity of our shipments of cotton, flour, and provisions to best down the price of gold, when see was no intention to fol eounl contraction of the currency.

Cotton and pork are less affected by the fall in gold, because they stand on special grounds. The production of cotton is supposed by English manufacturers to be insufficient for the wants of the world; and being insufficient, the producers of it may control the market. Pork, by reason of the demand for lard and oil, and because of the present difficulty in producing bogs in the South—they are stolen and used by one class of the community—is held by Western farmers with unusual firmness; but their wheat can not be sold at remunerative prices.

We lately referred to the cable telegram annoncing failures in England. The Messys. Prs., one of those who failed, had establishments in England and Ireland, and their business was on an extensive scale. "This fail-ure," says the Manchester Guardian, "is looked upon as a serious matter, and an impression

prevails that the recent beavy fall in the value of grain will cause much embarrassment in the trade. Possibly, however, the difficulties arless serious than are represented, and the actual position of the trade may not be more unsound then it was at this time last year. It will be recollected," the paper adds, "that during the closing mouths of 1868 a rapid fall, amounting to about 20s. per quarter, from the highest point of the year, took place in wheat." The whole importation of wheat into the ports of Great Britain, from the first of September to the 20th of November, was 11,002,372 cwt. against 6,929,161; and of flour, was 1,615,115 cwt. against 819,659 for the corresponding period last year. But as their chief reliance for their supplies of grain is upon chipments from the United States, including California, the depression is due as much, if not more, to the fall of grain in our market than to the excess of importation. Unusual supplies will be required in England up to the period of the next har-vest. The country, therefore, will readily see to what influences we are-indebted for our present condition.

If the persistent pressure to lower the price of gold to the limits fixed by the Treasury, which is affecting trade in all its departments most injuriously, were accompanied with the permanent relief which will arise from firmly proceeding toward specie payments, no just complaint could be made of the policy, for it will ultimately bring all to the same platform; but no such indications appear—on the contrary, prices must mount upward, and the same experiments upon our industry must be repeated hereafter.

The great lesson should be impressed upon our great farming interest by these events, that so long as their prosperity is anspended "upon the wings of paper-money," they will be sub-jected to these vicissitudes of change, and that their safety depends altogether on reaching the solid ground of specie payments.

THE PRESIDENT AND CUBA.

Ir has been so vehemently asserted that the President favored the recognition of Cuban belligerency or independence, that the sensible, conclusive, and truly American remarks upon the subject in his Message must have greatly surprised somebody. General GRANT says what has been constantly maintained in these columns and in many others, as by all who have fairly studied the subject, that "the contest has at no time assumed the conditions which amount to a war in the sense of international law, or which would show the existence of a de facts political organization of the insurgents sufficient to justify a recognition of belligerency." He says, moreover, what we stated at the time was all that the United States could honorably do, that the Government has offered its mediation, but, of course, without a threat, and that it is to be hoped that our good offices may yet be of service.

The position of the United States is thus accurately and authoritatively defined. It is its traditional position; and it is because of its faithful adherence to it that the neutral fame of the country is so spotless. The President says what HERRY CLAY as Secretary of State said nearly fifty years ago, that while we sympa-thize with all people struggling for liberty and self-government, yet we do not enforce our views nor take part without invitation, and that our course should be always governed by "strict justice and law, international and local." Indeed, the more the Message is considered the more satisfactory and truly patriotic it seems; recalling the sense and honesty of Mr. Lincoln's, and nobly contrasting with the special pleas for injustice which the messages of Democratic Presidents had become. Since the lackeys of slavery disappeared from the White House the whole country breathes a fresher air. The Government no longer invents excuses for infamy. At last the President speaks like the chief magistrate of a truly free and self-respecting people,

THE MARSHAL OF SOUTHERN NEW YORK.

THE New York Tribuse stremuously urges that the United States Marshal of this district be removed, and General Stone appointed in his It does not allege that the Marshal is an incompetent or dishonest officer, nor that he is not a faithful Republican; but it asserts that General Storm's "consent to run for Secretary of State" saved the Republican party from "utter rout and demoralization" in the late election. General Store's services to the country are part of our history. His nomination for Secretary of State was heartly approved by the Republican party of New York, as the vote showed. He is a gentleman against whom no eval is breathed. But we very greatly mustake General Stonz, and the great body of intelligent Republicans who supported him, if they think that a most efficient and admirable officer of the United States, of the General's own party, should be removed in order to make a place for him. They know that this is the very worst practice of our civil service, and that

alle sheets a

nothing has done so much to degrade and demoralize our politics as the course which the

It is true that Marshal Hanlow has not been confirmed. But he was appointed by the President upon grounds of character, experience, and fidelity. He is as good a Republican as there is in the State; but his appointment was not what is technically called political, any more than that of his predecessor, General Barrow, Indeed there was, as will be remembered, a loud outery against General Bancow because he refused to do the bidding of certain committees. Undoubtedly similar influences oppose the confirmation of Marshal Harlow. can not, however, be opposed because he is not in every way fit for the place, nor because he is not a good Republican, but solely because he is not the choice of a certain political clique.

Upon the other hand, it is not said that General Stort would not be an efficient Marshal, nor that he is not an equally faithful Republican, and there are thousands of good men in the State of whom the same might be said. But it is precisely in such a case as this that an admirable officer should be retained, if ever the deplorable system of our civil service is to be corrected. It is the very case in which President GRANT can stand fast by that most admirable and independent declaration in his Message: "Nor has there been any hesitation in sustaining efficient officials against remonstrance wholly political." The President may be sure that the must intelligent and patriotic men of his own party will heartily and hopefully support him in every firm stand that he may make against the prostitution of the public service to the merest party purpose.

CHARACTER.

WHEN it was asserted that General GRANT had been an accomplice in the gold scandal, although the assertion was eagerly repeated in many quarters and insidiously deprecated in others, the country did not believe the report for a moment. The President's character was his armor from which the shafts of venomous hostility dropped harmless. In like manner, if it should be alloged that Bishop Sturson had an interest in some vast scheme of forgery of the currency, a smile of contemptuous disbelief would averspread the whole country. The bishop's character defends him from slander, Against a vague assertion, therefore, undoubtedly a man's character or good name protects But is it equally sure to screen him under other circumstances? If by misapprehension of any kind, meaning any thing but ill, he is placed in an equivocal situation, is it not a quite universal fact that the circumstances are interpreted against him? Is be not very likely to be hunted, under a cry of protecting public virtue, with a ferocity and sheer injustice which are infinitely more prejudicial to the public virtue than any specific act which might be proved agninst him or any man whatever?

Suppose he has been misinformed, suppose as acted hastily, or expressed himself warmly, is the worst view of the case likely to be the truest? and must a man, who is at the most mistaken, be treated as if he were a conspirator against social order and common morahty? Is his character of no avail against insumuations and accusations that could not be more malignant if they were urged against the most notorious reprobates? Undoubtedly, the higher a man's standing, and the purer his fame, the more careful he should be, because of his greater influence. He has become a representative man, and other men correct themselves by his conduct as they dress themselves before a glass. But we appeal to ex-perience whether, when the doubtful circumstance gathers about such a man, the tone of the censure does not suggest a suspicion of the gratification of mean feeling, rather than regard for the public virtue. Public virtue requires, first of all, that the truth be told, not that a sensation be created, nor reckless vituperation powred out. Public virtue imperatively demands the steady declaration that if circumstances seem to implicate a man of unspotted fame, his character is his sure defense until ill intent be proved; and if no ill intent, but more misapprehension be established, then public virtue requires that outrageous insinuation and infamous insult not only cease, but that the most ample reparation and spology be made.

The power of the press in this country is tremendous. But are "newspaper men feared for their power or respected for their use of it? A chorus of great journals can produce a thunder in which the after still small voice of truth is utterly lost. They may join in a vehement denunciation of any man, and if there be any apparent reason, he can only bow to the blast, and await the judgment of a calmer hour. But a wise man, in the stormy crisis of assertion, will oppose character to character. Here, on the one hand, may be a man whose good name and blameless life and lofty princaple are known of all men; on the other, a chorus which yesterday perhaps saluted a rich man as if he were therefore a public benefactor. Suddenly the chorus turns, we will suppeec, upon the man of good name, and de-

nounces him as a betrayer of the religion he ! professes, and a biasphemous subverter of so-cial order. Until the facts are known, and the purpose proved, which stands strongest in the storm—the character of the man or that of his denouncers? And if misapprehension be at last proved, and with it an act to be regretted, what rancorous epithet or strain of mad denunciation is left for intentional evil-doors?

RELEASE OF THE GUN-BOATS.

THE Spanish gun-boats have been released pon the same ground with the Peruvisa monitors eighteen months ago, that no active war exists between Spain and Peru. If this be the fact, the pledge of the Spanish Minister that the thips were not to be used against Peru is wholly superfluous. For why should he promise that they will not be turned against a government with which Spain is at peace? If, for any reason, the United States had wished to detain the gap-boats, there was undoubtedly sufficient ground in the admissions of the Spanash and Peruvian Ministers in the summer of 1868. If, on the other hand, it wished to release them, it had grounds enough in its permission for the departure of the Peruvian mon-Indeed, upon its own showing the l'eruvian Government had no case. If it was fair, as it alleged, that the United States should release the Peruvian monitors nearly two years ago, it can not be very unfair in its view to release the Spanish gun-boats now.

The action of the United States in releasing the Peruvian monitors proceeded upon the prin-ciple stated by Mr. Sawand to Mr. Gosi, the Spanish Minister; "Wer can be raised without authoritative declaration of war; peace may be restored by long suspension of hostilities, without peace being made. History is full of examples. What time should elapse to justify presumption of peace has not been settled. In must be determined with reference to collateral facts and circumstances. 'Yet at the very time that Mr. Sawand wrote, the Peruvian Miniscer asserted that war had ceased in fact only, not in principle, and might at any moment be re-

By releasing the gun-boats, therefore, the United States seem to declare that, although war may still exist in principle between two nations, yet a suspension of hostilities, which 'may be renewed at any moment" relieves a neutral from its obligations. Thus if Spain, upon obtaining her fleet, should immediately proceed with the fresh strength so acquired to reopen the war with Peru, with every prospect of speedy triamph, the United States would not have violated their neutrality. The practical improvement would therefore seem to be that if a European nation, waging war with any American power, finds herself at a disadvantage, she has only to suspend hostilities, build a fleet in our ports, secure its departure upon the plea that active hostilities do not exist, and when the fleet is fairly at sea renew the war.

This is certainly a very liberal interpretation of neutral duties. But it would be interesting to know, under the circumstances, why the United States should not have demanded of Spain some proof that the war would not be renewed, or some explanation of the fact that, notwithstanding the alleged peaceful disposition of the countries, there is as yet no treaty, no formal and recognizable security of peace.

Governor Hospman made a little speech at the opening of the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, which he airily ended by saying: "And, my friends, notwithstanding I saying: "And, my friends, notwithstanding a bave said something in favor of legislation, I beg to assure you if you need any thing this winter to belp you with this enterprise—if you come to Albany, unless the bill is a very objectionable one, I will promise not to veto it. If, for instance, the bill should continue in office directors who were elected for a specified term, there would be nothing in the least objectionable to an airy Executive who signed the Erie bill.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONCRESS.

December 6.—The second session of the Porty-first Congress commenced at noon, a quotum being present in both Houses. Beyond reading the President's Message, very little business was done. Among the bills introduced in the Henzis was one to prohibit the importation or immigration of Chinese under contracts, and one providing for the execution of the investaginat polygamy in Utak.—In the House, a resolution, declaring Virginia entitled to representation, was referred to the Recommendation Consulting.

December 1.—In the Senate bills were introduced to smeat the Civil Rights bills; to amend the Banking att and provide for a return to specie payments; to amend the Bonesteds bill, so as to require the planting of trees on the reservations; and a bill for the relief of members of Congress and bends of Departments from the importunities of office section; making it a penal offense for Congressmen to assist applicants for office, allowing them only to give information when requested to do so, in writing by these holding the appointing power. Bills were introduced in the House to repeal the Tenure-of-Office act, in accordance with the suggestions in the Message; to abeliah the franking privilege; to repeal the duty on salt, tea, coffee, and on printing and writing paper; to excelled a uniform system of naturalization; to pervent members of Congress from accepting or boilding positions of trust under the President, and a bill to jeolabilit the sale of only by the Government.

Livewater 8.—In the Senate a joint recolution was offered by Mr. Williams, of Oregon, to the effect that a State Legislature having once railfied a constitu-

tional amendment, my further action on it shall be void. A bill, repeting the laws requiring the test-cath, was introduced by Mr. Ferry, of Connecticut.—In the House, Mr. Morrill, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill to fund the National debt at a lewer rate of interest. The Consus bill was taken up, and Mr. Garfield, of Othic, explained wherein it differed from that under which the common of 1860 was taken. He said that the number of Representatives had been fixed by the Committee at 200, as by taking this number in State would have a member of Congress.

Decreber 9.—No business of imperiance was transacted in the Senate. In the House a resolution was offered, directing inquiry to be made into the cause of the recent gold panic.

Decreber 10.—The Senate was not in session. Among the bills introduced in the House was one to reflere political disabilities, and an additional uniform Naturalization bill. A petition for the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents, signed by 13,000 chieses of New York, was prescuted.

Executer 11.—In the House the Census bill was debeted, and was ordered to be printed. A bill was introduced to dispense with spice and informers in the Internal Revenue service.

THE MESSAGE AND DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

THE MESSAGE AND DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

The first amusal Message of Precident Grant was read in Congress on the 6th Instant. Il furnishes a brief but comprehensive summary of the domestic affairs of the country and its foreign relations. It calls attention to the general prosperity of the nation, to the fact that seven of the flains that passed ordinances of seconsion have been fully restored to their places in the Union; that the freedmen are making rapid progress in learning and the industrial arts; that the means of paying the interest on the public debt and meeting all other expenses of the government are more than ample, and congests that immediate attention should be given to the state of our commerce. The Message recummends such legislations as will insure a gredula return to specie payments, and put a sing to fluctuations in the value of currency. It also recommends the reaswall of the income tax, at a radaced rate, for three years. In regard to foreign relations the message rectives the successful measures adopted by the flowers ment to preserve neutrality in the contest between lipsia and the South American republics and the insurprens in Chas, and calls attention to the present state of the Alcohem negociations with Regisard. The President calls attention to the flowers insure a first the product of the Alcohem treaty, may soon be resumed and brought to a favorable termination. In regard to occan telegraph cables the President calls attention to the enclusion of American citizens from this assumption. He rights of American citizens from this assumption. He also extens that he will endeavor to secure by negotiation as absendentened of the principle of monopoly in occan telegraphic cables.

The Secretary of the Treasury calls attention to the reduction of excenses in his denartment, amounting

rights of American citizens from this assemption. He also states that he will endeavor to secure by negotialities an abandouncest of the principle of monopoly in occan selegraphic cables.

The Secretary of the Treasury calls attention to the reduction of expenses in his department, amounting to over half a million dollars per amoun. He has made arrangements for the manufacture of paper for the currency and other obligations of the United States of the Children in the printing of the cenne, which will increase the security against counterfeiters. He states that, including interest camed and not paid, and deducting cash on hand, the debt of the United States on the let of March last was \$2,250,500,100 of, and subject to the same conditions it was \$2,430,50,100 at on the let of March last was \$2,250,500,100 of, and subject to the same conditions it was \$2,430,50,100 at on the let of the present month, showing a decrease of \$1,500,500 at 5. The Secretary proposes to delay resuming specie payments until a part of the Fiver Twenty bonds can be funded in a new 44 per cent. gold lean, which be would limit to \$1,000,600,00, or a most \$1,500,600,000, one-third after twenty and within them; over years, one-third after twenty and within theirty years, for which Five-Twenties should be exchangeable, which Matlons backs should be required to krop set the base of their circulation, which should be payable after them and within theirty years, for which Five-Twenties should be exchangeable, which Matlons backs should be required to krop set the base of their circulation, which should be payable after them or at the leading money centres of Europe, as might be decired.

The Postmaster-General reports that there are in the United States \$7,100 postmasters, an increase desired to past year of sin. Of these \$20 are appointed by the Freedest and Sensie, and the last year here were received at the Dead-Latter Office \$2,500,500 lecters. The money-order system has been a gratifying success. The brainess has grown from \$1,500,100 in 100

ORNERAL NEWS ITEMS.

OBSERAL NEWS TIEMS.

In accordance with instructions from Washington the Spanish gun-hoats, detained at New York, were discharged from the custody of the United States authorities on December 10, and were taken possession of by the Spanish officials.

The season just closed presents a sad record for the Gloucester, Massachusetts, fishermen. Surteen vessels were wrecked, involving a pectiming loss of more than \$34,000; and fifty six fishermen were drowned, leaving twenty-two widows and twenty-cipht faiberless children.

A San Francisco police justice has declared the California State law denying the Chinese the right to testify in the course to be in conflict with the Four-teenth Amendment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Tue Genmenical Council was opened on the sch inst. by the Pope. The streets leading to the Vatican inst. by the Pope. The streets leading to the Vatican were crowded by the people as his Boliness, at the head of a procession of 100 hisbops, preceded to the half of the Council. The galleries of the half were tiled by sovereigns and princes and members of the corps stylematics. The ceremonies are described as excelling any thing in Rome for a century. On the 9th the Pope delivered an allocation before the bishops, in which he claimed that there was nothing to be feared in "false human science and worldly implety," because "the Church was stronger oven than Hearner." The Council has been adjourned until after Epiphany, and much opposition in expected to its reasonabling. The Pope reflex much on the support of the American Bishops.

The French "Yellow Book" says that Prance used her influence with the United States to bring shout the sympathy in the United States and South America with the Cuban insurports complicated the settlement.

Browney Abotics are the order of the fact in the

with the Cuban inserpents complicated the settlement.

Stormy debates are the order of the day in the French Corpe Legislatif. The irrepressible M. Rochmist on the 10th demanded the impressionant of M. Forcade, the Minister of the Interior. The scene which followed is described as unparalleled in the annals of the Chamber, and an adjournment was effected amidst great excitement.

The Lendon Press suggests the appointment of such men as George Ticktor Cirtis and William M. Everts to state the facts and the law in the Alebane case. The Edinburgh Sestemen has a report that Lord Claration will scour reopen negotiations for the estimation of the claims.

The Vicarcy of Egypt has yielded to the nithusium of the Baltan, and accepted the conditions imposed.



THE WAR IN CUBA-A DASH THROUGH THE WOODS.



THE WAR IN CUBA-THE CUBAN SCOUT.

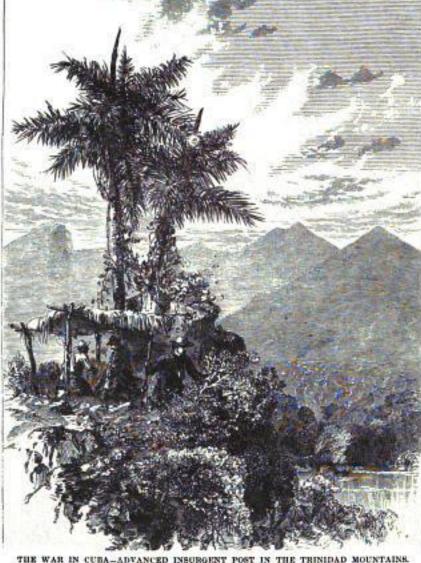
. THE WAR IN CUBA.

The war in Cuba presents many interesting and romantic features, some of which are depicted by our artist, whose sketches will be found on this page. The character of the country where the insurrection began, and has been carried on more successfully than in any other part of the island, is illustrated in the sketch showing an advanced post in the Trinidad Mountains. Wild and bold, and covered with dense forest, it is just the region for the operations of the scattered bands that compose the bulk of the insurrectionary forces. Under the protection of these mountains are organized raids into districts held rectionary forces. Under the protection of these mountains are organized raids into districts held by the Spanish troops; and to their friendly shelter the guerrillas return when their work has been accomplished. Another illustration represents a band of these guerrillas making a dash through the woods. The Spanish troops are sometimes drawn into ambusendes in these mountains, and are made to pay dearly for their termerity. Many stirring adventures are related. temerity. Many stirring adventures are related of "El Chico Balladares," a celebrated scout, who is constantly employed on this duty by the insurgents.

The most effective auxiliaries of the insurgents The most effective auxiliaries of the insurgents are found among the freedmen whom they have liberated from slavery on the plantations. These men, as shown in our illustrations, are armed with any weapons they can pick up—old flint locks, hayonets fastened to the end of a stick, lances, bayonets fastered to the end of a stick, lances, cane-knives, etc.; but in general they are employed for more efficient work than service in the field. They are sent out among the slaves on the Spanish plantations, where their presence is less likely to excite suspicion than that of white men would be, for the purpose of inciting them to insurrection. They are also employed, in connection with Chinamen, in the work of burning plantations, and do very effective service in this kind of warfare.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

Or all recent discoveries in science, that cer-Or all recent discoveries in science, that cer-tainly is the most wonderful which enables us to ideftify a particle of matter almost too mi-nute to be conceived of, and to pronounce upon the composition of a body existing in remotest space. Such a power is given to us in spec-trum analysis, by means of which we detect the presence of 180,000,000th of a grain of sodium, and learn the constitution of the Dog-star, 130,000,000,000,000 of miles away. But what is the spectrum analysis? the unscientific reader may ask. The answer is difficult to give in pop-ular language; but we will attempt one. Every



THE WAR IN CUBA-ADVANCED INSURGENT POST IN THE TRINIDAD MOUNTAINS.

one has observed the band of color produced when light falls upon the triangular piece of glass we call a prism. That is a spectrum. Sir Isaac Newton first discovered that this band of glass we call a prism. That is a spectrum. Sir Isaac Newton first discovered that this band of color is produced by the decomposition of white light into its component colored rays. All white light—that of the sun, a candle, or a gas flame—shows this colored band, beginning with rod on the one side, and terminating with violet at the other. But if we introduce any single substance capable of glving color to a gas flame, the continuous band of color is broken up, and we see only a few bright lines of the same color as the flame. Further, if two or more substances capable of imparting different colors are simultaneously introduced into a flame, each substance is found to exhibit its characteristic lines of color in the spectrum, and thus an analysis is made of the mixture placed in the flame. An observer with a spectroscope at a fire-work display would be able to tell all the ingredients employed to produce the colored fires which excite so much wonder. The discovery that every element in nature gives a characteristic spectrum was soon fraitful of consequences; for as chemists have now the habit of observing every thing that comes to hand by means of the spectroscope, lines have been remarked which did not apparently belong to any known substance. Then chemical analysists took up the matter, and sepapparently belong to any known substance. Then chemical analysis took up the matter, and sep-arated out the unknown ingredient; and in this way, within the last few years, we have been made acquainted with five new elementary substances, and we may conjecture that others still remain to be discovered by the same means.

AIMLESS EDUCATION.

HERE is a rich man's son, who has been edu-cated at great expense and pains, and who has graduated from college, and has come out a gen-tleman. He has studied, not with a view of theman. He has studied, not with a view of fitting himself for any avocation in life, but with a view of being a gentleman. He reads, not for the sake of knowing any thing, but for the sake of being a gentleman. Soon his father breaks down; and he, when he is about twenty-five years old, finds himself a poor man's son, and dependent on his own exertions. And he says to himself, "What shall I do for a living?" He asks his feet, and his feet say, "I do not know." He asks his hands, and they say, "I do not know." He asks his head, and it says, "I never learned any thing about how to get a living." There is bot one man that can befriend this poor wretch, and that is the sexton. Could any thing be more useless than such a person? Can there be any thing more pitiable than such histories?



THE WAR IN CUBA-INSURGENT PICKET OF FREEDMEN.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL ADOLPH CAVADA, MILITARY DISTRICT OF CIENFUEGOS.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by HARVER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the Dutrict Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.)

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Monasone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SECOND SCENE.-THE INN. CHAPTER THE NINTH. ANNE.

"Ye'll, just permit me to remind ye again, young leddy, that the Hottle's full—exceptin' only this settin' room, and the bedchamber younder belonging to it."

So spoke "Mistress Inchbare," landlady of the Craig Fernie Inn, to Anne Silvester, standing in the parlor, purse in hand, and offering the price of the two rooms before she claimed negroing to cover them.

permission to occupy them.

The time of the afternoon was about the time when Geoffrey Delamayn had started in the train, on his journey to London. About the time also, when Arueld Brinkworth had crossed the moor, and was mounting the first rising ground which led to the inn.

Mistress Inchbare was tall and thin, and decent and dry. Mistress Inchbare's unlovable hair clung fast round her head in wiry little yellow curls. Mistress Inchbare's hard bones showed shemselves, like Mistress Inchbare's hard Presbyterianism, without any concealment or compro-mise. In short, a savagely-respectable woman, who plumed herself on presiding over a savagely-respectable inn.

There was no competition to interfere with Mistress Inchbare. She regulated her own prices, and made her own rules. If you objected to her prices, and revolted from her rules, you were free to go. In other words, you were free to cast yourself, in the capacity of houseless wanderer, on the scanty mercy of a Scotch wilderness.
The village of Craig Fernie was a collection of
hovels. The country about Craig Fernie, mountnin on one side and moor on the other, held no second house of public entertainment, for miles and miles round, at any point of the compass, No rambling individual but the helpless British Tourist wanted food and shelter from strangers, in that part of Scotland; and nobody but Mistress Inchbare had food and shelter to sell. A more thoroughly independent person than this was not to be found on the face of the hotel-keeping earth. The most universal of all civilkeeping earth. The most universal of all civil-ized terrors—the terror of appearing unfavorably in the newspapers—was a sensation absolutely nuknown to the Empress of the Inn. You lost your temper, and threstened to send her hill for exhibition in the public journals. Mistress Inch-bure raised no objection to your taking any course you pleased with it. "Eh, man! send the bill whar ye like, as long as ye juy it first. There's nee such thing as a psycapore eary darkers my mae such thing as a newspaper ever darkens my doors. Ye've got the Anid and New Testaments In your bedchambers, and the natural history o' Pairthshire on the coffee-room table—and if that's no' reading enough for ye, ye may een gae back South again, and get the rest of it there." This was the inn at which Anne Silvester had

appeared alone, with nothing but a little bag in her hand. This was the woman whose relactance to receive her she innocessily expected to evercome by showing her purse.

"Mention your charge for the rooms," she said, "I am willing to pay for them before-

hand."

Her majesty, Mrs. Inchbare, never even looked at her subject's poor little purse.

"It just comes to this, mistress," she answered. "I'm no' free to tak' your money, if I'm no' free to let ye the last rooms left in the hoose. The Craig Fernie hottle is a faimfly hottle—and has its ain gode name to keep up. Ye're over-well-looking, my young leddy, to be traveling alone."

The time had been when Anne would have

traveling alone."

The time had been when Anne would have answered sharply enough. The hard necessities of her position made her patient now.

"I have already told you," she said, "my husband is coming here to join me." She sighed wearily as she repeated her ready-made story—and dropped into the nearest chair, from sheer inability to stand any longer.

Mistress Inchbare looked at her, with the exact measure of compassionate interest which she might have shown if she had been looking at a stray dog who had fallen footsore at the door of the inn.

the inn.

"Weel! weel as let it be. Bide awhile, and rest ye. We'll no chairge ye for that—and we'll see if your hasband comes. I'll just let the rooms, mistress, to him, instead o' bettin' them to yow. And, sae, good-morrow t' ye." With that final announcement of her royal will and pleasure, the Empress of the Inn withdrew.

Anne made no reply. She watched the landfady out of the room—and then signigled to control herself to longer. In her position, suspicion was doubly insult. The hot tears of shame gathered in her eyes; and the heart-nethe wrung her, poor soul—wrung her without mercy.

mercy.

A triffing noise in the soom startled her. She looked up, and detected a man in a corner, dusting the faratiture, and apparently acting in the capacity of attendant at the inn. He had shown her into the parlor on her arrival; but he had remained so quietly in the room that she had never noticed him since, until that moment.

He was an ancient man—with one ever filmy

He was an ancient man—with one eye filmy and blind, and one eye moist and merry. His head was held; his feet were gouty; his nose was justly celebrated as the largest nose and the

reddest nose in that part of Scotland. The mild wisdom of years was expressed mysteriously in his mellow smile. In contact with this wicked ms menow same. In contact win this wicases world, his manner revealed that bappy mixture of two extremes—the servility which just touches independence, and the independence which just touches servility—attained by no men in existence but Scotchmen. Enormous native impadence, which amused but never offended; impadence, which amused but never offended; improvements and in the service of the serv measurable cunning, masqueroding habitually under the double disguise of quaint prejudice and day humor, were the solid moral founda-tions on which the character of this elderly person was built. No amount of whisky ever made him drunk; and no violence of bell-ringing ever hurried his movements. Such was the head-waiter at the Cruig Fernie Inn; known, far and wide, to local fame, as "Mnister Bishopriggs, Mistress Inchhare's right-hand man." "What are you doing there?" Anne naked,

sharply.

Mr. Bishopriggs turned himself about on his gouty feet; waved his duster gently in the air; and looked at Anne, with a mild, paternal smile, "Eh! Am just doostin' the things; and settin' the room in decent order for ye

"For me? Did you hear what the landlady

Mr. Bishopriggs advanced confidentially, and pointed with a very unsteady forefinger to the purse which Anne still held in her hand.

"Never fish yoursel' about the landleddy!" said the sage chief of the Craig Fernie waiters. Your purse speaks for you, my lassie. Pet it p!" cried Mr. Bishopriggs, waving temptation With that seasonable pleasantry the venerable Bishopriggs winked, and went out. Anne looked at her watch. By her calcula-

tion it was not far from the hour when Geoffrey might be expected to arrive at the inn, assuming Geoffrey to have left Windygates at the time agreed on. A little more patience, and the land-lady's scruples would be satisfied, and the ordeal would be at an end.

Could she have met him nowhere else than at this barbarous house, and among these barbar-

ous people?
No. Outside the doors of Windygates she had No. Outside the decre of winaygans are not not a friend to help her in all Scotland. There was no place at her disposal but the inn; and she had only to be thankful that it occupied a sequestered situation, and was not likely to be violed by any of Lady Landie's friends. Whatsequestered situation, and was not likely to be visited by any of Lady Landie's friends. What-ever the risk might be, the end in view justified her in confronting is. Her whole future de-pended on Geoffrey's making an honest woman of her. Not ber future with his-—that way there was no hope; that way her life was wasted. Her future with Blanche—the looked forward to nothing now but her future with Blanche. Her register was house and home. The team

lifer spirits sank lower and lower. The tears rose again. It would only irritate him if he came and found her crying. She tried to divert her mind by looking about the room.

There was very little to see. Except that it was solidly built of good sound stone, the Craig Fernie hotel differed in no other important respect from the average of second-rate English inns. There was the usual allierery black wife. inns. There was the usual slippery black so constructed to let you slide when you wanted to

The door from the passage opened, and Arnold Brinkworth—shown in by Mr. Bishoprigge—emtered the sisting-room.
"Nobody here!" exclaimed Arnold, looking round. "Where is she?"

of the moment she flew to the bedchamber and

locked herself in.

Mr. Bishopriggs pointed to the bedroom door.
"Eh! yer good leddy's joost in the bedcham-ber, nae doot!"

Arnold started. He had felt no difficulty. Arsold started. He had felt no difficulty (when he and Geoffrey had discussed the question at Windygates) about presenting himself at the inn in the assumed character of Anne's husband. But the result of putting the deception in practice was, to say the least of it, a little embarrassing at first. Here was the waiter describing Miss Silvester as his "good lady;" and leaving it (most naturally and properly) to the "good lady" husband to knock at her befroom door, and tell her that he was there. In despair of knowing what else to do at the moment. Arof knowing what else to do at the moment, Ar-nold asked for the landlady, whom he had not

seen on arriving at the inn.
"The landleddy's just tottin' up the ledgers o' the hottle in her ain room," answered Mr. Bish-opriggs. "She'll be here anon-the wearyful opriggs. "She'll be nore anon—the wearyns wessan!—specin" who ye are and what ye are, and takin' a 'the business o' the hoose on her aim pair o' shouthers." He dropped the subject of the landlady, and put in a plea for himself. "I ha lookit after a' the leddy's little conforts, Sir," he whispered. "Trust in me! rust in me!"

Arnold's attention was absorbed in the very serious difficulty of announcing his arrival to Anne. "How am I to get her out?" he said to himself, with a look of perplexity directed at the bedroom door

He had spoken loud enough for the waiter to hear him. Arnold's look of perplexity was instantly reflected on the face of Mr. Bishopriggs. The head-waiter at Craig Fernie possessed an immense experience of the manners and customs of newly-married people on their honey-moon trip. He had been a second father (with excellent pacualary results) to innumerable brides and bridegrooms. He knew young married couples in all their varieties:—The couples who try to behave as if they had been married for many yours; the couples who attempt no concealment, and take advice from competent authorities about them. The couples who are hashfully talkative before third persons; the couples who are bushfully si-lent under similar circumstances. The couples lest under similar circamstances. The couples who don't know what to do; the couples who wish it was over; the couples who must never be intraded upon without careful preliminary knecking at the door; the couples who can eat and drink in the intervals of "blist," and the other couples who can't. But the bridegroom who stood helpless on one side of the door, and the hride who remained locked in on the other, were new varieties of the nuptial species, even in the vast experience of Mr. Bishopriggs himself.
"Heo are ye to get her oot?" he repeated, "I'll show ye hoo!" He advanced as rapidly as his gouty feet would let him, and knocked at the bedroom door, "Eh, my beldy! here be is in flesh and bluid. Mercy preserve us! do ye lock the door of the nuptial chamber in your husband's face?"

hand's face?"

that unanswerable appeal the lock was heard turning in the door. Mr. Bishopriggs winked at Arnold with his one available eye, and haid his forefinger knowingly along his enormous nose. "I'm away before she falls into your arms! Rely on it I'll no come in sgain without knocking first!"

He left Arnold alone in the room. The bedroom door opened slowly by a few inches at a time. Anne's voice was just andible, speaking cautionels habited.

cautiously behind it.
"Is that you, Geoffrey?"

Arnold's heart began to beat fast, in anticipa-tion of the disclosure which was now close at hand. He knew neither what to say or do-he remained silent.

Anne repeated the question in loader tones:
"Is that you?"
There was the certain prospect of alarming ber, if some reply was not given. There was no help for it. Come what come might, Arnold answered, in a whisper:

"Yes." The door was flung wide open. Anne Sil-vester appeared on the threshold, confronting

"Mr. Brinkworth!!!" she exclaimed, standing petrified with astonishment.

For a moment more neither of them spoke.

For a moment more nesther of them spoke.

Anne advanced one step into the sitting-room,
and put the next ineritable question, with an instantaneous change from surprise to suspicion.

"What do you want here?"

Geoffrey excuse for Arnold's appearance in that place,

and at that time.
"I have got a letter for you," he said—and offered it to ber.

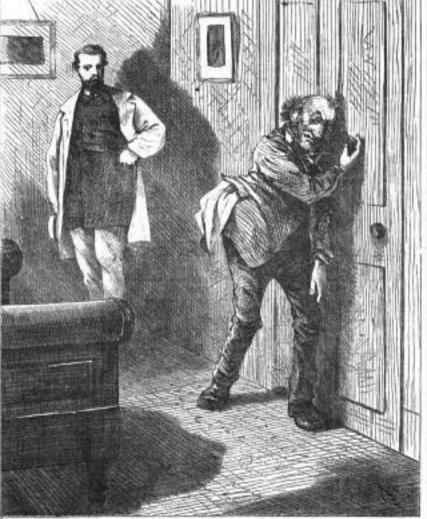
She was instantly on her guard. They were

She was instantly on her guard. They were little better than strangers to each other, as Arnold had said. A sickening presentiment of some treachery on Geoffray's part struck cold to ber heart. She refused to take the letter.

"I expect no letter," she said. "Who told you I was here?" She put the question, not only with a tone of suspicion, but with a look of contempt. The look was not an easy one for a man to bear. It required a momentary exertion of self-control on Arnold's part, before he could trust himself to enswer with due consideration for her. ," Is there a watch set on my actions?" she went on, with rising anger. "And are you the spy?"

"You haven't known me very long, Miss Silvanda."

"You haven't known me very long, Miss Silvester," Arnold answered, quietly. "But you ought to know me better than to say that. I am the bearer of a letter from Geoffrey." She was on the point of following his example,



"EH, MY LEDDY! HERE HE IS IN PLESH AND BLUID."

away from him with the doster. "In wi' it into yer pocket! See long as the warld's the warld. I'll uphend it any where—while there's siller in the purse, there's gude in the woman!"

Anne's patience, which had resisted barder trials, gave way at this.

"What do you mean by speaking to me in that familiar manner?" she asked, rising angrily

that familiar manners
to her feet again.

Mr. Bishoprings tacked his duster under his
arm, and proceeded to satisfy Anne that he
shared the landlady's view of her position, without sharing the severity of the landlady's princi-ples, "There's me man livin'," said Mr. Bish-opeiggs, "looks with mair indulgence at human frailty than my ain sel". Am I no to be familiar opeiggs, "looks with man frailty than my ain sel". Am I no to be familiar wi ye—when I'm anid energh to be a fether to ye, and ready to be a fether to ye till further notice? Heeh! Order your bit dinner, lassie. Husband or no husband, ye're got a must een eat. There's fesh stomach, and ye must een eat. There's fesh and there's fewl—or, maybe, ye'll be for the sheep's head singit, when they've done with it at the tabble dot?"

There was but one way of getting rid of him:
"Order what you like," Anne said, "and leave
the room." Mr. Bishopriggs highly approved of
the first half of the sentence, and totally over-

the first half of the sentence, and totally over-leoked the second.

"Ay, ay—just pet a' yer little interests in my hands; it's the wisest thing ye can do. Ask for Maister Bishopriggs (that's me) when ye want a decent 'sponsible men to gi' ye a word of advice. Set ye doon again—set ye doon. And don't tak' the arm-chair. Hech! hech! yer husband will be coming, ye know, and he's sure to want it!"

rest. There was the usual highly-varnished arm-chair, expressly manufactured to test the en-durance of the human spine. There was the usual paper on the walls, of the pattern designed isial paper on the wais, of the pattern designed to make your eyes ache and your head giddy. There were the usual engravings, which humanity never tires of contemplating. The Royal Portrait, in the first place of honov. The next greatest of all human beings—the Duke of Wellington—in the second place of honor. The third greatest of all human beings—the local member of parliament—in the third place of honor; and a hunting second in the dark. A door conceder hunting scene, in the dark. A door opposite the door of admission from the passage opened into the bedroom; and a window at the side looked out on the open space in front of the ho-tel, and commanded a view of the vast expense of the Craig Fernie moor, stretching away be-low the rising ground on which the house was

Anne turned in despoir from the view in the room to the view from the window. Within the last half hour it had changed for the worse. The clouds had gathered; the son was hidden; the light on the landscape was gray and dull. Anne turned from the window, as she had turned from the room. She was just making the hopeless attempt to making the making the hopeless attempt to making the hopeless attempt th tempt to rest her weary limbs on the sofa, when the sound of voices and footsteps in the passage caught her ear.
Was Geoffrey's voice among them? No.

Were the strangers coming in? The landlady had declined to let her have the rooms: it was quite possible that the strangers might be coming to look at them. There was no knowing who they might be. In the impulse and of speaking of Geoffrey by his Christian name, on her side. But she checked herself, before the word had passed her lips. "Do you mean Mr. Delamayn?" she asked,

"What occasion have I for a letter from Mr. Delamayu?

She was determined to acknowledge nothingshe kept him obstimately at arm's length. Ar-nold did, as a matter of instinct, what a man of larger experience would have done, as a matter of calculation—he closed with her boldly, then

Miss Silvester! it's no use beating about the bush. If you won't take the letter, you force me to speak out. I am here on a very unpleasant errand. I begin to wish, from the bottom of my heart, I had never undertaken it."

A quick spasm of pain passed across her face, She was beginning, dimly beginning, to under-stand him. He hesitated. His generous nature stand him. He besitated. His gene shrank from burting her. "Go on," she said, with an effort.

"Try not to be angry with me, Miss Silvester. Geoffrey and I are old friends. Geoffrey knows

he can trust me "Trust you?" she interposed. "Stop!"
Arnold waited. She went on, speaking to her-

lf, not to him.
"When I was in the other room I asked if Geoffrey was there. And this man answered for him." She sprang forward with a cry of

Has be told you-

"For God's sake, read his letter!" She riolently pushed back the hand with which Arnold once more offered the letter. "You don't look at me! He has told you!"

"Read his letter," persisted Arnold. "In justice to him, if you won't in justice to me,"
The situation was too painful to be endured. Arnold looked at her, this time, with a man's resolution in his eyes—spoke to her, this time, with a man's resolution in his voice. She took

"I beg your pardon, Sir," she said, with a sudden humiliation of tone and manner, inex-pressibly shocking, inexpressibly pitiable to see. "I sudderstand my position at last. I am a wo-man doubly betrayed. Please to excuse what I said to you just now, when I supposed myself to have some claim on your respect. Perhaps you will grant me your pity? I can sak for nothing

Arnold was silent. Words were useless in the face of such utter self-abandonment as this. Any man living—even Geoffrey himself—must hav felt for her at that moment.

She looked for the first time at the letter, he opened it on the wrong side, "My own She opened it on the wrong side. "My own She opened it on the wrong side. "In the hands of

another man!"

"Look at the last page," said Arnold.

She turned to the last page, and read the hurried penciled lines. "Villain! villain! villain!" At the third repetition of the word, she crushed the letter in the palm of her hand, and flung it from her to the other end of the room. The instant after, the fire that had flamed up in her died out. Feebly and slowly she reached out her hand to the nearest chair, and sat down in it. her hand to the nearest chair, and sat down in it with her back to Arnold. "He has deserted with her back to Arnold. "He has deserted me!" was all the said. The words fell low and quiet on the silence: they were the utter-

ance of an immeasurable despair.

"You are wrong!" exclaimed Arnold. "Indeed, indeed you are wrong! It's no excuse—it's the truth. I was present when the message came about his father."

She never beeded him, and never moved. She only repeated the words: "He has deserted me!"

"Don't take it in that way!" pleaded Arnold—
"pray don't! It's dreadful to hear you; it is indeed. I am sure he has not deserted you." There was no answer; no sign that she heard him; she sat there, struck to stone. It was impossible to call the landledy in at such a moment as this. In deepair of knowing how che to rouse her, Arnold drew a chair to her side, and patted her timidly on the shoulder. "Come!" d, in his single-hearted, boyish way. "Cheer

She slowly turned her head, and looked at him

with a dull surprise.
"Didn't you say he had told you every thing?"

she asked.

"Don't you despise a woman like me?"

Arnold's beart went back, at that dreadful question, to the one woman who was eternally eacred to him—to the woman from whose bosom he had drawn the breath of life.

"Does the man live," he said, "who can think

That answer set the prisoned misery in her free. She gave him her hand—she faintly thanked him. The merciful tears came to her

at last.

Arnold rose, and turned away to the window in despair. "I mean well, be said. "And yet I only distress her?"

She heard him, and struggled to compose herself. "No," she answered, "you comfort me. Don't mind my crying—I'm the better for it." She looked round at him gratefully. "I won't distress you, Mr. Brinkworth. I ought to thank you—and I do. Come back, or I shall think you are angry with me." Arnold went back to her. She gave him her hand once more. "One are angry with me." Arnold went back to her. She gave him her hand once more, "One doesn't understand people all at once, "she said, simply. "I thought you were like other men—I didn't know till to-day how kind you could be. Did you walk here?" she added, suddenly, with an effort to change the subject. "Are you thred? I have not been kindly received at this place—but I'm sure I may offer you whatever the inn affords."

It was impossible not to feel for her-it was impossible not to be interested in her. Arnold's honest longing to help her expressed itself a little too openly when he spoke next. "All I want, Miss kilvester, is to be of some service to you, if I can," he said. "Is there any thing I can do to make your position here more comfortable?" to make your position here more comfortable? You will stay at this place, won't you? Geoffrey

She shuddered, and looked away. "Yes!

"You will hear from Geoffrey," Arnold went on, "to-morrow or next day. I know he means write.

to write."

"For Heaven's sake, don't speak of him any more!" she cried out. "How do you think I can look you in the face—" Her cheeks flushed deep, and her eyes rested on him with a momentary firmness. "Mind this! I am his wife, if promises can make me his wife! He has pledged his word to me by all that is sacred!" She checked herself impatiently. "What am I say. checked herself impatiently. "What am I say, ing? What interest can you have in this miserable state of things? Don't let us talk of it! I have something else to say to you. Let us go back to my troubles here. Did you see the land-lady when you came in ?"

"No. I only saw the waiter."

"The landledy has made some absurd difficulty about letting me have these rooms because I came here alone."

"She won't make any difficulty now," said mold. "I have settled that." Arnold.

Arnold smiled. After what had passed, it was indescribable relief to him to see the humor-

an indescribable relief to him to see the humor-ous side of his own position at the inn.

"Certainly," he answered. "When I saked for the lady who had arrived here alone this aft-

"I was told, in your interests, to ask for her as my wif

Anne looked at him-in alarm as well as in

"You asked for me as your wife?" she repeated.

"Yes. I haven't done wrong—have I? As I understood it, there was no alternative. Gooffrey told me you had settled with him to present yourself here as a married lady, whose husband was coming to join her."
"I thought of him when I said that. I never

thought of you."
"Natural enough. Still, it comes to the same thing (doesn't it?) with the people of this house."
"I don't understand you."
"I don't understand you."

"I don't understand you."
"I don't understand you."
"I will try and explain myself a little better.
Geoffrey said your position here depended on my asking for you at the door (as he would have saked for you if he had come) in the character of some hadron."

of your hashand."

"He had no right to say that."

"No right? After what you have told me of the landlady, just think what might have happened if he had not said it! I haven't had much experience myself of these things. But—allow me to ask—wouldn't it have been a little awkward (at my age) if I had come here and in-quired for you as a friend? Don't you think, in that case, the landlady might have made some additional difficulty about letting you have the

It was beyond dispute that the landlady would have refused to let the rooms at all. It was equally plain that the deception which Arnold had practiced on the people of the inn was a de-ception which Anne had berself rendered necessary, in her own interests. She was not to blame it was clearly impossible for her to have foreseer such an event as Geoffrey's departure for Lon-don. Still, she felt an uneasy sense of responsi-bility—a vague dread of what might happen next. She sat nervously twisting her handkerchief in

"Don't suppose I object to this little strata-gem," Arnold went on. "I am serving my old friend, and I am helping the lady who is soon to

Anne rose abruptly to her feet, and amazed him by a very unexpected question.

"Mr. Brinkworth," she said, "forgive me the rudeness of something I am about to say to you.

When are you going away?"

Arnold burst out laughing.
"When I am quite sure I can do nothing more

to assist you," he answered.
"Pray don't think of see any longer

"In your situation! who else am I to think

Anne laid her hand earnestly on his arm, and " Blanche!"

"Bianche?" repeated Arnold, utterly at a lose

to inderstand her.

"Yes—Blanche. She found time to tell me what had passed between you this morning before I left Windygates. I know you have made her an offer. I know you are engaged to be married to her." Arnold was delighted to hear it. He had been

nerely unwilling to leave her thus far. He was sheelately determined to stay with her now. "Don't expect me to go after that!" he said.

"Come and sit down again, and let's talk about Blanche."

Blanche."

Anne declined impatiently, by a gesture. Arnold was too deeply interested in the new topic to take any notice of it.

"You know all about her habits and her tastes," he went on, "and what she likes, and what she dislikes. It's most important that I should talk to you about her. When we are husband and wife, Blanche is to have all her own way in every thing. That's my idea of the Whole

way in every thing. That's my idea of the Whole Duty of Man-when Man is married. You are still standing? Let me give you a chair."

It was cruel-under other circumstances it

It was croel-under other circumstances it would have been impossible—to disappoint him. But the vague fear of consequences which had

taken possession of Anne was not to be trifled with. She had no clear conception of the risk (and it is to be added, in justice to Geoffrey, that is had no clear conception of the risk) on which Arnold had unconsciously rentured, in undertaking his errand to the inn. Neither of them had any adequate idea (few people have) of the infamous absence of all needful warning, of all decent precantion and restraint, which makes the marriage law of Scotland a tree to each numerical men law of Scotland a trap to catch unmarried men and women, to this day. But, while Geof-frey's mind was incapable of looking beyond the present emergency, Anne's finer intelligence told her that a country which offered such facilities for private marriage as the facilities of which she had proposed to take advantage in her own case, was not a country in which a man could act as Arnold had acted, without danger of some serious embarrassment following as the possible result. With this motive to animate her, she resolutely declined to take the offered chair, or to enter

into the proposed conversation.

"Whatever we have to say about Blanche,
Mr. Brinkworth, must be said at some fitter

Mr. Brinkworth, must be said as some most time. I beg you will leave me."

"Leave you!"

"Yes. Leave me to the solitude that is best for me, and to the sorrow that I have deserved. Thank you—and good-by."

Arnold made no attempt to disguise his dis-

Arnold made to attempt to diagnose his dis-appointment and surprise.

"If I must go, I must," he said. "But why are you in such a hurry?"

"I don't want you to call me your wife again before the people of this isn."

"Is that all? What on earth are you afraid

She was unable fully to realize her own appre them was unate they to reside her own apprehensions. She was doubly unable to express them in words. In her anxiety to produce some reason which might prevail on him to go, she drifted back into that very conversation about Blanche into which she had declined to enter but the research before

but the moment before.

"I have reasons for being afraid," she said.
"Que that I can't give; and one that I can.
Suppose Blanche heard of what you have done?
The longer you stay here—the more people you ger you stay here—the more people you more chance there is that she might boar of it.

"And what if she did?" asked Arnold, in his own straightforward way. "Do you think she would be angry with me for making myself use-

ful to you?"
"You," rejoined Arme, sharply, "if she was

Arnold's unlimited belief in Blanche expres itself, without the slightest compromise, in two

"That's impossible!"
Anxious as she was, miserable as she was, a faint smile flitted over Anne's face.
"Sir Patrick would tell you, Mr. Brinkworth, that nothing is impossible where women are concerned." She dropped her momentary lightness comed." She stopped her momentary lightness. of tone, and went on as carneady as ever. "You can't put yourself in Blanche's place—I can. Once more, I beg fou to go. I don't like your coming here, in this way! I don't like it at all!"

She held out her hand to take leave. At the

ame moment there was a loud knock at the door

Anne sank into the chair at her side, and uttered a faint cry of alarm. Arnold, perfectly impenetrable to all sense of his position, asked what there was to frighten her—and answered the knock in the two customary words:

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

Ir is chiefly during the eight or nine most of winter that the great qualities of the dogs of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard are called into action. They serve as guides to small car-avans of travelers, and to such as have strayed from the right direction. They also track those that have been lost in the deep snows or buried by avalanches. For these purposes their assist-ance is quite indispensable. Of course there can not be any question of beaten tracks in yonder dreary solitudes, where the snow is often forty feet deep; and even the conventuals and serv-ants of the convent would, notwithstanding their familiar acquaintance with the country, in times of fogs and storms, never find their way without the assistance of those keen-scented animals. Generally a servant accompanies the dogs cont out on their accustomed rounds; they scarcely ever go alone. But on extraordinary occasions, in thick fugs, thunder-storms, and snow-storms, the whole population of the convent will turn out cordials, and every thing necessary in cases of accident.

Not less than two dogs are ever sent out—one of them an old, well-trained animal, which will serve as an instructor and trainer to the younger one. Should an accident happen to one of them,

the other will go for assistance.

The work of brotherly love to which the monks of the Great St. Bernard devote themselves is at-tended with great perils. Many fall victims to the fatigues of their laborious calling, and more than one of those noble men have found graves beneath avalanches and in deep anow-drifts.

When we hear of the thousands whose lives

When we hear of the thousands whose lives have been saved by those invaluable animals, we are not to understand that so many have been dug out from beneath avalanches with their assistance. They will track those who, having lost their way, are lying in the snow half bennmbed with cold; they will encourage, by barking violently, such as, from exhaustion and despair, have send down to their last sleep and call in have sunk down to their last sleep, and call up assistance whenever their efforts are unavailing. The deep tracks they leave in the snow have guided many a one to the hospitable halls of the

Hospice. Their constant loud baying on expeditions of mercy has been heard by many a for-lorn wanderer, who was thus enabled to make known his situation to the brave men sent out to for travelers lost in the snow.

The climate of the Great St. Bernard is excessively rude; even in midsummer the mercury never rises higher than 16 degrees above neve, according to Résumur; in winter it sinks down to 27 degrees below the freezing-point. There are but very few clear and unclouded days during the whole year. The nights are always cold; while a small Alpine lake, situated south of the Hospice, occasionally remains frozen up for ser-eral years in succession. The average tempera-ture is, according to the most careful meteoro-logical observations, the same as that of the south-

ern point of Spitzbergen.

It is quite natural, under these circumstar that but few animals will stand the rigorous eli-mate of those mountain regions; and we can easily appreciate the love and anxious care which the monks of the Great St. Bernard bestow upon

the mones of the Great St. Bernard bestow upon the rearing and preservation of the brave, won-derfully-gifted animals.

The most celebrated of all these dogs was Barry. His successes exceeded those of any other dog of his race. His intelligence and smis-bility were almost human. During a life of lit-tle more than twelve years he saved the lives of forty-gift travelers—some any over then the more than twelve years he saved the myes or forty-eight travelers—some say even more than seventy. Nothing is said to have equaled his pleasure when he had succeeded in saving a traveler from pecishing in the snow. He used to manifest his satisfaction by joyful leaps, herking, wagging his tail—in short, in every conceivable way. Whenever he found a lost traveler lytem in the snow, herumbed with cold, he would ble way. Whenever he found a lost traveler ly-ing in the snow, benumbed with cold, he would endeaver to warm him with his breath, or by stretching himself at full length over his body, until his companion dog had brought up assis-ance from the Hospice. Once he brought to life a child, by continued caresses induced him to mount his back, and thus carried him to the

Many of those dogs perished while thus ful-filling their mission. The most tragical fare, however, was that which Barry himself not with more than fifty years ago. One day, hav-ing found a man nearly frozen to death in the snow—a descript from the Austrian army—the snow—a deserter from the Austrian army noble animal by uncessing efforts succeeded in resuscitating him. The soldier, unable to ac-count for the presence of a dog in that dreary solitude, frightened out of his wits by its incessant howis, and fancying it to have been sent out by his pursuers to track him, drew his sabre and by ms pursuess to track him, drew his sabre and plunged it into the beart of his deliverer. Thus died the noblest dog that ever lived. Barry's skin has been carefully stuffed, and is now ex-hibited in the Museum of Natural History at Berne. This noble creature was considered the most perfect type of the pure breed of the St. Bernardine dog.

Mr. Schumachen, at Holligen, abo

from Berne, Switzerland, keeps an establishment for breeding those dogs, which he is very proud of showing to visitors. It consists of an inclosof showing to visitors. It consists of an inclos-ure of about one-fourth of an acre, in the shape of a parallelogram, funced in with iron wire, in which the dogs have ample room to take exercise. There are also in opposite corners several spacious kennels. In this inclosure twelve or fifteen magnificent dogs are always kept. It is a truly gratifying sight to see these noble beasts, not merely for dog-fanciers, but for all who love to see the perfection of nature. They are almost under a title part to reclosed water on their so see me perrection of nature. They are almost fluwhite, with large tan-colored spots on their fluwheads, cars, backs, and tails, and average about six or seven hands in height. They are especially remarkable for size of head, strength of neck, width of chest, and for their powerful legs and feet—the peculiar marks of the breed. legs and feet—the pecuhar marks of the breed. Every visitor is struck by the quiet and intelli-gent expression of their eyes, and their lordly carriage. They may be called the gentlemen among dogs. Gentle dogs they are truly—noble, generous, royal fellows, far beyond the common plebelan run of curs. They will hunt neither bird nor beast; they will not assist in the de-struction of any thing living; but I verily believe that in a case of emergency they will not flinch structure of any tining using; but I very believe that in a case of emergency they will not flinch from any danger, in whatever shape it may pre-sent itself—they will either conquer or die. The only real business those royal beasts should ever be put to is that of saving and protecting men's lives. They are faithful to their master, but in-different to all advances or currence of strangers. different to all advances or caresses of strangers.

Mr. Schungcher, some time ago, possessed a dog of this breed, named Sultan, which at the International Exhibition at Paris won the only first prize then given for dogs. A more perfect specimen of pure dog-blood was never beheld. We regret to say that Sultan died last summer. We regret to say that Sultan died last summer. By far the greater part of Mr. S.'s dogs, however, show blood as pure as Sultan's, some of them even resembling old Barry in point of color and spots. All the dogs of the true Barry type have hair of medium length, scarcely ever attaining an inch and a half. Nature, however, will have and of medium length, scarcely ever attaining an inch and a half. Nature, however, will have her freaks. Sometimes pupples are born whose hair will grow long and allky, between two and three inches in length; others with very short hair, scarcely an inch long, all at the same birth with pupples that are considered to be of the true Barry or St. Bernardine breed—that is to say, with hair of medium length. This is ascribed to the fact that the original ancestors of the St. Bernardine breed—as far back as the fourteenth century, were, it is said, a very short-haired Danish bull-dog and a long-haired shapherd bitch from the Pyrenees. Of course only such specimens are selected for breeding as show the true Barry type; but, as we have already said, Nature will have her own ways; and oreasionally return to original forms. The reason why the return to original forms. The reason why the beautiful long-haired specimens are not consid-ered to be of the true St. Bernardine type is The reason why the simply because their long hair is liable to be

clogged with snow to such a degree as seriously to hinder the animal in the exercise of its duties by the weight of the snow. But though these long-haired specimens are thus unfit for the special duties of Hospice dogs, they exhibit the same noble qualities of character, nor are they in any other way inferior to the dogs of the Barry type. In a similar way a cost of very short hair will unfit dogs for Hospice service, because it does not afford sufficient protection against the inclemency of the weather. These dogs of the gennine Barry breed all have a growth of short, downy hair beneath the outside coat. This is probably the same double coat of hair which is also found upon many animals of northern clogged with snow to such a degree as seriously is also found upon many animals of northern

Dogs of the true Barry breed are distinguished by double spurs on their hind-legs, and by a long tail in the shape of an f, the tip of which is al-ways curied up, and, singularly enough, in most cases turned to the left.

cases turned to the left.

A belief had been prevalent for many years that the true breed of the St. Bernard had become extinct. This was not quite correct; but it is an arknowledged fact that, owing to the negligence, carelessneas, and ignorance of breeders, it was on the surest road to degeneration and ultimate extinction. It is chiefly the merit of Mr. Scaumacuna that the true breed has been recovered. By carefully selecting his breeding animals he at last succeeded in obtaining. ing animals he at last succeeded in obtaining dogs which, in every point, are the equals of their celebrated anosator Barry. A few years ago he made a present of a pair of those perfect animals to the convent. One of the old monks who, in his younger days, had known old Barry, on seeing them was moved to tears, and exclaimed: "Great God! there is old Barry!" The Prior of the Hospics of the Great St. Bernard had a certificate drawn up in which, with his seal and hand, he testified to the genuineness of the breed; and it was partly owing to this document Mr. Schumachen obtained the first prize at the Paris Exhibition—a gold medal.

There are seven splendid pupples in a sepa-rate compartment of the inclosure, giving great promise of equaling their ancestors. Two of them are almost exact counterparts of their

great ancestor Barry.

The illustrations given on page 829 repre-

1. Old Barry, whose stuffed skin is now at the Museum of Natural History in Berne.
 2. The dog Favorite, a splendid long-haired

variety.

3. Young Barry, and two other dogs of the Barry type, grouped in the inclosure, with kennel in the back-ground.

WALTER SCOTT AT WORK.

EVEN when his eyes were failing, and his fingors gouty, Walter Scott frequently threw off thirty or forty pages of print before dinner—that, in fact, was his task when he was at work upon "Woodstock" and the "Life of Napoleon;" and till he had accomplished that, he did not think himself at liberty to take his axe and stroll out into the wood for an hour's sharp exercise. In his prime, he thought nothing of throwing off a novel in a mouth. "Guy Mannering" was written in six weeks about Christma, and that he thought easy work. Very frequently, however, Sir Walter had a brace of novels on hand together. er, or a novel and a prace of novels on hand together, or a novel and a poem, or two or three reviews for the Edwards and the Quarterly. "Ivanhoe" and the "Monastery" were written together like this; and he took up the story of "Woodstock" as a diversion to kill time when he was ahead of the press with his "Life of Napoleon." Hasty work in literature is not generally the highest kind of work; and of course there is in all Sir Walter Scott's works much that is thin and rambling, and want. But with that is thin, and rambling, and vapid. But with Sir Walter Scott literature was not an art, but a trade. What was good enough for the public, was good enough for him; and his cardinal test was good enough for him; and his cardinal test of the value of his work was the price of its copy-right and its sale. In poetry, he wrote by in-spiration; taking up his pen, like Byron, only when the fit was upon him; but when at work upon a nevel or a history, all he thought of was to get through his task; and if he was not in the vein when he took up his pen, he simply wrote on, as he said, till he "wrote himself into goodhumor." This was not generally a very hard task; and when he had got into a good-humor with his work, he wrote on as freely and as gay-ly as he talked. His manuscripts testify sufficiently to this. In his poems you meet with stances that are hardly legible with blots and interlineations; but the manuscripts of his novels are as free from every thing of this description as his correspondence. You may turn over page after page without finding a single correction. He never boggled over a senterfee, or cast about for an expression. "His thoughts," as his amanuesis said, "flowed easily and felicitously, without any difficulty to lay hold of them, or to find appropriate language. He sat in his chair (when dictaing), from which he rose now and then, or keep the product of the control took a volume from the book-case, consulted it, and restored it to the shelf—all without interand restored it to the shelf—all without inter-mission in the current of ideas, which continued to be delivered with no less readiness than if his mind had been wholly occupied with the words he was uttering." When dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, James Ballantyne says Scott walked up and down the room, rais-ing and lowering his voice, and, as it were, act-ing the parts. The file-work Scott left to the resisters and of several of his stories he did not ing the parts. The file-work Scott left to the scinter; and of several of his stories he did not printer; even see the proofs till they were in the hands of the public. With the exception of the "Lay," I doubt whether he ever read any of his poems after they were published. He liked that better than he anticipated; but I do not think the pe-

rusal increased his opinion of the critical discernment of the public. He was "never fund of his own poetry;" and when Ballantyne told him that the "Lord of the Isles" and "Rokeby" were pal-ing in the glare and glitter of "Childe Harold" and the "Gisour," he shandoned the laurel wreath

and the "Giaour," he abandoned the laurel wreath to Byron without a struggle, and almost without a sigh. "Since one line has falled," he said, "we must strike out something else."

This was the spur under which he took up the abandoned manuscript of "Waverley," which had been lying among the fishing-tackle of an old drawer for seven or eight years, and threw off the second and third volumes in three weeks. When, in turn, the novels of the "Author of "Waverley" began to pall upon a taste which likes its fiction fresh and fresh, Scott left the field to his imitators, and turned to history. field to his imitators, and tress, Scott set the field to his imitators, and turned to history. "There is but one way," he said, "if you wish to be read—you must strike out something novel to suit the humor of the hour;" and that was the principle by which he was governed all through his career. It was not a very lofty principle to act upon; with a weaker man it might have been a dangerous principle, ending, as in the case of Byron, in the complete demoralization of his genius. In Scott, however, it led to nothing genins. In Scott, however, it led to nothing more than a variation of style. The most vo-luminous author of an age not particularly dis-tinguished by the purity of its literature or mor-als, the contemporary of Byron and Moore, and the personal friend of George IV., an author, too, who avowedly set his sails to catch the pep-ular breeze, Sir Walter Scott never allowed his genius to pollute itself by any thing that, as a man, he could blush for. Talking over his writings at the close of his career with a friend, and contrasting their tone with that of Goothe's. and contrasting their tone with that of Goethe's, Sir Walter said, with a flush of pride: "It is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to un-settle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's princi-ple, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted," And his boast

THE AUBORA.

The spectroscope is continuously revealing new wonders in the departments of physics—even astronomy. A Swedish astronomer, Angström, has succeeded on several occasions in obtaining the spectrum of the luminous are which bounds the dark circle of the surcers. The light of this are is almost monochromatic, and exhibits a single brilliant band, situated to the left of the well-known group of calcine lines, and (which is very remarkable) not coinciding with any of the known known group of calcine lines, and (which is very remarkable) not coinciding with any of the known rays or bands of simple or compound gases. An-other circumstance which, as the discoverer ob-serves, gives a special and almost cosmical im-portance to this observation, is this; namely, he succeeded in observing the spectrum of the adi-acal light, and here the same bright band was seen. "Indeed," he adds, "during a starlight night, when the sky was almost phosphorescent, I found traces of this band visible from all parts of the beavens." In addition to the bright band, he also observed in the auroral spectrum traces be also observed in the auroral spectrum traces of three feeble bands, situated near to the line F of the solar spectrum. Augstrüm's observations on the aurora were corrected to the winter of 1867-68, and have since been confirmed by hi self and several other physicists. The spectro-scopic examination of the zodiacal light com-pletely overthrows the view generally held by astronomers, that this phenomenon is due to the reflection of the sun's light from a belt of meteors circulating between the sun and the earth; and shows that, like the auroral light, it must be due to magnetic disturbance in the firmament. It

may startle some of our readers to learn that, according to Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn, the true discoverer of the law of the conservation of forces. the aurora is indirectly due to the trade-winds. In a very elaborate memoir which Dr. Mayer read at the September meeting of the German Scientific and Medical Association, in which he discussed a variety of questions arising out of his theory of the conservation of forces, he stated that, in his opinion, the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism are due to the trade winds. magnetism are due to the trade-winds. He sums up his reasons as follows: The lowest strata of the trade-winds assume, by friction with the surface of the sea, an electrical condition, the opposite of that of the water. The air then rises under the warmth of the sun, and the colder rises under the warmth of the sun, and the colder air from the pole streams in underneath, driving it toward the pole, when, from its high state of electric tension, it produces the aurora. He electric tension, it produces the aurora. He adds that the constant disturbance of electrical equilibrium which is manifested by the frequently varying direction of the magnetic needle is due to the greater electric activity of the southern hemisphere than of the northern, owing to the whether the physical conformation of the globe.

CYMBELINE.

HARD by the garden-seat, Where rose and woodbine meet, And all sad things are sweet, Stands Cymbeline.

Where, through the trellised leaves The wan moon softly weaves A chain of light, that cleaves O'er her sweet face,

Faith keepeth watch above, But false the faith thereof, While at her feet lies Love, For love of her.

Amid red roses' breath, hat sicken unto death, My Lady stays and saith, Not any thing.

The trembling leaves are sad, And Love with Grief is clad, Not any thing is glad, Because of her.

She tarrieth in vain,

For her swarth knight is slain,
And cometh not again,

To Cymbeline,

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Pans policeman being summoned into the pres-ence of a man who had just abor himself dead, after severely wounding a lady, displayed his anxiety to arrive at the facts in the case by excitedly demanding of the only surviving winess of the fray, "Did this man kill himself before he fired at this lady, or not?"

THE SEA.

There are certain things—as a spider, a ghost, The income tax, goot, an unibrells for three-That I hate; but the thing that I hate the mo-is a thing they call the ees.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs, A decided hint of ealt in your tes, And a fishy taste in the very eggs, By all means choose the soa.

And if, with these dainties to drink and est, You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree, And a chronic state of wet in your feet, Then I recommend the sea.

A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a married man replied, "She is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be dear, every man abould have a copy of it."

SKATING WITH A GIRL I're sounded each depth in the waters of pleasure, And gone every round in their addying whirl: And I'll tell you the truth—there's nothing can meas

And I have you were the first with a pirk.

The fun of a winter night's skate with a pirk.

Now onward we dash, o'er the key track flying.

And banished forever are sorrow and pain.

A fall i But no matter—there's nothing like trying.

So take her up gottly, and onward again.

Then give me the kee with a joily good skate,

with my own darling girl, and I'll whistle at fate.

"Boy, may I inquire where Holdmon's drug store is?" "Certainly, Sir," replied the boy, very respec-fully. "Well, Sir," said the gentleman, after waiting a while, "where is in?" "I have not the least idea, your Honor," said the urchin.

How to make a strengthening Besett per Isva-ture.—Take a gallon and a balf, or thereabout, of pure water; add a quarter of an ounce of lard, and half a halfpennyworth of glos. Let it bell steedlify for an hose, and, while bolling, stir with a pollabed manogany chair-leg. Pepper and salt may be added, if "it runs to it."

"Come," said Will, "I peay you devote
Just half a minute to mend this cost,
Which a unil has chanced to rend."
"Tis ten o'clock," said the drowsy mate
I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But it's never too late to mend."

Benry Ward Bescher, returning from church one Sunday, passed a number of specimens of "Young America" amosing themselves with a game of mar-bles, mixed with finely swearing. "My boy," seld Mr. B. to an interesting youth of eight years—"my boy, I am fri₂hiened." "Are you?" answered but-toes, quite naively: "why the devil don't you run, then?"

Little Frank had been tenget that be was made of first. As he stood by the window watching this ele-ment as the wind was whirting it in eddles, he ex-claimed seriously, "Ma, I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy made."

This is the way in which a South Sen Islander set-tled a case of conscience. The missionary had re-buked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was small grieved. After a day or two be returned, his face radiant with Joy. "Me all right now, One wife, Me very good Christian." "What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary. "Me cat her up."

There is a saying, "Save as from our friends," but it does not mean any thing in particular. It was the last remark but one Julius Casar made to Bratus, Brutus was an intimate friend of Cesar's, and meant extremely kindly to him. Bratus put a knife into Cesar. This is a striking instance of friendship.

Matrimony is—hot cakes, warm beds, comfortable alippers, smoking cuffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirts explicing in bottous, redeemed stockings, bootjacks, happiness, etc. Single blessedness is—sheet-iron quilts, blue mass, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated linen, heelless socias, coffee sweetcack with icicles, gutta-percha blesuits, rheumatism, corns, coughs, cold dinners, colics, rhubarb, and any amount of misery.

Priendship is a very beautiful thing. It is also use-ful. Without friendship a man can not borrow five dollars. Dollars have been borrowed at 65 per cent., but still a brotherly love of a certain kind has inspired the transaction. There is a beld sort of philarchropy in cent. per cert, and philanthropy is merely uni-versal friendship.

A sentimental young lady lost a curly peodle on which she set great value, and which she set great value, and which she fed with her own hands. Not long after the peodle had deputted this transitiony life Pridolina was seen to contemplate, with great penetveness, the countenance of a hewhishered and heringleted young man. "Fridolina, my dear," add her maiden sunt, a very proper old lady, "don't look so at young Frinit; hell think you are in love with him." "I can't help it, Aunt Sophia, "opiled Fridolina, with tears in her lovely eyes, "his expression is so like my pet poofle's."

A lady was about to engage the services of a servant at an intelligence office, but before the hargain was closed a few important questions were asked by the former. "I hope," said the lady, "that you have but few relatives in Boston?" "Indade, maker, move to the relatives in Boston?" "Indade, maker, move to talk." "And how many friends who would desire to call on you?" "Faith, maker, I has but two friends in Boston, and one of thim is in Ireland and the other in Maine."



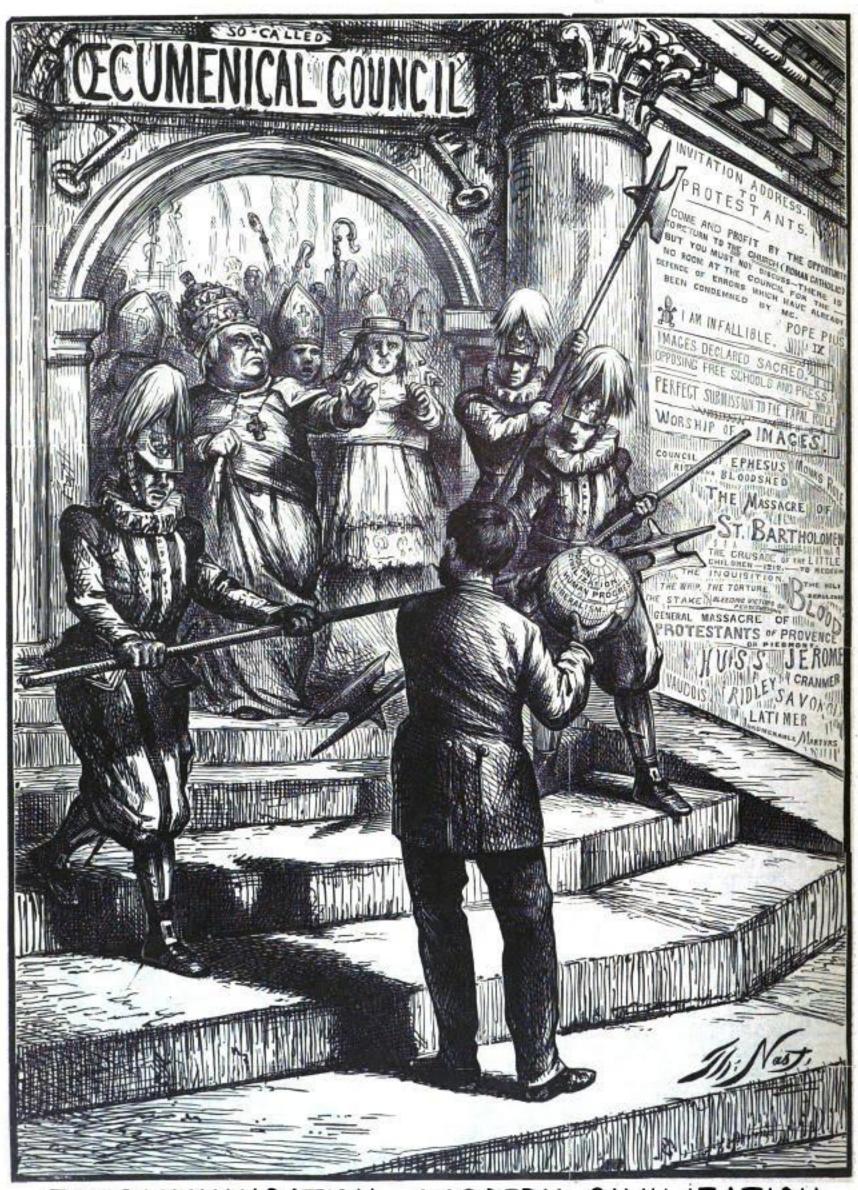
DIVORCE A LA MODE

Ma. Jones. "Why, Amelia, who—who is this Gentleman?"

Mas. —. "My Husband, Sir!"

Ma. Jones. "Are you med, Amelia? I'm your Husband."

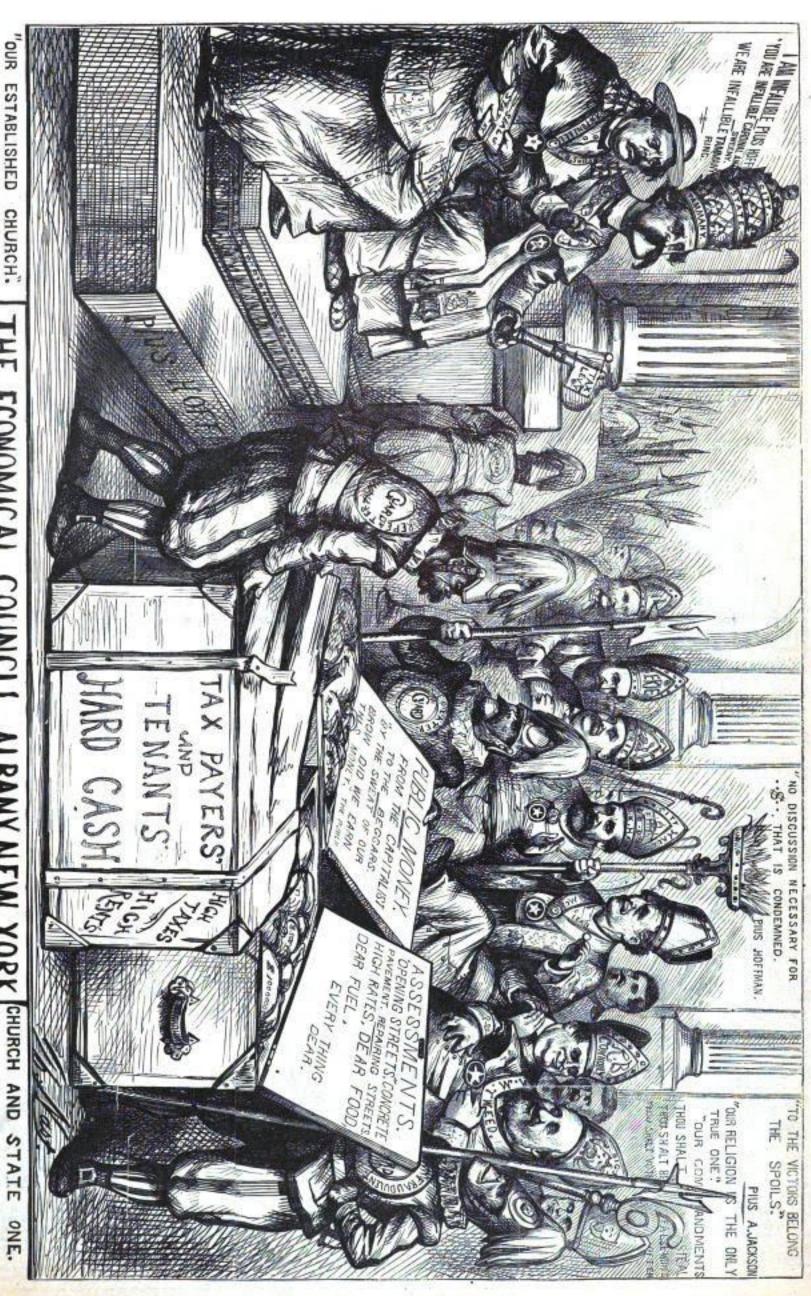
Mas. —. "You were, Sir, yesterday, but I procured a Divorce, and married Mr. Smythe this morning. This is my House, Sir!"



EXCOMMUNICATION OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

GALILEO FROM BUT NEVERTHELESS IT DOES MOVE."

ESTABLISHED CHURCH.



VERONICA.

By the Luther of " Lunt Margaret's Trouble."

En Pibe Books.-Book HH.

CHAPTER VI. LORELY.

THE prince was a little near-eighted, and not deeming it good-manners to use the glass that dangled by the black ribbon over his waistcoat, when he found himself face to face with " miladi," he had approached to within a short distance of her before he became aware of the agisated ex-pression of her face, and the unusual careless-ness of her toilet.

The instinct of coquetry would have prevented Veronica from presenting herself before Barletti in any unbecoming attire. But if she had given the matter her most serious consideration she could have found none better calculated to set off her striking beauty than that which she now wore. A long white wrapper fell to her feet. She had covered her head with the voluminous folds of a white lare shawl, one end of which was folds of a white lare shawl, one end of which was thrown across her breast and foll over her shoul-der; and beneath the delicate snowy lace her long black hair streamed rippling to her waist. "Oh, prince, there you are!" said Veronica. "Paul told me you were in the west loggia, and I ran down to catch you before I dressed for din-

The words were flattering, inasmoch as they implied great eagerness on the lady's part to see him. But he must have been a fatuously vain man who could have looked in Veronica's face as she spoke, and have supposed her to be thinking of writing him correliments.

ing of paying him compliments.

Barletti bowed, and stood awaiting what more

Have you seen Paul?"

"Yes, signora. I saw him as I came in, but I did not speak to him."

I did not speak to him."

"Then you do not know that Sir John has been, and still is, ill?"

"Dio buono! Ill? No. I know nothing. What is the matter with ce bon Gale?"

"I hope it is nothing serious: but I can not tell. I am uneasy about him; very uneasy."

Barletti did not believe that miladi could be unfaring any areas envised. suffering any acute anxiety on the score of her lord's health. And he would have considered it a priori very unlikely that she should so suffer. But he thought it highly proper and becoming that she should assume anxiety. A frank show of indifference would have disgusted him.

that she should assume anxiety. A frank show of indifference would have disgusted him.

"Oh, you must not alarm yourself, cara signers," he said, soothingly. "What are the symptoms? How long has be been ill? I wonder that Paul said nothing to me?"

Veronica hurriedly described the singular swoon or trance into which Sir John had fallen.
"He says the best made him faint," she added, "but—" And she shook her head, doubtfully. "Really it is not unlikely," said Barietti. "It may have been a giramento di capo—a mere swimming of the head. Such things are not uncommon, and il nosero caro Gale is not very strong. Pray tell me if there is any thing I can do for you in Florence. I shall, of course, go back at once. I could not think of intruding on you under the circumstances."

"No, no, no! That is just the very thing I hastened down to say. Ton must remain and dine here, and stay all the evening until Sir John retires."

But-would he not prefer-" began Barletti in some astenishment. Verenica interrupt-ed him, speaking very fast, and in a low tone, and glancing round nervously to see that they were not observed.

"Yes; no doubt he would prefer that you should so away. But I reselve that you should

should go away. But I prefer that you should stay. I beg you to stay. He has a whim to disguise that he is ill. He will not have a docdisguise that he is ill. He will not have a doc-tor. He has given Paul orders to keep it secret from the servants. It may be nothing, but I am so inexperienced in illness I can not judge. I am alone here. I am afraid of—of—of the re-spensibility. You must remain and watch him, and lot me know what you think. And—listen—do not allow it to be seen that I have said a word to stay! Do not admit that I have said a word to you about his Elman. It have no comments to you about his illness. I rely on you, remem-ber! And, above all, say no syllable to Paul."

She turned away, re-entered the salcon by the glass door, and ran swiftly and softly up the stairs, leaving Barletri in a condition of consid-

erable perplexity.

He remained in the garden wandering up and down until the dinner-bell sounded. Then, as he was going into the house across the paved court-yard, a servant who had been sent to seek him, met him, and preceded him into the dining-It was a vast vaulted hall, whose dreariness was on too great a scale to be much miti-gated by such French upholstery as had been hastily employed to decorate it for Sir John

Gale's use.

The table was as big as the deck of a small yacht. The wax lights abundantly set forth on a huge black walnut-wood side-board, and on the table it the tall marble mantle-piece, and on the table it. self, seemed to glimmer with hopeless feeble-ness, as though they were conscious of their inshifty to illuminate the vague dimness of the space. There was a little island of light in the centre of the table-cloth, but it seemed only to

whence the surrounding gloom.

Veronica was alroady in the dining-hall when Barletti entered it. Paul, too, was there, of licining as botler as the side board.

Barletti bowed profoundly, and saluted Veronica as though he then saw her for the first

time that evening.
"Good-evening, prince," said she, with a
careless, haughry bend of the head.

In her rich evening dress, and with her composed, disdainful grace, she seemed a very ferent woman from her who had spoken to

in the loggia half an hour ago.

A cover was laid for Sir John in his accustomed place. Barietti observed it, and stood for a moment after Veronica was seated, as though waiting for some one. "And Gale?"

though waiting for some one.

"Oh, Sir John will not dine with us. He felt a little tired with the best this afternoon.

We shall find him after dinner in the salottino.

Sit down, prince."

"You permit? I am not de trop?"

"No, no. I am glad of the sight of a human face. This hall is the gloomiest, dreariest place? I have never quite got over an idea that it is haunted, and I find myself sometimes making out mysterious shapes in the dark corners. One evening in the summer, when the windows were wide open, a great bat flow in, and almost brushed my face? Ugh!"

They are their dinner under Paul's grave impassible eyes, and with Sir John's empty chair between them.

"Thy master is not really indisposed, friend.

between them.

"Thy master is not really indisposed, friend, ch?" asked the prince of Paul, as the latter was serving him with wine.

"Sir John missed his usual siesta, and was

tired. He is quite well now, Signor Principe."
"Ah, bravo! It has been a devil of a summer. And the heat seems as if it would never

leave off any more."

leave off any more."

The dinner seemed to be spun out to an intolerable length. Barletti had a very excellent appetite, and ate on steadily. Veronica ate but little; but she drank off three glasses of Champagne, whereat Barletti, accustomed to the al-most ascetic temperance of his own countrywomost ascene remperance of his own countrywo-men in the matter of wine, marveled considera-bly. He could not help observing, also, that she did appear to be really thoughtful and anxious, falling every now and then into fits of musing. And at this, attributing her careful brow to un-easiness regarding her husband, be marveled

still more.

When the dessert was put on the table Paul when the desert was put on the table Paul prepared to withdraw. Veronica desired him to remain: speaking in English, of which language Barletti understood very little when he saw it, and almost nothing when he heard it.

and almost nothing when he heard it.

"I must return to Sir John, miladi."

"Then tell Ansano to remain, and as soon as Sir John is in the salottino let me know."

The other servants went away, leaving Ansano to hand round the dishes of fruit, which, in his zeal, and the elation of being left to his own devices free from Paul's supervision, he did with feverish energy, until Veroulea put an end to his service by desiring him to go and stand still at the side-board.

The distrached like all the suit of rooms on

still at the side-board.

The dining-hall, like all the suit of rooms on the west side of the bouse, had a door communicating with the loggia cutside. Veronica bade Barletti finish his wine at his leisure, and rose from her chair, saying that she would go and walk in the loggia until Sir John should be ready to receive them.

A request to be permitted to accommon her

walk in the loggia until Sir John should be ready to receive them.

A request to be permitted to accompany her was on Barletti's lips, but she checked him by a look, and went out alone, pacing slowly and regularly up and down under the stone arreades. The night was dark, and since sunset the air had grown cool. Veronica lifted the gauss upper tunic of her dress, and wrapped her shoulders and arms in it. As she walked solitarily, a feeling of intense loneliness came upon her, such as she had never experienced in her life.

Outside, in the darkness, she looked in at the lighted hall each time she passed the glass door. She saw the brighiness of the table, glittering with glass and silver, and adorned with flowers. She saw Barletti seated there. His face was toward the window. The light fell on his hald forchead and dark eyes, and mellowed the tint of his pale ekin. He looked like a petrait by Vandyck. She regarded all this with an inexpressible sensation of strangeness. It seemed to be the beat that the was believe up the reverse and ever the street and to be the control to be the beat the beat the best the term the reverse and ever and Vandyck. She regarded all this with an inex-pressible sensation of strangeness. It seemed to her that she was looking on the room and on the man for the first time. It seemed to her that she had no part in any thing within those walls. No one could see her out there in the darkness. And to look on even the most familiar face, being one's self unseen, gives it an unfamiliar aspect.

The fact of being shut out there alone in the darkness, and of looking in upon the lighted rooms, produced in her a sense of complete iso-lation—isolation of spirit as well as of body. What did her existence matter to any one? If she could at that moment transport herself to Shipley-in-the-Wold, and peep in at the vicarage windows, she would see no void that her absence had made. It would all be going on much as usual. Her father would be reading by the fire —ther must have fires now in the evening—and Mand would be reading too, or perhaps playing softly on the old plane. Or it might be that Mr. Mand would be reading too, or perhaps playing softly on the old piano. Or it might be that Mr. Plew was there, prosing on in his mild, monotoneous voice. And outside the wide flam would be looming dreary and vague; and near Sack's farm the sheep and the white cattle would glimer, dotted about the pastures flat asiesp. She could fancy it all! So, thought she, a ghost must feel revisiting unperceived the haunts of the head. the body.

The idea of death, thus conjured up, made her diver, and nervously walk faster. How lonely shiver, and nervously walk faster. she felt! How lonely—how lonely!

Varonica had never in her life comprehended what was meant by a "pleasing melancholy."
Sadness of any kind was unterly distanteful to her, and aroused either a species of impatient resentment or a headlong abundonment of herself to despair, which had some anger in it too.

All as once the windows of the salottino threw out rays of brightness into the night. Sir John must be there. The rays came through the interstices of the wooden Venetian blinds. She

could not look into the salottino as she could could not look into the salotane as she could into the dining-hall, where the shitters were left open. She felt a sudden yearning for light, and shelter, and companionship. It was too intolerable being out there alone with her own thoughts in the darkness.

She went into the house through the dining-

room, where Bartetti was still sitting at the table. He had drunk scarcely any wine since Veronica left him; but, to kill the time, he had
eaten nearly the whole contents of a large glass
dish of sweetnests, and was beginning to find
that occupation pall on him when she reappeared.

Ansano stood sentinel in the back-ground.
He had not found the half hour a pleasant one
sither. If he might have been received to dis-

He had not found the half hour a pleasant one either. If he might have been permitted to distinguish himself by handing to the signor principe every dish on the table in regular sequence, he would have been content; for Ansano, like the rest of the servants, was little more than a mere rustic, and the delighted pride he felt in such professional promotion as was implied in being trusted to do any service unwatched by Paul, wore still the gloss of novelty. But to stand there at the side-board, still and eilent, while the other servants were suppling socially together, was a servere trial.

gether, was a severe trial.

Veronica walked at once through the dininghall to the salottino, and Barletti followed her Sir John was lying on a sofa. A lamp stood on a small table near his head, but it was so shaded as to throw no light on his face, although it illu-minated the gay flowered dressing-gown he wore, and his white, wrinkled hands, "Here is Prince Cesare de' Barletti," said Ve-

"Here is I'more Cesare do isamina, same vo-ronica, senting herself on a low chair near the sofa. "He wanted to go away when he heard that you were not well; but I made him stay." "Oh!" said Sir John, in a kind of grunt.

"Oh!" said Sir John, in a kind of grunt.

The greating was so exceptionally uncourtcous even for Sir John, that Barletti rose up as
though he were moved by a spring over which
his will had no control, and said, "I regret my
intrusion. If I had supposed for a moment that
monsieur le baron was seriously ill—"

"Who says so? I am not seriously ill!"
snarled Sir John.
"Of command." internessed Vennels, saids."

"Of course not!" interposed Veronica, quick-"I said so. If Sir John had been seriously ly. "I said so. If Sir John had been seriously ill, it would be another matter. But his indis-position was of the very slightest, and it is now

quite gone."

Either, she thought, he must confess to being so indisposed that the presence of a stranger irked him, or be must ask Barletti to remain. But him, or be must ask Barietti to remain. But Sir John did neither. Whichever one of several given courses of action was most pleasing to Sir John's state of temper at the moment, he habit-ually adopted. Such cobwebs as duty toward, or consideration for, others, were entirely pow-eriess to restrain the peasions or caprices of his monathenes acceptant.

monstrous egotism.
"Yes," he said, speaking, as he had spoken throughout, in a muffled, strange voice, and ar-ticularing indistinctly: "I am quite well, but I don't feel energetic by any means. I shall not ask you to stay to-night, prince; it would only

It was almost impossible to resist this hint, but Barletti caught a glance from Veronica which so plainly begged him to remain, that he answered: "Now, my good Gale, I won't hear that. Bore me Not at all. I shall stay and that until your bedtime. Or, if you prefer it, we'll have our partie of piquet. Which shall it

Sir John was surprised at this unwonted in-sistence. The man had had his dinner; why did he wish to stay? That he evidently did was, however, no inducement to hi

wish it was, however, no inducement to his host to yield.

"Frankly, my dear friend," said Sir John, making an odd grimace, as though he had tried to smile and failed, "I will to-night have neither that nor cards. I decline your company! That is the charm of having an intimate friend. I know you won't be angry if I beg you to leave me to myself, or," he added, slowly turning his eyes on Veronica, "to miladi. That is myself; it's quite the same thing."

But in looking at Veronics he surprised a glance of intelligence passing from her eyes to

glance of intelligence passing from her eyes to Barletti. Sir John could not change the direc-Barietti. Sir John could not change the direc-tion of his own gaze quickly enough to eatch the answering look on the prince's face; his facial muscles appeared not to be under full com-mand; but he saw an expression of irresolution and coulded in Barietti's whole bearing. The prince rose and then scated himself again, and then again rose with more determination, and

The prince rose and then seated himself again, and then again rose with more determination, and advanced to the side of the sofa, holding out his hand to Sir John, and saying, "Good-night, then, caro Gale. Angry? No; of course I shall not be angry!" Then he bowed low to "nifladi," and said, in a low tone, and with intention, "I regret to be hanished from our good Gale, miladi; but I am sure he will be quite himself to-morrow. You need not—none of us need be preserved by thim." uneasy about him."

"Uneasy about mm."
"Uneasy!" echoed Sir John. "Que diable,
Barletti, who is likely to be uneasy?"
And as he spoke he looked not at the prince,

"Who, indeed?" said Veronica, returning Bar letti's parting salutation with the stateliest of bows. reassured at heart. For she argued thus "If Barletti thought there were any thing serious the matter he would not have been restrained by any fear of Sir John from giving me a hint of it

but at Veronica.

by word or look."

And the first faint dawn of a project rose dimly in her mind—a project of attaching and binding this man to her, so as to secure his assistance and protection if—if any thing should happen to Sir John. And already in the dawn of her project the prospect of that dread "something which might happen" showed a little less dreadful.

Meanwhile Sir John lay on the sofa watching her from under the shadow that covered his face,

and thinking of the look he had surprised her giv-ing Barletti. The look had put a new idea into his mind, a very unpleasant idea, not unpleasant merely because, if correct, it would argue some of the ideas he had hitherto entertained to have been wrong (though that contingency alone was disagreeable enough), but because, also, it would have the effect of making him uneasy in the fu-

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE CLUB.

PAUL had such a terrible time of it that night in undressing Sir John and getting him to bed, that when he was alone in his own little room— within easy reach of his master's, and communi-cating with it by means of a large bell hanging at the head of his bed—he began to go over some calculations in his mind, with the half-formed intention of retiring from the baronet's service with a thousand or so fewer france than the sum be had determined on as the limit of his services.

Sleep brought counsel to Paul, however, and he arose in the morning prepared to go through the term of service he had set himself. But whether sleep had brought counsel to Sir John or not, it is certain that he woke in a humor worse, if possible, than that in which be had gone to bed.

He did not feel so much recovered from the indisposition of yesterday as he had expected to feel. He was extremely feeble, except in tem-per; there, he was as vigorous and ferocious as a healthy tiger with a fine appetite and nothing to eat.

Paul attended on him silent and watchful.

At length he said, with grave deliberation:

At length he said, with grave deliberation:
"You must have a physician, Sir John."
The reply was a volley of caths, so fiercely uttered that they left the baronet panting and glaring breathlessly from his pillow.

"Excuse the liberty, Sir John," said Paul, with a shade more gravity, but otherwise quite unmoved, "but you must have a physician. You are a little feverish. It is nothing. A little draught will make you quite strong soon for your learner."

for your journey."

"A lit-tie draught," muttered Sir John, trying to mimic Paul's accent. "A little devil!" "In this country fevers go quick. Excess the liberty, Sir John. If you allow, I will go for a physician myself."

The man's steady persistence had some effect on his master. Sir John moved his head rest-lessly and said, "Go? Where will you go? You don't know any of the doctors here, curse them!"

ton don't know any of the decides here, carse them!"

"There is a good and esteemed English physician. Sir John, lives in—"

"Damn the English physician! You infernal idiot, do you think I will have any of them, jabbering and beasting, and telling in the place that they have been attending Sir John Gale? Do you think I want a pack of British fools rushing up here to stare at me?"

"Bene, bene," said Paul. In his secret mind he had but a poor opinion of the English faculty, whose views, on the subject of bleeding especially, appeared to him to be terribly limited. "Benissimo! Better so, Sir John. I will fetch a most excellent medico. One who will cure you immediately—Dr. Maffei. He is well known, Sir John."

"Well known, you fool!"

"Well known, you fool!"

"Well known, you fool!"

"Well known among the Italians, Sir John," added Paul, astutely. "The signori Inglesi mostly employ their own physicians."

"Whatever he may say, I shall start for Naples on the nineteenth: remember that!"

In this way Sir John gave a tacli consent to the visit of the Italian doctor.

When that gentleman arrived at Villa Chiari he declared that there was no fever about Sir John. Paul had been mistaken there. But he let slip another ugly word, which Paul, who was present during the whole interview (acting as interpreter occasionally, for Sir John's Italian and the doctor's French sometimes came to a cul de sac, out of which Paul had to extricate them), smothered up as well as he could, in the hope

sac, out of which Paul had to entricate them), smothered up as well as he could, in the hope that it might not reach Sir John's ears.

"I got a fall from my horse last year and was badly hurt, and had a long illness in consequence," asid Sir John, feeling that the phenomenon of so wealthy and important a personage as himself being reduced to a condition of great weakness needed some explanation: "I think it shook me more than they thought at the time. That's the only way I can account for being in such a devil of a state."

"Ab, yes. And then, you see, you are get-

being in such a devil of a state."

"Ah, yes. And then, you see, you are getting old, and you have probably been rather intemperate in your youth," answered Dr. Maffel, with disconcerting sincerity.

Sir John began to think he had been wrong in not having an English physician, if he must have any at all.

Dr. Maffel prescribed some medicine, and a plain, but nourishing diet.

"I am going to Naples on the nineteenth," said Sir John, brusquely.

"I do not know. I do not think I should advise your making a journey so soon."

"I shall not trouble you, Sir, for your opinion on that point. I am going on that day. Good-morning."

Good-morning."

The wild-beast temper had leaped out and shown its fangs so suddenly that the doctor's brown smooth-shaven face remained for a few seconds absolutely blank with amasement. Then he bowed silently; and, with a certain dignity, despite his short, stubby figure and ungraceful with malked out of the more. despite his short, stubby fig-

An amazement of a livelier and more agreeable nature overspread his countenance when, driving down the hill in his facre, he inspected the bank-note which Paul had handed to him in an envelope. Its amount was more than ten times what he would have considered a sufficient fee from any of his compatricus—it was, indeed, astentatiously excessive. Sir John had some raguely vindictive notion in his head that the beggarly Italian would repent not having been more civil to a man who could afford to pay such a fee. But he was wrong. The doctor was pendering upon the extraordinary and ab-surd constitution of a universe in which so anom-alous a nation as the English was permitted to

It would be difficult to decide whether or not the medicines sent by Dr. Maffet did the patient any good; but the fact was, that Sir John did not get worse, and was able to keep his resolu-tion of going to Naples on the nineteenth of Oc-

between the day of his tête-à-tête dinner with Veronica and that date, Cesare de' Barletti had to undergo many buffetings of fortune. He was tossed backward and forward from sunshine to shade, by the selfish caprice of a little white hand —and these little white hands can strike hard -and these intro wine hands can strike and securities. A man who has nothing to do from morning to night is glad of a habit which saves him the farigue of deciding how he shall bestow himself at a given bour. He likes to say, "I must be with So-and-so this ovening." It has a cheap air of duty. Thus mere habit had caused the Newpolitan principling to be a results visiting. the Neapolitan princeling to be a regular visitor to the English barcoss in the old days at Naples. when the latter was bound to his room by a fit

of the gout.

The visits had been begun at the promptings of good-nature, combined with a natural taste for a superior cuisine. Sir John, at that time, employed a very accomplished cook.

Then in Florence it must be admitted that curiosity had been the chief spur which at first undeted the prince to undergo the flatigue of sitting behind a cab-horse, and seeing him struggle up the steep road to Ville Chiari. He wanted to see the interior of the menage, whose master and mistress seemed so ill-assorted. But very soon it bears to appear to him a necessity of exto see the interior of the menage, whose master and mistress seemed so ill-assorted. But very soon it began to appear to him a necessity of existence that he should pay his evening visit to the villa. He even found some satisfaction in his game of piquet. An Italian is usually amazingly patient of horedom: or, it may be, is unconscious of it, which is pleasanter for himself. Barletti admired Veronica extremely. And her presence was a strong attraction to him. By-and-by it began to occur to him that it might be worth his while to pay his court to this beautiful woman, after a more serious fashion than he had at first contemplated. Sir John was failing. He might die and leave a rich widow, who would lecome a prey to needy fortune-hunters; to fortune-hunters who would not have the same adantages to effer in exchange for wealth as could be found in an alliance with Cesare dei Principi Barletti I It would be a pity to see her sacrificed to such men as he had seen and known engaged in the chase after a wife with money. He made no definite plan, but suffered himself to drift on lassly, with just so much intention as sufficed to modify his behavior in many subtle, nameless ways. But after the incident of Sir John's indisposition there arose a different feeling in his becast toward her. sposition there arose a different feeling in his

susportion there arose a different feeling in his breast toward her.

Barletti really had a fund of kindliness in him.

He was becoming fond—with a fundatess truer and more tender than that inspired by the fine contrast of diamonds on a satin skin—of this girl, so young, so beautiful, and so lonely! From the moment when she had appealed to him in some sort for advice and support, a fibre manhood was stirred in him on her behalf. would have even made some kind of active ser-rifice for her. So, despite Sir John's irritability and insolence, Barletti continued to endure see-ing his cab-horse toll up the hill overhanging the Ema, evening after evening.

And Sir John Gale did not scruple to make

and Ser John Case did not scrupes to make use of Barletti. He would give him little commissions to execute in the city, and expected him to read up the news of the day and retail the goesip of the hour for his amusement.

One afternoon, in search of this latter commodity, Barletti was standing at the door of the cith with a knot of others.

club with a knot of others.

club with a knot of others.

"I remember him at Rome," said a portly man with dyed whiskers, continuing a desultory conversation with Barletti. "A red-haired man who hunted. Quite the type of an Englishman."

"That's a mistake you all make," observed a languid, spindlo-legged young nobleman with a retreating chin. "I believe there are as many red-haired people in Italy as in England."

The spindle-legged young nobleman had married an English wife, and had been in England, and spoke with authority.

"No, no, it's the Irish that have red hair!" suclaimed a third. "Or the Scotch. I forget which."

"Zisto!" whispered the first portly speaker, as a tall old man appeared at the club door, "the captain won't hear you assert that the Irish have red hair!"

of hair!"

The captain was a half-pay officer, who played an uncommonly good game at billiards. He was understood to live chiefly by his wits; but he had the entrée to several distinguished families nad the entrée to several distinguished families who clung—theoretically, for a more practical clinging would have involved an amount of inconvenience which it would have been mere Quixofism to encounter—to the old régime; he was a realous Roman Catholic, and, it is scarcely necessary to add, was descended from one of the ancient kings of Ireland!

e ancient kings of Ireland!
"Who has red hair?" asked the captain, in

Italian flavored with a rich Kerry bregue.
"We were talking about a man I know here, un riccone, an immensely rich fellow," said Bar

"Indeed! Who is be?" said the captain, while, He had no constitutional prejudice affebly. He had against rich fellows.

والمتحالة والمتحاطية

"Baron Gale." Baron what? I pever heard the title.

"He is an English beron-Sir John Gale. I knew him in Naples."

"Oh, a baronet! Per Bacco!" exclaimed the captain, pronouncing the name of the hea-then deity precisely like the last syllable of "to-bacco," with a very sharp a. "It isn't Tallis

"No, no; John; Sir John Gala." "Ay, ay, that is the beptismal name. But he took the name of Gale when he came into a fortune, being richer than enough already; that's always the way. He's a thin, high-shouldered man, with sandy hair and black eyes?"

"Già."

"And has a handsome wife?"

Bellissims! "That's the man!" gried the captain, rolling the end of his cigar between his lips relishingly. "I knew him in Ireland in the year '49. My lady is a great beauty—was, that is, for she must be quite passée by this time—and married him for

"Passee!" echoed Barletti, on whom that alone, of all that the captain had utered, had made an impression. "Diamine! What do you call 'passée?" She is as fresh as a Hebe, and

young enough to be his daughter!"
"Pooh, pooh, my dear friend! There's some mistake. Lady Tallis Gale must be fifty if she's

The by-standers burst into a derisive laugh.

Barletti had allowed himself to boast a little of his intimney at Villa Chiari, and had exalted "miladi's" beauty to the skies. It is naturally agreeable to find that one's friend has been exaggerating the charms of a society from which one is one's self excluded. Barletti had to unaggerating the charms of a society from which one is one's self excluded. Barietti had to undergo a great deal of banter; and many phasantries were untered on the humorous topic of Lady Gale's supposed ago and infirmities, which pleasantries being (like some other things which are grateful to the truly genteel palate, as caviare and old Stilton) of a somewhat high flavor, we may be dispensed from laying before the reader. Barietti fumed and protested and gesticulated in vain. The joke at his expense was too good to be lost.

"That's why she never showed, then, in the Cascine or any where," and he of the spindlelegs, reflectively. That young nobleman was not, strictly speaking, imaginative, and had taken little part in the abover of jests which had been flung at Barletti. "I thought it was queer, if she was so handsome as all that!"

The conception of a strikingly handsome young woman who did not want to show herself in the Cascine was entirely beyond this young gentle-

woman who did not want to show herself in the Cascine was entirely beyond this young gentle-man's powers of mind. He was as incredulous as an African to whom one should describe a

snow-storm.

That evening Barletti, seated at the piquet-table opposite to Sir John Gale, caused the latter to dash his cards down with an oath, by asking him a simple question: "Have you be ried twice, care Gale?"

"What the devil's that to you, Sir ?" demand-ed the baronet, when he had recovered breath

ed the baroner, when he had recovered because cough to speak.

Barletti drew himself up a little. "Pardon, monsieur le baron," said he, "but I do not quite understand that mode of address."

understand that mode of address."

At another moment he might have passed over the brutal rudeness of his host's words, but his ansors propre was still smarting from the jeering he had received in the morning. He was therefore ready to resent a small offense from one from whom he had endured greater offenses with equanimity. That was not just. But man offense deals as blindly with his fellows as fortune deals with him; and it is the first comer who receives the good or wil he may chance to hold in his hand, quite irrespective of the claims of abstract justice. stract justice.

Sir John was not in a mood to take any notice

of Barletti's sudden access of dignity.

"What put that into your head, pray?" asked
Sir John, flercely.

"No matter, moustour le baron; if I could

have conjectured that the topic was a painful one, I should not have adverted to it. Let us

say no more."
"Trash, Sir! I insist upon knowing what

Barletti had resolved not to be bullied further. Harletti had resolved not to be comed nursor, and had raised his bead, confronting Sir John with a prond air, when he caught a glimpse through the glass door of a graceful figure, with long, sweeping skirts, passing slowly along the loggis. It was yet early. They had not dired. Although the card-table was illumined by a lamp, the daylight was not excluded, and th with part of the garden, was distinctly visible from the interior of the room. Veronica was pacing along with her head bent down in a pensive attitude. As she came opposite to the win-dow she raised her head for a moment and looked

in.

Sir John had his back to the window; but Barletti could see her. She looked full at him, and he saw, or seemed to see, something plaintively appealing in her eyes. It all passed so quickly that there appeared to be scarcely any pause between Sir John's last words and Barletti's reply, uttered coldly, but not angrily.

""Insist," care Gale, is an absurd word to use. But if you really wish it, I have no objection to tell you what made the sak if you had been twice married. It is no secret. Your name was mentioned at the clob to-day, and a

name was mentioned at the clab to-day, and a man declared that he had known miladi years man declared that he had known miled; years ago, and that she was—was not quite young now. I thought it might have been a former wife of whom he spoke. He aski, br-the-by, that you had another name besides Galo—calli—Talli—I forget it now.

Sir John langhed a little grating length.

"Well," said be, taking up his cards again and

arranging them in his hand, "I suppose you can judge for yourself about the correctness of your friend's information on one point, at least. Mi-ladi would be much obliged to him if she could know that he said she was 'not quite young. ha, ha! I suppose the fellow was trying to boax you. By the by, I would advise you, if you want to be in miladi's good books, not to tell her that you have been discussing her at the

tell her that you have been discussing her at the club. Sho's so derilish proud that she'd never forgive you. Allons, let us finish our game."

Barietti understood very well that he had got no answer to his question. But he was too glad to have avoided a quarrel with Sir John to care about that. And he was more glad than ever that he had commanded himself when Veronica. entered and sat a little behind hir John's chair, talking little and smiling less, but gentle, ami-able, and looking exquisitely beautiful.

All through dinner her unweated softness of mood continued. She had lately, as has been hinted, displayed a good deal of caprice and hasteur in her behavior to Barletti : so that her milduess was made precious by contrast. It was the last evening he was to spend at Villa Chiari. On the following day Sir John had decided to

on the schowing day for John had decided to start for Naples.

"Good-by, prince," said Veronics, giving him her hand. It was the first time she had ever done so; and Barietti's heart best suddenly faster as be clasped her fingers for a moment in his

"We shall see you in the winter?" added

Veronics.

"I hope I shall be able to get away. I came here, thinking I should stay perhaps a fortnight, on some business for Alberto" (Alberto was his cider brother, and the head of the family), "and the head of the family), is an increase leaves have kept me broiling in hese tiresome lawyers have kept me broiling in Plorence throughout the whole summer. Pasi-enza! I do not regret my detention, "he added, a little awkwardly, as he bowed once more to "miladi."

Then he went away through the garden, past the broken fountain, and out at the wide gates. There his flacre was awaiting him. But he told There his facer was awaiting him. But he told the man to drive on slowly, and stay for him at the foot of the hill. And after standing for a few minutes graing at the old house, white in the moonlight, black in the shadow, he absolutely walked more than three-quarters of a mile down the hill, under the actum sky spangled with stars; walked through the thick, soft dust, which speedily covered his well-warnished boots with a drab-colored coating. And even when he reached the foot of the descent he had not yet exhausted the excitement which made it irksome for him to sit still in a carriage. He paid the coachman and dismissed him, and tramped home through the streets on foot.

the streets on foot.

All which might have proved to a discerning oye that Cesaro del Principi Barletti was feeling powerful and unwonted emotion.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Bacabway has put on its holiday stiffe. Things new, beautiful, and wonderful peep out from the shop windows, attracting crowds of carrious gazers, and enticing not a few to enter magic preciate where money vanishes mysteriously like—we pause for a yeteriously like—we pause for a like hot buckwheat cakes from money variance mysterionery man—we peace or a seasonable simile—like hot borkwheat cakes from Tom's breakfast-plate; and Tom's a growing boy just come home from school to spend the hotidays. If you have an overplus of greetbacks, and they rest uneasi-ly in your pocket-book, there is no time in all the year ly in your pocket-book, there is no time in all the year like the present for disposing of them. You have only to take your Tom and his little sister, and start at Fourteenth Street; no—we are forgetting how rap-id has been the up-town movement—you must begin somewhere about Twenty-fifth Street, and walk down somewhere about Twenty-fifth Street, and walk down until you are tired out. When you stop the pocket-book will be lightened, the greenbacks all gone. If, however, you have little or no money to spare, do not fancy that therefore you can not heartily only seeing the beautiful things displayed, and help your boy and girl to have a good time in so doing. Leave your mon-sy at home if it need be, and learn how much pleas-ure may be experienced without the wish or experimay be experienced without the wish or expect-

ure may be experienced without the wish or expectation of possession. Of course the children will want to buy every thing—they would not be children will want course; but they will learn some valuable lessons in a walk with you during the holidays without money. Even a superficial survey of the rare curiosities, and the unique designs of every shape and size, for every place and purpose imaginable, with which shops are now filled, would lead one to fancy that ten thousand fairies had been working for dear life ever since the 20th of December, 1985, inventing and contriving what is so new, strange, beautiful, and bitherto methought of. Whole columns would not entite to enumerate a of. Whole columns would not suffice to enumerate a thousandth part in detail. And who are the invent-ors of all the pretty toys and nick-nacks Christmas brings to light? Where are they? And how many make a feetune by their work?

Indiana gets up lively stories of real life. For ex-Indians gets up lively stories of real life. For example: a widow living near New Albany held property of her deceased husband, which was her own without restrictions while she remained single, but which she could not dispose of if she married again. Rashly she married, and was discomforted to find she had lost control of her property. So she and her second lord agreed to quarrel every day in the presence of witnesses; then the busband applied for a divorce, and "incompatibility" was easily proved. The court granted the divorce. An hour was sufficient for the busband from whom she had just been divorced; and in another half hour the disservered couple were resulted in bonds of matrimony. ted in bonds of matrimony.

The boys and girls who have enjoyed so many happy hours in reading the adventures of Robinson Crasos will be delighted to learn that a monument is to be eracted over the grave of the author, Daniel Beios, by six-penny contributions from children.

Admirers of Deet, and any who have a family for graphic, though horrible, delineations of the infernal regions, have still the opportunity of seeing Dante and Virgil walking through the frozen realors, with all the surrounding horrors. We think we should prefer studying this picture in July rather than in December; but if one feels chilly, he can turn to

"Jephtha's Daughter," "Jonas," or some of Doré's illustrated works, which are on exhibition at the

There is still another royal authoress. The Empress of the French is said to be writing a history of her Eastern tour. The Queen of Spain was reported a short time ago to be writing her aniohtography; and the Queen of Singland has long ago established her reputation in the illerary world.

The Court Journal states that the favorite trage-dience, Mise Kate Rateman, has for the past five years been largely interested as a capitalist in edit manufactures. She is part owner of one of the finest mills in New Jersey, employing a large number of workmen, and doing a flourishing trade, and may be said to have given valued aid, at a time when it was an experiment, to the development of this particular branch of industry.

The Empress Engine, as a testimony of her appear ciation of the Soes Canal and its originator, has pre-sented M. De Lesseps with a magnificent vase, which is called "La Coupe de Soes."

Names suggested in the name applied to a new machine which has been not in operation on a man-of-war at Nausteengraph is the name applied to a new machine which has been put in operation on a man-of-war at Naples. The inventor of this engine is chief machinist of the Royal Italian Navy. By its help the damage which a vessel has undergone can be accertained, as well as its different movements. With this machine a commander in his cabin can watch the movements of his ship, and, after a bettle, all its manuscring can be accertained. Very curious, that i

Overbeck, the celebrated German painter, has just died of heart-disease, at the advanced age of eighty. The Pope sent his apostolic benediction to the dying artist. His remains are to be interred in a want in the Church of St. Bernard.

A child's faith in religious teachings is touchingly

"To God scho liese in Assess,"
"Data Goo; O, how I wish I could see you and tell
you what I want, I want some new shoes and some
clothes to wear to sundy school wont you by me
some and a new dress for mamma and a new try for
the baby. Good by.
"A LITTLE SECOLD BOT TOWN."

Not unlike the above, in spirit, was the postecript added by a little three-year-old to his evening prayer: "And, O Lord I please give me a new pair of boots when you get ready."

What a jubilee there must be among the poor old horses, and all the protages of good Mr. Bergh! A wall-known old tachelor in this city has bequesthed \$250,000, his entire fortune, to the Society for the Proection of Cruelty to Animals.

wention of Creaty to Annais.

There is a smart girl in St. John, New Brunswick, who would make a safe protector of any thuid young man—if he can get her. Not long ago a youth was escorting our heroise from church one Sunday evening, when he was stracked by a gang of rowdies. He would doubtiese have been severely injured had not his fair companion, instead of acreaming helpiessly, used her fists with such vigor and precision as to bring three of his assailants to the ground. Astonished at such resistance, the rowdies suddenly decreament.

Haven, Connecticat, is making arrangements to erect a factory in that place for the manufacture of paper pulp from potate vines.

A French tournal-the Hémorial de la Loin A French vournal—the Reserved is in Leira given some singular details respecting an infant who has ex-hibited most remarkable electrical phenomena. The child died in November, and for nearly two weeks previous electrical lights manifested themselves with a vividness which astonished scientific men. The shocks, when approaching the cradle, were some-times strong enough to knock one down! At the last moment of life the emanations of light became more intense, and even continued for several moments after death. The infant died quietly, without appar-ent pain, and it is not known of what disease. But if this strange story is true, scientific men have some-thing to speculate upon and study. The friends would not suffer the body to be examined.

One of the most remarkable of marriage announce ments was made not long ago by the minister of a parish church in a Cornish village, in the following terms: "My beloved parishloners, last Senday evening I entered into an engagement of marriage with a gentlewoman o. suitable age, a widow, and childless, like myself. With God's assistance, she will shortly take the place of that beloved wife lying in the church-

A recent visitor to Chicago writes: "I went to hear Dr. — preach and pray flunday afternoon. He prayed that the Lord would remove from Chicago all intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, licentionness, fraud, properties, the charing, and every form of vice; and then I did not hear the last few sentences, because I was thinking what would be left in Chicago."

We are happy to see that some of the newspaper, regard the example of the little Wisconsin girl, aget eleven, who has knitted forty-sight pairs of stockings during the past year, as an example to be avoided, unless there is a stern necessity for such plodding industry. The health and future necfainess of any young try. The health and future menantees the child must suffer without plenty of outdoor air an child must suffer without plenty of outdoor occupation, eve exercise, and s more important, in these days, than knitting stock-ings by hand.

A respectable looking man recently entered a Utica restancant, and ordered an elaborate dinner, including wine. Finally, lighting a cigar which he had codered, he sammered up to the deak, and said to the proprietor: "Very fine dinner, landlords just charge it to me: I haven't got a cent."

"But I don't know you," said the proprietor, indigenable.

nantly.
"Of course you don't. If you had, you wouldn't let me have the dinner."

me have the dinner."

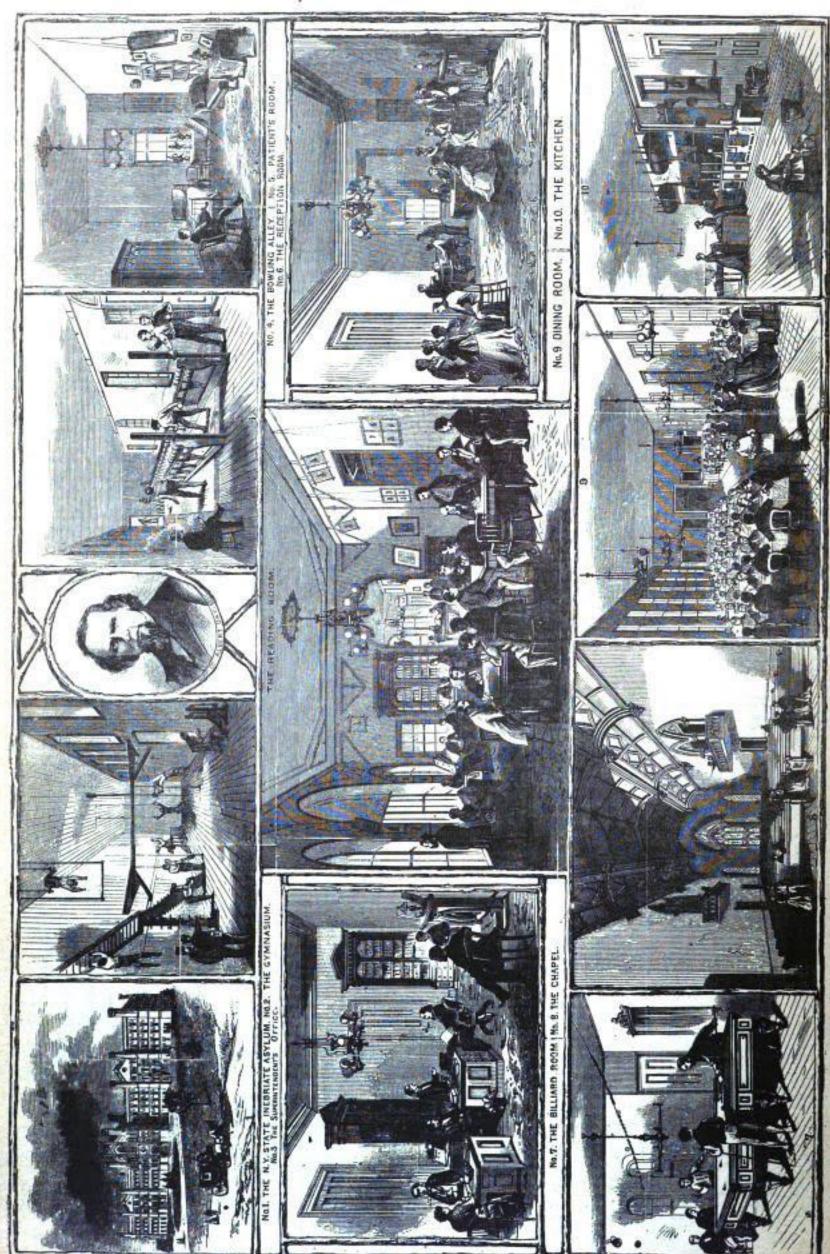
"Pay me for the dinner, I say!"

"And I say I can't."

"I'll see about that," said the proprietor, who snatched a revolvir out of a drawer, leaped over the counter, and collared the man, exclaiming, as he pointed it at his head, "Now see if you'll get away with that dinner without paying for it, you second-

"What is that you hold in your hand?" said the impecuators contoner, drawing back.
"That, Sir, is a revolver, Sir."
I don't care a cent for

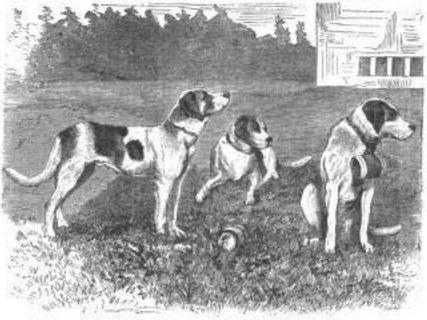
"Oh, that's a revolver, is it? I don't care a cent for a revolver; I thought it was a stomach-pump."



HE NEW YORK STATE INEBELATE ASTLUM, AT BINGHAMTON.-DRAWN ST C. E. H. BOWHL, NEW YORK.-[SER PAGE



ST. BERNARD DOGS-"OLD BARRY."-[SEE PAGE 823.]



ST. BERNARD DOGS-"TOUNG BARRY."-(See Page 822]

COVERED BY THE FLAG.

A STRIKED BY THE FLAG.

A STRIKEN illustration of the power of a neutral flag during a civil war like that now raging in Caba, is given by the artist on this page. A man captured under circumstances that laid him open to suspicion was tried and condemned by the Spanish authorities; but being an Englishman by birth and an American citizen by naturalization, the consuls of the two countries interposed, and declared that the authorities had no right to put him to death. Their remonstrance being disregarded, they accompanied the strance being disregarded, they accompanied the condemned man to the place of execution, and there suddenly threw over him the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, and dared the au-thorities to put him to death. The menace had the desired effect, and the prisoner's life was

FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

We give on this page a sketch of the burning of the Philadelphia Commercial Exchange, which occurred on the afternoon of the 7th inst. The fire was occasioned by the fall of a large chande-lier, just as the building was lighted up, allowing an immense rush of gas, which took fire, and in a few minutes the whole structure was in flames. Nothing now remains of it except the walls and the lower story, which was arched with masonry, and was fire-proof. The building was erected on the site of the old PENN mansion, at a cost of \$250,000, and was dedicated only last March.

THE INEBRIATE ASYLUM AT BINGHAMTON.

THIS beneficent institution, situated in the pleasant town of Binghamton, New York, was amenced more than ten years ago, but, owing to a combination of

anfortunate circum-stances, it has never been finished. The north wing was nearly completed when, a few years ago, it was fired by an incendiary and destroyed. Alarge body of workmen are now en-gaged in rebuilding it. The structure, of

which we give a series of illustrations on page 828, was commenced by private subscription; but the trustees were obliged to call on the State for aid, as the cost of construction largely exceeded the es-

timates and the means at their disposal. Up to the present time upward of \$500,000 have been expended on the buildings and grounds. The site of the Asylam is on a sloping eminence, casy of access, and commanding magnificent views of the Sustainance and Changes when the Astached quehanna and Chenango valleys. Attached to the institution are 400 acres of land, 252 of which were given by the citizens of Bingham-ton, while the remainder was purchased by the

The building is in the castellated Gothic style

enstellated Gothic style
of architecture. It is
four stories in height.
The length of the front
is 365 feet, and the
depth of the wings is 51
feet. It is built of stone,
and handsomely finished inside with oiled onk.
When completed it will
accommodate 250 paaccommodate 250 patients; the number at present under treatment is 80.

Dr. ALBERT DAY, Superintendent, took charge of the Asy-lum in the spring of 1867; and since that time 525 patients have been under treatment there, ten per cent, of

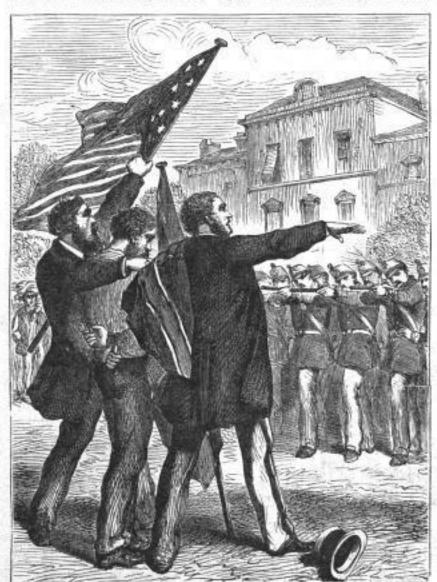
whom were taken free of charge, the remainder paying a stated sum (about twenty dollars) per week for board and treatment. It is a melancholy fact that, with few exceptions, those now under treatment at the Asylum are educated gentlemen, representlearned professions and the highest grades

"FAVORITE,"-[SEE PAGE 822.]

of commercial life. Most of the patients require medical treatment; but Dr. Day relies chiefly upon moral means for the permanent cure of instriates, as, in his judgment, based upon long experience, the restoration of the power of the will alone can prevent a reformed instriate from returning to the use of intoxicating drinks.

The name of this beneficent institution was unfortunately cheere and tells remise it in the

onfortunately chosen, and tells against it in the minds of many persons who would be gled to avail themselves of its advantages. Strictly speaking, it is not an asylum, nor is it in any monner degrading to those who seek moral and physical restoration under its influences. It is rather a magnificent temperance hotel, where those who wish to free themselves from a territhose was wan to free themseres from a terri-ble evil may put themselves under moral and re-ligious influences of the most gentle and cheerful character, combined with elevating social ad-vantagus. As will be seen by our illustrations, which speak for themselves, ample facilities are afforded for intellectual entertainment and phys-ical countries. The reading room is well sayabled. afforded for intellectual entertainment and phys-ical exercise. The reading-room is well supplied with books, magnaines, and non-spapers; and a literary society, composed of the lumines of the institution, meets regularly in a pleasant hall to listen to lectures and essays by some of the pa-tients. Voluntary patients only are received; and Dr. Day justly congratulates himself on the success of the theory which chaims for the incbri-ate a recoverable informent, sensible affections. ate a recoverable judgment, sensible affections, and moral responsibility; and which, refusing any longer to coerce him as a criminal or con-



COVERED BY THE PLAG.



BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE. - (SEPTIMED BY A. TEAUMERL.)

fine him as a lunatic, proposes by positive aid and comfort, and confiding appeals to his reason, his affections, and his aspirations, to restore him to himself, his family, and society. The patient voluntarity submits himself, for a period more or less protracted, according to the indications of his condition and the history of his case, to an his condition and the history of his case, to an isolation which the officers study to render agreeable, and the mildest restraint he will submit to; and, secondly, shows that he can be treated, his temptations, of course, being jealously checked. Very few who leave the Asslam, after undergoing a thorough course of treatment, ever relapse into their old habits—a fact that speaks volumes for its efficiency.

A MILE of Cobinet Organs would seem a large number, yet if the instruments manufactured and sold by the Mason & Hamun Co., during the PAST TEAR ALONE, were placed close together in a line, they would reach a distance of more than THERE SILES, or if arranged three in a tier, would make a solid wall nine feet in height around the Boston Common.

We hardly know which is the more surprising, the demand now existing for these Organs, or the improvement made in them during the past few years, that which was formerly a weak and ineffective instrument, becoming possessed of such qualities of tone and variety of expression as to command the unequivocal praise of artists and connoisseurs, both in this country and Europe. It is not strange, therefore, that the Calinet Organ is fast taking its place as the favorite perior instrument among all classes of society.—[Boston Thomales] ton Traveler.

ONLY FORTY DOLLARS, which is all the Wilson Sewing Machine Company of Cleveland, Ohio ask for one of their best Shuttle machines.

CRAFFER HANNS AND PAGE, Sons Live, &c., cared at case by the use of Hayman's Campber for with filterine. It keeps the hands soft in the coldest worther. See that you get the genuine. Sold by Danggists. Price in cents per hox, Sort by mall on except of 20 cents.—Hadman & Co., New York.

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Rosalie Polka Mazurka
Holls and Bears
Good by, John Prail
The Gay Cavaller, three-part song Millard
The Monks of Old, three-part song Millard
The Dawn of Day, three-part song
My Own True Love, three-part song Millerd
Tommy Noodle, comits
The Postune-Teller Pract
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Water No. 1864 — bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherion & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fit-teen months; its total variation from mean time being only one second per month. WILLARD DERBY, Of Derby, Snow, & Frentiss, Jersey City, N. J.

Waves No. 1124 — bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Cu.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me seven months; its total variation from mean time being only six seconds.

A. L. DENNIS, President N. J. R. R. T. & T. Co.

Waves No. 1331 — bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me four months: its total variation from mean time being only F. A. HASKELL, Con. Hudson River R. R.

Waren No. 1117 — bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me di-tern months: its total variation from mean time being only an average of two-thirds of a second per day. E. F. PHELPS, Con. N. J. Central E. R.

B. F. PHELPS, COR. N. J. Central R. R. Warten No. 1662 - bearing Trade-Mark "Prederic Atherton & Co., Marton, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me since June, 1861; its total variation from mean time being only five seconds per month HENRY SMITH, Trees. Panama R. R., 89 Wall St.

Waves No. 1993 — bearing Trade-Mark, "United States Watch Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me five months; its total variation from mean time being only twelve seconds. GRO. LOVES, Gerl Eastern Pass'gr Ag't Toledo, Wabash, & Western R. R.

Pass'gr Ag't Toledo, Wabash, & Western R. R.
Waren No. 1859 — bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic
Atheron & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by
United States Watch Co., has been carried by me six
months; its total watchtion from mean time being only
eight seconds per month. Have been traveling through
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SUBSTRUT, Pa., Peb. 26, 1869.

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ive seconds during that time. HENRY DE LANCEY, Engineer Phila. & Erie R. R. WATCH No. 1166 - bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherica & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me elven months; its total variation from mean time being only seven seconds in the eatire time.

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On a \$500 Bond, one half these amounts, respect-

Ively.

These Bonds have thirty years to run from Angust 15, 1800, payable at maturity, in Gold, in the City of New York; are Coupon Bonds, but can be registered, or converted listo Registered Bonds.

They are secured by a first and only mortgage on lift miles of the Company's Road, from St. Joseph, Mo., to Marywille, Kanass, known as the Eastern Division of the Company's main line, which runs from St. Joseph to Fort Kenrary, on the Union Purific Road, including the Company's equipments, rolling stock now owned or hereafter possessed, rights of way, franchises, real estate, and personal property in Doniphan, Brown, Nemaha, and Marshall Counties, Kanssa, now owned or which the Company may acquire by reason owned or which the Company may acquire by resson of the extension of their line to the City of Marye-

wille. This mortgage is executed to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company as Trustees. At the same time, the whole issue of \$1,500,000 Bonds have been executed by the Railroad Company, placed in the custody of the Trustees, who have absolute possession, and concely issue there, or their proceeds, in accordance with the terms of the Mortgage Deed, which is upon a completed roof, and then only at the rate of \$12,000 per mile.

Bonds, to be valid, must be countersigned by the

mile.

Bonds, to be valid, must be countersigned by the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company.

The rate per sufac of a completed read, which is morigaged to secure these Bonds at their par value, is \$1.3,6.00, while the actual cost of construction and equipment is more than double this amount.

This line is mainly the extension of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, with its connections North and East, and the St. Louis and St. Joseph Rail cod, with its connections South and East, both lines . neering at 8t. Joseph and connecting at once with the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad, running West, through Eastern Eastess, into the heart of Nebrasia, where it connects with the Union Pacific Railroad at the City of Fort Kearney, making the shortest route knewn to California and the Pacific States.

The Company's Capital Stock is \$10,000,000, to which nearly \$2,000,000 is subscribed and paid up by local subscriptions, which amount has been and is being expended on the road. The Company have 1,600,000 acres of superior lands, immediately adjoining the line, which was a grant from the United States Oversment, the alternate sections of which are selling to \$7.50 per acre, cash. At this low price, the Company have an asset of value in Lands.

Lands...... \$4,000,000 First Mortgage Bonds...... 1,500,000 Capital Stock...... 10,000,000 Total Resources \$15,500,000 Total Length of Read 271 Miles.

While the only debt against the Company is this issue of First Mortgage Bonds, amounting to \$1,806,000—all

A large portion of the road West from St. Joseph is how in successful operation, showing earnings, per mile, sufficient to meet the interest liabilities on this

A Branch Company is building a line from this road to the Kaness Pacific Road, thereby giving a direct

Totale to Benyer City.

We are authorized to effect these Eight per Cent First
Mortgage Bonds at 97% and accrued inherest in currency, with the reserved right to advance the price
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